

GOOD NEWS

FOR
YOUNG AND OLD.



London :
W. H. BROOM, 25, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1884.

J. FEVEZ & CO. PRINTERS.

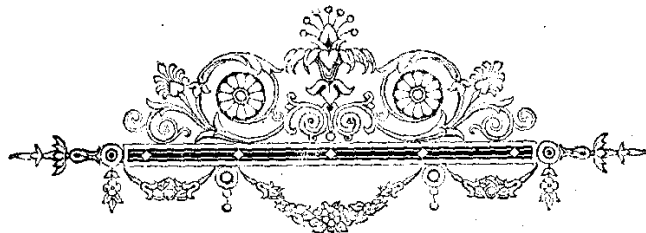
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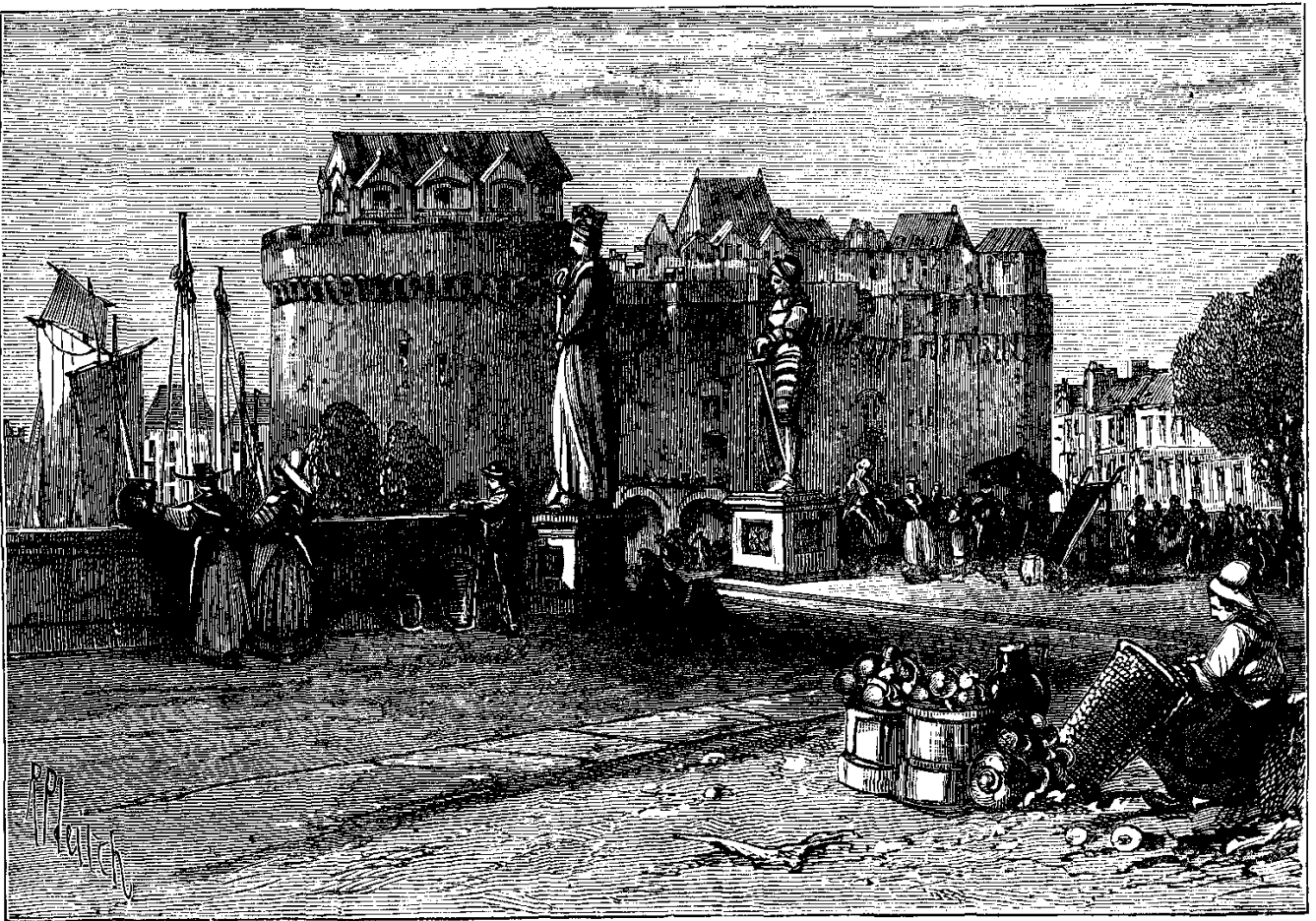
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THE ENTRANCE TO NANTES.

**“THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS
GIVETH LIGHT.”**

Psalm cxix. 130.

A SHORT time after the establishment of the Bible Society in London, great efforts were made to form a depot for the sale of Bibles in one of the French towns. So powerful had been the opposition to the free introduction of the Scriptures into France and Italy, that an English traveller stated that his Bible had been taken from his portmanteau, and only returned to him after strong expostulations, and on his engaging not to lend it or leave it behind him on his return to England. By perseverance, and the friendly services of some persons well disposed towards the Bible

Society, a depot was at length formed at Nantes, and the books were entrusted to the keeping of a Protestant pastor. Not long afterwards one of the books fell into the hands of a man who, as his father had done before him, followed the avocation of a wandering beggar. His attainments were superior to those of other men of his class, and the man, finding the contents of the book were unknown to the people in the towns and villages through which he passed, turned the discovery into a matter of business, and made it an article of trade. When he drew near to a hamlet or cottages, he would read portions of this unknown book for a small reward.

One fine summer's eve, he came to the

door of a wooden clogmaker—a venerable old man—and asked for alms.

“Do you ask of me?” said the old man, “I need charity as much as you do.”

“Well,” said the beggar man, “if you will, not give me alms, give me a sous, and I will read you a chapter in the Bible.”

“In the what?”

“In the Bible.”

“What’s that? I never heard of that before.”

“Oh! it is a book, and it tells you all about God.”

The old man gave the sous, and the beggar, seating himself upon a large stone near the window, took out his Bible to read. He opened it at the third chapter of St. John; that chapter which good Thomas Scott said had been the means of spiritual life to no fewer than twenty-six persons within his own knowledge. The beggar man read well, and the poor clogmaker listened in astonishment. The subject burst upon him with all the charm of novelty, his whole mind was absorbed; and, as the mendicant read, “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,” this old man could scarcely restrain his emotion. Presently the words were, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on Him,” and then the reader stopped.

“Go on, go on,” cried the old man; “don’t stop.”

“No,” said the beggar-man, “I only read one chapter for one sous.”

The poor clogmaker paid another sous,

and the reading went on; but by-and-bye the man again stopped reading.

“Oh! go on,” cried the old man, “don’t stop so soon, my friend—go on.”

“No, no,” said the mendicant, “I only read one chapter for one sous; you give me another sous, and I will read you another chapter.”

A third sous was given, and the old man, seated at his window, allowed not a word to be lost. The chapter was soon ended, and there were no more sous, but the old man, drawing near to the reader, exclaimed, “Oh, do tell an old man where you got that book.”

The beggar said it had been given to him, and mentioned the name of the pastor, and the name of the town. The beggar then went on his journey, carrying with him the book that had by its contents filled the mind of the old man with astonishment. The book was gone, but the message delivered was not gone. It had found a place in the old man’s heart. By day and by night he pondered over the words: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” When he arose in the morning, and when he retired to rest at night, the words were in his thoughts.

One morning, about a fortnight after the beggar-man called at the cottages, the old man rose early, and said to his son, “My son, you must take care of the shop, for I am going to Nantes.”

“To Nantes, father! What, an old man like you going all the way to Nantes? Why, it is about seventy miles.”

“Yes, it is; but I am going to Nantes, and to Nantes I will go.”

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The old man started on his journey, leaning on his staff; and when he arrived at the town, he quickly found out the residence of the Protestant minister, at whose house the Bibles were deposited.

"What do you want, my friend?" said the pastor.

"Sir," was the answer, "I am told you have a book which tells people all about God."

"You mean a Bible."

"Oh! yes, sir, that's it—that's it—and I want one."

"Well, friend, what can you afford to pay for one?"

"Pay, sir?" said the old man.

"Yes, pay; for we do not give the books."

"I cannot pay anything, sir; you gave one to the beggar-man, and I am as poor as he."

"Where do you come from, friend?"

He named the village—a place which the pastor knew.

"How did you come?"

"I walked."

"How do you go home?"

"I walk back."

"What! do you tell me an aged man like you will walk one hundred and forty-eight miles for the sake of a Bible?"

"Yes, sir, and I shall think myself very well paid if I get one."

"Then, my friend, you shall certainly have a Bible, if I never give away another. Now what kind of one would you like to have—one with a good large print? I suppose you read well?"

"Never could read a word in my life, sir."

"Not read! What can you do with the book if you cannot read it?"

"Oh, sir, give me the book, for I have

a daughter, and she can read; and there are three other persons in our village who can read."

The pastor, influenced by the old man's earnestness, gave him the Bible; and the old man, clasping it with delight, directed his steps homewards. When he reached his little village, he proved the truth of the homely adage, "Where there's a will there's a way." He could not read, but he invited the people that could read to come to his cottage, and with his daughter, to read to him by turns. Now the old clogmaker was a man of good sense and of strong memory, and entering heartily into the subject, he made a rapid progress in the knowledge of Scripture, and soon committed many passages to memory. He listened like a man in earnest, and happy was the effect on his own mind—as the closing part of the narrative will testify—proving by the history of the wooden clogmaker "that men shall know if they follow on to know the Lord."

About six months after the visit to the Bible depôt at Nantes, the pastor who had charge of the books was startled by a most energetic appeal to his door, by means of a stout stick. Hastening to see what it was that led to this noisy assault, he discovered, to his surprise, the wooden clogmaker.

"Why, my old friend, what brings you here again?" was the exclamation.

"Oh, sir, I'm all wrong—all wrong, sir."

"Why, who told you that you were wrong?"

"The book, sir, the Bible says it."

"Indeed, what does it say?"

"It says that I am all wrong; here am I, sir, a poor sinner, who has been praying

all his life to the Virgin Mary; why, sir, she wanted a Saviour as much as I do."

"What, you, a Roman Catholic, say that! How do you know it?"

"It says in the book that she rejoiced in God her Saviour—*her* Saviour. So you see, sir, she wanted a Saviour as much as I do; and people tell me that you Protestants have got a religion just like the Bible."

"Our religion is like the Bible; that is very true. My friend, before we admit anyone to be a member of our Protestant Church, we examine him."

"Examine, examine; I am an old man past threescore years and ten, and I know not the number of my days; therefore, the sooner the better, sir."

The pastor, pleased with the fervour of the good old pilgrim, convened a meeting of the leading members of the congregation; and when the old man was ushered into the chamber, his erect figure, and flowing white locks, gave him so venerable an appearance, as to attract general attention. The president, as was customary, asked him various questions, to ascertain his knowledge of divine truth.

"What do you know, my friend, of Jesus Christ?"

He answered, "The word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His glory—the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

"Good. What do you say respecting Christ's death?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"What would you say were the privileges of those who are Christ's followers?"

"There is now no condemnation to

them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

"Very good, very correct; and what would you say, friend, was the duty of the believer in Christ?"

"Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

"My friend, if these are your sentiments, you have evidently been taught of God, and we could not hesitate for a moment to admit you among us, and to welcome you as a brother."

The old man was then in due form admitted as a member of the French Reformed Church; and a document, to certify the admission, was presented to the old man. On receiving it, "Sir," said he, "will you have the goodness to wrap it up for me?"

The pastor accordingly folded up the paper in a large handbill drawn from a pile of waste paper.

When the old man reached his cottage, as everything in print was sacred to him, he made them read the handbill in which his certificate of his membership had been enveloped.

Several months passed, and then the old man for the third time presented himself to the pastor at Nantes.

"What, my friend, are you here again?"

"Yes, sir, I have come on purpose."

"On purpose—for what?"

"For the meeting, sir; the paper says there is a meeting to-day," spreading before the pastor the handbill.

"Oh! I see how it is; I have made the mistake, you are right as to the day,

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and as to the month, but not as to the year, for I am sorry to say we have not had a meeting for fourteen years, owing to opposition—but we will have a meeting to-day, if we never have another.”

The arrival of the good old man was made known, and members assembled, and it was then resolved that the annual meetings should be restored. The next year the old man attended, and the next year also; always urging upon the members to circulate the Word of God, as the best method of winning men from error and false doctrine, and guiding them to a knowledge of Christ, as their Saviour. Thus the zeal and faithfulness of one man influenced the whole meeting.

On the third anniversary, this venerable Christian was once more present, but before the fourth anniversary arrived, he was called to be with the Lord.

“WHAT DO YOU KNOW?”

AN aged saint, grown grey in his Master's service, for he was a minister of Christ, was once in conversation with a young man who was very full of himself, and of what he had been acquiring at school or college. “Of course, Mr. —, you are acquainted with such an author, and familiar with his works.” “No,” replied the aged man, “I do not know them.” Some other subject was started by his companion, and question after question put, to each of which the answer was, “I do not know them.” Teased at length, and forgetting the honour due to grey hairs, the young man asked, “And what, sir, do you know?” “Young man,” was the

reply, “I know Him, whom to know is life eternal.”

Dear reader, could you have given this answer to such a question?

NO NEED FOR THIS.

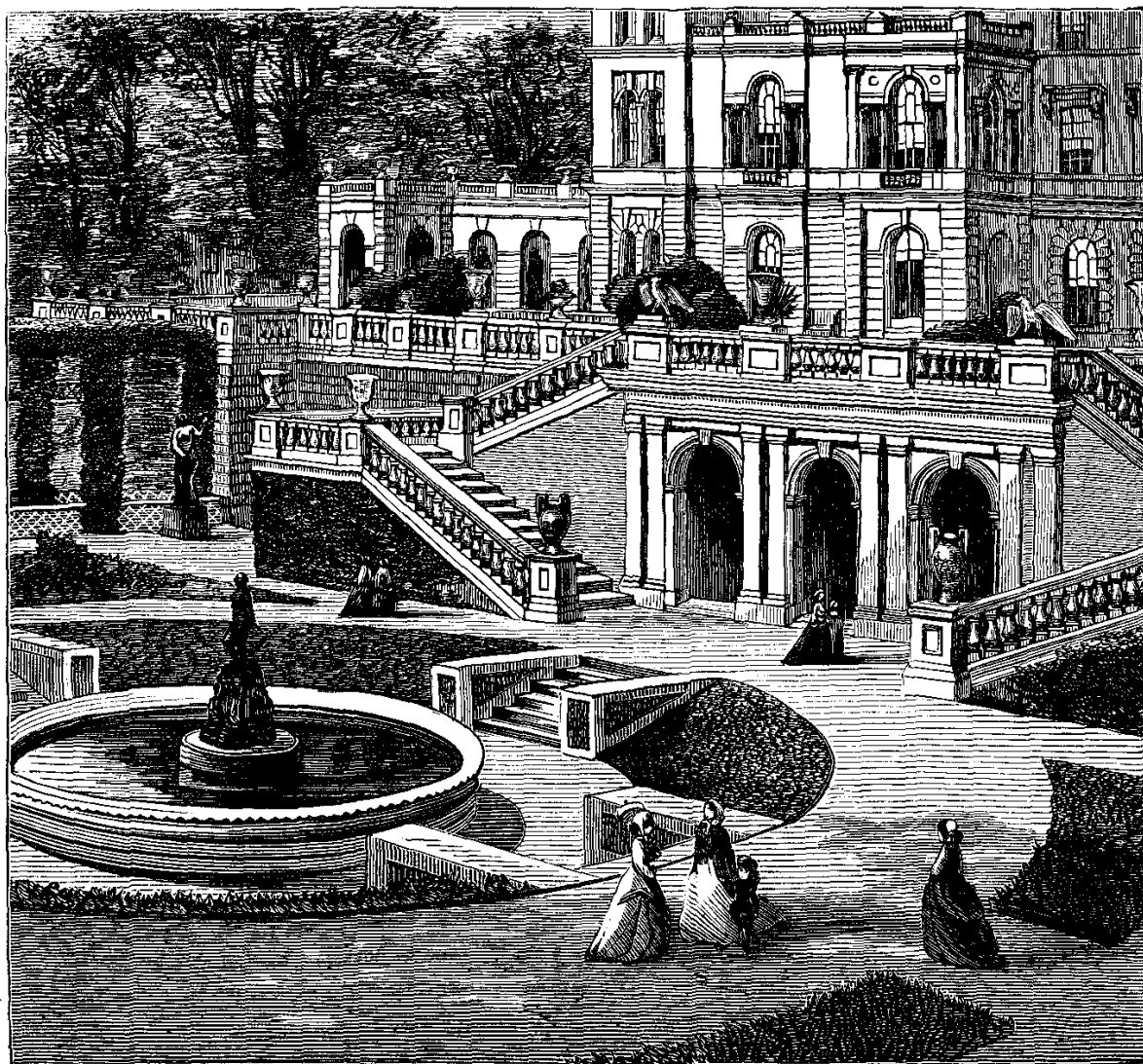
Nor long ago, a poor Roman Catholic woman in Ireland, was deeply anxious about her soul, and sought through the priest, the mass, relics of the cross, and other things, rest and peace for her troubled conscience.

These things, however, were of no avail. One day a faithful preacher of Christ met her, and began to speak to her about God's full and free salvation. He told her that “The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.” Those words fell on the ear of the woman like a magical sound, or as a voice from heaven, and with the intensest earnestness she inquired, “Is that true?” “Yes,” was the reply, “it must be true, for it is God's word, and He hath spoken it.” “Oh! then,” replied the woman, “if that be true, I have no more need for this;” and putting her hand into her bosom, she brought out a little wooden cross or crucifix, and gave it to the preacher. She had faith in the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin, and was saved.

NAAMAN. (2 Kings v. 14).

NAAMAN yielded, spite of pride;
He washed, and he was clean;
And all who now in Christ confide,
Are washed from every sin.

The blood of Christ alone can cleanse
Our souls from sin and stain;
And all who in His name believe,
Will in His kingdom reign.



THE QUEEN'S PALACE, OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

AN INCIDENT.

I REMEMBER, dear children, an incident which occurred some time since, when I was walking through a lovely village on the borders of the sea, in the south of England. I will endeavour now to relate it to you.

Her majesty, the Queen, had just passed by in her beautiful yacht, and many of the inhabitants and visitors, anxious to catch a view of their beloved sovereign,

were watching it in its course, as it cut through the foaming waters.

Just as the royal yacht had disappeared from view, I was passing down the village, and on meeting a lady, with a sweet little girl holding her hand, I overheard the little girl say, "Do, mamma, send out a boat, with an invitation for her to take tea with us." Such a request at that particular moment, I understood to refer to the Queen, who had just passed.

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Well, it was very natural for the dear little one, who doubtless had much love for her Queen, although she had probably never seen her, to wish for her company. Had she known more, she would most likely have said less; for she knew not the impracticability of what she was proposing. It was her heart speaking. But the thought struck me, "If this little girl loves Jesus, as much as she loves her Queen, she need not yearn long for His company; for Jesus says to His disciples, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" Matt. xxviii. 20.

"But," replies some little reader, "can a little boy or little girl like me, be a disciple of Jesus?"

"O yes!" I answer—fearlessly answer; "many little boys and girls are disciples of Jesus; that is, are *followers* of Him." And why not? Are not all, by nature, sinners, whether great or small? Do not all need a Saviour? Can any go up to heaven without forgiveness through His precious blood? The Word of God tells us that all are sinners, or in other words, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23), and, consequently, all need a Saviour; and it further tells us, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Heb. ix. 22. Well then, it comes to this; if children are lost by nature, and if children can be saved by believing in Jesus, children can be disciples of Jesus, that is, I again repeat, followers of Him. And, O, it is a blessed thing to be a follower of Jesus, to be a disciple of His; by faith to hear His voice and follow Him, to become a lamb of His flock—a sheep of His pasture!

Jesus ever loves little children, and you need not ask any one's permission to

invite Him into your heart, as the dear little girl did to invite her Queen to her home; neither does it require laborious exercises on your part to get to Him. Only open your heart to His love. Accept what He has to give you. "Look unto me, and be ye saved" (Is. xlv. 22), is the gracious call of God's love. "Now is the accepted time." 2 Cor. vi. 2.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN ROBINS,
THE SAILOR.

As I was walking one summer evening through the streets of Portsmouth, to which place I had been called on business, I noticed an English sailor on the opposite side of the way, who kept up with me for some time, and was looking very earnestly at me. At length he hobbled over the pavement, as well as he could with his wooden leg and crutch, and looking me directly in the face, he pulled off his hat, and made his obeisance. As he stood leaning on the crutch, with his hat in his hand, his mind seemed to be overcome with contending emotions, and I saw some big involuntary tears roll down his hardy, weather-beaten face—his feelings were too strong to allow him to speak, but he still continued to gaze intently upon me. As we stood opposite to each other, I thought that I could remember somewhat of his features, though they were much altered by the hardships of a sailor's life; he seemed to have been rudely treated in the war, he had lost one of his legs, and one of his eyes, and several scars were apparent on his rugged face.

At length the sailor recovered his power of speech, and addressed me: "Has your Honour forgot Jack Robins, one of your old Sunday School boys, twenty years ago?"

"What, Robins, is it you?" said I, holding out my right hand. He seized it with much eagerness, and grasping it between his hardy fingers, would scarcely let it go. "Ah, Mr. T——," said Robins, "I have thought of you and your kind instructions ten thousand times since I saw you last, though oceans have rolled between us, and it is many years since I saw your face. I shall never forget my dear Sunday School teacher, till this heart (striking his bosom with the top of his crutch) shall cease to beat." "I am very glad indeed to see you, Robins," said I, "I am just now going to my lodgings to take tea, and you must come along with me, for old acquaintance' sake, and we will then talk over some of our old matters together." "Your Honour is too good," replied he, "you are still the same kind, loving gentleman to poor folks as ever; you haven't changed your colours, and if I didn't know you to be so humble and tender hearted, a poor Jack tar would be ashamed to walk along the streets with such a gentleman as your Honour." "Never mind that, Robins, come along with me, for I am very anxious to hear something about you since I last saw you." No sooner said than done,—Robins the sailor and I immediately marched off together, mutually delighted with an opportunity of seeing and conversing with each other.

When tea was finished, I inquired of John Robins how long it was since he went to sea. "It is now," replied he, "nineteen years last Lady-day since I first went to sea. Ah! well do I recollect the time now I see your face, for you called on me the evening before I left home, and would not be satisfied till you had prayed with me, and committed me

to the gracious care of Almighty God. You prayed that I might be kept from the temptations of a sailor's life, and be led to think of the instructions I had received in the Sunday School; when I should be far away on the sea, and you alluded to my character as a thoughtless, giddy youth, and prayed that at some future time I might be led to see the error of my ways, and to apply unto God for mercy, through the Lord Jesus Christ. You then gave me a pocket Bible, and insisted upon its being carefully packed up with my luggage, and, blessed be God, I have still got that Bible, and I hope I shall keep it till my latest days." Saying this, he put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out the Bible he showed it to me. I looked at it, and on the first page I perceived the following words which I had written about twenty years ago, and as I read I could not help feeling emotions of lively interest and exquisite pleasure: "J. T. presents this book to John Robins, hoping that he will read it with attention and prayer, when he is far away from his native land, and that he will treasure up its truths in his heart, and live in obedience to its directions. Psalm cxix. 9, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.' 2 Timothy iii. 15, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

"I have now some transient recollection of the circumstance," said I. "Were not you in my Sunday School for several years?" "Yes, sir, between five and six years; my parents were people who cared not for God, who took His name in vain, and were continually sinning against Him.

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What I learned at school was very often opposed at home, by the example of my parents, and those who surrounded me ; so that good impressions soon wore off, and bad habits were quickly formed. When I was about fifteen years old and became rather more my own master, I began to dislike the strict rules of the school, and by keeping bad company with idle lads in the street, I soon became as bad as they were. You often admonished me of my faults, and sometimes my conscience smote me and told me that I was doing wrong ; but I was weak and irresolute, so that I was easily led astray by temptation, and became gradually worse and worse. At this time some of my companions were talking of going to sea, and they invited me to accompany them, a proposal to which I readily agreed, and to which my parents did not object. I was ashamed to tell you of my intention, but one of my school-fellows mentioned it, and you paid me the farewell visit, the recollection of which still dwells on my memory with unabated force."

"When I was on board the ship, I found myself surrounded with temptations and evil company, without a way of escape; no Sunday School, no pious teacher, to counteract the depraved inclinations of my heart, so that I became more hardened in iniquity and increasingly bold in my enmity to God and His ways. The delights which my youthful mind had fondly imagined as attending a seafaring life, all vanished in the reality ; and I found hard work, severe discipline, and unpleasant provisions, instead of the constant happiness and unmingled pleasure which I had hoped for. Notwithstanding the pleasure I took in wickedness, and the hardening

nature of sin, sometimes I felt myself most truly wretched. Conscience upbraided me in the moments of reflection, with the severest reproaches, that after death came the judgment. I had enjoyed superior privileges to most of my companions, I had received pious instructions in a Sunday School ; I was able to read the Bible, and had a Bible to read ; therefore my depravity was most inexcusable. Sometimes a verse from the Scriptures, or a hymn which you had taught me, would occur to my memory with such force, as to make me for the time completely miserable. Sometimes, the recollection of my teacher, and his instructions, would affect my mind, especially on the Sunday, and then all my boasted pleasures appeared but madness and misery. How just is that passage of the Bible, into the meaning of which a sailor may, perhaps, be able to enter most fully :—'The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' These serious thoughts and rebukes of conscience, however, wore off when I returned to my shipmates, and was persuaded to join in their sports, their profane swearing, and habits of intemperance : 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.' Such was I, driven along by the storms of temptation, and tossed on the raging billows of sin.

"I continued in the navy in various situations for seven years before I returned home. All this time was spent in the service of sin, and I was hastening on, with sails outspread, as fast as I could go, in the course of wickedness and departure from God. I had been during this time

exposed to innumerable perils, and had many hair-breadth escapes from death; yet the unseen hand of God kept me safe, and preserved the life of one so undeserving of any mercy. About this time I returned to England, and was allowed to go home for a few weeks to visit my friends. I found that my father had died about six months before, in a drunken fit, and that my mother was very ill, and in very reduced circumstances. I rejoiced that it was in my power to supply her wants with the pay I received. At this time I felt a longing desire to go and see my old Sunday School; but the thought of my disgraceful conduct, and the dread of seeing your face, and receiving your reproofs, deterred me from making the attempt. However, William Adams, one of my old school-fellows, who was then become an active, pious teacher, happened to meet me in the street a few days before I returned to the ship, and he mentioned the circumstance to you. The next day you called upon me: the sight of my teacher was like a dagger to my heart. You endeavoured to enter upon serious subjects with me; but I recollect that I purposely steered away from these topics, and tried to put you off by giving an account of some of my adventures, and the battles in which I had been concerned. You engaged in prayer with me, but I recollect that I stopped my ears at the time, that I might not be disturbed in my guilty pleasures, and rendered uncomfortable. You then gave me some tracts and books, and as you took leave, I could not help observing in your eyes the tears of regret at the hardness of heart which I had displayed. Perhaps you recollect this visit?" "Yes, John, and I remember the next Sunday talking to the Sunday School children of the deceitfulness of sin—the danger of neglecting the instructions they then received—and the evils of bad company. These subjects I enforced by referring to you, and saying that I had

once thought you a promising lad, but that you were now become a bold and presumptuous sinner. When I closed these remarks I said: 'Let us all pray for poor John Robins, the wicked sailor; O, may God keep all the children here present from imitating his bad example.' We joined in our prayers at the throne of grace, and I now begin to indulge some hope that our petitions were not in vain."

(To be concluded in February, if the Lord will).

LOST ON THE MOORS.

"I am the way."—John xiv. 6.

ONE Saturday evening in autumn, just as the sun had set behind the border hills of Scotland, a coach travelled slowly along the high road. A youth, an outside passenger, looked grave as he saw the night shadows falling, and anxiously asked the coachman how long they should be before they reached the journey's end.

"Are you a stranger in these parts?" asked the coachman.

"Almost," was the reply. "I am returning after ten years' absence. I left home when I was a little child of seven, and went to live with my grandmother in London. I have never been home since. Now she is dead, and my father is getting old, and wants me to help him in his farm. He told me to come by the coach as far as Ellslie, and that I must walk the rest of the way. If I had come by the morning coach from Carlisle, as he told me, I could have managed it by daylight, but I was up late and missed the mail, and now 'tis a bad look out, I think, getting home to-night at all."

"Ah," said a grazier who sat close by, "I don't doubt but it is. You had better rest to-night at the Black Bear; there is capital entertainment there, and early to-morrow you can go on your way."

"But they expect me home to-night," said the lad, "and my mother is very ill, and will be anxious. I know there is a road across the moor from the next place

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we stop at, which will save me some miles of hard walking."

"A path across the moor!—yes," said the coachman; "but, my lad, you have little chance of finding that on a bright summer's morning, and none in a dark October evening."

"Oh, I could not miss it, I fancy, if I was once set on my way; I have got a little lantern here, and I remember just enough of the moor to know the direction in which our village lies. My lantern will be enough."

"There are bogs, and pitfalls, and all manner of difficulties," said the coachman decidedly, "Your lantern, indeed! I tell you that it needs daylight, and what is more, knowledge of the road; to make it safe for anyone to attempt it. People have been lost, before now, with better lanterns and wiser heads than yours."

"Oh, stop at the Black Bear," said the grazier again; "at all events, stop and refresh yourself a bit. I get down there—and see, here we are!"

"Beware of the moor," shouted the coachman, as the lad got down.

"Take the high road," called out an old man, "it is a bit of a hill, and several miles further, but it is the safest way. Nine cases out of ten, my lad, the king's highway is the best."

The youth and his companion, however, went away laughing at this advice, and finally entered the Black Bear together. There, by the taproom fire, the lad sat until the night had closed in, and when he had taken more than enough beer, and wasted two good hours of the evening, he began to think of his father's house. There were not lacking advisers; the landlord begged him to stay, and finding him bent on going, put him on a path which, he said, had a famous half-way house on it, and if he did not get home he could at least rest there for a few hours. But all of them laughed at the notion of the high road. It was at least four miles

further, and such up-hill walking, it would take him half the night to travel it.

Well, the end of all the counsel was, that the youth followed his own way, and, being set going towards the moor, he began to make the best of his time and walked as fast as possible. What a weary, toilsome walk it was! Sometimes he missed his footing and came plump down into a boggy, miry place; now he stumbled over a little hillock; now began to be doubtful if he was going right, after all. Sometimes he followed a light which danced and flickered in the distance, then he remembered tales of Will-o'-the-wisp, and found his mistake. At last a terrible storm of wind and hail arose, and there, on that desolate moor, exposed to its full violence, his heart failed him; suddenly he fell once more, and this time his light was extinguished. Oh, how he wished he could find the high road, how he blamed himself for staying by the way listening to evil counsellors! What should he do without a light, without a guide, so far from his father's home?

After vainly wandering about for some time, the wind having a little abated, he heard the sound of a sheep-bell, and rejoiced in the thought that, at least, some human being, perhaps some dwelling, was near; so he followed the sound, and about midnight found himself at the door of a low cottage—a shepherd's hut, indeed. He knocked humbly at the door, and the shepherd looked out. A solitary grey-headed old man living in this wild moorland country with his sheep, and spending the days on the hill-side with his flock, and the nights in that low-roofed hut, with no companion but his dog, and an ancient Bible, and one or two good books which belonged to his father, the old shepherd before him. He was a kindly man, however, and would not refuse to let a wanderer in, and glad enough was the lad to sit by the peat-fire and partake of the humble fare of this lonely man.

His tale was soon told, his sorrow and troubles recounted. He found his purse was stolen, doubtless at the Black Bear, and the little money he had hoped to carry to his parents all gone. The shepherd listened, and at last said, "Come, let us try and bring some good out of this evil, my lad. You have missed your way home, that is certain; and now let us see the reason. You made your first mistake when you lay too late in bed at Carlisle, this morning. There is nothing like the day for a journey. Your next was taking the grazier's advice to loiter at the Black Bear. You lost time and money there, and, what with the company and beer, you forgot your object, which was to reach your father's house. Then, instead of remembering the wise advice to take the high road, you conceitedly trusted to your own knowledge of the way, and indolently thought to save yourself the trouble of mounting hills, and walking an extra mile or two. You thought your lantern, that little unsteady light, could show you your way over a great wide moor, and so you were lost. Well, my boy, this is just the way with sinners."

"We are all wanderers from God, who bids us in His word to seek Him early, that is, be early on our way to heaven. We put it off, we like to rest a bit first, to try the pleasant places of the world, to sit down and amuse ourselves, instead of remembering our Creator in the days of our youth. We are like you in other matters.

"We have got a journey to go. Life is a journey. From the cradle to the grave we are travelling on, on. We are very fond of short ways to heaven, and always are for picking out the easiest. The hills frighten us, the narrow path we cannot bear, we prefer the moorland, it is freer, more open, flatter, and, we fancy, easier.

"We are warned that we need a guide to heaven. There, again, sinful men resemble you with your lantern. We

think our own reason enough; yes, that little flickering, uncertain spark, of which we are so proud, forgetting that one false step may put us all out, and that we may fall into the pitfalls which abound. The Bible, the guide of man, we often neglect, and try all manner of ways rather than that which it teaches.

"The highway, the King's highway, was that you should have taken. So there is but one way to heaven, the way of God's appointing—salvation by Jesus Christ. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He does not say it is the best way, the easiest way, but *the* way, the *only* way.

"Man is fond of trying ways of his own; but they will all, like your way, fall miserably short at last; and a worse falling short will that be than wandering on this moor in a dark night."

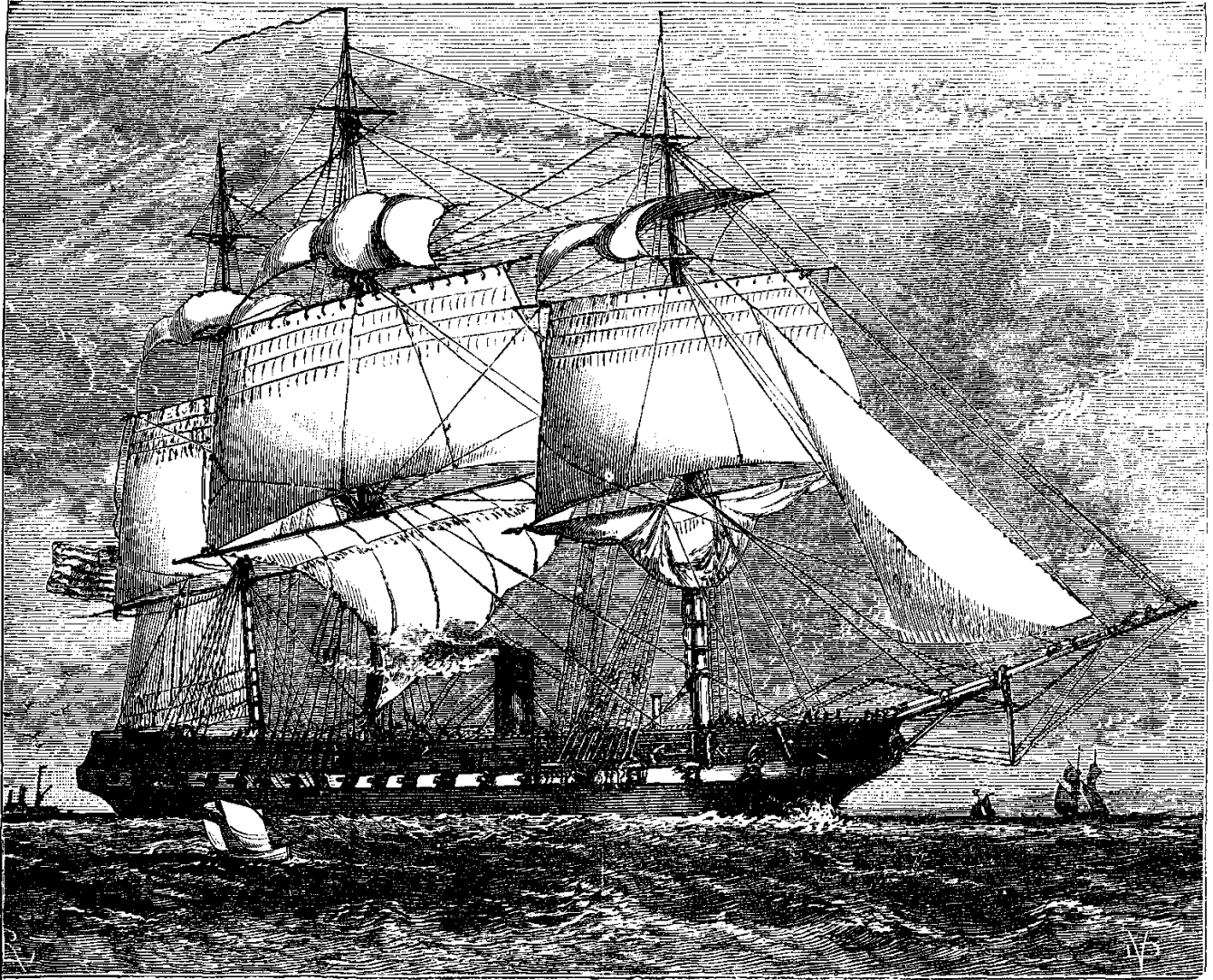
The lad listened earnestly. "Do you mean to say," he said, "that the way to heaven is open to *me*?"

"I do, indeed," was the reply. "You are welcome to Jesus Christ; you may enter in by the way which He opened when He died on the cross."

"Well," said the youth, "it is worth while to have lost my way on the moor, and my purse, too, to hear this;" and he carried the lesson home with him to his father's house the next day, nor ever forgot the words of the Saviour, "I am the way."

The tale ends here, and can you see the meaning of it? The way to the home of Jesus is Himself. Faith in Him is the way to heaven. Enter it, dear children—it is open to you, to me, to all—and invite others to enter. Say in the words of that beautiful hymn—

"Now will I tell, to sinners round,
What a Saviour I have found;
I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"



THE HISTORY OF JOHN ROBINS, THE SAILOR.

(Concluded from page 10).

"I FEEL much obliged to you," said John Robins, "for your kind and earnest prayers; it is often a long time before God answers His people's prayers, but His time is always the best; He has not only a bottle for their tears, but a register for their prayers. However, to continue my story, when I returned to the ship to which I was appointed, the remembrance of your goodness still dwelt upon my mind, and I felt ashamed of my ingratitude. I also, for

want of some other amusement, often looked into some of the books and tracts you had given me, though I too frequently did this that I might raise a joke, and excite laughter among my irreligious shipmates. Yet while I did this, the noisy laugh often concealed an agonized spirit and an accusing conscience. I could not be happy, and sometimes I almost cursed those kind instructors who taught me to read the Bible when young, because I could not sin without restraint, and enjoy my guilty pleasures without remorse.

"Among the new comrades with whom

I was sailing, there was one whose name was Isaac North, who always refused to join in our sinful amusements, and who frequently rebuked our ungodly mirth. We all of us joined to ridicule his piety; and he commonly went by the name of 'the Methodist,' or 'the Parson,' because he was fond of reading the Bible, and delighted in prayer. I have often heard our captain say, with an oath, that he wished all his men were Methodists, if they would be as orderly and attentive to their duties as Isaac North. This man happened to see my Bible and the inscription you had written in it, and he also frequently borrowed my books to read, so that we were led into conversation, and he took the opportunity of alluding to the privileges I had possessed when young, and the awful manner in which I had abused them. I felt somewhat affected at Isaac's serious remarks on this subject, but I could not express my anger, because he was always so very kind and willing to oblige me or my companions, notwithstanding our foolish ridicule; for our ill names he always exchanged good deeds, so that we all respected him. One of Isaac's observations I could not easily forget, it occurred to my mind continually: 'Jack,' said he, 'if a Sunday-school boy becomes a wicked man, he is ten thousand times more guilty than an ignorant, untaught sinner,' for 'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much will be required.' Sometimes I listened to Isaac's instructions, when I could do it unobserved, and I very often wished that I was like him, for he always seemed cheerful and happy, though he refused to partake of our boisterous mirth and giddy pleasures.

"You may, perhaps, Sir, recollect Henry

Brown, the coal-heaver's son, who was turned out of your Sunday-school and who went to sea with me; he was our ring-leader in every sin, and was the most notorious character on board the ship. In an engagement with one of the enemy's vessels, he received a severe wound near the shoulder, and one of his legs was carried away with a grape-shot, and shattered in a most dreadful manner. After we had taken the vessel, I went to see my old companion, and found that his life was in imminent danger. Oh, how he was altered! anguish was strongly marked on his countenance, and despair glared in his dying eyes. When he saw me, he exclaimed, 'Oh John, take warning by my fate, I am wretched and undone for ever; I have no hope, no joy, no peace; my sins stand in array against me more terrible than the roaring cannon; there is no refuge for me to fly to, I am undone, I perish, I perish, for ever and ever.' Alas! I could afford my companion no consolation, for I had been a partner in his sins; but I sent for Isaac, who rejoiced to obey the Saviour's command: 'Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' When Isaac came he endeavoured to direct his mind to serious subjects, and exhorted him to seek for mercy through Jesus Christ; but he exclaimed, 'There is no mercy for me, I have slighted all the invitations of mercy, and nothing but darkness, and despair, and misery lie before me.' Isaac attempted to pray with him, but he stopped him, and said, 'I have cursed and blasphemed my Maker through life, He will not hear me now, 'tis too late, I feel my punishment begun already, and I have deserved all the righteous anger of Almighty

God.' He soon became worse and worse, his feelings were insupportable, he sunk into a delirium; and as I stood by his bedside I saw him give a last convulsive struggle, and expire. Prov. i. 22-31.—If I had died instead of my comrade, said I, how awful would my end have been, I could have no hope of mercy, and should now be lifting up my eyes in misery. This solemn thought deeply affected my mind, especially as I found on retiring to my hammock, that my jacket had been shot through in two places, and that a ball had scarred the top of my hat.

“The impression produced by this alarming event was deep and lasting. I was led to review my past life, and to reflect on the sinfulness of my conduct, in abusing every privilege, in opposing the dictates of conscience, and in persisting so long to walk in the way of transgressors, though I found it to be hard. I saw that my sins were as the sand on the sea-shore, innumerable; and I thought that there was no mercy for such a sinner as I had been. These reflections agitated my mind, day after day, my former pleasures became insipid and disgusting, and I felt that I was like a shattered bark at sea, without sails or compass, and exposed to winds and waves on every side. Isaac noticed the difference in my conduct, and he took an opportunity of conversing privately with me. I unbosomed myself to him, and related all my feelings and sorrows, and he pointed out to me the gracious invitations of the gospel; and kneeling down in a private part of the ship, he prayed fervently and affectionately for my soul. We had frequent opportunities of conversing together on religious subjects, and I believe that God's blessing attended our conversations. And here I must

gratefully acknowledge the unspeakable benefits which I derived from the early religious instruction I had received in your Sunday-school. When my heart was truly awakened to a sense of my situation, as a sinner before God, I was not totally ignorant of the way of salvation, after being reminded by my friend of the early religious instructions I had received; but the subjects came afresh into my mind with prevailing power. I was enabled to fly to Jesus Christ for pardon and peace, as a poor sinner, trusting alone in God's mercy, and committing my soul to His care. I was enabled to believe His Word when I looked at the unfathomable ocean: ‘Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.’

“I must say that I never found any true happiness till I had fled for refuge from the wrath to come, ‘to the Lamb of God.’ Oh, that as I have sinned much I might love Him much, and serve Him wholly.

“Just at this time, in boarding a French vessel, I received these scars in my face, lost one of my eyes, and had two or three wounds in my body, yet God preserved my life. While I was confined from active service by these wounds, I had much time for serious reflection, reading, and prayer, and I trust that the seed sown in my heart, by divine grace, was watered by this affliction and rendered fruitful.

“It would be tedious for me to mention all the events which have occurred in my adventurous life, and all the wonderful scenes which I have witnessed:—‘They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in

the deep.' I have been in every quarter of the globe, I have fought in eleven different engagements, I have been twice shipwrecked, and notwithstanding all these perils, I have been preserved by the goodness of God. Oh that I loved Him more and served Him better!

"My friend Isaac who joined with me in the battle of Trafalgar, there received a mortal wound: he lingered for a few days, and then expired. Oh how tranquil was his mind; he looked to heaven, his desired haven, with much more delight than a mariner beholds the first projecting rock of his native land, after a long and tiresome voyage. He was wafted by faith into the port of everlasting bliss.

"About eighteen months ago I lost my leg by a cannon shot, in an action with an enemy's vessel of superior force, which struck her flag to us just after I had fallen on the deck, from my wound. Happily, we were approaching near to Old England, and the amputation of my leg turned out favourably. God supported me under this severe trial, and when I landed at Portsmouth, I gradually recovered strength, and now I enjoy as good health as ever I possessed. I have found many good people in this place, and I have much enjoyed their company. Oh that the remembrance of all God's mercies might never be removed from my heart, and that I may always consider myself as a brand plucked out of the burning."

Thus employed, we spent the evening most pleasantly, and closed it with prayer and praise. As I retired to rest, I felt exceedingly thankful to God that He had brought back one of my wandering scholars to His fold; I felt increasingly convinced of the inestimable benefits arising from Sunday-schools, even where no immediate benefit resulted from it, and I resolved to labour more abundantly in promoting the everlasting welfare of the young and the poor.

"I AM SO HAPPY."

THESE were the words of a little girl of ten years old, when she was dying. Would you like to hear about her? I think you would like to be as happy as she was; so I will tell you about her. Her name was Matilda Gomer: she had Christian parents, and went to a Sunday-school; but one Sunday morning she seemed so unwell that her father and mother, thinking she had a bad cold, kept her at home all day. In the evening, when the rest of the family were away, her father stayed to keep her company, and had some pleasant talk about the things of God. She had been reading a nice little book, in which there were four verses which struck her very much. They were these—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15); "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28); "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); and "God is love" (1 John iv. 16). Her father told her that the name of "*sinner*" belonged to her, and to every-one else who came into the world; but if Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, He would save Matilda if she believed in Him. Her father then spoke to her of the kind words which the loving Saviour speaks to poor, weary sinners, promising to "give them rest." Then he told her if Christ would "cast out none," Matilda was welcome to come, and rest in His bosom, though she was only a child. He then spoke to her of the love of God, in meeting all her wants; and most of all in giving His only Son to die for sinful men. Matilda thought very much of what her father said, and I believe the Spirit of God led her that evening to believe on Jesus, and to "come unto Him" who has promised to "cast out none." When her mother came home she thought her better, and hoped she would be "all right" by the morning. But next morning, between two

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and three o'clock, she seemed very ill; and when her parents went to her, she did not know them. All day on Monday and Tuesday it was very distressing to see her tossing about, and refusing everything her friends thought might do her good. On Wednesday her senses returned, when her father asked her if she was happy. She said, "Not quite. Not as I wish to be." He told her to think of the Lamb of God, and prayed with her. Her mother stayed with her while the family dined; and as she was hanging over her, very full of sorrow, she said, "My dear little child, can I do anything for you?" Matilda answered, "I want you to pray for me." "Shall I call your father, and ask him to pray for you?" "Oh yes, do!" said Matilda. Her father came, and after speaking a few soothing words, and telling her to trust all to the Saviour of sinners, he prayed with her. In a short time after this Matilda burst out into expressions of such joy, that it was delightful to see her beaming face, and hear her songs of praise. She said, "Jesus *has* washed me from my sins in His own blood, and has made me as white as snow; I am so happy!" Then she looked full of love to her parents, and asked them, "Father, are you happy? Mother, are you happy?" She then said, "Oh! if my brother would only give his heart to God, what a happy family we should be." Another time she said, "I am only ten years old, and Jesus Christ has pardoned my sins." To each person standing round the bed she said, "Will *you* come to heaven?" and seemed satisfied with all their answers, till she came to the nurse, who said, "I *hope* and *trust* I shall follow you there." Matilda answered at once, "You must believe in Jesus, you know, but *be sure you come.*" Then, naming two little friends of hers, she said, "*Bring one in each hand.*"

She left messages for several of her school-fellows whom she loved, begging them to *meet her in heaven*. She asked her father to tell several friends who were engaged in preaching the gospel, and also the

Sunday-school teachers, to pray *much*; and to persuade all, whom they could, to believe in Jesus, that they might come to heaven too.

A friend, whom she had asked to see, on coming to her bedside, said, "Well, my dear, I am sorry to see you so ill." But Matilda answered, "Jesus has washed me; I looked at the cross, and He pardoned my sins." Her mother said to the friend, "We wanted you before to come and pray, but now you must praise." Matilda repeated, "*Pray and praise.*" The friend tried to pray, but was so touched by the scene that she could not go on. "Never mind," said Matilda, "meet me in heaven;" and fixing her eyes upwards, repeated with much feeling,

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure, and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

She was now fast sinking, but whenever her father said, "Sing of salvation," she would try to sing "*for ever and ever.*"

On Thursday morning about eight o'clock she fell asleep in Jesus, and her happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. One text she often used to repeat, was, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." She seemed to feel how needful it was for every one, even the youngest, to come *at once* to Jesus, who "came into the world to save sinners;" who invites the "weary and heavy laden" to come to Him, and says He "will in no wise cast out" any who come.

Dear children, I repeat to you Matilda's message. It is the voice of a little child, calling to you as from that blest place where sorrow can never come, and where the Saviour's love beams for ever on the little ones, of whom, when on earth, you know He was so fond that He took them up in His arms and blest them. It is the tender request of a loving little heart, that longed to see all as happy as herself: will you not listen to it? Hark! she calls to you, even to you, dear little reader—

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."



"DON'T YOU LIKE TO PLAY?"

TWELVE o'clock! What a happy hour for the young ones is noon-day. What a bustle in the school-room, what chattering, what a merry noise! How hastily some boys gather up their books; how quickly others run away with their hoops; and all seem to have left their cares and anxieties behind them, on the hard benches of the school-room. See the youthful crowd coming out, scattered in little bands of three or four: some trundling their hoops, some whipping their tops, others playing cat, and a few, wiser than the others, going immediately homewards, repeating what they learned in school hours.

A few days ago, I was on my way home, passing through various little groups of young scholars, who had come out from S— school; when I saw two boys ill-using one of their companions, pushing and pulling him about. The poor little fellow, who was frightened and crying, tried to escape from their hands. As soon

as the two boys saw me coming, fearing that I should tell their parents (for they knew I was well acquainted with their fathers), they let the poor boy alone, and took to their heels as fast as they could. The little boy, thankful for my arrival just at this time of need, wiped away his tears; and, having glanced sorrowfully but timidly back at his companions, looked up in my face, with a gentle and grateful smile for having delivered him from his school-fellows. "Those boys were hurting you," said I. The face of the boy blushed like the horizon at sunset: he then modestly gave me such an answer as proved, that if Satan has messengers of evil even amongst the young ones, God can enable children to confess Jesus, to fight the fight of faith, and to be more than conquerors over the wicked one.

"Father and mother," answered the boy, "told me to go home as soon as school is over; but the boys always tease and mock me because I will not play in the streets with them; and they laugh at me

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when I tell them that we ought to *obey our parents in the Lord*, as God has said in the Bible."

"Don't you like, then, to play as the other children do? There is no harm in it."

"Well, sir, I like it very much, but I won't disobey the Lord. Didn't Jesus, who is the Son of God, obey Mary and Joseph?"

"Where is written what you assert?"

"I don't remember the chapter, sir; but I remember that it is said in the gospel of St. Luke, that Jesus *was subject unto them*. I learned it two months ago, at the Sunday-school; and since then, I pray every day to God, to make me good and kind to papa and mamma, as the Lord Jesus was to Mary and Joseph?"

"Was the Lord Jesus only good and kind to Mary and Joseph?"

"Oh, no," answered the boy with emphasis, "He has been kind to every one; He has given His life for sinners."

"But," said I, "you are so young, have you sinned?"

"Yes, sir, I have often been very disobedient; but the Lord says, '*Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right*;' and I will obey Jesus our Lord."

"Well, my dear little brother," said I to him, "I hope the grace of God will always keep you obedient to the Lord, and affectionate to your dear parents; and when Satan endeavours to disturb your peace, by the wicked suggestions of your unbelieving companions, trust always in Jesus; for our faith in Him is the victory that overcometh the world."

I had in my bag several good tracts, and a few numbers of the magazine, *Good News for the Little Ones*, which I gave him; he accepted them with a sweet smile of gratitude; and when we arrived at the gate of his house he bade me farewell, thanking me over and over again.

Now, my dear young readers, it is to you that I desire to dedicate this blessed instance of the grace of God in the soul of

that little boy, not yet ten years old. Do you see, my beloved children, what is meant by, "Obey your parents in the Lord?" If you love Jesus Christ, if you know that He died that you might live, if you believe that His precious blood has blotted out all your sins, then, dear children, you will have no difficulty in understanding how to obey your parents in the Lord. But if you do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, it is quite impossible for you to obey your parents *in the Lord*; not knowing Him, it cannot be "*in Him*."

STEALING AN APPLE.

IN a large commercial city of northern Germany, lived a merchant named Müller, who in his daily walk to his place of business was very frequently met by a well-dressed young man, who never failed to make in passing a very friendly, and almost familiar, bow of recognition. Although very willing to return the courtesy, Mr. Müller could not help suspecting it was meant for someone else, to whom he perchance bore a resemblance.

One day, having been invited to dine at a friend's house in the country, Mr. Müller, on reaching his destination, perceived his host walking in the garden with a gentleman whom, as he advanced towards them, he soon recognized to be the identical young man whose greetings had so often perplexed him, and he foresaw with pleasure an elucidation of the mystery. After shaking hands with his guest, the host was on the point of introducing the two gentlemen to each other, when his purpose was interrupted by the young man saying with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "Oh, quite unnecessary, my good sir; we have been long known to each other."

"I believe there must be some mistake here, sir," retorted Mr. Müller, "at least for my part. Although I confess to having frequently received a friendly bow from you, during the last few months, yet we are, to the best of my belief, perfect strangers."

"And yet I must stick to my point," said the young man with a smile; "I made your acquaintance very long ago, and am heartily glad to meet you here, and thus to have an opportunity of expressing to you personally the gratitude I feel towards you."

"You speak in riddles, sir," replied Mr. Müller. "How can I possibly be entitled to the gratitude of a man who is quite unknown to me."

"It is an old story," said the young man, "but if you will grant me a few minutes' hearing, I do not doubt being able to bring myself to your remembrance."

"If you are going to rehearse old stories. I think we may as well be seated," remarked the host with a smile, as he motioned towards a garden bench; and when the suggestion had been complied with, the young man began:—

"It is now seventeen years since I, then nine years of age, was plodding my way one morning to school, when suddenly the thought occurred, 'How nice it would be, if I could fall in with an apple to eat with the roll my mother has given me for my luncheon.' Most of my school-fellows were occasionally provided with such dainties, but I scarcely ever tasted fruit, which was consequently more prized by me as a rarity. My head was full of such thoughts, when I reached the market-place, across which lay my road to school. Stalls laden with the finest fruit met my eye on every side, and I stood still almost involuntarily before one of them to gaze on the tempting rosy-cheeked apples, which smiled so invitingly upon me. The mistress of the stall had turned round to converse with an acquaintance, and the stall was left unguarded. Suddenly the thought darted into my mind, 'One apple would never be missed from those heaps; and even if I took one away, she has thousands besides.' Accordingly yielding to the temptation, softly stretching out my hand, I seized an apple, and was just about to put it into my pocket, when

I received so hearty a box on the ears, that in my fear and astonishment, I let the apple fall, and at the same time a voice thundered in my ears, 'Boy! what says the eighth commandment? I will hope that this is the first time you have stretched out your hand to take your neighbour's goods, but let it also be the last, or worse will come of it.' I felt my cheeks burning with the red glow of shame as I timidly threw one upward glance at the countenance of my detector and admonisher; but that one glance sufficed to engrave his features on my memory for ever.

"I went on my way to school, but during the first lesson, was scarcely master of my thoughts. Ever and again the stranger's warning sounded in my ears; my heart was full to bursting, and I would fain have cried but durst not, for fear of being asked the cause. But still my mind reverted oftenest to the concluding words, 'Let it also be the last time,' and firmly did I then resolve in my secret soul, that, by God's help, it should indeed be both the first and the last time.

"Years went by; and having left school I entered the counting-house of a friend of my father's in Bremen. Thence in process of time I went to South America. I need not tell you, respected sir, the temptations and facilities trade offers, to stretch out your hands towards your neighbour's goods, by means of overreaching, overcharging, and other undue advantages, are neither seldom of occurrence, nor easy of resistance, to the young commercial aspirant; and my experience in these respects differed not from that of others. But as often as temptations arose, so often did the buffet from your hand seem again to burn on my cheek, and your words to sound in my ears; and, blessed by God's Spirit they afforded me new strength to persevere in the path of rectitude.

The young man here paused in his relation, which had evidently greatly affected himself as well as his hearers;

then, taking Mr. Müller's hand between his own, he said, "And now, allow me, in expression of my deep-felt gratitude, to press this honoured hand which did me so essential, and so lasting a benefit."

"And allow me," said Mr. Müller, as tears started to his eyes, "allow me to take to my heart in warmest friendship, him who is capable of feeling such gratitude, and who has remained faithful as a man to the vow which he made as a boy."

A REAL OCCURRENCE.

THE incident which we are about to relate took place on a Lord's Day morning towards the end of the year. The cold was intense, and a damp, misty rain was beginning to fall, as a crowd of well-dressed persons hurried up the steps of a chapel situated in the neighbourhood of Regent Street. Among the rest was a tall, delicate youth, who gazed around him with a bewildered look. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, it was observed that he had neither overcoat nor umbrella. It was no wonder that he coughed; and what a hollow cough it was! Those who once have heard such never forget it. A member of the congregation turned his head at the sound, and perceiving that the lad was a stranger, beckoned him into his own pew, which was near the centre of the gallery. We are particular in mentioning these things, because it is a true story which we are relating; and it may be that these pages may meet the eyes of those who were actually present at the time to which we refer. The youth was indeed a stranger. He had arrived in our great metropolis only the day before, and wandered out, tired and weary as he was, in search of a place where he

might worship God even as he had loved to do in the quiet village church of his far-off home. He was sad and cast down, and wanted comfort; he was weary, and sought for rest, rest where it can alone be found—rest in Christ, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He longed to experience with others as he had done many and many a time before, the truth of those beautiful lines:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest."

His heart yearned for some tidings of that loving Saviour. He missed Him in the prayers, eloquent as they were; in the hymns, notwithstanding their melody; in the sermon, so hard to understand. His thoughts had just begun to wander, when they were suddenly recalled and fixed upon the minister. Yes, he was speaking of Him now. The boy bent eagerly forward; he could scarcely believe his own ears. What! taking the glory from our blessed Lord! denying His divinity! explaining away His atonement! trampling upon the cross! robbing the sinner of his only hope, his only plea! speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ as a mere man! holding Him up for an example, but rejecting Him as a Saviour! No; it could not be possible. Poor boy, he did not know he was in a Unitarian Chapel, and that ministers preach, and people sit and listen to these fearful and dangerous doctrines, Sunday after Sunday, and God hears, and yet they are not consumed.

The gentleman who had so kindly invited him into his pew, and whose sympathy had been aroused by the youth's pale face and hollow cough, could not avoid noticing his agitation. He marked the flushed cheek, the tearful eye, the trembling lips, the bewildered gaze of astonishment and horror. Presently, as the minister proceeded with his discourse, he saw him rise suddenly up from his place, moved by an irresistible impulse, and stretched forth his thin hands, as if in deprecation of what he heard, while his clear young voice was distinctly audible throughout the chapel, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for there is none other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

A profound silence followed. Every eye was turned towards the gallery, while a few among the congregation trembled, they knew not why. The minister alone remained unmoved. The youth hastened to leave the chapel, followed by the gentleman in whose pew he had sat. Just as he reached the door, and stood looking out into the cold, wet street, a detaining hand was laid upon his arm. The poor boy turned round, flushed and trembling.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed he, "I could not help it—indeed I could not; you heard what he said."

"I heard nothing more than usual," replied the gentleman, coldly; "certainly nothing to warrant your disturbing a whole congregation in the way which you have done. But you are ill and excited," added he, in a kinder tone: "where do you live?"

The youth took a slip of paper from his pocket, containing a written name and address, and handed it to him.

"Is this the name of your parents?"

"I have no parents: they died when I was a child."

"Your friends, then?"

"I trust they may prove such. I arrived only last night from H—."

"Poor boy. And so you are a stranger in London, and came in by accident, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I thought it looked like a church."

The gentleman smiled.

"We call it a chapel," said he; "but it is all the same thing." A troubled expression passed over the boy's face, and he remained silent.

As they stood talking thus, the organ commenced playing, and the gentleman (whom we shall call Mr. A., knew that the sermon was ended. As the distance was not great, and the rain still continued to fall, he proposed walking with his young companion as far as his new home, and the offer was gratefully accepted. Before they separated, he had given the boy his card, and invited him to dine with him on the following Sunday.

Mr. A. was as rich as he was generous and kind-hearted; he delighted in doing good to his neighbour, and felt interested in the orphan, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances under which they had first met, and an intimacy commenced between them, which eventually proved a lasting blessing to Mr. A., though there was no real change till the youth's death. Lewis G. had never been very strong, and after a few months of close, sedentary occupation, his health completely failed him. Little hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery, and his employer, at a loss what to do with him, and requiring

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the small attic chamber which he occupied for his successor, began to talk of sending him to an hospital. Then it was that Mr. A. came forward and offered to take him to his own home, where he remained during the remaining brief period of his earthly pilgrimage. We have already mentioned that Mr. A. was a kind-hearted and benevolent man. He would have said just the same of himself; he looked to these good works to save him. Like the Pharisee of old, he used to thank God that he was not as other men.

Brighter and brighter grew the boy's faith as he saw before him the valley of the shadow of death, and the Good Shepherd with His rod and His staff standing ready to guide and comfort, and be with him unto the end. When the believer can keep the eye of faith fixed upon Jesus, he does not see the darkness and the shadow, but passes away as many a triumphant saint has done and will do even unto the end, exclaiming, "All is bright."

If Lewis had been Mr. A.'s own son he could not have been more carefully watched and tended than he was. Towards the last his benefactor scarcely ever left him. One evening, as he sat by the bedside, wiping his damp brow, he said, gently, "You appear to suffer a good deal, my poor Lewis."

"Yes, sir; but when I think of all that the Lord Jesus Christ suffered for me, I do not seem to feel it so much."

"It would be well," observed Mr. A., "if we could all of us thus follow the example of His meek and patient submission to the will of God. But you had nothing to do with His sufferings."

"Oh, sir, don't say that. Did not

Christ die for sinners? and have we not all sinned and come short of the glory of God?

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,'

for me."

"Poor boy! you have a tender conscience," observed Mr. A., soothingly. "What harm have you ever done?"

"Rather ask, what good?" was the reply.

"And yet you do not fear to die?"

"No, sir. Why should I fear? It says here," laying his hand upon his little Bible, "'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I believe; my hope is in Him, my Saviour; the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

He leaned back upon the pillow, from which he had half risen in his eagerness, pale and exhausted. "You must not talk any more," said Mr. A., soothingly, "you are too weak."

He then closed his eyes wearily, and lay quite still with a smile upon his face, while Mr. A. continued to sit beside him, silent and thoughtful. Presently he began to speak again, but in so low a tone, that it was impossible to make out what he said. His mind appeared to be wandering. Mr. A. bent down, and laid his ear to the boy's quivering lips. He heard him then—"There is none other name given under heaven, whereby we must be saved."

They were the last words he ever spoke. But little is known of the early history of Lewis G. His parents both died of consumption. From a simple and touching inscription written in his little Bible (the only legacy his poor mother had to leave), as well as from his own childish reminiscences

of the texts and hymns she used to teach him, we are led to conclude that she was an earnest Christian.

When Lewis grew older, and it became necessary for him to earn his own living, an opportunity offered for his entering a counting-house in London, and the distant relative with whom he had hitherto resided undertook to defray the requisite expenses, distinctly stating that it was the last thing he could afford to do for him. We have seen how, after that, God took care of the poor orphan boy, and raised up a kind friend for him in the time of need. That generous friend, too, led as it were by a chain of providences, was gradually brought out of darkness and error and unbelief, into light and joy and peace—peace in believing—peace in Christ. Rom. xv. 13; Acts x. 36.

The minister of the Unitarian Chapel to which reference has before been made, himself bore witness of the impression made at the time upon the different members of his congregation, through the incident we have just related.

“One lady came to me,” said he, and said, “Sir, if that youth should be right, then are we altogether wrong.” Another told him that she had found the words in her Bible. A third declared that they haunted her day and night, and she could not get them out of her mind, do what she would. One of the teachers, a clever youth, withdrew from the Sunday-school, asserting that he dare not teach any more until his own mind was more settled.

The writer of this paper was once a member of that Unitarian congregation, and was an eye-witness of what has been here so imperfectly described.

Many will say that such a good man as

Mr. A., was surely on the road to heaven; but all who trust to good works, are surely on the road to hell; for the Lord Jesus has said, that those who do not believe in Him will die in their sins. John viii. 24.

The Unitarians own that Jesus Christ is a son of God, but they deny that he was “the Son of God.” The Jews sought to kill the Lord Jesus Christ, not because He said he was a son of God; for they themselves said, “We have one Father, even God.” Jesus Christ said to them, “If God were your Father, ye would love Me.” Men may believe Christ was a good man, but that will not save them. Many Jews will tell you He was a good man. Peter said, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” Matt. xvi. 17.

I AM MEEK AND LOWLY.

Matthew xi. 29.

ANGER, if it be soon kindled, is a sign that secret pride lies lurking in the heart, which, like gunpowder, takes fire at every spark of provocation that lights upon it. For whatever may be owing to a natural temper, it is certain that pride is the chief cause of wrathful resentments; pride and anger are nearly allied as humility and meekness. “Only by pride cometh contention.” Prov. xiii. 10. And a man would not know what mud lay at the bottom of his heart, if provocation did not *stir it up*.



THE ONLY WAY TO OBTAIN PARDON. Acts xvi. 30, 31.

"He (the jailor) called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and said Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED, AND THY HOUSE."—Acts xvi.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: *but* Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity . . . The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head *there is* no soundness in it . . . 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. Isaiah i. 3, 4, 6, 18.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

SEVERAL years ago, when I was teacher in a school at ———, I had occasion to reprove a pupil for inattention and disobedience. My words failing to produce an effect upon him, I was obliged to resort to punishment, and accordingly I called him up, and commanded him to stand for a quarter of an hour in a corner of the school-room.

As he was going there, a little boy, much younger than the guilty one, came to me and requested that I would allow him to take the place of the lad who had offended. This request astonished me a good deal; however, I was not inclined to put any question to the child, and contented myself with observing to him, that if I granted his request, he should pass the whole of the time in the corner, "and," added I, "a quarter of an hour is very long, when one must spend it in punishment." These words did not shake him. I then pointed out to him the disgrace which attaches to a child who undergoes punishment, telling him that in the eyes of all the visitors who might enter the school, he would appear a naughty and unruly child. Nothing, however, changed his purpose, he still persevered in his resolution. I then allowed him to take his companion's place in the corner.

I was deeply moved, and silently prayed to the Lord to give me a little of that wisdom which cometh from above, in order to draw from this incident some instruction, which might be profitable to the souls of the children confided to me.

When the quarter of an hour had expired, I released the little boy, and asked him if it was his companion who had in-

duced him to take his place. "No, sir," he replied.

"Do you think that he deserved to be punished?" "Oh," said he, "he deserved it well."

"What, then, is the motive which has led you to bear this punishment in his place?" "Sir, it is because I love him."

What a touching reply! The other children had listened with deep attention to this conversation. I then called the disobedient boy, and ordered him to go in his turn into the corner. At these words there was a clamour of protestations. A multitude of little voices cried out at the same time, "Oh, sir, that would not be right; that would not be right,"—"nor just either," added one of the boldest.

"Why would it not be just?" replied I, thinking to disconcert the boy who had thus expressed himself. "Has not your school-fellow disobeyed?" "Yes, sir, but you have allowed Joseph to be punished in his place; you should not then, on that account, punish him."

My prayer, thought I, was heard; and I continued in these words: "Does what has just happened, recall anything to your minds?" "Yes, sir," said several voices; "it reminds us that the Lord Jesus bore the punishment of our sins."

"What name would you give to Joseph now?" "That of *substitute*."

"What is a substitute?" "One who takes the place of another."

"What place has Jesus taken?" "That of sinners."

"Joseph has told us that he wished to take his school-fellow's place, and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus wished to die

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in the place of sinners?" "It was also because He loved us."

Repeat a passage from the Bible which proves that. The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Gal.ii. 20.

"You told me just now that it would not be right, nor even just, to put the naughty boy in the corner, after having punished Joseph in his place—what instruction may we draw from this fact?"

"We learn from it the assurance that God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour;" "and," added quite a little boy, "He will never do so; for the Bible tells us, that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,' in order that 'whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" John iii. 16.

THE HISTORY OF KATE PEARCE.

IN complying with the request of many friends, to whom I have related the simple facts in the following narrative; that I should give them publicity; I trust my desire in so doing is, that self may be lost sight of, and that in recounting this little history, God's ways may alone be magnified, and glory brought to the name of Jesus.

In the month of June last, I was, as I believed, within a few hours of starting for Germany; when a most unexpected, and to me most vexatious, delay hindered my proceeding. I little knew what a momentous work hung on my own poor plans being frustrated, and that the Lord, in His grace, was proposing to use my detention to carry out His own actings of love to a poor, wandering sinner.

Business, caused by the change, took me into the Strand, and availing myself of an omnibus, in returning to Pimlico, I was struck with the interesting appearance of a young widow, seated in it, on whose countenance death had set his stamp.

Concluding she would be put down before we reached our destination, I felt very sorry that I was not near enough to her to admit of my speaking; but resolved as she passed me, to slip a Gospel tract into her hand. To my great relief, she continued her journey to the end. I waited to assist her in alighting; and finding her very weak and almost breathless, I bid her lean on me, and proposed to accompany her home.

"I have no home," she replied; "I am come in search of a kind lady, with whom I lived before I was married."

I said, "You look young to be a widow."

"Yes: I am two-and-twenty. My husband had a good situation; but many hands were dismissed. He could not get another, and that, added to my state of health, broke him down; and it ended in brain fever, eight months since."

"You do indeed look ill," I remarked; "and if you are without a home, who takes care of you?"

"Why, I am just come out of the Consumption Hospital; and I went to my husband's mother, who has the care of my baby, but I could not breathe in the close air in that part of London, or bear the noise and draughts; and as the doctor says I shall not live long, I am come to look for my old mistress, Mrs. S., in Cambridge-street. Perhaps I can get a room near *her*, to shelter in."

After helping her with what trifle of silver I had, I next spoke to her of her soul, and found her lamentably ignorant; so much so that on leaving her at the door of the lady's house, I hastened home, determined to try and see her again. After a hurried dinner, I proceeded once more in quest of her, provided with such tracts as I thought best suited to her case, and relying on the Lord pointing me to passages from His own Word, as the fullest and only remedy to meet the sinner's need.

It was not without some diffidence that

I knocked at the door, which appeared to be anything but the abode of poverty. My fears, however, were quite dissipated, when, on entering the drawing-room, I was met by a very sweet looking widow, who accosted me with, "Oh! I am sure you must be the lady who has been so kind to poor Kate; and I esteem your meeting her as a peculiar providence; for since she went into the hospital, I have, by the loss of my own husband, suffered a complete reverse, and now I am, with my own little family, leaving this to seek a less expensive residence."

I then begged her to allow me to see poor Kate, as no time was to be lost in procuring her a lodging, and far less in speaking to her of her soul: to which Mrs. S. readily assented, saying she was a young person of very superior mind and manner, and had almost grown up in her nursery, as she took her when very young; but she felt she ought to tell me, that owing to her circumstances in early life, she had been brought up a Roman Catholic, the tenets of which persuasion she had held stedfastly, and perhaps *that* might prejudice me in assisting her. I expressed my regret that it was so, but added, the Word was, 'To do good unto all,' and she must, in such an extremity, be cared for.

I was then shown into the dining-room, where Kate was sitting, supported in an arm-chair.

She smiled, and said, "How kind of you to come and see me again!"

I told her I was much interested in her helpless and destitute condition, but more so in her spiritual need, which I found, from conversation with her in the street, to be great. She told me she had received the last sacrament from the hands of the priest, before leaving the hospital, and she hoped all would be right in the end. I reminded her that she had admitted to me she was a sinner. Then I spoke to her of the holiness of God, and that He could accept only what was perfect; that she

must soon stand before Him, and then what would her masses, priests, or sacraments do for her?

She made no answer.

I proceeded to tell her, that Christ, on the cross, had borne the sin of every believing sinner; that it was *His* precious blood that could alone cleanse from guilt; and that He was our Priest, even our *great High Priest* to bring us to God. She listened attentively, and I left her reading the hymn,—

My sins were laid on Jesus—
The spotless Lamb of God."

I promised to return early next morning; for a talented Christian friend, who had seen her on our first meeting, was so struck with the chiselled beauty of her face, that she begged to take her likeness, which Mrs. S. kindly gave permission to be done at her house.

On seeing Kate again, soon after breakfast the following morning, I found her with the lines in her hand, and on my speaking to her of the blessed truths they contained, explaining to her that it was because God had laid our sins on Jesus that we were brought nigh—she replied, "I wonder I never saw it before: none but Jesus can avail; but surely we must have some way of approaching *Him*, and was not the Holy Virgin most likely to intercede with *Him*?"

I was delighted to have gained even as much ground as this, but denied, *as most unscriptural*, the idea of the Saviour requiring an intercessor; and relying on the Lord to perfect that which, I believed, He had begun, I proceeded to show her, from the Word, that the Lord Jesus is appointed by God the Father, to be a "Prince and a Saviour, to give remission of sins" to *all* who will have it. The keys of death and hell are in *His* hands, No one cometh to the Father but by Him, (John 6); that "through *His* name whosoever believeth shall receive remission

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of sins" (Acts x. 43); and "by Him all who believe are justified from all things;" and that all had a present welcome, even the vilest, without money and without masses.

I was then within a day of starting afresh for Holland, and no lodging, within our means, appeared available, and we could not go on further to trespass on the kindness of Mrs. S., who had, up to this time, sheltered her. In this perplexity, I was most graciously directed to make the case known to Mrs. B., of Chester-square, and request her to join with me in procuring some asylum for her, where she could be visited by Christian friends. She responded immediately, and in a true spirit of love took all responsibility on herself, and poor Kate was placed, at her expense, in the Consumption Home, at Chelsea.

I had only been one day in Germany, when sad news of the illness of one, all on earth to me, recalled me to London. As soon as I could satisfactorily leave my own sick charge, I paid a hasty visit to the Home. Kate was overjoyed to see me; for she had no expectation of meeting me again here.

I said, "You look very happy."

She replied, "O yes: *I am* very happy. How shall I ever sufficiently praise God for that kind lady you sent to me! (alluding to Mrs. B.) She has opened up Scripture to me in a way I could not have believed it possible. *You* showed me the error I was in: but *she* led me into truth I never could have imagined; and it comes with such power, that, after she is gone, I seem to hear it all over again. It stays by me, and often on waking I seem to see you at one side of my bed, and that dear Mrs. B. at the other, and I am sure the Lord must be with me too, for I feel lifted above everything; and my pain is so lessened, and my sleep so refreshing."

In my first acquaintance with her, she had told me she had nothing to tie her to

this world, but her infant; and she could not bear to think of leaving that so wholly destitute. I then told her that although as a Christian I could make no unqualified promise, yet, the Lord enabling me, it should be my own charge: so that her mind was quite at rest on this point, and she had only to go on from day to day, rejoicing in the truth which had set her free.

I was too much occupied with sad, yet sweetly tender duties at home; and I did not see her again, till I had to tell her of the wondrous sustaining Power which had upheld another, in passing through the dark valley, which Jesus had made only the entrance to light, life, and glory. She remarked, "How little you thought, when you first saw me, your own child would be there first to welcome me!"

She inquired if that kind lady had finished her picture. I said, "She has succeeded beautifully." "I am glad of that," she replied; "for you must show it to my little girl, and tell her all about me; and that while she is looking at her mother *here*, how happy I shall be *there* with Jesus."

To Mrs. B. she gave her Rosary, as a small remembrance, saying, "*I can pray without that* now." Her Bible, she left to Mrs. S. (her former kind mistress); and her child she legally made over to myself.

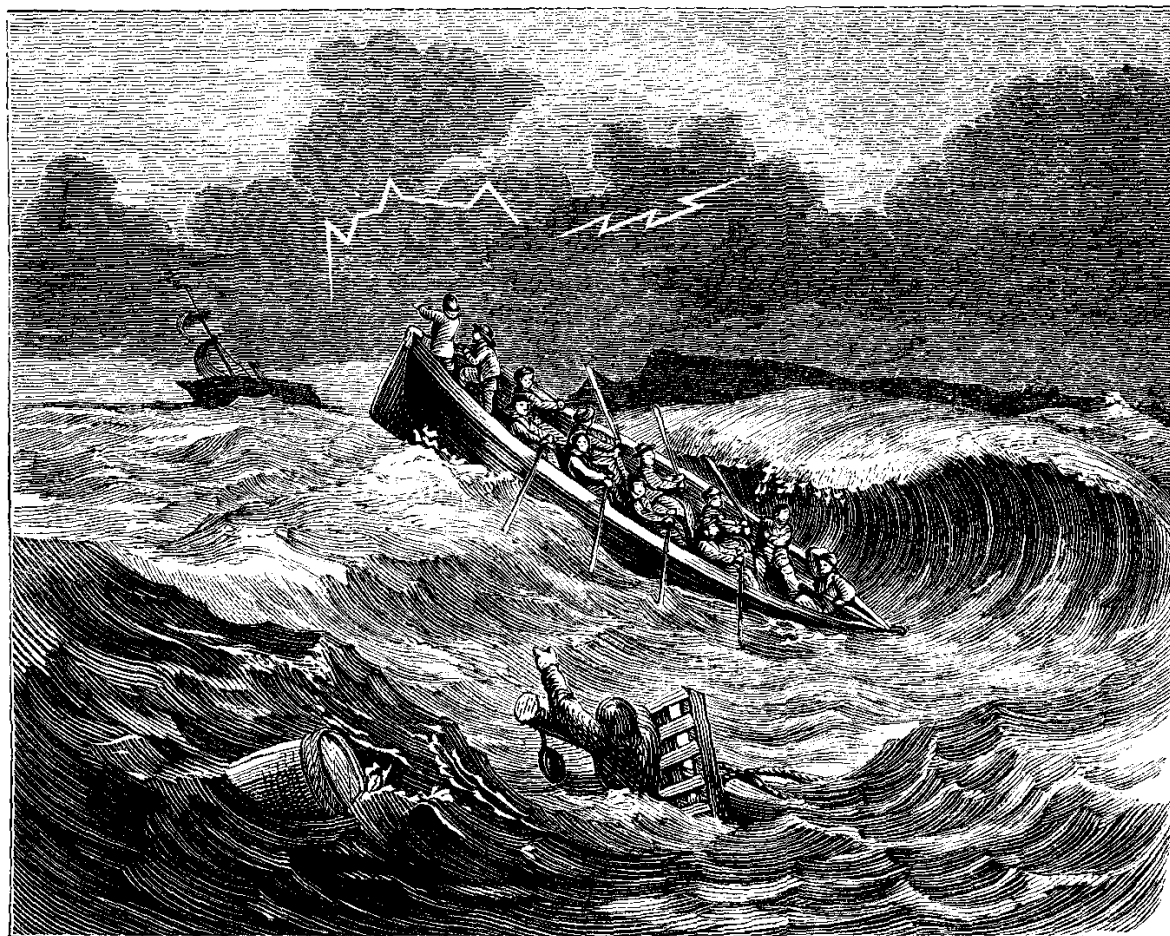
At the same age (22), and exactly the day month after I consigned my own heart's treasure to earth, she followed.

They sleep near each other, in the same ground, and wait, together, the resurrection morn, when

"The child shall meet the mother,
And the mother meet the child;"

and with all the loved ones gone before, and those who shall be caught up, we shall praise the grace that has brought us thither; and *with* Jesus, and *like* Him, our joy will be full.

C. T.



THE SHIPWRECKED PILOT.

THE Bible assures us that "all things work together for good" to them that love God; and its pages contain more than one illustration of another blessed truth, namely, that the irrational creation can be made to subserve the purposes of mercy to erring and ungrateful man. But while the Bible records how a great fish was in the olden time employed to save a Jonah, and how ravens were commissioned to supply the wants of an Elijah, we are not left to conclude, either that the Lord's ear has become heavy in our day, or that the lower animals are less willing to obey His behests, when the Lord hath need of them. Should, however, any one be disposed to

think the "former times," in such respects "better than these," we commend to his consideration the following authentic relation:—

On the 22nd of November, 1736, a fearful storm swept over the waters of the North Sea and the river Elbe, causing the destruction of very many homeward bound vessels. Among these was a very large merchantman, coming from Archangel to Hamburg, which was totally wrecked on a sandbank not far from the island of Neuwerk. Her commander, Henrich Jansen by name, was an experienced mariner, well acquainted with the coast, and his crew of able-bodied seamen were equal to any usual maritime emergency. Nay, perhaps they were right in thinking

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that even this storm would have been weathered, had their good ship been left to its captain's guidance, and their prompt and hearty service.

But as, conformably to the law of navigation, the command of the vessel had been, on entering the Elbe, committed to the river pilot, the responsibility as well as authority, rested with Peter Bull, of Enghaven, a man of hitherto good repute in his profession. Whether any want of skill or attention could be justly laid to his charge, or whether the raging elements, the foggy weather, and the darkness unavoidably attendant on the approach of night, were alone to blame for the disaster, was never fully ascertained; but the crew hesitated not to lay it all at the pilot's door; and when at last the ship struck, and lay rolling helplessly among the breakers—when the strongest cables were snapped asunder like tow yarns, and the oaken bulwarks broke under the shock of the waves like rotten staves—the sailors became desperate; they shouted out that the ignorant or drunken pilot had steered them right into the jaws of destruction, and should not escape their vengeance; and so, drawing their cutlasses, they rushed upon the poor pilot, with the intent to gratify their longings for revenge, before being forced to taste the bitterness of death.

But Captain Jansen, a thoughtful and considerate man, interposed his authority to rescue the doomed victim from his infuriated crew. "Nay, my men," said he, "the pilot is not drunk; and though I, too, think him incapable of steering successfully through such a tempest as this, I will not have a hair of his head injured. Let us leave him to God's judgment, but let not our hands be upon him."

After some demurring, this counsel was followed. It was, however, cruelly determined to leave Peter Bull on the wreck, while the captain and the crew sought safety by the boats.

When the last (in which was the captain) pushed off, the wretched pilot stood on the wave-washed deck, wringing his hands, and vainly imploring to be taken with them; but the captain, who, we presume, had not been able to overrule the cruel decision of his crew, called out to him, "Peter Bull, if thou be free from actual guilt, and God please to forgive thy sins of ignorance—or inattention on this occasion—He can, and He will, rescue you before the ship goes to pieces."

And now there stood poor Peter Bull, all alone, on the small remaining portion of the deck, while every successive wave carried off some piece of the wreck, and whirled it away into the boiling abyss of waters. The small jolly boat remained still attached to the ship, and as a last hope, the pilot let it down into the sea, intending to take a chance for life in it. But before he could leap in, one of the masts fell down, and broke the boat to shivers.

Long did he gaze into the boiling flood, which had thus swallowed up the ark of his hopes, and as every chance of escape seemed now taken away, he felt more than once tempted to leap into the sea, and thus shorten the torture of anticipated destruction. But just in the extremity of his soul's conflict, the captain's last words seemed again to ring in his ears, "If God so please, He can, and He will rescue thee." His hitherto hard heart, was softened by the thought. He knew, and felt himself to be in the very jaws of

death, but that God, with whom nothing is impossible, could save if He would; and sinking on his knees, the shipwrecked and forlorn one prayed fervently for mercy and deliverance. He prayed for pardon of past sins, and that he might repent and turn to God; he prayed to be restored to his wife and children, and to be enabled to lead henceforth a godly life.

Composed and comforted, he rose from his knees with new-born courage, to look about for any piece of wreck, which might afford a prospect of possible rescue; and seizing a rope, he bound himself firmly to the large spill, which lay loose within reach, and murmuring, "In God's name then," he committed himself and his slender support courageously to the deep. While lifted high on the nearest wave, and just before its recoil carried him far off from the wreck, an almost unearthly scream assailed his ears, and in the next moment the ship's cat sprang from some spar, to which she had climbed, and alighting on his head, ensconced herself there so firmly with deeply inserted claws in his hair and skin, that every effort to dislodge her proved abortive. Doubtless, her animal instinct had warned her to forsake the sinking ship, and the law of self-preservation impelled her to seek refuge along with the last human being, who was now departing from the doomed vessel, by planting herself on his head, as the only exposed point above the watery waste. A heavy and harassing burden she must have proved to the half-drowned man; and vigorously, though vainly, did he try at first to rid himself of it, but after a while, the reconciling thought occurred to him, "If this irrational creature places such unreserved confidence

in such a poor, helpless being as I am, with how much better reason ought I to rely with confidence in the help of Almighty God!"

During more than half the night was Peter Bull and his strange head-gear tossed about in the mouth of the Elbe, still sustained, indeed, by the spill, but quite as often below as above the surface, as wave after wave broke over them. Exhausted by terror and fatigue, nearly paralysed by wet and cold, carried about he knew not whither, and wholly unable by any means to direct his course, the wretched man endured all the slow tortures of a lingering death, while the impossibility of discovering in the darkness whether the wind was driving him landward, or the ebb carrying him out to sea, precluded the dawn of hope in his breast.

Daybreak came at last, and with it a better prospect of rescue; for when a lull in the storm enabled him to cast a look around him, he plainly recognized a familiar shore, towards which the waves were driving on the spill and its two-fold freight, with a now welcome violence. Ere long, he was brought so near to the beacon breakwater, that he could perceive two persons on horseback who were riding leisurely along the dyke. To all appearance they were wreckers, that is, persons who made it their business, after every storm, to look out for stranded goods, with a view of either making fair prizes of the ownerless spoil, or of obtaining salvage from the lawful possessors. The position of these men was too elevated to make it likely they could just then descry the spill and its burden, though quite within reach of a strong cry for help.

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But although rescue was thus, in a manner, close at hand, Peter Bull was much too weak to make himself heard, and his feeble cries were overborne and lost in the booming roar of the foam-crested waves. Once more the lately enkindled hope was expiring within him, when, lo! at this critical moment, puss sent forth once more a mew so piercingly shrill that the unearthly sound attracted the wreckers' attention to the spot whence it proceeded, and they soon perceived poor Peter Bull, lying half dead, and unable to unlash himself from the spill.

Hastening down, they quickly conveyed both him and the cat into dry quarters, and by care and attention the voyagers recovered from the fatigue and peril of no common adventure.

Such is the authentic history of Peter Bull's rescue. It is true the testimony borne by Captain Jansen and his crew, who made their way safely to Hamburg, reflected so severely on his want of skill, or deficiency in presence of mind, that he was deposed from his office of pilot, but his moral character was unimpeached, and the fearful events of that never-to-be-forgotten night had effectually cured him of all predilection for a sea-faring life.

He afterwards became assistant to the Strand-vogt of the Dühnen, in which capacity he made it his special business to search assiduously, after every storm, for such poor castaways as might be thrown on shore in too weak a condition to be able to cry out for aid, and with no cat on their head to do it for them.

Peter Bull retained the spill as a memorial of his dreadful voyage, and no bribe could have bought the cat from him, to whom, he said, next to God, he owed

his final rescue, as without her, he should have made shipwreck, even after reaching port. He is said to have become a consistent Christian, to have brought up his children in the fear of God, and to have died joyfully at an advanced age.

"IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?"
Genesis xviii. 14.

COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM.

2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

Once the world and its vain pleasures
Fill'd my heart and ev'ry thought;
Jesus and His heav'nly treasures
Were unheeded and forgot;

Could a sinner
From so sad a state be brought?

Yes, for He who hath no pleasure
In the death of him that dies,
Stopp'd me, 'ere I filled the measure
Of my vast iniquities;

Gave repentance,
Broke my chains, and bade me rise.

Deeply mourning, broken-hearted;
Oh, how sinful sin did seem!
From its ways I straight departed;
God I sought, and only Him;
Blest redemption!
It shall henceforth be my theme.

He who thus in mercy sought me,
Whilst I valued not His grace,
Kindly found me out, and brought me
From destruction's crooked ways,
Even Jesus
Will I ever love and praise.

Hence, the life I now am living,
Doth from Christ Himself arise,
Whilst by faith new strength receiving,
I press forward to the skies;
There faith ceaseth,
All is seen with open eyes.

“SOON TEN YEARS OLD.”

“AH! there is old Sylvester,” said Babet to her elder sister Paulina, with whom she was going to school; “I am sure he is going to give us some of his grave speeches.”

“Don’t mock him,” replied Paulina; “you know God bids us to honour old age. Besides, Sylvester always says what is good: therefore, Babet, if he speaks to us, let us listen with respect.”

“You are going to school, my children,” said the aged peasant to the two sisters. “It is yet early.”

Paulina. “It is, Mr. Sylvester; but mamma has allowed us to leave half an hour sooner, that we might have time to go and see the great May-pole which was fixed yesterday.”

Sylvester. How old are you, my children?

Babet. “I shall soon be ten years old.”

Sylvester. “When you are six or seven times as old, little Babet, you will still reckon it but little.”

Oh, Mr. Sylvester, that is along time!

Sylvester. “Yes, yes, my child, so it appears to you, because it is future. But what would you say if I should assure you that the sixty or seventy years which you may yet pass in this world will appear to you at the end shorter than the ten years you have not yet completed?”

Babet laughed as she said, “Oh, Mr. Sylvester, I find it difficult to believe you. How can it be, that from ten years to twenty, then again from twenty to thirty, and again to forty, and fifty, and so on, until the end of life—that all this should at last appear shorter than ten short years which I have yet scarcely finished?”

Paulina made a sign to her sister to be

attentive, and then begged Sylvester to sit down on a large stone which was there, that he might rest himself while he talked to them.

“Well, this is kind,” said the old man, as he seated himself. “You honour the hoary head. Well, it is in the sight of God that I am going to reply to your sister. Listen, my child.

“Do you see near yonder field of oats that beautiful pear tree, and a little further, that great walnut-tree, which is so luxuriant in its branches? This finger, which touches you, my child, bored the earth where I put the seed and the walnut, from which the Almighty has made those two strong trees to grow. Yes, Babet, it is even as I tell you; and if you will listen to me, I will relate to you the story, the more readily, indeed, because you are not in a hurry to go to school, and you can see the May-pole another day.

“This field was my father’s; and I was his only son. I was, I think, seven or eight years old; and when I was with him, yes, there, in that very field, near that rock, he said to me, ‘Sylvester, we are going to cut down those walnut-trees (for there were two very old trees in the same place where you see those now standing); they are decayed, and we must replace them by two others.’ Upon that, I replied, like a child, that I would plant them myself with my finger, and that I would give the first fruits of them to my father. He smiled with pleasure; and when the old walnut-trees were taken up, their roots removed, and the spot well cleared, my father said to me, ‘You said, Sylvester, that you would plant these trees with your own finger. I am willing you should do so, but they will not be for

me, my child ; they will grow more slowly than I shall grow old.' At last, to be brief, I thrust my little finger into the earth, and placed in one of the holes three or four seeds of a pear, and in the other I threw a fine walnut, which I thrust down with a rod.

"God blessed the seed, and in due season there appeared above the ground, a stalk, with some leaves. I placed round my trees some very strong palisades, which I surrounded with thorns, that no beast might devour my plants. The following years I took the greatest care of them. I watered them in the summer ; I loosened the earth properly all around ; and thus passed six years. But they appeared long to me. It seemed to me my trees were iron, they increased so slowly. 'These are two beautiful stocks,' said my father ; 'you must graft them carefully. It may be God's will that you should eat of their fruit.' I replied, 'They have been there an age ; and I believe they will remain there all my life, before they bear fruit.' 'Sylvester,' said my father to me, 'they have appeared to you to have grown slowly ; but remember, that afterwards it will seem to you they have become large and strong in a day.'

"And it is true, my children. Yes, when I see them now, and when I think that one of them has already lost its strongest branch, which withered last year, I asked myself if the snows have indeed fallen on them during sixty winters, and if I have really shaken their branches each autumn, to fill my baskets with their beautiful fruits.

"Ah ! dear Babet, it is as a dream ! My father did not eat of them. He fell asleep in Jesus when I was very young ;

and that which he said to me, I see with my eyes to-day. Notwithstanding they grew so slowly when I was only ten or twelve years old, it seems to me truly now that these two trees have increased and grown old in a day !"

Paulina was serious. She had heard the old man with deep attention, and she understood all he meant to convey. She sighed, and looking at him, she said, "The Holy Scriptures tell us that our life is as the grass of the field."

"Yes, my children, it is very true ! Youthful as you are, hear and believe the Word of God. I was also once nearly ten years old, when I went to the same school where you are going at this hour. Our school-master was a servant of God. He often said to us, 'Youth is a flower of the field : it blossoms and withers.' 1 Peter i. 23-25. And I recollect one day as I was passing with him by the cemetery, he gathered a cowslip from one of the graves and gave it to me, saying, 'Behold your life, Sylvester. Think of heaven.' This word made such a deep impression on me that it still remains ; and it is not more than a quarter of an hour since, when, seeing in the hedge one of those flowers (more backward than usual), I said in my heart, 'Sylvester, such is thy life. Think of heaven.'"

Babet had lost a little of her wonted gaiety. The story of the old man had touched her ; and she beheld, with emotion, this aged pilgrim, so likely soon to leave this world. She desired to listen to him still longer ; but the hour for school had arrived, and Paulina said so to her.

"God go with you there," said Sylvester, taking in his large, rough hand the little hands of the two children. "God

give you also, if you see a cowslip, and every time you find one in your path, to say to yourselves seriously, 'Behold my life. Oh, that I might think of heaven!' And you, now, dear children," added he, with tenderness, "can you tell me what is the way which leads to heaven?"

"It is the Lord Jesus Christ," said Babet.

"Yes, my child," said Sylvester, with a look of approbation; "the well-beloved Son of God is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. John xiv. 6. To become such to sinners such as we, He left the glory He had with the Father, became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and, last of all, laid down His life on the cross. Let Him, then, be your Shepherd."

Alas! old Sylvester knew not that, in speaking as he did to these children, he was relating, a few days beforehand, the short and touching history of one of them—the little Babet.

This child, about a week after this conversation, was seized with violent pains in the head, followed by a serious and malignant disease, which showed itself after the third day.

"How old are you?" inquired the physician, as he felt her agitated pulse.

"I shall soon be ten years old," replied Babet; and the physician sighed.

The disease increased from hour to hour. Paulina did not leave her sister night or day. Old Sylvester learnt the state of his little friend, and obtained permission to see her the ninth day, on which it appeared that the fever was lessened. He took in his hand a nosegay of the most beautiful flowers of his garden, and placed them in the window, that the wind might softly waft the perfume into the room.

"I am very ill," said Babet to Sylvester; "I was not thus the day you spoke to us."

"My child," replied the aged Christian, weeping, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days. The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord has blown upon it."

Babet looked for some minutes at Mr. S., and then said, "Do you believe I am near the end of my life?"

Mr. S. lifted up his heart to God, and prayed that He would bless what He was about to say. Then, replying to the child, he asked, "Is not Jesus your *eternal* life? Do you not believe on Jesus in your heart?"

Babet replied in a low voice, "Paulina has talked to me much this morning, and she wept much; and I do now believe, I assure you, that Jesus has not rejected me." John vi. 37.

Old Sylvester added some other precious words; and, after offering up a short prayer, he left.

Paulina availed herself of every moment when her sister could listen to speak to her of the Saviour, and to read the Word of God to her.

The Lord blessed these endeavours; for Babet understood and believed the mercy which God has manifested towards guilty sinners, by giving His beloved Son, that they might live through Him. 1 John iv. 9.

This dear child slept in peace the morning of the fourteenth day of her sickness. Sylvester was near the grave where they deposited the little coffin of his dear Babet; and he said to a neighbour who asked how old she was, "Alas! she would soon have been ten years old! Her life down here has been like the cowslip. But, ah! Lord," added he, "Thou hast gathered it into heaven!"

For me there is a blest abode,
And all who are brought near to God
Through Jesus' precious blood.

PSALM cxliv. 15.

How happy they whose God Thou art,
Who with renew'd and willing heart,
Themselves to Thee approve,
They taste Thy goodness—own Thy power—
Thy wisdom trust—Thy grace adore—
And triumph in Thy love.



MODERN JERUSALEM.

**"THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS TO
THE MIGHTY SALADIN!"**

SALADIN reigned over the Turkish empire during the memorable wars of the Crusades, when nearly all Europe was infatuated with the notion that they ought to recover Jerusalem, the sacred city, from the hands of the Mohammedans.

For many years Saladin ruled with wisdom his vast empire, and swept back, through his consummate skill as a general, the tide of invasion that kept rolling in upon the land of Palestine. The life of thousands hung upon his word, and his name struck terror to the heart of all his enemies. He had reached the pinnacle of human greatness and glory. All obeyed and feared him.

But poor Saladin was human after all, and an enemy of another kind challenged him, and as Goliath fell by the stone of David, so this mighty monarch must fall

as vanquished beneath the hand of death. The king of terrors was too much for Saladin. His glory, power, wisdom, skill, all proved unavailing here. He could not cope with this last enemy, or rise superior to the divine statement: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Hebrews ix. 27. Saladin had now to do with death and judgment!

As he lay upon his dying bed, his active mind began to reflect upon the realities of death. It was before him. Combat it he could not; he had to succumb. As he thought of his past greatness and glory, it seemed but a dream, and his whole life but "a vapour." In the presence of death he seemed to get a right view of his life; it sunk into nothingness. On the confines of the grave, and at the threshold of eternity, if he could not see into the future, or was ignorant of the consoling and sustaining truths of Christianity, he

could bear witness to the emptiness of all human greatness and glory.

He said to his attendants: "Prepare and bring me a winding sheet."

As soon as possible his orders were obeyed. The winding sheet was brought into the presence of the dying monarch.

"Bring here the banner around which my chosen guards have rallied and gained so many victories."

The Sultan's orders were promptly obeyed; for his word was law, even though his greatness was crumbling away in the hand of death.

"Remove those silken folds, and attach to the staff in their stead this winding sheet."

As soon as possible his orders were again executed. The national banner, the pride of many hearts, and the witness of many a death scene, was removed, and the emblem of death fastened to the staff in its stead.

"Let the crier, accompanied by the musicians with a funeral dirge, pass through all the streets of Damascus, and at every corner wave this banner and proclaim: 'This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!'"

His commands were carried out. The procession assembled in front of the imperial palace, and proceeded to perform the will of the dying Sultan. Strange procession! Sad strains of music! It moved along, not now to fight and overcome some approaching foe, nor to scale or take some fortress, and raze it to the ground, but to bemoan the loss of their leader, and tell at every step the emptiness of human greatness, and that their monarch had fallen, not by the lance or the sword, but by the hand of death. As

they halted at every corner, an enormous crowd of persons gathered to see and hear, and not many hearts were unmoved, nor eyes dry, as the crier performed his melancholy task, and proclaimed: "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!" On swept the procession, from street to street, from corner to corner, increasing as it went, the strains of music and the proclamation but telling the same sad tale, that death and the grave subdued and held captive man—the greatest of men, and that human greatness and glory faded away in their presence. "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!" Surely not much to glory in. A rag! and that but the token of death's victory.

How all this reminds us of the inspired words of the Apostle James: "*What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*"

But more, it speaks of the dread consequences of sin; for the "wages of sin is death." Not merely that it is the natural close of man's career here, but that it is the wages of man's sins. Sorrowful wages indeed! Sin—death—and judgment, are three sister links in the same sad chain. They bind and fetter man, and no human power can break the chain and deliver the captive.

But, blessed be God, another has gone down into the regions of death, entered the conflict with Satan, fought and overcome. He has risen again. The victory is gained through Him. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that

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through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 14, 15.

Precious deliverance surely! Satan is vanquished, sin put away, death robbed of its sting, the grave of its victory. The Victor has risen and is enthroned in heaven, and the believer is linked with Him on high, quickened, raised up, and made to sit in heavenly places. This is the Christian's place. Eph. ii.

Poor Saladin's mighty empire, throne and sceptre passed away, and his glory faded from his view. His life, "even a vapour," was now a thing in the receding distance, and death and eternity were but impenetrable darkness before him; for what light could the teachings of the Koran throw upon them? Sad, sad end of one of earth's greatest monarchs!

But how great the contrast there is found to all this in the portion of the weakest, poorest, and most insignificant of the Lord's dear people. Their sins are all forgiven (1 John ii. 12); they have eternal life (1 John v. 13); they are justified (Rom. v. 1); they have divine righteousness (2 Cor. v. 21); they have peace with God (Rom. v. 1); they are accepted in the Beloved (Eph. i. 6); they are quickened, raised up, made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus (Eph. ii. 5, 6); they are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ (Eph. i. 3); they are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ (Rom. viii. 17); they can never perish (John x. 27-30); they cannot be separated from Christ (Rom. viii. 38, 39); lastly, the everlasting kingdom and glory of God are theirs

(Heb. xii. 28; 1 Pet. v. 10). Happy people! Truly blessed portion!

When the mighty monarch Saladin came to sum all his glory up, it was reduced to a "winding sheet"—but the believer has a kingdom which cannot be moved, and the fadeless glory of God. How infinitely great the contrast!

PRAY NOT FROM A BOOK, BUT
"SPEAK FROM YOUR HEART."

"My mother," says the late Legh Richmond, "had six children; three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, only just two years old, through the carelessness of his nurse, fell from a bedroom window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking near the spot when the distressing event occurred. I was, therefore, the first to take him up. I delivered into our agonized mother's arms the poor little sufferer. His head was fractured, and he survived the fall only about thirty hours. I still preserve a very distinct remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Once she said, 'My child, Christ suffers little children to come to Him, and forbids them not; say something.' 'What shall I say, mamma? Shall I fetch a book?' 'Not now,' she replied; 'speak from your heart, and ask God that we may be reconciled to His will, and bear this trial with patience.'"

THE OLD PLATE.

DID an old plate ever make my little reader uncomfortable or afraid? "No, of course not," you say; "who was ever made uncomfortable or afraid by an old plate?" Well, *I* was once. Let me tell you about it.

When I was a little boy an old plate used to hang on the wall, tied up with a piece of string, and often when I went into the room in which it was placed, and saw it, I would turn my eyes away, and look at something else, for there were words printed on that old plate which at times quite frightened me. What could they be? *Four* words only, and little words which the youngest of my readers I think will understand: "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

Often I had lost my temper and had spoken words untrue, and had disobeyed my parents, and I did not like to think that the eye of *God* was ever watching me. I was a *sinner*—and though many of my naughty words and deeds were known to those around me, yet many things which I had done, and which I knew were wrong, had never been found out; but that old plate, with its solemn words, "Thou God seest *me*," ever reminded me that there was One from whom I could keep no secret.

My dear little reader, do you know that there is not one *word*, or *thought*, or *look*, or *deed* of yours but the holy, sin-hating God knows all about it. You have never been out of His sight. Perhaps when mother or father have been out you have done something or other of which you have never told them. But God knows all about it. He needs no one to tell

Him, for He ever watches you, and He knows how sinful you are. And yet I have such "good news" for you, for the holy, holy, holy God, who sees both you and me and everybody else, has so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16. It is a solemn thing to know God *sees* us, but how blessed it is to know that He *loves* us, and *gave* His only Son, whom He loved *so* much, and who had always been with Him, to come down into this world full of sinners like you and me, and to die such an awful death upon the cross, so that sinners might be *saved*, and be made fit to be with the Lord Jesus in heaven. Colossians i. 12-14.

I have, since I began to tell you about this, been up into the room where that old plate now hangs, and have looked again at those words, "Thou God seest me;" and now, instead of making me feel unhappy, those very words bring brightness and joy. I am glad now that the eye of God is ever upon me, for now I know that all my sins have been washed away by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and that I shall never perish, for I do believe on Him; and though I remember the sins which I have done, yet *God* says He will remember them no more. Hebrews x. 17. And, more than this, I know that He is my Father, and *loves* me so much that I delight to be in His sight. John viii. 42.

Do you, my young reader, like those little words, "Thou God seest me," or do they make you afraid? Remember, not *one* little sin can ever be in heaven, and God who sees you knows all about you.

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But the "good news" from God tells those who believe that "the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from *all* sin. 1 John i. 7. And with our sins all gone we are made fit to be in heaven, and can thank God as our Father for making us fit. Colossians i. 12. And now we can serve the One who never takes His eyes off us, and who loves "His own" with an everlasting love.

I.F.

"I WILL KEEP MY MOUTH WITH
A BRIDLE."

Psalm xxxix. 1.

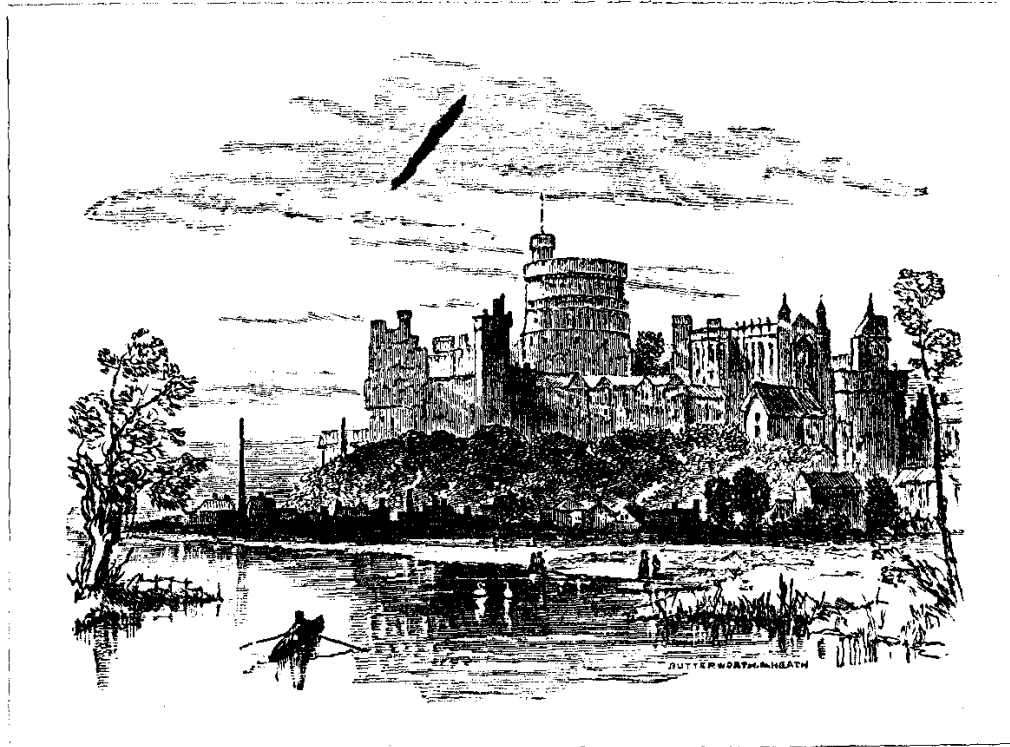
A NUMBER of intimate friends being at dinner together on the Lord's Day, one of the company, knowing that some at the table knew not the Lord, in order to redeem the time, said, "It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not." This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness, and self-examination. One thought, "If any of this company go to hell, it must be myself;" and so thought another, and another; even the servants, who waited at table, were affected in the same manner. In short, it was afterwards found that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to their conversion. What an encouragement to Christians, to give a serious turn to conversation, and not to waste their time in needless remarks on persons and passing events. They should ever remember that to occupy the time with that which is uninteresting and unprofitable, is not only injurious, but an insult to the company they are in.

A RUTLANDSHIRE FATHER.

THE son of a wealthy grazier, in Rutlandshire, was taken to hear the gospel. Afterwards he became a frequent attendant, though living at the distance of twenty miles. The old man, his father, just then four-score, perceived the change which had taken place in his son, who, on inquiry, told him all the circumstances, and the signal blessings which had attended the preaching he had heard. "Son," said the old man, "I wish I could hear the man myself; do you think I can ride as far?" "Father," said he, "if you will go to cousin W's over-night, I think you could." The horses were saddled, and off went father and son on Saturday night. On Sunday they both went to hear the preacher, and the Lord blessed the very first discourse to the old man's heart, and from that day he began to confess Jesus Christ as his Redeemer. During two summers he attended at the same place; but infirmities confining him to his bed he could not continue. When thus prevented from leaving his home, a friend called, and in the course of conversation said, "How old are you?" "Little more," said he, "than two years old; for I can only reckon my life from the time I knew the Lord Jesus; the four-score years before were but a life of death." At eighty-four he departed, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

WISE COUNSEL.

FRANCIS XAVORIAS, counselled John the Third, King of Portugal, to meditate every day a quarter of an hour upon the text, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Such a practice might be profitably adopted by many who only care for the life that now is, and forget that after death is the judgment. Heb. ix. 27.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

DEATH IS OURS.

1 Corinthians iii. 22.

KING GEORGE the Third desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tomb-house at Windsor to be constructed. Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The king went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his majesty, said he had ventured to occupy so much of his majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject again under his notice. To this the king replied, "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me

whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it pleases God to take me this night, I am ready to go!" King George had faith in Him who bare his "sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24), therefore he did not fear death, for the sting of death had been taken from him. The Apostle well may say death is "yours," for the believer that falls asleep goes at once to be with the Lord, which is far better. If the reader knows he will be with the Lord, should he be removed by death, then he may say "death is ours," and "thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 55-57.

“I HOPE SO, SIR.”

THEY were four bonnie, bright children who lightly sprang into the railway carriage in which I was returning to London, and seated themselves near to me.

After giving them some picture tracts, I began to speak with these little ones about the Lord Jesus, that loving One who took the little children “up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.” I found they knew a great deal about this loving Saviour, and one of them, a little girl, told me she knew she was a sinner, but the blood of Jesus Christ had washed all her sins away, and made her whiter than snow. I asked this dear child if she would meet me in heaven, and she answered so simply, “Oh yes, sir.” And when I asked her how she *knew* it, she replied, “Because Jesus has died for me!” I then turned to one of the others, a little lad of about ten years, and asked him the same question, “Whether *he* would meet me in heaven?” But he could not give me the same answer, but said, “I hope so, sir.”

Now, my little reader, are you like the girl, who could say she was going to heaven “because Jesus died for her,” or like the boy, who could only say “I hope I am going there?”

Let me tell you a little story about “hoping.”

I was one day with a brother of mine at Camberwell (a place which may be known to some of my London readers), and having found out the time the train would leave to take me to my home, and that there was not a minute to spare, I started off and ran to the railway station, through the booking office, and up the

stairs to the platform: a train was waiting ready to go, into which I got, and in a few moments we were out of the station. I took the corner seat, and made myself very comfortable, and expected I was on my way to my home, and that soon I should reach it. Yes, my little friend, I *hoped* I was going the right way. In a little while the train stopped at a station, and looking out of the window, I saw the name of the station written up, and then found that I was going *the wrong way*. Yes, though I was so comfortable in my corner seat, *hoping* I was nearing my home—yet, every time the wheels had gone round I was farther from it than before. Well, I need hardly say that I quickly opened the door and left the train which was going the wrong way, and crossing the line, after waiting a little, asked for the right train, and soon got back again to Camberwell, and then on to my home.

This mistake only cost me a few minutes time, but there are a great many people who are making a mistake which will cost them eternity.

Yes, a great number of men and women, lads and girls, are going on day by day “*hoping*” that they are getting nearer to heaven, when all the while, as each day closes, it leaves them nearer *hell* than when it commenced. My *hopes* did not take me to my home, and the *hopes* of poor sinners will not take them to heaven. Oh! how terrible it will be for poor lost souls to find out too late, that they have all their lives been going the wrong way.

How did I make such a mistake? I was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and did not ask a porter or guard, who would

readily have told me that I was on the wrong platform. And how is it so many thousands of people think and hope they are going to heaven at last, though they are in the broad road that leads to hell? It is because they do not look into the Holy Word of God; they do not search the Scriptures to see whether they are right or no.

My little friend, do not be satisfied with "hoping" you are on your way to heaven. God says, the only way of salvation is through the Lord Jesus Christ, "For there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" Acts iv. 12. The Lord Jesus says, "I am *the* way." John xiv. 6. The only way to heaven, by which a poor sinner can go, is through the Lord Jesus Christ, who died on the cross to save sinners, and who says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. John vi. 37. I. F.

WE WERE GENTLE AMONG YOU.

It is of no small importance that those who seek to recommend the truth of God to others, should cultivate a kind, gentle, and winning deportment. "We were gentle among you," said Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, "as a nurse cherisheth her children." He tells Timothy that he was to "avoid foolish questions," because "they gender strifes." "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all," and that he was, in meekness, to instruct those that oppose themselves; "If God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." 2 Timothy ii. 25.

THE SAVIOUR OF SINNERS.

John i. 12.

A LADY, who was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, overtook, on a Sunday evening, a respectable old man and his wife on their return from their usual attendance at the church of the village. She kindly inquired after their health. She then came to the point which was uppermost in her mind, and wished to know how it was with their souls. "Well, ma'am," replied the old man, "pretty well, thank you. We does the best we can, and leaves Jesus Christ to do the rest."

"Oh, dear!" said the lady, "that will never do. Jesus Christ is the Saviour altogether, or He is none at all. He cannot divide the glory of the sinner's salvation with the sinner. He must be all, or nothing, to you."

She then continued the conversation with the poor, well-meaning but misguided old couple, and endeavoured to expound to them the way of God more perfectly. (See Acts xviii. 24, &c.). They were ignorant and slow of apprehension, but willing to be instructed. This short interview led to others, not only on the part of the lady, but also by some of her Christian friends, and in time the poor old folks were led to trust to Christ and His work upon the cross as their only ground of acceptance with God.

The thought which these simple country people expressed, as to doing their best and leaving the rest to Christ, is one which, though not so plainly uttered, is in the heart of many a soul who does not know, as taught of God, the true and only way of the salvation of a sinner. We trust, beloved reader, that you are not one of them. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whose soul was made "an offering for sin" (Isaiah liii. 10), is the only and entire Saviour of all who "believe on His name." "He will not give His glory unto another. (Isaiah xlviii. 11). T.

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"AN UNSEASONABLE VISIT."

A married woman was called by the grace of God to know the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and became an exemplary Christian; but her husband continued a lover of sinful pleasure. When spending an evening, as usual, with his jovial companions, at a tavern, the conversation happened to turn on the excellences and faults of their wives; the husband just mentioned pronounced the highest encomiums on his wife, saying she was all that was excellent, only she was a Methodist. "Notwithstanding which," said he, "such is the command she has of her temper, that were I to take you, gentlemen, home with me at midnight, and order her to rise and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company regarded this merely as a vain boast, and dared him to make the experiment by a considerable wager. The bargain was made, and about midnight the company adjourned, as proposed. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the maid-servant, who sat up for him. "She is gone to bed, sir." "Call her up," said he. "Tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and that I desire she would get up, and prepare them a supper." The good woman obeyed the unreasonable summons; dressed, came down, and received the company with perfect civility: told them she happened to have some chickens ready for the spit, and that supper should be got ready as soon as possible. It was accordingly served up, when she performed the honours of the table with as much cheer-

fulness as if she had expected company at the proper season.

After supper, the guests could not refrain from expressing their astonishment. One of them particularly, more sober than the rest, thus addressed himself to the lady: "Madam," said he, "your civility fills us all with surprise. Our unseasonable visit is in consequence of a wager, which we have certainly lost. As you are a very religious person, and cannot, therefore, approve of our conduct, give me leave to ask, what can possibly induce you to behave with so much kindness to us?" "Sir," replied she, "when I married, my husband and myself were both unconverted. It has pleased God to call me out of that condition. My husband continues in it. I tremble for his future state. Were he to die as he is, he must be miserable for ever; I think it, therefore, my duty to render his present existence as comfortable as possible."

This wise and faithful reply affected the whole company. It left a deep impression on the husband's mind. "Do you, my dear," said he, "really think I should be eternally miserable? I thank you for the warning. By the grace of God, I will change my conduct." From that time he became another man, for he was brought to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and became, consequently, a good husband.

Married Christians, especially you who have unconverted partners, receive the admonition intended by this pleasing anecdote. Pray and labour for their conversion; "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" 1 Cor. vii. 16.

**"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER
FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT
LOVE GOD."**

Romans viii. 28

THE late W. Thorpe, of Bristol, was once preaching in London from Rom. viii. 28. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." After remarking that these words were doubtless intended for the common benefit of the Christian Church, he added, "But I have looked upon them likewise as a kind of family heritage. They formed the favourite text of my venerated father, who found in it consolation and support, in the course of a difficult and laborious ministry. It was no less dear to the heart of my mother, who used to quote it on her pillow of rest. When the weight of affliction overcame her feelings in the hour of trial, then she used to say, 'Let me sit down and rest myself, for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' My father was removed in the midst of his pious career, and in the vigour of his manhood, leaving behind him a large and uneducated family, and but little of the goods of earth. My mother was then confined to her bed, her youngest child was born the day before her husband's death. The last words uttered by him to my mother, in this distressing situation, were, 'Call the child Christiana; all things must work together for good to them that love God.' To make the measure of sorrow full, it happened that all the rivers of the neighbourhood were overflowing at that season, causing

on all sides inconvenience, damage, and distress. Contemplate, then, for a moment, I beseech you, this scene of domestic calamity. My father, the supporter of us all, dead! My mother confined to her bed, a numerous family of little children round her, and the water a foot deep on the ground-floor of the house! Still, she always affirmed that this season of calamity was the happiest period of her life, in which she derived the fulness of consolation from the words of our text; so that, when, a few days after my father had been carried to the grave, our house was robbed of everything that could be borne away, and also of the last quarter's salary which my mother had received; and when, having discovered our loss, my eldest sister ran breathless into her mother's chamber, exclaiming, 'Mother, the thieves have stolen all we had in this world; will this also work together for good?' this Christian replied, 'Yes; for we know that *all* things work together for good to them that love God.' And the result justified her confidence."

"HE IS A SINNER, SIR!"

WHILE staying at Croydon, I spoke one day to a few little children, who had just come from school, and were at play in front of their cottage homes. I told them of the Lord Jesus Christ, who left His own bright glory, and came into the world to save sinners; and then asked them how many of them were sinners. A little girl who was standing close to me, at once left her place, and pushing her way to the outside of the little ring around me, laid her hand on a boy's shoulder and said, "*He* is a sinner, sir." "Yes," I replied,

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“and you, my dear child, are a sinner, as well as the little boy—for the Holy God who knows *all* of us, and *all* about us, says: “There is *none* that doeth good, *no*, *not one*.” And “there is no difference; for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” This child of whom I have told you, thought there was a difference between the little boy and herself; she thought that he was a sinner, but that she was better than he, and not a sinner at all.

And perhaps my little reader is like this little girl; perhaps you, too, think that while there are a *great many bad people* in the world, yet *you* are very different, and not sinful in God’s sight. I want you, then, to open your Bible and read those verses of which I told the little children at Croydon, Romans iii. 12, 22, 23; and then turn to 1 Timothy i. 15, for there you will find the good news “that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*.”

I. F.

ARISTIPPUS AND ÆSCHINES; [

OR,

“GO AND TELL HIM HIS FAULT.”—Matt. xviii. 15.

ARISTIPPUS and Æschines quarrelled; Aristippus came to his opponent, and said: “Æschines, shall we be friends?” “Yes,” he replied, “with all my heart.” “But remember,” said Aristippus, “that I, being older than you, do make the first motion.” “Yes,” replied Æschines, “and therefore I conclude that you are the worthiest; for I began the strife, and you began the peace.”

Many children of God overlook the fact that it is the brother who has been grieved who is to go to the one who caused

him grief. It will be seen at once how much grace is needed to take this humble place before a brother who has acted so unworthy of the name he bears. Many would feel very unhappy if they knew what a hindrance they are to the communion of others, by maintaining an unforgiving spirit towards those who have grieved them. They cause all the Christians they are with to suffer, for if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Yet some go on for a very long time without being reconciled. Their prayers are not answered (Matt. v. 23, 24; also xviii. 15), for the Lord will not hear those that regard iniquity in their hearts. Surely an unforgiving spirit is iniquity. Psalm lxvi. 18; Matt. vi. 14, 15.

LORD CHIEF BARON SMYTHE.

In the year 1772, says a writer, I spent the summer in London, and being upon a visit to a family at Ware, in Hertfordshire, we one day went to Hertford, it being the summer assizes. Lord Chief Baron Smythe presided on the bench, whom I had heard much of, as being a godly man as well as a judicious judge. The first day he sat I thought him very sensible and knowing, or, what the lawyers call, learned in his profession; the next morning he had to try three criminals: I forget the offences, but they were all capital, and the prisoners were tried separately, and found guilty. The venerable judge, in passing the sentence of the law upon them, was very solemn. He stated to them separately, the aggravation of the particular crime of each, and the necessity that the laws of the country, and the security of

the people, should be maintained by the punishment of the offenders, "which punishment," he added, "I am now to denounce upon you. This it is painful for me to do, but it is a duty imposed upon me by my office to pronounce—That you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came," &c. His subsequent address affected the audience, however it might the criminals:—"Prisoners! so we see that the law worketh wrath against transgressors, and the Divine law on all mankind as sinners, who have come short of the glory of God. Rom. iv. 15. But God, who is rich in mercy, hath provided a glorious salvation, in which you and I may find abundant relief. He sent His own Son to seek and save the lost, and to give Himself a sacrifice for sin, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin. I am a sinner like you; but, pleading that blood, I found mercy; and therefore recommend that blood to you." 1 John i. 7.

ROWLAND HILL.

"He will keep the feet of His saints."—1 Sam. ii. 9. **THE** late R. Hill had great reason to rejoice in the consistent lives and devotedness to God of many who were converted by his preaching at Wotton-under-Edge. There was among them Mr. Rugg, by whose godly life his enemies were awed. Mr. Hill used to say of him that he was one of the most consistent Christians he ever met with. Connected with him was an extraordinary fact, illustrative of God's care of His people. Mr. Hill's gardener at Wotton, who had always passed for an

honest, quiet sort of man, was at length discovered to have been the perpetrator of burglaries, and other daring robberies in the neighbourhood, though he had, till caught in the act, never been even suspected. He was tried at Gloucester, condemned, and executed. It need scarcely be said that his master visited him in jail. During his interviews with him there, he confessed the many crimes of which he had been guilty. "How was it, William," he inquired, "that you never robbed me, when you had such an abundant opportunity?" "Sir," replied he, "do you recollect the juniper bush on the border against the dining room; I have many times hid under it at night, intending, which I could easily have done, to get into the house and plunder it; but, sir, I was afraid; something said to me, He is a man of God, it is a house of prayer; if I break in there, I shall surely be found out; so I never could pluck up courage to attempt it." In another conversation he told him, "Sir, I well knew that old Mr. Rugg was in the habit of carrying a deal of money in his pocket; time after time have I hid behind the hedge of the lane leading to his house, he has passed within a yard of me, when going home from the prayer meeting; again and again, I could not stir; I durst not touch so holy a man. I was afraid. I always began trembling as soon as he came near me: and I gave up the thought altogether, for I knew he was a holy man." "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." Ps. lxxxiv. 11, 12.

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THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST.

“And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover.”—Exodus xii. 26, 27.

THERE was silence in the dwellings of the Egyptians, for night was drawing on. The old man rested from his labour; the baby slept in the cradle. The plagues with which God had visited Pharaoh, because of his hardness of heart, had caused sorrow and terror; but, for the present, they were passed away, and things were going on as before.

It was silent on the river's banks—that wonderful river which had so lately seen the judgments of God. Again it flowed, but no longer with blood, and the pestilence and darkness which had been sent to the land were withdrawn; but still there was no relenting in the king's heart towards the poor Israelites. Pharaoh slept in his palace that night; he had bid Moses depart, threatening him that if ever he came into his presence again, he should die; and Moses had left him with the words, “I will see thy face no more.” The proud king had been warned of the last terrible plague, but it had made no change in his purpose; and now, as he lay in his royal palace, with the recollection still fresh of God's truth in performing His word, he would not, even to save his child, or the children of his people, yield to God's command. Midnight was drawing on, but the plague was not yet come.

Had you visited the houses of the Israelites that night, you would have seen expectation on every face. They had heard God's message to them through Moses, and already the flocks had been sought for the best and finest of their lambs, which were to have no blemish, no spot, no defect of any kind, because the lamb was for a great and solemn purpose. It had been killed that evening, and the lamb's blood had been preserved. Had

a stranger passed through the quarter where the Israelites lived, before night-fall, he would have seen sprinkled on the two side-posts, and on the lintel, drops of that blood. It was a sign which the angel would know when he should come at midnight, a sign that the house was to be saved, to be passed over by him. The lamb was to be eaten that night; nothing was to remain till the morning; or, if any remained, it was to be burned with fire. Think what a scene it must have been, in each Jewish family—father and children all prepared for the journey which was to free them from their bondage, and be the first step on their way to the promised land. How must their hearts have swelled with hope, and gratitude, and awe, as they thought how nearly the hour was come when the angel, God's messenger, should visit the houses of the Egyptians, and should smite not the eldest child of the king alone, but the first-born of the captive in the dungeon, of the servant at the mill, and of all the cattle. Prepared and reverent they stood, staff in hand, shod as for a journey, and eating the feast in haste, as the Lord had told them.

Hark! What a cry was that which fell on the travellers' ears! The Egyptians, they knew, often made loud cries when death visited them, but such a cry as this, surely, never rang through the land before—a bitter, terrified, wailing cry. The angel of the Lord had come, indeed. The new-born baby, who had but just drawn the breath of life, was stretched lifeless in its mother's arms. The child, whose merry prattle had begun to cheer the Egyptian home, was dead too. The palace was not spared, for the dying cry of Pharaoh's first-born may have awaked the monarch from his sleep, and soon his cry was joined to that of his people, for the king had a father's heart, and his child, his first-born child, was dead. But there was no death, no sorrow in those

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houses where the blood was sprinkled. And why? There had been a lamb killed there that night, and where the lamb was killed, and its blood sprinkled, there was no death nor suffering. And at morning dawn the freed and happy Israelites went forth with their leader from the land of slavery and sorrow, to the number of six hundred thousand, and proved, indeed, that the God of Israel was a true and faithful God.

Now, we have, in this midnight scene, a very great and beautiful truth. This passover feast is a type of Christ. Do you ask the meaning of the word type? It means, literally, a figure. We have many types of Jesus Christ in the Old Testament, but none more important in its signification than that of the passover. Well might Moses tell the people to remember that feast, and well may we call on you, dear children, to remember the passover. See how, all through the history, Christ is figured. The lamb was to be without blemish and without spot. Jesus was sinless, the perfect, holy and undefiled one.

The blood of that lamb was to be sprinkled on the door-posts and on the lintel, and those on whose dwellings the sign was seen, were saved, or passed over, when God's messenger came. So the blood of Jesus, sprinkled on your hearts, trusted to, believed in, will save you.

The whole of that lamb was to be eaten. So you must believe in Christ wholly, accept Him as an entire Saviour, believe that He is perfect God and perfect man, and able to save you *entirely*.

Some people think it is sufficient to believe in Him as a man, holy, good, and sinless, indeed, but only a man; but who would trust their salvation to a human being liable to weakness and to sin? Could you have trusted Moses? Surely not. Moses sometimes failed in wisdom and in obedience himself. Moses was not sinless. Moses might be a leader, but he

was not their Saviour. Could you have trusted an apostle? Ah no, not even John, who was called the beloved disciple; nor any one of those seventy whom Jesus sent forth. They were all sinners, needing a Saviour themselves, and how we should tremble to trust our souls to them! No, Christ must be received *whole* into our hearts—God and perfect man; God manifest in the flesh.

The lamb was eaten with bitter herbs. So we must receive Christ with deep, bitter sorrow for our sins. But for our sins Christ need not have died. He was the sin-offering. Without shedding of blood, under the Jewish law, there was no remission; and so without the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ we must have died in our sins.

But it is not enough to believe this with respect to others. You must believe that Christ died for you—that the Lamb was slain for *you*. Do you think that it would have availed for one of the Israelites to have said, "Oh, it will do just as well if my neighbour sprinkles the blood on his door-post, we live so very near to one another; besides, we are all together, far away from the Egyptians' dwellings. The angel will no doubt pass over my house." I think you will see at once how dangerous and how foolish such a course would have been—how certain to have ended in sorrow and in death.

And so with you. A good father may pray for you, a good mother may lead you to pray, good friends and teachers may use all their efforts to bring you to Jesus, but that is all. They cannot *believe* for you. No one *can* believe for you, however good, however holy. Look, then, with your heart to the Lamb of God. Behold in Him your Saviour. Receive His atonement; and if the messenger of God comes to you, and sees the blood of Jesus sprinkled on your heart, you will have no cause to fear. The body, indeed, may die, but the soul which that blood

has washed will live for ever in heaven, if you know Christ as your Passover. 1 Cor. v. 7.

"Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, Draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover. And ye shall take a bunch of hyssop, and dip it into the blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel and the two side-posts with the blood that is in the bason; and none of you shall go out of his house until the morning. For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side-posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you And the children of Israel went away, and did as the Lord had commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they. And it came to pass, that at midnight, the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead. And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also." Exodus xii. 21-32.

THE SILVER SPOON.

I KNEW a happy old couple who had lived together in harmony for fifty years. They reminded me of Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, who were "both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." They had no child. Rich, they were not, except in good works; nor yet poor, for they had a cottage, and they had sold part of their premises for a building appropriated to the preaching of the Gospel. It was in the south of France, in a part of the country where oil and wine abound; and the worthy old man, who was a little rougher than his wife, had just enough of vines and olives to employ his time.

I used to give them a call occasionally, and not unfrequently partook of their frugal supper, which generally consisted of a kind of soup composed of boiled peas and vermicelli, to which was added slices of bread, with sweet olive oil poured over the whole.

One fine spring morning, having walked many miles, I was surprised to find the door of their house closed, and feeling fatigued, I walked to the outskirts of the village and there rested myself on a stone. It had grown quite dusk when the small, and still active figure of the old woman appeared in the dusty road. "Oh," said she, as soon as she saw me, "I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I know that you are hungry and tired. I came home as fast as I could, for I half expected you to-day. My weary old legs will not carry me now as fast as I wish. If you did but know how I have sinned to-day, you would think it right that I

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should suffer, but you must not suffer for my sin. Please to forgive my being so late, and I will tell you all about it whilst I am making the supper." So I got snugly into the chimney-corner, and begged the chatty old woman to tell me her story.

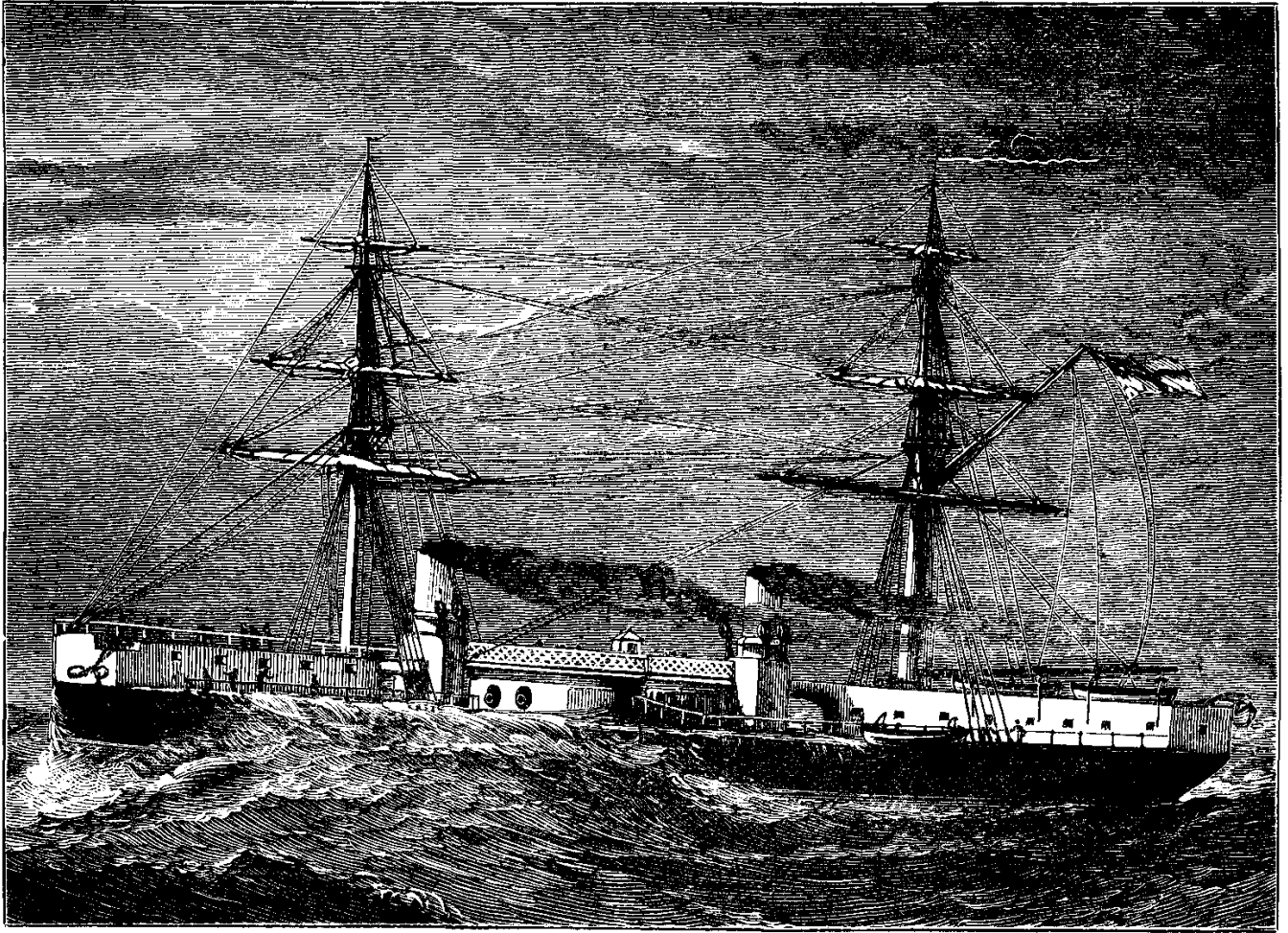
"You know," said she, "that I have but two silver spoons in the world. Well, this morning a young knife-grinder came into this room and asked me if I had any work to give him to do. As I shook my head, he said, 'I am willing to buy or exchange silver spoons.' I told him I had only two, which (as you know) I cling to very much, because they were left to me by my mother. So the young man took his departure. Half an hour afterwards I missed one of my spoons. I looked for it, as I thought, everywhere, but in vain. Then the wicked thought crossed my mind that the knife-grinder had taken it. I went to the neighbours' houses to inquire if they had seen the man. "Oh, yes," replied one, "and he offered me a spoon which I thought very like yours, and now he has gone off in a hurry towards Anjargues." So I was confirmed in my wicked suspicions. When I returned home, my husband said to me, 'Suppose you were to saddle the ass and go after him, for it is three miles off, and the weather is hot.' I was soon off at a trot, and coming upon the young man, I said to him, 'I have lost my spoon, have you taken it? He blushed, and replied indignantly that he was as honest as I was. He was an honest-looking fellow, so I begged him to forgive me for suspecting him, and rode sorrowfully back. I had not been at home half an hour, when I found my spoon at the bottom of a

bucket, and in my joy, I rushed out into the vineyard to tell my husband. 'Only,' I remarked to him, 'I cannot be quite happy till I have told that poor lad that I have found my spoon, and that I hope he will forgive me.' But my husband said that the ass was too tired to go again, and that I might feel quite sure that the lad would sleep soundly. Still, however, when I got home, the thought pursued me that I should not sleep soundly till I had seen the knife-grinder. I would not, upon any account, displease my husband, so I thought I would leave the donkey in the stable and go on foot; and I am very glad I did, although I am tired, for the poor boy seemed as glad as I was myself, and he forgave me, and I was able to speak to him of that forgiveness of which we all stand in need."

Whilst she was giving me this simple narrative of the incidents of the day, I thought it carried a useful lesson. How unwilling most of us are to acknowledge error and to make reparation for wrong! This poor woman was restless till she had sought pardon for her unjust accusation. Let us feel thus in regard not only to actual wrongs but ungenerous suspicions towards others. I could not help admiring the effects of God's grace in this guileless character. May every reader of Good News experience the joy that springs from a "conscience void of offence towards God and man." Acts xxiv. 16.

WHAT WE ARE AFRAID TO DO BEFORE MEN,
WE SHOULD BE AFRAID TO THINK BEFORE GOD.

WE CANNOT ENJOY RIGHT THOUGHTS OF
GOD, AND SLIGHT THOUGHTS OF SIN.



THE MAN-OF-WAR.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER.

A SHIP was overtaken by a storm. The tumult of the wind and the waves was rendered more fearful by flashes of lightning and the roar of thunder. One of the sailors, overcome with terror, fell down upon his knees on the deck, and prayed for mercy and deliverance. At that moment the captain shouted an order, for which all hands were wanted. Seeing the man on his knees, he ran at him, and shook him by the collar, crying, "Say your prayers in fair weather!"

The captain was, in one sense, right, and his words carry a useful lesson for all times and places. There is never a time

when true prayer—the lifting-up of the heart to God—is not seasonable. But there are times when prayer must not interfere with the work of hands and limbs. The duty of this sailor was instant obedience to the captain's order, and he deserved the rope's-end with which he was threatened, for being on his knees on deck instead of up the rigging with his comrades.

Two Scottish ministers were once crossing a loch in the Highlands. It was a ferry, and the boat was full of passengers. A sudden storm arose, as often happens in those mountain waters. It seemed a time of peril. One of the passengers exclaimed, "Let the ministers pray, or

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we'll a' be drooned." "Na, na," said the head boatman; "the little ane may pray, but the big ane maun tak' an oar and pull while he prays."

The boatman's advice was sensible, like that of the captain who told the sailor to say his prayers in fair weather. It was wise advice also, in recognizing the fact that prayer—the praying of the heart, which alone God regards—is possible when the hands are engaged in work and duty. Abraham's pious servant prayed while he was waiting with the camels at the well near the city of Nahor. Nehemiah "prayed to the God of heaven" while he was standing in the presence of Artaxerxes, before he answered the king's question. "Men ought always to pray." Every work and every occupation of daily life is to be sanctified by the word of God and by prayer.

On the other hand it is quite true that times of trouble and trial are specially times for prayer. It was out of the depths that Jonah cried for salvation: "When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thy holy temple." It was in the anguish of his troubled spirit that the publican smote upon his breast and prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It was when sinking in the waves that Peter cried, "Lord, save me." Whether literally or figuratively, a storm is the time for setting men to cry on the Lord for deliverance. "He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are

at their wit's end. *Then* they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Ps. cvii. 25-31.

It is never too late to pray. While there is life there is hope. It was in his old age, after a long life of wickedness and of making others to sin, that Manasseh prayed, and was pardoned. It was when on the cross that the penitent thief sought and found mercy. And Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him.

Still the lesson is good, "Say your prayers in fair weather." It is a desperate venture to delay till a deathbed the cry for mercy. Some cases of salvation at the eleventh hour are on record, to save men from despair; but they are few, not to encourage presumption. It is rare that men who have not sought God in life find Him at death. Sickness is seldom a time for attending to matters of importance; and no matter is to be compared in importance with the safety of the soul. The senses may be dulled, and the brain oppressed; and if the mind be clear, there is rarely time for all the thoughts that press into the short interval of remaining life. Very solemn are these words of warning: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear

cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." Prov. i. 24-28.

Those that know God in prosperity will not fail to prove His care in adversity. He is near to them that call on Him. The best preparation for trial is habitual prayer. The forlorn and too often hopeless cry for mercy in the stormy time of peril does not come from those who have been accustomed to "say their prayers in fair weather."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

WHILE fully aware of the caution advisable in recording cases of what is called "death-bed repentance," I yet think it right that such cases should be occasionally published, for the glory of Divine grace, and for encouragement of others. The following instance occurred at Brighton some years ago.

In a back street of the town there was a barber's shop, much frequented by those living in the neighbourhood. The barber was a man of considerable and varied information. He had read and thought much on many subjects connected with history, poetry, and especially politics. Like many of his class, he was sceptical on the subject of the Christian religion, and entertained an intense dislike to any who sought to spread the knowledge of Christ around them. This was more especially the case with reference to those who are set apart for this work. He used to remark, "I hate a parson."

In visiting from house to house in the

neighbourhood in which he lived, I could never do more than leave a tract with the barber, and occasionally drop a word on the subject of religion. He would say, "I have no time to waste in talking on a subject about which I settled in my own mind years ago." He was at length seized with a serious illness, and it soon became apparent that his health was completely broken. Although he struggled hard against it, he was compelled to take to his bed, which he did not leave again till he was carried to his grave.

At the commencement of his illness I tried to see him. I called several times for that purpose, but without success. I had almost given up all hope of having an opportunity of presenting the gospel to him, when at length I obtained an interview in the following way. When passing his house one day, I thought I would make one more effort to see him, but without much hope of being allowed to, as I had been refused so often. I accordingly called and asked how he was, and begged of his wife to allow me to go upstairs to his room. She said, "I dare not, he has such a dislike to ministers; and I should be sorry to excite him, now he is so bad." I replied, "Tell him who it is, then. He knows that I am not a minister, neither am I sent by a minister. Do oblige me by asking him to see me." She went upstairs very unwillingly, and after a few minutes I was called up.

As soon as I entered the room, I saw, from his drawn features and wasted form, indications of great bodily suffering, and his rolling eyes bespoke the restlessness of his mind. Before I had time to speak, he said, "You need not have troubled yourself to come. I shan't be here long, and

I don't want to be bothered the little time I have to live." I said, "I am sure I do not wish to trouble you. My desire and hope is that I may be instrumental in doing you good. It does indeed seem tolerably certain that your course is almost run; and while it is the duty of all to think and prepare for the future, to one in your circumstances the discharge of this duty becomes if possible still more imperative." He replied, "I must take my chance with others. No one can look into the future. If there is anything beyond the grave, no one can tell anything about it." I remarked, "The apostle Paul had some assurance of his welfare in the future, when he said, 'We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" He exclaimed, with evident impatience, "But that is Scripture, and I don't believe all that is in the Bible. Some parts may be true—I believe *are* true; but a very great deal that is in it has been rejected by some of the most intellectual and learned men as being totally inconsistent with reason."

"The rejection of the Bible," I replied, "does not prove it to be untrue; and you are doubtless aware that there have been, and are still, men, who, possessing great learning and the highest intellectual power, have lived and died exercising the most implicit confidence in the truth of the entire Scriptures. I admit that there is much in the Bible that is incomprehensible to our finite minds, and to explain those parts is out of the power of the mightiest intellectual capacity; but so far from that being an argument against the Bible, it is altogether in its favour.

Sufficient can be understood, even by the most illiterate, which, if received in faith, and acted upon, will be a power to them in suffering, and will open to them bright prospects when they are brought to die."

"It is fancy—it is all fancy!" he said.

"Nay," I rejoined, "it is a reality, a glorious reality, which those only who possess it can fully appreciate." I continued: "But it would be wrong of me to waste your little remaining time in controversy. You say that you believe in a portion of the Bible—do you believe that part in which it is said, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God?'"

He looked at me very steadfastly for some little time, and then repeated the word "all," and said, "If that is true, then you are as bad as I am." I replied, "By nature I am. It is true of every one, without any exception whatever, that they are 'born in sin, and shapen in iniquity; and, 'if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'"

He now inquired, "What must I do? I have never loved God, but, on the contrary, have hated Him, and blasphemed His name again and again; I have broken nine out of the ten commandments. I have not committed murder, but I have done everything wrong short of that."

In order that he might see his utterly sinful condition, I brought before him the spirituality of the law in extending its requirements to the thoughts and intentions. "Then I am guilty," he said, "in every particular, and there is no hope for me." I answered: "If you really feel that you are guilty, you need not despair, for God in His mercy has provided

means by which every consciously guilty sinner may obtain mercy. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' If you feel that you are a sinner, and need mercy, Christ Jesus is the divinely appointed way through which you may receive it."

After this day my visits were frequent, and always gladly received, and the man manifested increasing anxiety to realise the "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins;" which I always put before him as a privilege and blessing he should earnestly seek to possess. I regarded him now as one in whom the Holy Spirit had wrought deep conviction of sin. His constant cry was, "What shall I do?" His constant prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

It was some weeks before any degree of light or comfort dawned on his mind. Instead of simply looking to Christ, he at times let his thoughts dwell on difficult and abstruse points in theology, such as the origin of evil, the punishment of the innocent for the guilty, and the like. I told him we have to do with the facts, and it is not necessary that we should account for them, neither is it required that we should explain them. God has permitted evil to be in the world for wise purposes, and He has mercifully provided a remedy. Christ has borne the punishment due to the sinner. "On Him was laid the iniquity of us all;" and "by His stripes we are healed." It is for us to receive these truths and rest upon them.

The New Testament was carefully read by him, and its teaching intelligently weighed, and a realization of its truths earnestly sought. When I was visiting him on one occasion, he said, "Although I have neglected Christ so long, and sinned against God so grievously, I feel I can hope for mercy, through the precious blood of that neglected Saviour. God knows how deeply I feel my sins, and if I had my deserts I am sure I should be turned into hell. But 'Christ came to call sinners to repentance,' He came 'to save sinners.' God will receive me through Him. The father ran to meet the prodigal. He is not willing that any should perish, and therefore not willing that I should perish."

The same Divine Spirit, who had convinced him of sin, and constrained him to the exercise of "repentance towards God," now enabled him "to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and to realize that peace which is the result of faith. "What a wonderful mercy," he one day said, "to be taken to heaven, after a life spent in sin and rebellion against God. I have no desire to live, I would rather die and go to my Saviour, than to be restored to health, and risk again falling into sin. I know that the grace and power which has pardoned me can keep me; but with a sinful nature, and strong temptation, there would be at least the possibility of falling into sin again; but if I am taken to heaven, I shall be delivered eternally from the power and possibility of sinning." At times he was much disturbed with doubts, but on the whole, his mind was kept in peace, being stayed on God. The harm he had done by spreading his sceptical opinions, was a source of deep regret to him. He

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would often exclaim, "Oh! that I could undo the evil I have done."

He quietly awaited his change, amid much suffering, borne with great patience and resignation; and when the hour of his departure arrived, he calmly entered rest. Of the sincerity and depth of his repentance I had no doubt; and in the faith given to him to lay hold on the hope of the gospel, I saw a remarkable instance of the sovereignty and freeness of the grace of God.

ARE YOU HAPPY?

It is now some few years since I became acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of pious parents. She was then nineteen, and had received many good gifts, including most attractive manners, and a bright, beaming countenance. Religiously brought up, and anxious to please her parents, she never neglected public worship, and also read her Bible regularly in private. Thus she was esteemed a pious character by all those who are satisfied with a mere outward profession of piety, and do not remember the words of Jesus Christ Himself: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3.

At that time Eléonore was in the bloom of youth. Life smiled on her, and she smiled on all around. She was a frequent visitor at my house; and I can see her before me now, as she once entered it on one of those brilliant spring mornings when all nature appears rejoicing in the pure and life-giving rays of the sun. Her heart was more than usually gay and open, and she related to me numerous details of her life and its pleasures, going on to the

inexhaustible subject of her hopes and expectations. I was seized by an irresistible impression of sadness; and as she suddenly observed my grave expression, she stopped in full career, and, with a slight twinge of vexation, exclaimed, "You are quite silent. I really believe you are thinking of something else all the while I am talking."

She was right, for my mind was rather absorbed in the future than the present, and I replied, "Eléonore, may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly, as many as you please."

"You have been talking to me of your joys and hopes. Answer me now before God, who hears you. In spite of them all are you happy—really and truly happy?" and I spoke solemnly and earnestly.

My young friend looked down. A shadow fell on her countenance, and a struggle was evidently going on within. At length she replied, in a tone of forced gaiety and indifference, "Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. All the pleasures, past, present, and to come, of which you have been speaking, are simply of this world. I myself long sought happiness thus in vain; and I wish to know if your experience has been different. Answer me, then, as in the sight of God, are you happy?"

Her eyes again fell, and this time they were filled with tears. After a while she replied, "I will frankly tell the truth. No; deep down in my heart I do not believe I am happy; for since the death of my sister, the thought often comes and troubles me, that I too may die, and this I cannot bear."

There was a pause: I felt the moment

might be a decisive one for the soul of this young girl, and my spirit cried to God for help.

"Eléonore," I said, "let us pray;" and we knelt together and I prayed that she might be led into the path of true peace and joy.

The prayer was heard. My young friend reflected much on what had passed between us, and it resulted in her earnestly seeking the pardon of her sins, and setting her affections on things above.

Eléonore one day said to me, "My heart is now full of a happiness quite new to me." From that time, while retaining her former buoyancy of spirit, her whole life was changed; for her aims and aspirations were higher, and she rejoiced in God her Saviour. After a while circumstances separated us; but we remembered each other at the throne of grace, and the memory of many pleasant and profitable hours which we had spent together was cherished by both, so that we rejoiced a few years later to find ourselves once more dwellers in the same city. Many duties and occupations, however, prevented much intercourse with my former friend.

Just about seven years after the interview I have described, word was brought to me of the sudden and dangerous illness of my young friend. I hastened to see her, and deeply was I grieved at the change which had taken place in her appearance, and the condition of suffering in which I found her. She was in a burning fever, exhausted by a violent and incessant cough, scarcely able to speak, and evidently on the borders of the grave.

Emotion overpowered me, and for some minutes I could not utter a word; but

she turned her expressive, eager eyes on me, and I felt that the same memorable scene of years past was present to each of us. "My dear Eléonore," I said at length, "how is it with you now? Are you happy? Believing, do you rejoice?" "Oh, yes!" she replied; "I am, indeed, truly happy, for I am sure my sins are forgiven me for Jesus Christ's sake. Pray with me, and come again soon." These were the last words I heard from her lips. After praying at her bedside I pointed upwards to heaven, and took my leave. That evening she became unconscious, and a few hours afterwards Eléonore had passed away from earth.

Some days later I was in the cemetery, standing by her grave. It was covered with garlands already faded by the sun; but though sorrowful, I could rejoice in spirit that my young friend was in a land where

—"everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Her last words came to my mind with much comfort and power. We were indeed mourning her loss, but "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." What happier portion could be desired for her?

Ah! tell me no more of happiness being dependent on outward circumstances. There is but one true happiness for all, be they rich or poor, young or old, and it comes to us through the Lord Jesus Christ. All else is vanity, and must fail us sooner or later.

While all things change, He changes not,
Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

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Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Matt.xxiv.

THE LEFT-HANDED LETTER.

A STUDENT in college one day took a letter from the office, and as he glanced at the postmark and the handwriting, there was suddenly suggested to his mind a question that startled him. He had been expecting a letter from his mother; but the one he received, although it bore the postmark of home, was certainly not directed in his mother's familiar hand. Had anything happened to his dearly-loved parent? In that moment of suspense, it seemed as if all her acts of love and many admonitions were recalled to his mind. Through his whole life he had been the subject of her influence and her prayers.

His mother had with deep earnestness told him, when he was leaving home, that she believed the crisis in his life was come; and she implored him to choose Christ for his portion. But his heart was full of worldly ambition. His studies engrossed his whole attention, and he turned a deaf ear to the most important of all subjects. The second week of school, he received a letter from her, urging him, with all the intensity of her love, not to make the fatal delay; but the letter was put carelessly aside, and he turned to his absorbing studies. Weeks and months had passed, and letter had followed letter, but the young man had read each without heeding the faithful pleadings of the mother whom he truly loved. There was a revival in the school, but he did not attend the meetings. His classmates went, and were saved; but he had no time to spare, so completely was he immersed in his books. It seemed as if nothing would arouse him.

But God's ways are not our ways.

That letter did the work. The question, "Has anything happened to mother? Is she dead, and all her tearful prayers unanswered?"—this question, so full of fear, prepared his heart for what was to follow.

With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope. No; his mother was not dead; but a serious accident had deprived her of her right hand. The hardest thing for the mother was the thought that she could not write to her son, and still entreat him to be wise. Nay, but she must.

Immediately she began a letter with her untaught left hand. Slow and painful as the process was, she did not falter until it was completed. But when the awkward hand had finished its unaccustomed task, it was so different from the fair writing of former days, that the poor mother could not restrain her tears over the crooked, miserable-looking letter. But it was the best that the faithful mother could do, and weeping, she knelt and implored God to accept her offering and "make the crooked straight."

How little she thought, that even the address that she penned with her trembling left hand was to awaken conscience. Slowly and thoughtfully her son deciphered the contents of the scarcely legible letter. It was full of one theme—his salvation. And as he read the earnest appeal that had been written with such difficulty, every word touched the chords of his heart. He said, "If my salvation makes my dear mother so anxious, I will attend to it now."

That night he was found on his knees. He became a bright light, and he always attributed his conversion, through God, to his mother's left-handed letter.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

WALKING in the street one day I heard some one in front of me say that it would be all the same in a hundred years hence. Soon after I stood before an audience, and thought, Where will they be a hundred years hence? Dear friend, where will your soul be a hundred years hence? Where will it be fifty years hence? Where twenty years hence, with most in this assembly? It is but a little while that you have to linger, and what are you going to do in those precious months? Are you going to trifle, and let death take you unawares?

When I was in London in 1867, they were telling me of a French nobleman that came to consult about his mind. He brought letters from the French Emperor asking that the doctor would do all in his power to save his mind. First he said there was nothing, and then he was ashamed to tell, but at last he said his father was an infidel, and his grandfather an infidel, and he had been brought up an infidel, but for the last three years the thought of eternity had haunted him. "I lie down to sleep, but I cannot sleep, from thinking where shall I be after the death of my body? That is all dark."

"Well," said the doctor, "you have come to the wrong person. I cannot help you." "Have I got to be haunted in this way?" he cried. "Is there no hope?" "Be quiet," said the doctor, "I cannot do anything for you, but the Lord Jesus Christ can;" and he began to tell him about the Saviour, how He had left heaven to come down into the world to save men. Then he read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, how the Lord was

wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. Then the young nobleman asked, "Doctor, do you believe that? Do you believe that Jesus Christ came down and died that we might live?" "Yes," said the doctor, "and that was what brought relief to my aching heart." Then he prayed with him. He came again a number of days, the doctor spending as much time with him as he could, and when I was there in 1867 he was writing to that doctor as one Christian to another, and his mind was at rest.

Will you press home in your minds, where will you stand in eternity? May this question settle deep down in your heart. ETERNITY, ETERNITY, and where shall I stand in it? Hebrews ix. 27.

HOW A RICH MAN MAY BE SAVED.

It is not impossible for a rich man to be saved. It is *next* to impossible, indeed, but yet it is possible. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;" but it has been said that in one way even *that* was possible. Some writers, with what truth we know not, affirm in reference to this matter, that when the Lord uttered these words, He had an eye to a certain gate, entering into the city of Jerusalem, which was called, "the needle's eye;" and they tell us, that when the laden camels approached to it, their drivers had to remove the burden of treasures from each camel's back, and then to cause the unwieldy beast to go down upon its knees, as the only means of entering Jerusalem through so strait a gate: thus did even camels get through the "needle's eye." An apt illustration

this, of each rich man's case! If he would enter the heavenly Jerusalem: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life." The Lord Jesus Christ said: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." John xiv. 6. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

INSENSIBILITY.

"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Ezek. xxxiii. 32.

It is a fearful thing to think how insensible men may become to the most important and affecting truths, by the mere force of familiarity with them. Dwellers by the sea-shore scarcely hear the loud storm, that makes one brought up in some inland district spend a sleepless night, and tremble at its fury. So it is with many who have grown up from childhood under the sound of warning and the voice of entreaty, uttered from the Word of God read or preached to them; they are neither alarmed by the one nor attracted by the other; they are able to criticize, to condemn, to admire, or to argue with the preacher; *but they heed not his words.* This is a danger which besets us all; we are all more or less apt to listen to God's word as those men did to whom Ezekiel's terrible voice was but a "very lovely song." Brought up in the knowledge of Christian truths, and more or less under Christian influences from childhood, we almost cease to feel how awful are the realities which we profess with our lips to believe; they are to us only "words, words," till God in pity speaks

to our hearts, and makes us cry, with Job, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

"I WILL REMEMBER NO MORE."

I WANT to call your attention to just one clause of the 25th verse of the 16th of Luke: "Son, remember." Some persons have a wonderful memory while on earth. We are all going to take our memory with us into another world. Some think it is "the worm that dieth not." Although this man was in another world, he had not forgotten his five brothers; and not only that, but we find he had a desire that they should not come where he was.

Now we read that there is a day appointed when God is going to judge the world, and every man must give an account of the deeds done in the body. How are you going to give an account when you are called, if you cannot remember. I think men will find at the last day, that God has made them keep their own record, and each one has been writing his own biography, and one day God will ask them to read their own records.

Now, we often say that we forget; and I suppose that there are a great many things that have slipped out of our memories, and as we have thought, will never, never return; but I have not a doubt but the day is coming when everything that we have done will come back to us. When God shall say, "Remember;" not only bad deeds, but every idle word. Matt. xii. 36. God will touch a secret spring, and all will come back.

I have been twice in the jaws of death.

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I was once going down in the water—the third time—when I was rescued; and I cannot explain it, but in the twinkling of an eye, all I had ever done seemed to come flashing into my mind. But I cannot remember what then came to me.

Another time when I was in the jaws of death, tramp, tramp, tramp, came everything back. I have not any doubt but that will take place when all the unpardoned stand before God, and to many that are now making apologies for sin, and trying to make out that they are not great sinners, and have forgotten many sins—by-and-bye will come back all they have done; as we read in another place, they will be “speechless.” They may have poor memories here, but all will remember when they stand before God.

I have read of men who had pretty good memories. It is said of Cyrus, the Persian general, that he knew the name of every soldier that was in his army. I once read of an author that could remember everything he had ever read and written—it was all fresh upon his mind. Well, now, that is God’s officer, that is going, by-and-bye, to carry out His orders; and when He shall say, “Remember”—that servant of His will do His work. Lord Bacon says, “No thought is lost to the human mind.” That is true. There are a great many things that we do not want to forget, that are very sweet to us. Some of us like to go back to the days of our childhood, and think of things that happened then. Then there are other things we would like to forget. There are some days in our lives that we would like to blot out of our memories; but then we cannot forget them. But if we can—as I have no doubt many men succeed in doing—for a while shroud thought, and shroud conscience, and keep it quiet by plunging into the world, and into this pleasure and that, to keep memory from doing its work, the time is coming when they will not succeed, but

will have to think about the past. How blest are they who know that they are cleansed from all their sins by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of such it is true that their sins and iniquities the Lord will remember no more. Hebrews viii. 12.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

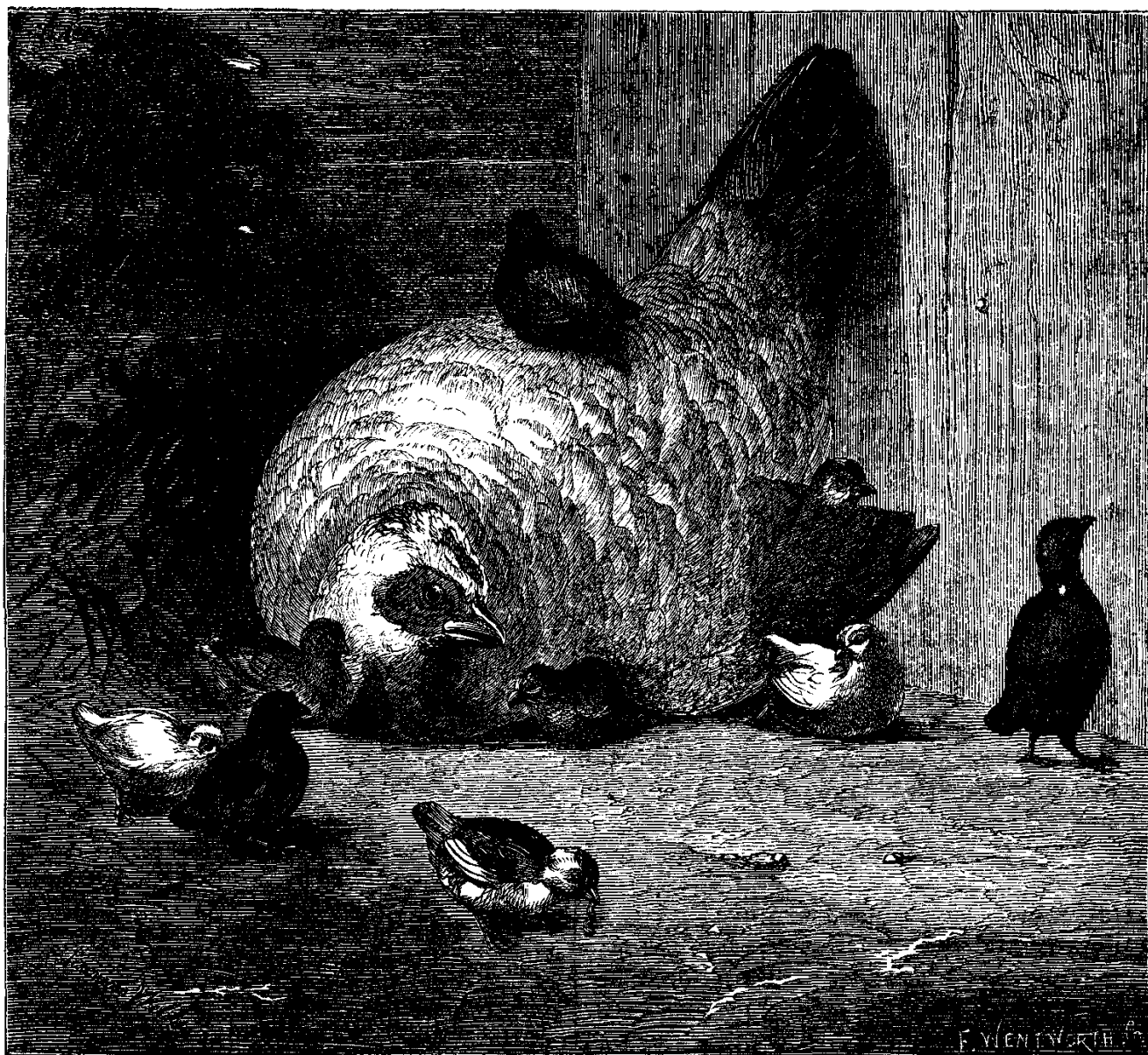
How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician,
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
Next door to death He found me,
And snatch’d me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compar’d with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
’Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin’d;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail’d me,
Some gave me up for lost:
Thus every refuge fail’d me,
And all my hopes were cross’d.

At length this Great Physician,
How matchless is His grace,
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view Him,
For sin my eyes had seal’d,
Then bid me look unto Him;
I look’d, and I was heal’d.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help He’ll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
’Tis only—look and live.



THE CAT AND THE CHICKENS.

THERE were some ten or twelve little chicks, and their mother hen, scattered about a gentleman's garden in which I was walking one lovely summer's morning. They were all very busy pecking away among gooseberry and currant bushes, gathering up the little seeds and worms and insects which they seem to like so much. The chickens were so occupied with their food that they seldom looked

about, but I noticed that the hen several times left off pecking, and looked up into the air, and then all around her—she was on the look-out, lest any dangerous bird or animal might come to harm her little brood. Well was it for the chickens that the mother bird cared for them—well was it that she thought of them, when they did not think of anything but the grubs and worms—for, very soon I saw that the little chickens were in great

danger—they did not know it—but they were in danger of being killed. An old cat had watched these little things, and very slowly and stealthily was coming closer and closer to the place where they were so enjoying themselves—hiding behind the cabbages and bushes so that they should not see her—and only waiting until close enough to spring upon and seize one of the poor little things, and carry it away, and tear it in pieces.

Do you know, my little reader, that *you* are in great danger?—for there is one after *you* who is very powerful and cunning and crafty, and who walks about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. If you turn to your Bible, you will find in 1 Peter v. 8. who this terrible one is.

But the old hen was, as I have told you, on the look-out, and she saw the danger her little ones were in, and began cackling very loudly to the chickens, and they heard her voice calling them to come—and they all left their food which they seemed to be enjoying so much, and, lifting their little wings, ran off very much frightened to the hen, whose strong wings were held out for them; and very soon all the little chicks were cosily and safely sheltered by the mother bird, and the old cat had to go away disappointed, for she dared not touch the hen.

This all reminded me of a little picture, drawn in words, which you will see in Matthew xxiii. 37. There you will find the Lord Jesus, who came into the world to do the will of God His Father, and to save *sinners*, speaking about the people of Jerusalem; and He says, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not!*"

Poor, foolish people—they were in awful danger, and there was One, the Lord of Glory, calling them to come to Him, He who had all power and could save them, but they would not come. And He called them *many times*—"often," but they paid no heed to His call, they went on with their business and their pleasure, and cared nothing for the Lord Jesus, who in love and pity had come among them to "gather," and very soon He ceased calling, and the enemy came and destroyed them and their city.

The hen called her chickens, and they, without looking about to see what it was, knew there must be danger, and so left off feeding, and went at once to her; but the people of Jerusalem did not believe there was any danger, and so, though often called, would not come. You, my reader, are perhaps quite as foolish as those people, for you are in danger, and you have often been called, but have not yet gone to the One who calls you.

The Lord Jesus Christ knew the danger in which all of us were, and so in His wondrous love He left His glory and came into this world to save sinners. And He gave Himself up, and died on the cross, so that He might save us; and now He is risen again, and, at the right hand of God, He is calling sinners to come to Him, to flee to Him for refuge. The little chickens could not save themselves from the strong cat, so they fled as fast as they could to the hen; and you cannot save yourselves from sin and Satan and hell, but if you will, just as you are, go to the Lord Jesus, He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust (Psalm xci. 4), and you will be quite safe, for no harm can befall you if

you are in His keeping. *Now* the Lord is calling for perhaps the last time. Often He has called you, but you have not listened, but once again He sends out His invitation, "Come," "Come all," "Come *Now*." Matthew xi. 28; Isaiah i. 18.

If one of the little chickens had paid no heed to the call of the mother bird, it would, I doubt not, have been seized and killed by the cruel cat; but it would not have been the fault of the hen, for she called all her chickens; and if you, dear reader, do not come to the Lord Jesus, you will be *lost*—*lost* for ever, and it will be your own fault, if you would not come. The Lord Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

I. F.

HOME.

THOSE young persons who have had to leave their homes in search of a livelihood, as so many have in these days of activity and enterprise, must have been most unhappy in their homes, or themselves have very dull affections, if they have not a responsive chord in their heart to the strain of "Home, home, sweet home." The love of home is one of the most beneficial incentives that can act upon the human heart. A departure in heart and ways from the wholesome influence of the home of one's childhood is a manifest sign of declension in the young. The prodigal son of Luke xv. commenced his downward career by turning his back upon his father's house.

When I was young, I stayed for about six months with a relative in the country, for the benefit of my health. Some time before the completion of the period of my sojourn, I felt a desire for home, though I was treated with much kindness where I

was; and I left for two or three days with the special object of seeing my mother. I had very little cash to spare, and so had to economize my small resources; but with much walking and cheap riding I accomplished my purpose, and reached home unexpectedly. I was, of course, glad to be there, and my dear mother was rejoiced to find that her son desired to see her. Was not that meeting good for both of us? My mother was comforted, and I returned to the country with cheerfulness of heart, waiting for the time of my complete recovery to health.

I was much struck with what a young man lately said to me. He was naturally of a gay and lively disposition, and easily led astray; one whom I fear had only the world for his portion. Conversing with him one day, shortly before a holiday which he was about to take, I asked him where he was going. "Well," replied he, "I hardly know. I always used to go to see my mother; but since she has broken up the home, I seem to have nowhere to go. It used to be so nice to go and see her." It appeared that in her widowhood she thought it necessary, and perhaps rightly, to give up her home and to take a situation. Still, I thought that the love of the young man for his mother and home was natural and becoming.

I know another young man, who is the son of godly parents. His father has departed to be with Christ, but his mother survives. He has been away from home for some time in pursuit of his rightful calling, and is now in the great city of London. Although he is not a professed believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, one can easily perceive the beneficial influence of a godly home upon him. His habits are

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moral and blameless, and he constantly attends the preaching of the gospel of Christ; and he dearly loves his home. I am thankful, too, to say that he likes to come and see me, as an old friend of his mother. I was much pleased to hear him remark incidentally that he writes home at least once a week; and that, being shortly in the expectation of a holiday, he is looking forward to the pleasure of going home, and of meeting with his mother and sisters.

God is sovereign, but He usually works by means, and one of those means is love of parents and of home. O, young man and young woman, love your parents, and show piety at home. May that love be kept fresh in your hearts! And may you be led as sinners to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He said to His disciples, and through them to all who have believed through their word, "In my Father's house are many mansions [or abodes]; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 2, 3.

The "children of God," who become such "by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26), can truly and joyfully sing—

"His Father's house! oh, blissful place,
The Saviour's holy home,
Where we shall ever see His face,
And never more shall roam.
Soon at His bidding we shall soar
To Him, our Lord, above,
And with Himself His home explore,
His home of life and love."

May you, my dear young friends, have a place in that holy, happy home, through now believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

T.

"SIMILITUDES."

(Hosea xii. 10.)

SEE that tall and handsome balloon, ready to rise from the earth, and to mount into the air! How elegant is its shape! How elastic it is, filled with the gaseous vapour which gives it its buoyancy! How deftly it is corded! And how well protected is its comfortable-looking car! You think, it may be, that you would like to take a voyage in it to the skies, there to behold the glory of the firmament at an elevation above the earth, and to look down upon the littleness of men and things here below. You doubt not the security of the balloon, and have confidence in the judgment and skill of the experienced aeronaut to conduct you safely through the air. You think all this, and perhaps more; yet you take no steps to attain the object of your desire.

Now let us go to yonder seaport, and look upon that noble ship, registered as A 1, which lies there at anchor. What a magnificent vessel! Complete in all her parts. The steam is up, and she is ready at a moment's notice to leave, and to start for the antipodes. You notice what a fine class of able seamen compose her crew, and you are assured of the ability of the captain who commands her. You would like to take a voyage to the place to which the ship is bound. You linger, perhaps, awhile on shore, and see the voyagers embark, till at length the vessel steams out of the harbour, and enters upon her voyage. But there your interest in her probably ceases. You do not secure a passage in her for yourself.

Let us now look upon a scene which lies nearer home. In the town, city, or

village in which you reside there dwells a distinguished physician, who possesses all the qualifications and honours of his profession, and who is equally noted for his ability and benevolence. He is ready at all times to receive any patient who comes to him for aid, whatever his malady may be. And, what is more extraordinary, he neither demands nor receives a fee, his skill and services being for the free use of all. His treatment, too, of the diseases of his patients has been most successful. You yourself know that many of your own personal friends have received a permanent cure at his hands, and that they delight to sound the praises of this great and good physician to whom they are so much indebted. Neither have you any desire to detract from the honour which he has earned. *You*, also, have a disease which is incurable by ordinary means, and you have no doubt that this physician could effect a cure in your case as well as in that of others. But you have not yet been to him, though you have often thought of going to him, some day, and in the meantime you remain under the burden of your complaint.

These are only illustrations of the way in which many unsaved souls treat "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." 1 Tim. i. 11. They hear its clear and certain sound, and listen to the free invitations which the servants of Christ give to them in His name. They acknowledge that He is the only Saviour, and that faith in Him is the only way by which they can be saved. They perhaps intend some day to go to Him who so unreservedly invites them. Yet they continue in their unbelief and distance from God.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), says the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who "once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." 1 Peter iii. 18. But observe that all the blessing depends upon the acceptance of His gracious invitation.

IN CLOVER.

IN the summer of last year, I travelled through a considerable portion of the county of Kent, and viewed many of its beautiful grounds and rich corn fields. I also saw some fields of clover, which are not only pleasing to the sight, but delicious to the scent.

In some of the clover fields I noticed from thirty to forty lambs, either peacefully feeding or in comfortable repose. There was no full-grown sheep among them. The pleasant pasture seemed to be reserved for the lambs. And how well nourished and contented they looked. Nothing seemed to disturb them, and they either fed or reposed, as they pleased. Their wool, moreover, was beautifully clean and white, and they presented the very picture of calmness and enjoyment.

I thought of the scripture in Isaiah v. 17, "Then shall the Lambs feed after their manner." The Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep (John x.), and who is now, as "brought again from the dead," the Great Shepherd of the sheep, cares for His own blood-washed ones. He loves them all, both sheep and lambs. But He keeps, as it were, His tenderest morsels for the lambs. How sweet, in this connection, it is to read 1st John ii., where the Apostle, after addressing the

fathers and the young men, says, "I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father." The Lord Jesus makes all His sheep to "lie down in green pastures," and leads them beside the still waters (Psalm xxiii.); but He has, as it were, His special field of clover for the young who believe on His name.

Have you had an entrance to the pastures of tender grass, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? And, if so, are you in the enjoyment of the precious portion which you have in Himself?

TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS, THAT WE
MAY APPLY OUR HEARTS UNTO WISDOM.
(PSALM xc. 12.)

WHILE once travelling, Mr. Hervey met with a lady who largely expatiated on the amusements of the stage, as being, in her opinion, superior to all other pleasures. She remarked that there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of reflecting on it on her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who had heard her remarks without interruption, now said, with his usual mildness, that there was one pleasure more, which she had forgotten. "What can that be?" she eagerly asked; for she thought she must have included them all. With a grave look, and in a striking manner, Mr. H. replied, "Madam, the pleasure it will give you on a death-bed." A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning, could not have more surprised her; the remark went straight to her heart. She had no reply to make; the rest of the journey was occupied in deep thought. She abandoned the theatre, and heartily pursued those pleasures which can afford satisfaction even on a death-bed.

MARTHA'S MISTAKE.

It was at a children's meeting I first met Martha. She had joined with many other little ones in singing some bright hymns, and then had heard how God had looked down from heaven upon the children of men, and had found that there was none that did good, no, not one; and how He had said that there was no difference, for all had sinned and come short of His glory. Romans iii. 22, 23. Poor Martha felt that this was all true of her. She knew she was a sinner, lost and ruined, and she began to long that her sins might be put away, that she might be made fit to be in the presence of God.

Do you, my dear reader, ever long for this? You need salvation too; *one* lie even cannot be in heaven; no sin of any kind can ever enter there; and you, like Martha, are a sinner, whether you feel it or not.

Martha, then, heard the good news which God in His grace is sending out far and wide: how that He who is light and cannot have sin in His presence had loved lost sinners, and had given His only begotten Son, that those who believed in Him might have everlasting life. She heard, too, of the love of the Lord Jesus, who had come down from heaven to save sinners, and had died upon the cross, and done all the work, and how God now was offering salvation to all who would believe. Martha very much wanted to be saved, but she thought she had something to do, and could not believe that the Lord Jesus had done it *all*. At the close of the meeting she, with some others, stayed behind, wishing to hear more about the Lord Jesus; and then we tried to show her that

there was nothing left for sinners to do, for the Son of God "had FINISHED the work that brings sinners to God," more than eighteen hundred years ago. 1 Peter iii. 18. Martha did not, however, rest in what Christ had done for sinners, but wanted to do something herself, and she went to her home to try to be better, and so to save herself. Martha has never been allowed to come to another meeting, for her friends with whom she lives do not know their need of a Saviour, and though she wishes to come they will not let her. But I have heard of her since then, for a friend of mine called to invite her to a meeting, and she sent me the following message—"Tell Mr. F. I will try to be better, and then if I don't meet him again on earth I shall meet him in heaven." So, you see, she is still trying to get something good out of her evil heart, and thus make herself fit for heaven. Of course she never will; she might just as well try to get fresh water from the sea. God, who knows all about us, tells us in His holy word that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, Jeremiah xvii. 9, and everything that comes out of it is only evil. Genesis vi. 5.

If you, my reader, are like Martha, trying to make yourself fit for heaven, you will never succeed, for God says sinners are saved by grace, not of *works*, lest any man should boast. Eph. ii. 9.

Your works are worthless, for without shedding of blood sins cannot be put away, and nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can cleanse away your sins.

God does not ask you to *work* for the salvation of your soul, but to believe on His beloved Son, whom He sent into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He has sent. John vi. 29.

I. F.

"I LOVE JESUS."

It is some years ago now, when at a Sunday-school, in a large town in Germany, Mr. K——, spoke to the children, and told them about the love of the Lord Jesus. He then addressed himself to the little ones, and said: "Now I have told you of the love of Jesus, I should like to know if there is anyone here who loves *Him*!"

For some time all was silent as if every one was thinking about this important question; when a little girl, Helene was her name, rose up and said: "Mr. K——, I love Jesus!"

Before the next Lord's Day came round, the body of this dear little girl lay buried in the grave.

When she made that confession: "I love Jesus!" she was quite well; on the Thursday she departed to be with Jesus; and on the Saturday her little body was carried to the grave!

Dear children, do you love the Lord Jesus?"

The Word of God says, "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Proverbs viii. 17.

THE CRUSE AND BARREL.

By the poor widow's oil and meal,
Elijah was sustained;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
It seem'd as if, from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
Then, to His poor He still will give,
Just for the present hour;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon His word and power.
No barn nor store-house, they possess,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
Then let no doubt your mind assail,
Remember, God has said,
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."
Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



ELIJAH WENT UP BY A WHIRLWIND INTO HEAVEN. 2 Kings ii. 11.

TWO CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

WILL you, my little readers, come back with me, in thought, to two children's meetings: one was held nearly two thousand eight hundred years ago, and the other more than eighteen hundred and fifty years since, so I am sure none of your friends were present. No, stop! I am wrong, *one* friend—yes, your *best friend*, was at the second meeting. Now let me tell you about the first of these gatherings.

Two servants of God—you must guess their names—went for a long walk together. They started from a town called Gilgal, and went to Bethel; after staying a little there, they turned back and came to Jericho, and passing on reached a river named Jordan. There, the elder of the two, taking off his mantle, rolled it up and struck the river, and the waters rolled back on either side, and left a dry path for them to go over to the other side. Who were the two men? You have guessed by now! Yes, they were Elijah and Elisha. You can read all about it in 2 Kings ii.

These two friends walked on, talking together, until suddenly a chariot of fire, and horses of fire appeared, and Elijah was taken up by a whirlwind into heaven, and left Elisha all alone. As he was taken up to heaven, the mantle with which Elijah smote the river, dropped from him, and Elisha picked it up and wore it, and used it to make a path back across Jordan in the same way he had seen Elijah do, for he had now the power from God to work miracles like Elijah had. I must not stay to tell you much about the sons of the prophets sending fifty men to look for Elijah, on the mountains and in the

valleys, and of course not finding him—for he was gone to heaven; nor how Elisha healed the waters of Jericho; for I want to get to the first meeting of the little children.

Elisha was going to Bethel, where he had been with his master, Elijah, during that last long walk; and as he was on his road to that place, there came out little children from the city, and *mocked* him, and said to him, "Go up, thou bald head—go up, thou bald head." Yes, they laughed at one of the servants of God, and mocked him. Perhaps these little children had heard their fathers and mothers saying how glad they were that Elijah had gone to heaven, and what a good thing it would be if Elisha would go too; for I dare say the parents of these poor little children did not like to be told about God, and were glad when His servants went away; and perhaps had told these little children to go after Elisha and mock him, and tell him to go away.

What did Elisha do? "He turned back, and looked on them, and *cursed* them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."

What a solemn meeting that was, and what a terrible end it had—forty-two little children torn by angry bears.

How terrible to be *CURSED* by one of God's servants—they were sinners—and so are you, my little readers; and perhaps you, too, have laughed or mocked at the servants of God, who have spoken to you about the love of Jesus in dying for the lost. And you *deserve* punishment, for you have sinned against God, who made you for His own glory.

But now I turn to the other children's

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meeting, and this is a far happier gathering, and I think some of you would very much like to have been there, for there was no CURSING at this meeting, but all BLESSING. The children who came to this second meeting were *sinner*s, like those who came to the first meeting, but God was acting in grace, and not giving the children what they *deserved*, but giving them what His own heart loves to give—*blessing*.

You will find about this second meeting in Mark x. 13-16. It is an old story often told, and much loved by many. The Lord Jesus, the Son of God, who made us, and who keeps us alive, was down here on earth. He had come to save *sinner*s like you, and He was going about doing good, and was very kind and loving to all those who were sinful or unhappy, or ill, and He had power to forgive sins, and to cure diseases, and make many of these poor ones happy and well again. He was so kind and gentle, that one day a number of children (I don't know how many) were brought to Him so that He might touch them. But

"The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them all depart—
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And took them in His arms, and said:
'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

Yes, Jesus was not like His disciples; He had far more love and tenderness than they, and He did a great deal more for the little children than those who brought them expected: for He not only "touched them," but "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and BLESSED them."

Did they deserve such *blessing* from the Son of God? No! as I told you—they were *sinner*s like you, but Jesus, the Lord, loved little children, and had come

down from heaven "to save the lost" (Matthew xviii. 11), and so when these little ones came to Him, He, Who received *sinner*s, received them and *blessed* them.

Would you not like to be blessed by the Lord Jesus, my dear little friend? Yes, I dare say you would. Well, then, come to Him *just as you are*. He receives *sinner*s still. He is the same now in His love and pity as He was when He blessed the little ones I have told you about, for in Hebrews xiii. 8, we read of "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." So if you come to Him now, you will find a warm welcome from His loving heart, and "He will in no wise cast you out." You deserve nothing but CURSING, but if you believe on Jesus, you will get nothing but BLESSING.

I. F.

WISDOM.

WE are going to talk a little about the most wonderful thing in the world. It is something that every one wishes for, though I am sorry to say a great many do not find it; so, dear little people, do not be discouraged by the strange title, although it does sound very uninteresting, does it not? Wisdom—why, what can little children want to know about wisdom? It sounds only fit for old people, men and women who have grown grey in the race of life, and whose lives are quickly fading away; yet Solomon, one of the greatest, richest kings who ever lived, tells us that wisdom is the principal thing, and advises us therefore to get wisdom. It is better than rubies, and all the things that are to be desired are not to be compared to it. How many things you wish for! some

very likely that you will never get, and even if you could get them all they are not to be compared to it. It is better to get wisdom than gold. A great many people get gold, and when they have it, they are still without the best thing. Let me tell you a story about wisdom, and you will see how much it will do for us.

A great many hundred years ago, when King David was reigning over Israel, there was a man named Sheba, who had rebelled against him. He was a wicked man, who had tried to get the people away from King David; but the men of Judah were faithful to their king, so that Sheba was obliged to go away and take refuge in a city called Abel. Some of David's soldiers, who wished to punish Sheba, came up against this city and besieged it. They built a bank against it, dug a trench before it, and were beginning to batter down the wall, and do terrible mischief, when a wise woman called to Joab, who commanded them, telling him she was peaceful and faithful, and wanted him to explain why he was trying to destroy their city. Joab explained that he did not wish to harm the city or the people in it, but that a man called Sheba, who had endeavoured to harm King David, was hidden away there somewhere, and that if he could get hold of him he would go away, and not trouble them any more. Then the woman went unto all the people in her wisdom, and told them it was better that one man should die than that all in the city should be destroyed. When Sheba was given up, Joab blew a trumpet and the soldiers retired every man to his tent; so the city was saved, not because it was strong and could withstand the foe,

but because some one was there who had wisdom.

Solomon, who you know was King David's son, tells us another story about wisdom. He says that once there was a little city, and few men within it, and there came a great king against it, who besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it; and there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; so he says, "Wisdom is better than strength." People like to be wise, and no wonder, for it is indeed most important for us. Of what use is it to be rich, or beautiful, or admired, or a hundred other things that people try to be, if we are not wise; only we must remember that there are two kinds of wisdom; there is the wisdom of God, and the wisdom of this world, and it is the wisdom of God that we want, for man's wisdom will only lead us farther astray in the paths of sin and folly. But where are we to get this priceless treasure? It is not to be found in the land of the living; were you to travel all round the earth, and to search amongst all the treasures of man's wisdom, you would not find it there; the depth saith, It is not in me, and the sea, the deep blue sea, possesses it not; deep down you might go, far away into its hidden caves of coral, and pearls, and shining seaweed, but it is not there; or if you asked the stars as they come and go on a dark night, and look as if they might be the lamps of that bright land that we call heaven, they know it not; and the sun himself, as he winds his wondrous journey through the sky, knows not where wisdom is; no, we must go higher than the sun, up above, beyond it, and we read that there, before ever the

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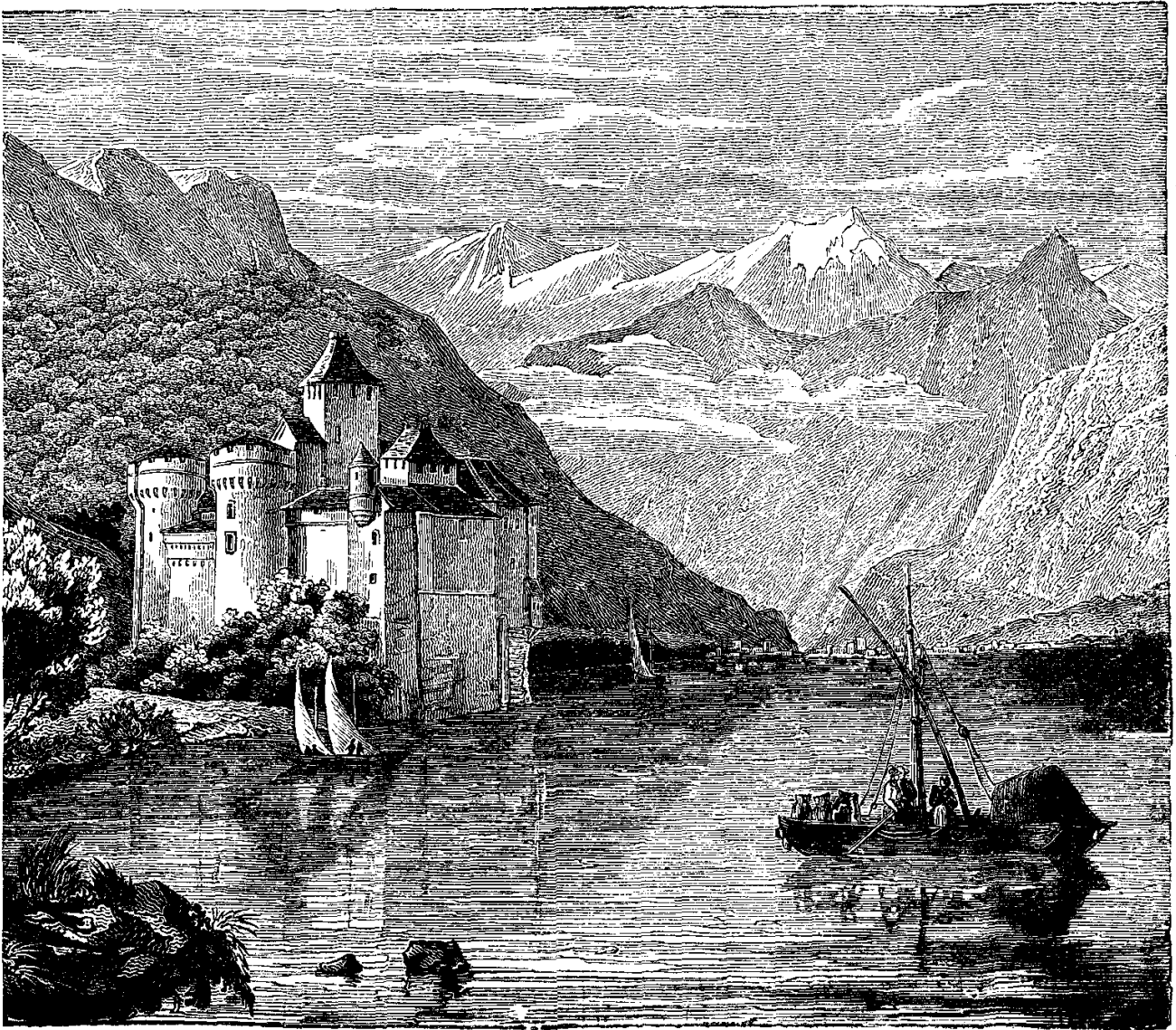
world was, wisdom was with God, when God gave the sea His decree that the waters should not pass His commandment; and when He appointed the foundations of the earth, wisdom was there with Him, daily His delight. Prov. viii.

"But," you say, "if wisdom is there, so far away, so high above us, how are we ever to reach it? how can we get anything so priceless, so invaluable, but yet so distant? what is this wisdom that you are telling us about?" Dear little folks, did you never read of "Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God?" But oh! one thing first. Do you care about it? Would you like to have this wondrous treasure that God has for you? Is it worth your while to take your place amongst the people to whom it is given? You know "with the lowly is wisdom;" it must be as needy ones, not as those who are depending on themselves, and satisfied with their own possessions, but as those who have nothing, who know their need, and who own it. Then, God has brought it so close to you; His own beloved Son came into this world, down from those heights of glory to the very place in which we were, and we read that for those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ "He of God is made unto us wisdom." 1 Cor. i. 30. Will you take this wisdom? Will you accept this precious, loving Lord Jesus as your wisdom, your Saviour, all that you need to fit you for God's own presence. I wish I could tell you of all that He is; what a loving Friend, what a tender Shepherd; but God has told you better than I can, and He will explain it to you if your hearts care for it. But do not put off thinking about this, for God has told us

"There is no wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest," and death is so busy on every hand, sweeping away young and old alike. Who shall say on whom death will come next? It might be you or me, and then, if we have not God's wisdom, hope would be at an end, and joy and rest for ever and for ever, and nothing would remain but gloom, and bitterness, and sorrow. God does not tell us anything about to-morrow; to-day is His time; may it be yours too.

And now I want to say one thing more to you about wisdom. If you have taken your place as a needy one, trusting alone for salvation to the blood of Christ, then the Lord Jesus, of God, is made unto you wisdom, and it is yours now to walk in wisdom, redeeming the time. Make good use of your time, dear little folks; the time is short. The Lord Jesus says, "Behold, I come quickly," and life at the longest is very short, so do use it for Him; make the best of it, as it were, turn it to good account, not wasting the precious hours, not idly playing your lives away, but redeeming the time, being here in the Master's service, your hearts happy in His love, and at rest in His presence; hands ever ready to do a little thing, it may be only to give a cup of cold water for Him; and feet ever willing to tread any pathway in which He may lead you.

Precious Bible, what a treasure,
Does the Word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure:
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.
Shall I envy then, the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
I am happier, far, and wiser;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
For God gives me, in His Word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.



THE CHATEAU CHILLON AND THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

IN one of the most mountainous parts of Switzerland, where the larger farms are rare, is still to be seen a hut of shabby appearance, with a thatched roof covered with moss. Let us hear the true story of what passed there a long time ago. It is about mid-day, not a trace of smoke rises from the chimney, the door is shut, all is silent, as if the hut were empty and deserted. It is inhabited though, but death is doing its work there. On a bed

lies a widow, her face betraying much anguish. What caused the heavy pains hidden in that heart which will soon cease to beat? Near the bed kneels a young lad, the son of the widow; and the dying mother resting her emaciated hand on the head of her weeping child, to give him her blessing. "Adieu, Paul," she murmured, "... your father has been with the Lord these fifteen years. I also now go to the Lord; it is for you that God has left me down here so long. You love me, don't

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you? but you love also the world its pleasures and vanities have a stronger hold on your heart than the things of God—you have lost your former joyous simplicity. I implore you to turn to God as a little child, and receive the good news of the Gospel of the Lord Jésus Christ. When you have buried me, you are sure to leave this place, and sell the poor belongings, which I shall leave you, to go and earn your bread elsewhere; may God direct and guide you; go, if that seems better to you, but keep only this one thing always near you, my Bible. . . . Promise me, my son, keep my Bible my mother left it to me, and I confide it to you. This book has never left the roof of your forefathers. Your ancestors brought it from Bohemia when they were persecuted for their faith; all their names are written in it since 1620. (All were poor, but they remained faithful to the Word of God, and its blessing never left them). Yours is the last. Oh! take care of this Bible; it has been the means of peace of heart to your parents, and with God's blessing, through it you may be blest. Keep it, I pray you, promise me this . . .” Paul promised his dying mother, and she, animated for a time by the memory of her ancestors, dropped her dying hand, and after a feeble sigh, her maternal heart ceased to beat; but on her face was resting an expression of peace and joy. She knew well that to depart was far better. God had removed her to a home where no tears are shed. And Paul, had he been able to efface by his tears the sighs and tears which his indifference had caused his poor mother, oh, how happy he would have been. But it was *too late*. In vain he looked to the couch,

death had placed its icy hand on that mother's heart, and a dead silence reigned in that home.

Reader, you who also possess those dear to you, whom you have caused grief, do not wait to ask their pardon till God has brought them to the brink of the grave, for fear the words “too late” should sound sadly in your ear and fill your heart with bitterness.

A few days after the funeral Paul left the place. He sold the thatched cottage, but took no keepsake with him except the old *well-used Bible*, covered with a coarse leather cover, and fastened with metal clasps; it was a real family Bible, and on its front page were written, in capital letters, the names of the pious ancestors of the orphan lad. They had left all to flee from the persecution of the priests; they abandoned for the Lord's sake their rich farms they had possessed in Bohemia; they became poor in the things of this world, and left their earthly country to preserve their Bible, the precious Word of God. Paul had a difficulty to tuck the holy book into his knapsack, and in packing his meagre inheritance he had a great mind to leave this big Bible behind, had not the words of his dying mother, “Promise me this,” rung in his ears. After a long day's march, harassed by fatigue, he entered an inn to pass the night. The Bible had appeared very heavy on the road, and as it were to pay himself for the trouble, he was going to read a portion after supper—he pulled the large volume out of his knapsack, and sat himself down to read. But, alas! some other young fellow-travellers came near from curiosity, and looking over his shoulder, mocked him: “How can any one read the Bible

in these days? That was all very well when there were no other books to read, but now there is no want of amusing literature, historic or imaginary. Have you not a good novel to take with you in the place of this large book, which would be much lighter and more amusing?" They said so much, till our poor lad, quite ashamed, shut his Bible; and had it not been for his mother's "Promise me," he would have willingly left it behind, or sold it for a few pence. He, however, resisted that, but never opened it again during his journey.

One year later two wounded men were carried into the hospital of the town of H., one of them stabbed with a knife after a quarrel with bad companions in a low café on the outskirts, the other fallen from a scaffold. They were lying side by side a long time, between life and death, but at last out of danger (thanks to the surrounding care). As they got better, they made the attendant recount to them how it was that they found themselves in those beds, and how many days and nights they had been unconscious. The first asked for his knapsack, where it was put. The attendant showed it him near his bed. As soon as he could feel and move his hands, he searched for his purse, he wanted to find his money, but found nothing but a few rags and the large book, which was all that was left him; his bad companions, who had wounded him, had doubtless robbed him of the little sum he had earned. He could not believe he was robbed, threw out the rags and the Bible, and shook the bag, but only found it empty. He was, therefore, without resource on leaving the hospital; how should he buy himself tools? how earn his bread?

Overcome by rage at the thought, he cried out on seeing the Bible, "Why have they left me this? they could well have taken this book, with which I do not know what to do," and with an oath, he threw it away from him. His fellow-patient, frightened at his speech, asked him, "What are you throwing away thus?" "Nothing, only an old Bible." "Do you not want it any more?" "Oh, no, I believe it has brought me ill-luck." "Give it to me then." "Take it, I am glad to get rid of it." Then he buried his face in his pillow, as if he wanted to forget God and the world, and hear nothing more of heaven or earth; his mother he had forgotten long ago. The attendant had picked up, and given the Bible to the other patient, who read it, and accepted the invitation of the Lord to troubled and heavy laden souls.

Several weeks passed away, and the two young men were replaced by others. On the register of the hospital were entered on the same date: Charles B——, cured, left to preach the Gospel; Paul N——, cured, left as a sailor.

After some years, reader, accompany us to the distant Greenland, where the winter is broken by two or three months of summer at most, but even there, have some servants of God gone to announce to the Esquimaux the good news of salvation. One day, when there was a storm on the high sea, a vessel was placed in great danger by the tempest. She was lost among the ice, and if no one arrived to help her into the right road, would be driven into a narrow, dangerous strait and lost. The missionaries saw the danger, and assembled some Esquimaux to go with them and try to save the vessel. Through

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the mercy of God, the long narrow ship on which they were, was not engulfed by the waves and ice, but was seen in peril by a whaler, who, after many efforts, succeeded in bringing them to a safe place; the vessel came alongside, and the sailors were saved. But the high wind had precipitated from the mast to the deck a young sailor, who lay there unconscious—the poor man was covered with blood; his wounds were mortal, and he had not long to live. Our Esquimaux carried him to land, and laid him on the bed of the missionaries. One of them sat up to speak of God to the dying man—futile attempt—even at this terrible moment he refused the grace of God, he who would so soon have to appear before the living God. The servant of the Gospel was not discouraged, he took a large Bible covered with leather, opened the metal clasps, and was going to read some verses, but the sailor had his eyes fixed on the book, raised himself convulsively, and cried with a fearful voice, "Go away! This book, it has been mine, I threw it away, I cannot have it now. Mother! mother! you call me, but I cannot come to you—it is too late, I am lost," when, falling back on his couch, he died in a last convulsion, so to appear before the face of God.

Reader, who peruse these lines, or hear them read, and are not reconciled to God by Jesus, you cannot look to heaven as your Father's house, be assured there are but two ways of appearing before God—one to meet Him as a Father, or else, dreadful thought, as a Judge, whose eyes are too pure to behold evil.

Dear friend, in this Bible, rejected by poor Paul, it is written, "God so loved

the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. Believe it, it is God who invites you. If Satan insinuates you are too bad, the Bible tells you that Jesus came not to save the righteous, but sinners.

This history I have told you is not an invention, but truth; take care not to reproduce in yourself something after the same manner: fear lest for you, as for Paul, the cry "*too late*" follow to-morrow as a consequence of rejecting the call which the Lord addresses to you *to-day*, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

I CREATE THE FRUIT OF THE LIPS—PEACE.

Isaiah lvii. 19.

THE late Mr. Madan was educated for the bar. His conversion to God arose from the following circumstances. Some of his companions requested him one evening, when assembled together at a coffee-house, to go and hear Mr. John Wesley, who, they were informed, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and then to return and exhibit his manner and discourse for their entertainment. With that intention he went to hear him. Just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley read as his text, "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD," Amos iv. 12, with a solemnity of accent which excited his attention, and produced a seriousness which increased as the preacher proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. Mr. Madan returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his companions if he had taken off the old Methodist? He replied, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off;" and from that time forsook their company, associated with true Christians, and became an eminent preacher.

THE WAY OUT.

Proverbs xiv. 12.

A SHORT time ago I was travelling by train in the North of London. I alighted at a station which was somewhat strange to me; I had often passed *through* it, but had not occasion to make it the end of my journey; consequently I did not know my "way out." Not wishing to show my ignorance by asking for direction, I looked around, and soon found what I sought, viz., a sign-board bearing the words "This Way Out," and a hand to show the way more definitely. This road I immediately took, but, instead of leading into the street, it led among dusty and broken timber, evidently quite the *wrong way*. I quickly retraced my steps, and having regained the platform, asked a porter the way out. He pointed to another sign-board, which indicated an entirely different road.* By it I soon reached the door of the station. The incident made but little impression upon me at the time, for my mistake had been so quickly rectified; indeed I thought no more of it, until I was again travelling by the same line, and passing through the same station. Still the directing hand was there, showing the "way out" where there was no way. I wondered, then, if any other traveller had been misled as I had been, and thus I was led to think of two other sign-boards, which, like that one, point the *wrong way*, but instead of causing only a slight inconvenience, they lead many to eternal ruin. There is one which points to *sincerity* as the road to

* The way the writer first took was formerly the way out, and the sign-board had not been removed.

heaven. How many there are who say, "If we conscientiously act up to what we *sincerely* believe, all will be well in the end." "God will accept us if our motives and actions are *true*." Beware of this road; it is a fatal one! For what does God say? "Not by works of righteousness which we have done" (Titus iii. 5); and again, "There is *no* difference; for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 22, 23. "There is none righteous, no, *not one*." Rom. iii. 10. How can anyone plead his own good works, or his own sincerity, when, before God, all our righteousnesses are as "filthy rags"? Apart even from the question of sins, such persons are condemned, for, "They that are in the flesh *cannot* please God." Rom. viii. 8. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John iii. 18. Leave, then, your morality, sincerity, and everything which you have; turn quickly from this road, or it will land you in perdition. How easily could I rectify my mistake, how easily turn from my wrong road! But every step which you take leads you farther from the right path, and makes it more difficult to return.

There is another sign-board which Satan uses to lead souls to destruction. There are those who believe themselves to be sinners, and say that Christ is the only Saviour; yet they are not saved. In what path are they travelling? Read the words on the sign-board, "Come to Christ by-and-bye, but *not now*." How do you know that there will be a by-and-bye for you? Can you count on your life for one hour? Have you not heard that the hope of the Christian is the *speedy*

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coming of the Lord? Where, then, will you be? Take warning, while there is time.

An aged woman lay dying; her Christian friends gathered around her, praying her to come to Christ for salvation, even at the eleventh hour. Her answer to their entreaties was indeed a sad one—"I have worked hard all my life, and gained money, and spent it; it would not be fair to turn to my Creator at the end." These were her last words on eternal subjects; a little while afterwards she died, leaving those who loved her almost hopeless. Satan had been her master during her life, and when death came, she felt it was "too late" to be saved. Oh, if a procrastinator should read these words, be persuaded to look to it that you are not in this sad road. Retrace your steps at once, to-morrow may be too late, the right way may be then for ever closed to you. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Is. lv. 6. Now there is the true way open to all who turn to it. Jesus says, "I am the way." John xiv. 6. Yes, dear reader, Jesus is the only way, all other roads lead to eternal death. Believe the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, when He says, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, *he shall be saved.*" John x.

THE FAITH OF A BABE.

A LITTLE boy of three years old sat beside his mother, repeating that sweet hymn:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood." Zechariah xiii. 1. and when he came to this verse:—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have thousands, vile as he,
Washed all their sins away."

his mother asked, "Have you washed all your sins away in that fountain, my dear A. W.?" The child looked up in her face and said, "No, mamma, I have not, but the Lord Jesus has washed all my sins away."

RESCUED.

THE evening sun was setting
O'er the fair hill-side,
And gilding with radiant splendour
The waters of the Clyde.

All around was calm and peaceful,
And the light was growing dim,
No sound was heard but the echo
Of the birds' soft evening hymn.

A footstep broke the silence,
'Twas surely a woman's tread,
She came from the distant city
To walk by the river's bed.

A woman so old and feeble,
She had trodden life's long way,
And borne the heat and the burden
Of many a weary day.

She came in the tender twilight
And cool of the eventide,
To walk where the rays of sunshine
Yet shone on the river-side.

But the tottering footstep trembled,
She fell from the river's bank,
And there, in the deep cold water,
That aged woman sank.

And, oh! is there none to rescue?
No one to help or save
That lonely, neglected woman
From finding a watery grave?

Thank God! it happened a stranger
Was passing along the way,
And, seeing her fall in the water,
Not a moment did he stay;

But plunged right into the river—
And, oh! it was not in vain,
For he bore that fainting woman
To the river's bank again.

By that time there had gathered
A little, curious band,
So the stranger left the woman
To the aid of a friendly hand.

Then, seeing that she was cared for,
Went on, they knew not where;
And she regained her consciousness
In the soft, cool, evening air.

But the first words that she murmured
Were the words : " Oh ! where is he ?
I want, oh ! I want to see him,
The man that has rescued me."

And we who have each been rescued
From sin's o'erwhelming flood
By the hand of the mighty Saviour,
Who brought us back to God :

We, oh ! do we want to see Him ?
Do we want Him more to know,
Who came from His heights of glory
To the depths of our sin and woe ?

"I SHALL NOT GO TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ANY MORE."

A LITTLE girl who had regularly attended the Sunday School, remained in bed one Monday morning, because she did not feel well. Her little brother came to her bedside, and when the little boy was standing there, she said to him : " I shall not go to the Sunday School any more, but you can go, and I go to be with Jesus."

Before the end of the week she had gone to be with Him for ever and ever.

Do you know, my dear reader, where you are going to when you leave this world ?

Many persons who do not believe the Word of God say we cannot be confident. Those who know and believe the Scriptures may from the heart say, " We are always confident."

" Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord : (for we walk by faith, not by sight) : we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

" MY LETTER."

1st July, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Would you like to have a short letter every month in this Magazine—just for you younger ones only ?

I dare say I may answer for most of you—Yes ! we should.

Well, if the Lord will, I shall hope to write to you monthly, and if you turn to " My Letter " on this last page, you will see what I have to say to you, from time to time.

Have you ever had a letter " all for yourself," with some loving message or invitation from some loving friend ? I remember how I used to prize the first letters which were written to me, when I was a boy, and how I liked to show them to all in my home ; and you, it may be, have done the same as I did. But perhaps you say, " No friend has ever sent *me* a letter, with a loving message, all for myself." Then you are wrong, for *one* friend *has* written to *you*. Your very best friend has written a very long letter, full of such beautiful words for you boys and girls, and with such loving invitations, too, to such a bright, happy home.

I hope you boys and girls will often read the Bible, and see what is said to you there, and believe the loving messages sent, telling you that " Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*," and that " while we were yet *sinners*, Christ died for us " (Rom. v. 8), and I hope you will accept the invitation, and " Come to Jesus"—trusting in Him—and so be washed in His precious blood from all your sins, and made fit to be in that happy home, where Jesus now is, and then, when you are saved, I hope you will seek to please Him in everything you do and say.

May God in His grace bless you all.

Your loving friend,

I. F.

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SHAPHAN READING THE LAW TO KING JOSIAH.

By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified*
Being justified by faith, we have peace with God
through our Lord Jesus Christ. * Romans iii. 20; v. 1.

"I WANT CHRIST."

It was about five o'clock one winter's morning when a woman was brought into the surgery of one of our large London hospitals, who in a fit of insanity had thrown herself out of a third-story window. It was a terrible sight to look at: there on the stretcher was the still living body of a poor creature literally smashed to pieces, with bits of bone lying loose in her dress. She was quite sane, and perfectly conscious, and at once was taken to the ward and put to bed.

The sister of the ward, who was a Christian, spoke to her of Christ; and later on the chaplain saw her; but as she was a Roman Catholic, a priest was sent for, and he, on hearing of the state that she was in, and that there was no hope of recovery, lost no time in administering the extreme unction, and then left her to die.

[The extreme unction is administered only to persons at the point of death, and is believed to purify the soul of the dying person from any sins that he or she may have committed, and to give strength and grace to encounter the last struggle.]

But no peace came. How could she stake her all upon what a human being had said would make it all right? Would the solemn rite that had just been administered to her, really make her peace with God? Would God be quite satisfied? And as doubt after doubt came up, and prop after prop slowly gave way, she seemed gradually to awake to the fact that she was dying, and would have to meet God in all her sins as a guilty, lost sinner.

It was not thought right to take any food after receiving the extreme unction,

and at first it was impossible to get her to take any nourishment at all. At length, however, she yielded.

For six days poor Mrs. K—— lingered in a terrible state of soul. She would keep saying, "How can Christ save such a sinner as I have been? I am going to hell! Oh, do not let me die, or I shall be lost for ever!" She had lived an enemy to God, without Christ, and without hope, and had been careless and indifferent; but now, when she knew for certain that in a few days at the very most she would be in eternity, and the long dark future stared her in the face, and all the ordinances that she had been accustomed to look to as being efficacious to make her peace with God were now practically found to be worthless, her agony was dreadful to see; she had nothing to hide her from the eye of a holy God, and for the first time in her life she had found it out.

One thing she was clear about. "I want Christ," said she, "and I won't see the priest or clergyman any more." Ah! when a person comes to die it must be Christ or nothing; and what an awful thing to find out that after all you are really without Christ. You may be a very good Roman Catholic, or Protestant either, as far as name goes, but if you are without Christ you will find that you have nothing, and that the future opens out before the soul as one terrible unknown blank. Has that cry ever gone up from the very bottom of your heart, "I want Christ"? Have you found out that you can't get on without Him any longer? If so, God will surely answer you.

It was wonderful how Mrs. K—— lingered on, and every day the surgeon

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came down he would say, "Surely that poor woman is dead." But no; God in the magnificence of His grace kept her alive, that down here in this poor world she might hear the voice of Him who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But it seemed as though she must die in this dreadful state of soul. In vain Christ was pointed out to her as the One who had done all, and was now at God's right hand; the One who had made peace by the blood of His cross, and who now alone had a right to speak peace to any poor troubled heart that simply trusted Him. In vain the sister of the ward read to her and prayed with her again and again; all was dark, and the storm in her soul grew fiercer and fiercer. One night she asked the night-superintendent to pray with her; but, alas! poor thing, her own eyes were blinded by the god of this world, and she had never seen any beauty in Christ; eternity was only a dim unreality to her. To say prayers was one thing, but to pray was quite another. How could one really pray to an unknown God? It was impossible.

At last God, in the riches of His grace, showed to poor Mrs. K—— Jesus the Lamb of God, the One who receives sinners, and He who in the days of old said to the sea, "Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm," now spoke peace to this poor, troubled, helpless soul, and immediately there was a great calm. It was indeed a marvellous change, and the lips that only a short time before were crying, "I am going to hell! oh, do not let me die!" were now heard asking God to take her

home quickly. She was full of praise and thanksgiving, and made the sister kneel down and help her to thank God, and to pray for her husband and children.

"Is it possible," you say, "that such a change can be effected in so short a space of time?" Do you begin to wonder, with the disciples, "what manner of man is this?" Hear what the centurion said when he saw this man expiring on the cross, "Truly this man was the Son of God." It was God, and God alone, who had done it all.

During the night she was delirious, but even in her delirium she thanked God for having saved her.

At length the end which had been so dreaded came, but what a different one to what had been anticipated. It was morning, all the delirium was gone, and there she lay in the full possession of her senses, simply trusting Christ. She had dared to stake everything on the bare word of God, and now, in the consciousness that all must be right because it depended on God's faithfulness to His own word, and not to herself in any way, she said to the sister, "Read to me." After Psalm xxiii. had been read, she whispered, "It is all right, we shall meet in heaven;" and in a few minutes she was at rest, and her happy soul was in the presence of the One who had loved her and given Himself for her. What a glorious change! Absent from the poor shattered body, present with the Lord.

"Death and judgment are behind us,
Grace and glory are before;
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There they spent their utmost power."

A THIN PLANK.

How beautiful the sea is in the summer time, is it not? The blue waters seem to dance and glisten gladly in the sunlight, and the little white-crested waves look as though they were running races with each other, and the sea-weeds, and the clear little shining pools in which the sea-anemones live. But the sea is not always calm, the bright skies are overcast sometimes; heavy clouds gather around, storms come, and the wind lashes the rippling waves, which you love so much, into great breakers, which dash in over the rocks, and rise in fountains of white spray; and then, alas! for the poor vessel that has come too near the shore; the rough waves will bear her on their foamy crests nearer and nearer to the dreaded rocks, till at last, with a terrible crash, she is dashed to pieces against them.

A sailor's is a dangerous life; let me tell you a story about two men who gained their living on the sea. They were fishermen, and had put to sea together. As they tossed about in their little boat, in the intervals of their employment they were talking; one subject after another passed before them, and then, as they paused, one of them laid his hand on the narrow edge of the boat, and said thoughtfully, "That's a thin plank between us and death." The other waited a moment. "Aye," he answered, and he laid his hand on the boat's side, "I should rather say, it's a thin plank between us and heaven." Ah! happy man, what rest and peace to be so near heaven; he needed not to fear the storms and dangers of his perilous calling, for the thin plank which separated him from the rolling billows was all that separated him from heaven; death to him was only to be absent from the body, present with the Lord. He was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and death, so terrible

to one who is not ready, to him would be only that which would give him the desire of his heart, and in a few short moments send him into the presence of his Lord for ever. I cannot tell you anything more about the other man, I never heard whether he, too, was brought to know the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. I hope he was. But, little readers, I would ask you what about yourselves? which would it be with you? Some of you perhaps may be much nearer than you think, either to one or the other, and it is a solemn thought for each one of us, that every day brings us nearer to the Lord's return for us, or nearer to being left behind, nearer to that awful "after death the judgment." These lives of ours are like the thin plank of which our sailor friends spoke, and what a little thing will snap the frail thread of this life.

Dear little friends, have you a life that nothing can touch, a life hid with Christ in God, a life that no storm can destroy, no rough wind wither, no enemy rudely seize? Oh! if you have not, do not rest until that priceless treasure is yours; it is freely offered, without money and without price. The Lord Jesus is saying just as much to-day, as He said it more than 1800 years ago, saying it to you if you are really trusting to Him, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." John x. 28, 29.

TEARS OF JOY.

WHEN a little boy I used to be very fond of a book which always lay on our sitting-room table. It had a pretty blue cover, but best of all was what was inside. I used to have to stretch to make myself as tall as possible, in order to look at the

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picture of a sweet little boy at the beginning of the book, for my nose scarcely reached above the table. My mother was a Christian, and often spoke to me of Jesus, His love, and of my need as a sinner, and of His precious blood that cleanses from all sin. She had often read me the story of the little boy whose picture I was so fond of looking at in the book. I can remember its name even now, although I have not seen it for over thirty years. It was called "The Folded Lamb," and was about a little boy who believed in Jesus, and who died, so happy, and went to be with Him.

On one of the first pages in this book was that well-known hymn—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins were all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory."

Though I could not read properly at the time, yet, knowing the hymn by heart, I could pick out the words, and often opened the book to do so.

Well do I remember doing this one day with a very clear understanding, and deep enjoyment of the words, when the thought came in my mind, "If you were to die like the little boy the book tells about, would you join that holy, happy band of children around the throne of God in heaven?" The thought had made me very serious, and tears came into my eyes and began to trickle down my cheeks. Tears not of sorrow but of joy, for I felt sure that I should go to join those happy children, if it pleased the Lord to take me, for He had died for me. I knew it, for my mother had told me He died for sinners on the cross, and I knew that I was a sinner. And *now* I know it because God tells me so in His Word. Look at it, dear young reader, in Rom. v. 8, 1 Peter iii. 18, and 1 Tim. i. 15, and you might find it in a

number of other passages for yourself. And what does it say about the blood of Jesus? That it "cleanseth us—who *believe*—from *all* sin." So that we can give thanks to the Father who has made us fit for heaven. Col. i. 12.

And now stop before you read any more, and *think* seriously, as I did that day. If the Lord were to call *you* away from earth, are *you* ready to go? Should *you* join that holy, happy band of children around the throne of God in heaven? If so, thank God; but if it is not so, do not rest until you can say, as I was able to through God's grace—"Yes." Do not lightly forget this, and let it pass from your mind, I beseech you. Your soul's salvation is too important to allow of any neglect or delay. Do not let the matter remain in uncertainty, but never be satisfied until you can say "Yes, the Lord Jesus did die for me, and I am saved, and I *know* it, because God's Word tells me so."

"WE ARE NOT STRANGERS, SIR!"

"Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" was the solemn question asked of a grey-headed man by an earnest preacher of God's goodness, and the old man's answer was: "We are not strangers, sir—I've known the Lord some time." Would you, my reader, be able to give the same answer if asked the same question? The old man knew the One who had shown Himself friendly, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Proverbs xviii. 24. The One who lay down His life for His friends. John xv. 13. And though he did not yet know how many blessings were his as a simple believer on the One who thus showed His friendship by laying down His life, yet he did know the Lord Jesus Himself. Again I ask, Do you know Him?



"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Psalm lxxiv. 20.
From 1815 to 1824 there were six thousand widows burnt in the Presidency of Bengal.
The English Government abolished this dreadful custom by law in 1829.

THE INFANT HINDOO MOURNER.

"UPON a woody bank I roamed at eve,
Close to the Ganges gliding stilly on ;
And through a glade the sun's last beams I saw,
And o'er the golden tide their radiance streamed.
It was a sweetly pensive hour of calm ;
The Myna chirped upon the Mango bough,
And gently coo'd the Ring-dove 'midst the leaves.
I heard a fretful cry of infant wail,
Tremulous, floating on the breeze of eve,
And paused to listen, when these words I caught :
" Mother ! mother ! Oh my dearest mother ! "
I hurried onward to the sandy waste
That edged the water. On the ground there sat,
Near to a heap of ashes mould'ring drear,

Weary and desolate, a little child :
One tiny hand a drooping flower held fast,
Emblem most meet of that unhappy child ;
The other wiped away the scalding tears
That from her dim black orbs came trickling down,
As on that ashy heap she gazed intent,
Repeating still her cry of infant wail,
" Mother ! mother ! Oh my dearest mother ! "
" Stranger ! " exclaimed the aged peasant near,
" The story of that orphan soon is told :
Child of my child, her father paid the debt
Which awful nature claims, nor reeked his babe,
Who deemed him sleeping in a heavy sleep :—
' And won't you wake, my father ? ' she would say,
' And won't you speak, nor take me on your knee ? '
The Brahmun came—a garland in his hand—

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And hung it round the victim mother's neck :
 And then the living with the dead went forth.
 The drear procession reached the fated ground
 Where wood and fire as meet convenient lay :
 The child her mother followed, laughing still,
 Or skipped before her, sportive as a lamb ;
 Or grasp'd the hand whose soft caress was life,
 At last the parent stoop'd and kiss'd the child,
 And, as she kissed her, down a truant tear
 Trickled away, and from her quiv'ring lips,
 The pangs she spoke not, breath'd upon her child.
 A quick presentiment appear'd to cast
 Its instant gloom upon the little one :
 Unto her mother's bosom fast she clung,
 And sobbed and wept. The mother, soothing, plac'd
 Yon flower, now faded, in her infant hand.
 The frail pledge remains, but O the giver !
 One last long kiss she gave, then tore away ;
 And then the pile she mounted by the side
 Of him who pressed that bridal couch of death.
 Her infant fain would follow ; but we held
 The little struggler, while her piercing cries
 In vain reached her, who soon could hear no more.
 'Come back, my mother ! mother ! mother ! mother !'
 The din of direful discord rose, and smoke
 Ascended blackly through the sunny air.
 The crowd dispersed, but still the babe remains,
 And has remained since that dread morning hour,
 Weeping, and gazing for her mother there ;
 And nothing finds but loneliness and ashes.—
 Mark the said wildness of her young despair,
 As on the ashy heap her gaze is fix'd,
 With bitter tears and then convulsive sobs ;
 And hark again ! her cry of infant wail,
 'Mother ! mother ! Oh my dearest mother !''

" A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST."

" Did you know that there was anything in the Bible about soldiers ?" I said, not very long ago, to a group of young people. " No," they answered, " is there ?" I answered, " Yes, there is a great deal ; we are told about the soldier's leader, his clothes, his armour, his weapon, and his warfare." " Where ?" they asked ; " will you tell us about it ?" and soon after, one pleasant afternoon, we conversed about it, just as we are going to now.

How many boys wish to be soldiers, to wear the uniform, and march under the flag of their country ! There is something very inspiring about a soldier's life. Boys think it is a grand thing to be a soldier, and we cannot wonder at them. But yet there is a higher, grander, nobler warfare that is too often forgotten. The glory that soldiers win in battle passes away, and they too are passing away from it ; but the glory that is won in the warfare that I am thinking about is fadeless, undying, and will last on into that great for ever beyond the grave, and beyond time. Ah ! yes, it is a grander, greater thing to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The Apostle Paul, writing to Timothy, says, " Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And this verse gives us the soldier's Leader. Little people, how many of you are " soldiers of Jesus Christ ?" I want you to put the question to yourselves, " Who is my leader ? whom am I following ?" One day it will be manifested that the Lord Jesus is King of kings and Lord of lords ; but meantime, He is

rejected by the world, and a usurper is the prince and god of it. People do not care about Jesus Christ, and multitudes are going after the usurper. Do you know who is "the prince of this world?" It is Satan; he does not want people to follow the Lord Jesus, so he tries all sorts of things to make them enjoy themselves, and forget everything else. He whispers in a boy or girl's ear, "Don't be a Christian now, wait till you are grown up; if you become a Christian you will have to give up the world, and all your pleasures, and then your companions will not care for you; there is plenty of time yet." The advice sounds good, and many boys and girls do not recognize the voice, but just listen to Satan, and neglect salvation, for they are afraid their friends will laugh at them; and they know not how wearying is the pleasure, and how unsatisfying is all that Satan can give, while the dark future is ever before them, till at last they wake up, as it were, to find out what they have been doing, with weary heads, and aching hearts that long for something to rest upon; and meantime, the Lord Jesus has been ready and willing, aye! longing to make them really happy; to let the poor tired hearts know the rest of a Father's love, and to pillow the weary head as the little lamb on the shepherd's shoulder. He does not promise a great deal of pleasure here, but His place, it may be even of suffering, and in the bright world to come—life, and peace, and everlasting joy with Him; and then He loves you so, I do want you to choose freely and gladly that you will follow Him, and be one of His soldiers. It is the grandest honour a man can have, to be "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Then our soldier must be properly dressed. A soldier's dress is most important; it must be suitable to the climate of the country in which he is, and to the kind of work he is going to be engaged in; there is his parade suit, and his barrack clothes; and if he is going to a hot country he will have to be thinly clad, or the heat would overpower him, and render him unfit for fighting. There is a dress for the Christian soldier to wear, which is just fitted for the climate in which he lives, and without which he will find himself very little able to bear up against the bad weather he may have to contend with. He is told to "be clothed with humility." It is a very simple sort of a garment, there is nothing imposing about it, it is quite unattractive to the eyes of other people, but it is what the Lord Jesus values, the dress He cares about. Dear little children, who are following Him, seek to be very humble, do not think anything great of yourselves, it is so natural to be proud, so natural to be vain of our own cleverness, or learning, or of something that we can do; but the soldiers of Jesus Christ should lay aside all this; you are following One whom the world will not have, One who, when He was here, was called a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter, One who was meek and lowly in heart; and it is only as you are clothed with humility that you will be able to bear patiently the little unkindnesses, and the hard words and hard thoughts about you that may fall to your lot.

Besides their clothes, soldiers in olden times used to wear armour, that is, a kind of covering made of steel or other metal to go all over them, so that no part was left uncovered. The Christian soldier

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is to be well taken care of, there is armour for him to wear, he must have no uncovered place where the enemy can injure him, but must have on the whole armour of God. (Ephesians vi.).

First, "his loins girt about with truth." You know what a girdle is for, do you not? In Eastern countries, where people wear loose flowing robes, they have also a girdle to confine them round their waists. What does the girdle mean for the Christian soldier? This, I think; the truth of God is to brace him up for the conflict, strengthen him and keep him from every evil way.

"And having on the breastplate of righteousness." A soldier will not be able to get on if he has a bad conscience; it will unnerve his arm, and unsteady his step in the battle-field, if he is in trouble about what he is doing; but if he has on the "breastplate of righteousness," if he knows that all is right with God, and then surely right with his fellow-soldiers, nothing need disturb him, he can march against the foe with a firm step, and an untroubled heart.

Then, "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." The soldier's feet must be protected; how soon they would get tired out with the hard, and perhaps stony roads they might be passing over. Have you ever been walking a long time on a hot, dusty road, and have you not felt very foot-sore and weary by the time you came to the end? If you have, you will see how important is this provision that God has made for the Christian soldier; peace, as someone has called it, standing on peace, and if the soldier is thus shod, the way will seem so much easier, and the stony places less hard to

go over, but this, "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," will help us on, and take us safely over them all.

"The helmet of salvation." You know a helmet is what covers the head. What a glorious thing to have salvation there! If by God's mercy we know that our souls are indeed saved now from the wrath to come, that terrible judgment that is coming upon the world, and that sooner or later, when His time is come, we shall have the redemption of our bodies, what need we fear? Can we not, as those of old, go boldly to the fight, knowing that the battle is not ours, but God's, and knowing that in all things we shall come off "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Above all, take the "shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." This, I suppose, would be believing simply and absolutely all that God has said to us in His Word, even when we do not understand, do not see it all, but just because He has said it, and we know that He cannot make a mistake. I stop a moment for us to think about it a little more. Do you know the meaning of fiery darts? In olden times, when people went to war, they used to fix some kind of substance, that would burn very easily, to a dart, numbers of which they would have ready to throw at the enemy, and these fiery darts inflicted terrible wounds; but of course if a soldier was provided with a shield, he would receive the dart upon that, and then it could not do him any harm. Satan has his fiery darts now, doubts and questionings which he would suggest to you; if the shield is up

they will not be able to harm you, but if it is down the darts will find an entrance into your hearts. If you knew anything of the anguish, and the bitter sorrow that Satan's fiery darts cause, the hours and days, and sometimes weeks and months even, of suffering that no eye but God's can see, you would be very careful of your shield, for with it, God says, "Ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one."

And now the soldier's weapon. He only needs one, that is a sword; he is to have "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." The Lord Jesus used that weapon against Satan. When he came to Him with his temptations and his promises, the Lord answered him with, "It is written," and so must you if you would be victors in the fight; it is the only weapon that is of any use to the Christian soldier; if you attempt to go into the battle with any sword of your own you will find yourself very soon defeated, but go with God's Word for your weapon, and Satan himself cannot then overthrow you. How safe you are, little soldier! protected on all hands, guarded at every point! who would not long to be one of the soldiers of Jesus Christ?

"NONE RIGHTEOUS, NO NOT ONE."

A BELIEVER in the Lord Jesus Christ having been asked to visit a sick person, who was anxious about his soul, went to see him. He found him to be a man of burly frame and bronzed countenance, lying in bed; and it was difficult to conceive that such a person was seriously ill, and near his end. Yet such was the case, for he was dying of consumption. He had

been a commercial traveller, and at the time of his illness was not much over forty years of age. Having that openness and readiness which frequently belong to men of his profession, a basis of conversation with him was soon established, and he unreservedly showed the cause of his anxiety.

He candidly owned that, though he had been a decently behaved man, God was "not in all his thoughts" (Ps. x. 4), and that he had lived as a thorough man of the world, enjoying "the pleasures of sin for a season." (Heb. xi. 25.) He knew that God is holy. He wished to be saved, but he could not clearly see how God could, consistently with His holiness, save such an ungodly sinner as he confessed himself to be. This was open, clear ground for his visitor. It may be well to state that he saw the sick man several times in the course of a few days, and, without detailing the particulars of each interview, that the following is the substance of what was presented to the anxious soul from the Word of God.

The visitor began by pointing out the utter ruin of man as a sinner, that, "there is none righteous, no not one"; that, "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii.); and that "as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse; for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10). He also showed that even one fault is fatal, "for whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James ii. 10); and that besides all one's actual offences, there is the fountain from which they spring, the corrupt nature

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and evil heart : so that the sinner in himself is utterly helpless before God, and "without hope"; and that if he should die in his sins, and be judged according to his works, he could not enter into the presence of God.

He then endeavoured to show what God, who is Love, and "rich in mercy," hath wrought, in order to bring salvation to His rebellious creatures, having "commended His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v.). He then set forth the personal glory of the Son, who was ever with the Father, "daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him," that "all things were created by Him, and for Him"; and yet that "he made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men : and being found in fashion as a man He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. ii.). Then he set before the dying man that God made Christ, "to be sin for us, Who knew no sin ;" that, as the sin-offering, He bore on the cross the judgment of God against sin. He then enlarged upon the preciousness of the blood of Christ, without the shedding of which there could have been no remission. Then came the glorious theme of His resurrection and ascension, He having finished the work which God gave Him to do, in the putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Himself ; and of God having crowned Him with glory and honour at His own right hand.

Thus the visitor sought to show the anxious sinner that God has been perfectly satisfied, yea, glorified in respect of sin by the sacrifice of Christ ; that the judgment of God, for sin, had been visited upon Him ;

and that so infinitely precious is that sacrifice in the sight of God, that He can now, consistently with His holiness, not only show all grace and mercy to the sinner coming to Him in the name of His Son, but, that He can be "just," and at the same time "the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii.).

These and other Scriptures were blessed to the dying man, and he soon after departed this life, having "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1.).

JESUS CHRIST SAID :

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—*John iv. 14.*

CLOSE by a village school
A shaded fountain stood,
And boys and girls had cooling draughts,
As often as they would.

The fountain ever flowed,
Its streams were free to all,
And many children loved to come
And see the water fall.

Some drank it on the spot ;
And many twice a day,
Would bring their empty pitchers there,
And bear them filled away.

But though the thirsty longed
These waters to obtain,
And with them fully quenched their thirst,
They thirsted soon again.

Not so when thirsty souls
The living waters try,
For these, outflowing from the Rock,
The heart can satisfy. (1 Cor. x. 4).

They never thirst again,
The Lord of glory said,
Whose poor and needy souls to Christ,
The Fount of life, are led.

'Tis there a child gets life,
Though dead in sins before ;
'Tis thence a little child may drink,
And go and thirst no more.

"MY LETTER."

1st August, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Before this letter arrives most of you will have "broken up" at school, and have commenced your holidays, and some of you will, very shortly, be enjoying a trip to the seaside, there building castles on the sands, making "ducks and drakes" on the sea, or, perhaps, with shoes and stockings off, paddling among the little rippling waves, picking up seaweed and stranded crabs and starfish.

But of course there will be many of you who, for one reason or another, cannot get away from home at all, either to seaside or country; and you will find many ways of trying to make the time pass happily, until you go back to school.

I sincerely wish you all very happy holidays, and if you do go from home, I trust you may have safe and pleasant journeys.

Of one thing I am quite sure, that if you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and are trying to please Him, you will have truly happy holidays, whether at home or away; for all who know Him, and seek to do what He tells them, have a joy which unsaved boys and girls do not know anything about.

I used to think, when I was a boy, that if I were a Christian I should have to go about with a long face and do a lot of things which I did not like—and others I know, and perhaps some of you, think as I thought. I have a letter lying before me, which a little friend of mine wrote to me some time since, telling me that he was saved, and knew it, and in it he says, "Satan often, when I was nearly persuaded, whispered to me, 'By-and-bye, if you believe you will be so miserable, and have to give up all kinds of things; and, I am sorry to say, I listened to him,

but thank God He helped me through it." And then further in the same letter he goes on to say, "I think it is much nicer to have to do with God (after being converted) than with Satan."

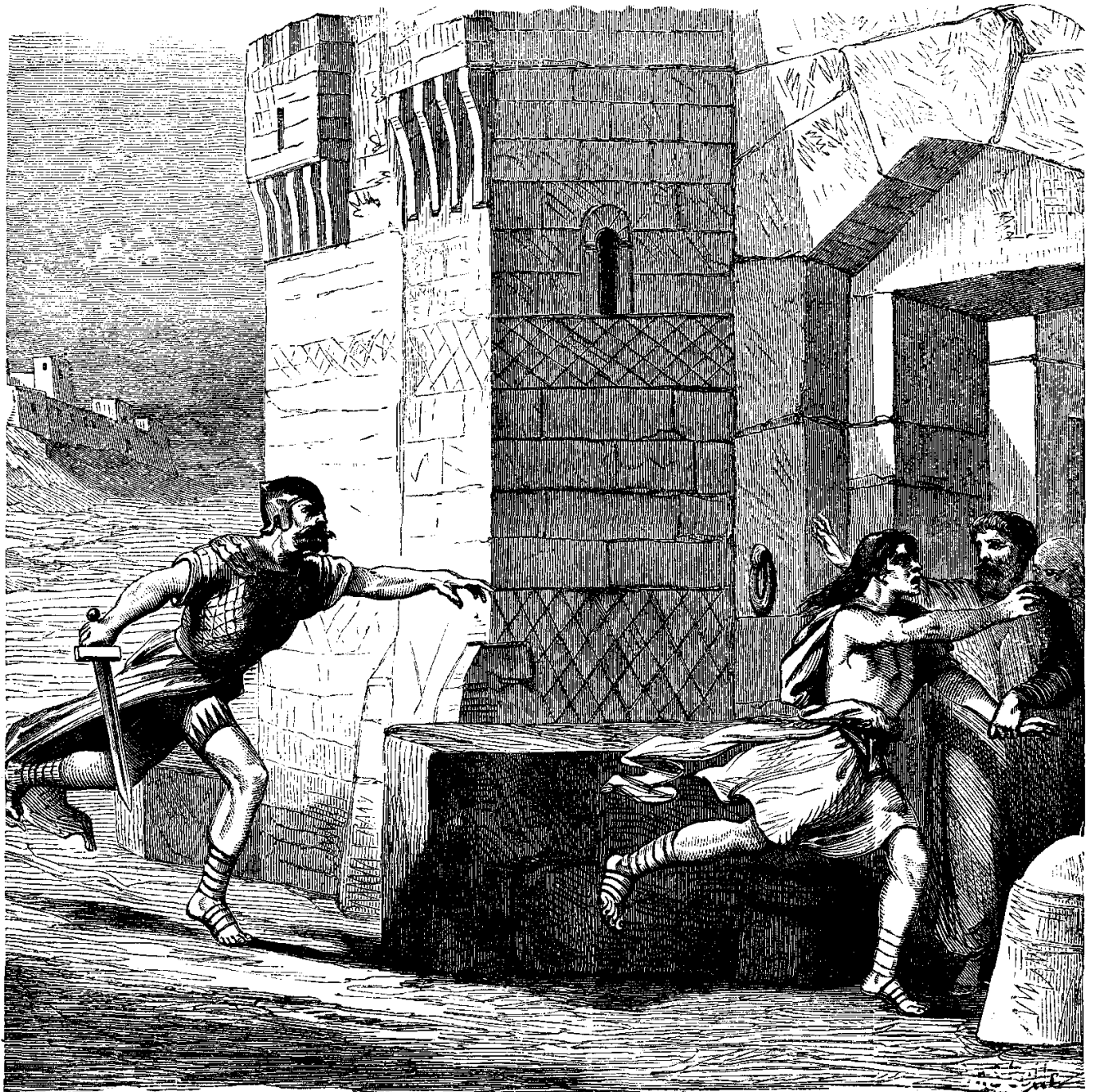
You see this young friend of mine found out that Satan was telling him untruths, in order to keep him away from Jesus; and coming to Him has not made this young one miserable, as Satan said it would, but on the contrary he is truly happy—and if you, who do not yet know Jesus as your own Saviour, will but come *now*—and come *just as you are*—you will find that all that Satan has told you as to being miserable and unhappy, is untrue—for you will find in the Lord Jesus not only a Saviour from sin, and Satan, and self, but a friend as well, one who will share *your* sorrows, and all *His* joys with you. And if you, who do not know Him, seek in *everything* to please Him—doing *all* in His name and obeying your parents in *all* things, and so showing your piety at home, and requiting your parents, you will be *well pleasing* to the Lord, and will have a joyous heart and a bright happy face as well. Now turn to the scriptures I have mentioned, Colossians iii. 20, 1 Timothy v. 4, and learn both verses.

May God bless you all in your holidays, and make them truly happy ones in knowing and serving the Lord Jesus.

Your loving friend, I. F.

P.S.—Perhaps there may be some of you younger ones who are troubled about your sins, and longing to know the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour, but have no friend to whom you can speak. If this is so, and you like to write to me, I will answer your letter, if the Lord will, and try to help you. My address would be, I. F., care of Mr. W. H. Broom, 25, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

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A CITY OF REFUGE.

“Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death.” Numbers xxxv. 30.

“The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.
And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast
not forsaken them that seek Thee.” Psalm ix. 10.

TWO DIVINE APPOINTMENTS.

MEETING an aged man in the country some time since, I entered into conversation with him by asking a few questions as to the locality, which was strange to me.

"The road there," said he, "leads to a house where a great man lived. He died only the other day, and they buried him yesterday in the church-yard yonder. He was a good man, and will be missed in the parish."

"It is very necessary to have *eternal* life, so that when we leave this world we may be safe for the next," I rejoined.

"Yes, that it is," was his reply.

"And do you know you have eternal life?" I asked.

"No, I *don't*; I can't say I do."

"How is that?"

"I don't think anybody can know that in this world. I should *like* to, but I don't think anybody can know *that* until the judgment."

"Pardon me; do you believe what is written in the Bible?"

"Yes; every word. I'll believe every word you read to me out of that book," said he, as I drew out of my pocket a New Testament.

Turning to the fifth chapter of John's gospel, 24th verse, I read, "'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.' John vi. 47."

"A good many people besides you have pointed out passages like them to me before this, but I read in my book that every one must give an account of himself to God; and though I haven't been what some people would call a sinner—I haven't been a public-house man, nor a swearer, nor anything of that sort, and I have nearly always attended a place of worship twice a Sunday; yet, when I look back upon my life of more than seventy years, I know I'm not all right, I haven't been what I ought, and I don't know how it will go with me at the judgment-day."

"You know you have committed sins, and are a sinner, and that the wages of sin is death, and that after death is the judgment."

"Yes. I *have* committed sins; I *know* I must die; and I *know* I must be judged; and I'm not comfortable."

I pointed out to him, as simply as I could, the love of God as declared in the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of John's gospel: "'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;'" and that those who believe in the Son of God are delivered from the coming judgment. "He that believeth . . . shall not come into judgment." I also endeavoured to show him how it could be possible for God to deliver from judgment those who believe; in that His own beloved Son has endured all the judgment of God due to the believer's sins. I admitted it is true that God must judge for sins, but if He has already judged His beloved Son for them—"who . . . bore our sins in His own body on the tree"—He will never judge us for them as well. God is far too just to judge two persons

for the same sins, His own beloved Son and also the believer; and besides, the love of His heart only delights to *forget* all the sins the moment any one trusts His Son for salvation; according to that scripture, 'Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.' Heb. x. 17." Much more was said to the same intent, and the old man, though not fully persuaded, was thankful at having the passages in God's Word pointed out.

On another visit to the same place he was still in a similar condition; but the third time, when I was accompanied by a Christian friend, his greeting was very cheering.

"He has spoken of you a hundred times since you were last here," said his wife, who was a believer.

"Ah! so I have a thousand," he added.

It appears he had thought much about our conversation, and, one night, whilst sleepless in bed, the Lord spoke to his soul that word, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Luke v. 20. The Word of God then became a blessed reality to him, for till that time he had learnt from it only that he was a sinner, that he must die and be judged, but he had now learnt that Jesus, having been delivered for his offences, God could say to him righteously, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." His sins being all gone he had now no fear of death, for the *sting of death* is sin; but that was all gone for him, and he would never come into judgment for his sins, because the Lord Jesus Christ had been judged for them. He could now see how the 24th v. of the 5th of John could be true of him.

"For four years," said he, "until the other night, I had the burden of my sins always hanging over me. Whether I

went out of that door, or whether I came in, it was always the same. That was why I began to learn to read the Bible; to know how I could get rid of my sins; and often have I and my wife sat up till midnight studying the Scriptures. Now I don't seem to think about my sins at all, but I sit here and think of all my Saviour has suffered for me on the cross."

He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and it had become his delight not only to think of the love of Christ to him, but also to seek to help his neighbours, who, heavy laden with sins, wanted to know salvation too. He said, in a severe illness, that he was quite ready to depart to be with Christ, or if it should be God's will, to wait till Christ should come to take him to be with Himself for ever.

Reader, bear in mind that the two things this aged man feared, while an unbeliever, are settled "appointments" by God. Listen to these scriptures:

"It is APPOINTED unto men once to die." Heb. ix. 27; also Job xxx. 23. "God . . . hath APPOINTED a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom He hath ordained." Acts xvii. 31; Rom. ii. 16. Will you have to keep these appointments? If you go on in unbelief in the Lord Jesus you surely will, for "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12. And, remember, it is written, "All our *righteousnesses* are as filthy rags." Isa. lxiv. 6. And again, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for IN THY SIGHT shall NO MAN living be justified." Psalm cxlii. 2. You may have kept many an appointment in your life, some pleasant and agreeable, others the reverse; but to have

to keep these appointments of God will indeed be terrible for you. There is no escape from them out of Christ. If you either despise, refuse, or neglect God's way of salvation, you will have to meet God in all your sins, be brought face to face with the Lord Jesus Christ as Judge, before whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away, and you will stand before Him in eternity to receive His sentence of eternal judgment. It is awful to dwell upon the "fixed" realities, these "appointments," already made by God for those who do not believe on His Son. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John iii. 18.

Are not the following scriptures full of comfort for those who do trust in Him for salvation? John v. 24, viii. 51, xi. 26; 1 Cor. xv. 51-57; 1 Thess. iv. 15-18; 2 Tim. i. 10; Heb. ii. 14, 15; 1 John iii. 2, 3; Rom. v. 12-21, viii. 33, 34; 1 Thess. v. 9, 10; 2 Thess. i. 5, 10; 1 John iv. 17, 18.

It is not intended to convey the idea from these scriptures that the bodies of believers may not die, or, rather, "fall asleep," nor that believers will not be manifested before the judgment-seat of Christ. Their bodies may fall asleep (1 Cor. iii. 22; 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14); and believers will be manifested before the judgment-seat of Christ; but it will not be to be judged for their sins, for the Judge Himself is the one who has borne them on the cross. They will be there as children of God, in bodies of glory, like Christ, to receive rewards or suffer loss according as their works on earth have been. 1 Cor. iii. 8-15; 2 Cor. v. 10.

G. I. S.

GOD'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

Matthew xviii. 14.

In Zech. viii. there is a striking statement of the interest which God takes in the happiness of children. The introductory verses of the chapter describe some of the scenes which will be upon the earth, when, saith the Lord, "I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem: and Jerusalem shall be called, A city of truth; and the mountain of the Lord of hosts, The holy mountain." "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." This seems to refer to the period which is usually called the Millennium, when Satan shall be bound a thousand years, and cast into the bottomless pit, till the thousand years shall be fulfilled (see Rev. xx.). Then the Lord will take His great power and reign, and blessing upon the earth will be the result during those thousand years, on account of the captivity of Satan, and the reign of the Lord.

Among the marks of that period of blessing, one is, the playing of boys and girls in the streets of Jerusalem. If it were not for the exceeding goodness and gentleness of the grace of God, one might wonder that such a matter as the playing of children should be noticed by His Spirit as one of the tokens of that happy period. But God cares for the blessing of even little children, not only upon the earth, but throughout eternity in heaven; for the Lord Jesus "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark x. 16.

Not far from my residence is a school for the maintenance and education of poor

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orphans. The institution is a large one, and the enclosed grounds belonging to it are extensive. In the midst of the grounds are some beautiful pieces of mown grass, and it is pleasing to see the children in the proper season, running and playing about under the charge of one or two persons whose duty it is to look after them. The dress of the children is clean and becoming, and they seem to be well-fed and cheerful. and they run and romp about as freely as children who possess the blessing of having parents. When I look upon them I feel thankful that God has put it into the hearts of kind persons to care and provide for such poor parentless children.

I daily travel a short distance by railway to my place of business, and at this (the summer) season of the year, I am often aroused in the carriage by the shouts of hundreds of children travelling in an opposite direction, who are out for a holiday. Their joy seems to be overflowing, and I certainly wish that they may have what is usually termed "a happy day," and that they may return home in safety. But I have my fears. Knowing their thoughtlessness, as well as the common dangers of travel, a shade of care passes over my spirit, and I cannot but breathe a prayer "uttered or unexpressed," that they may pass the day from which they hope so much, without trouble and danger.

All persons who truly love children, desire that they may be happy. But in what does real and permanent happiness consist? Not in anything under the sun. The only true, lasting and eternal happiness is in Christ, who is seated above the heavens. Now, what I want for you, dear children, is, not that you should be gloomy

and dull, and not enjoy the blessings of this life, but that you should have that source of happiness which endures for ever, which is the portion of every one, young or old, who comes to Jesus and trusts in Him and His precious blood for the redemption of his sins. Then you will have the present blessing of the believer, as well as the "fulness of joy" and the "pleasures for evermore," which are at the right hand of God, and which are the portion of all who come to Him in the name of His dear Son. T.

FOLLOW HIS STEPS.

1 Peter ii. 21.

THOSE washed in Jesu's blood,

Should bear His likeness too, 2 Cor. iii. 18.

And, as they onward move, 1 John ii. 6.

Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

Be gentle e'en when wronged,

Pride and revenge subdue; Col. iii. 8.

When to forgive seems hard, Col. iii. 13.

Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

Be brave, and do what's right,

And scorn to be untrue, Phil. iv. 8.

When fear would whisper "Yield," 1 Cor. xv. 58.

Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

Give with a full, free hand;

God freely gives to you; 2 Cor. ix.

And check each selfish thought Phil. ii. 4.

With, "What would Jesus do?"

And let this golden rule

Mark all your life-work through,

Reflecting heaven's own light,

By, "What would Jesus do?"

"AND be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Ephesians iv. 32.



A CHILD'S TREASURE RESCUED.

EARLY one morning, some few weeks since, an alarm of "Fire" was raised at a house in one of the towns in the United States of America, and the inmates were speedily aroused, and seizing such few things as they could carry, rushed out into the street.

Among the number thus escaped from the flames was a little girl, who had been hurried from her bed when the alarm was given, with no time to think of anything but her own safety. She now stood outside, with the quickly gathering crowd, watching the progress of the fire, when, all of a sudden, she was seen by one of those who, like herself, had escaped, to dart across the road, and enter the burning building. What could have led the child thus to rush into such danger, and risk

her precious life?—It was *love*. She was in perfect safety when standing outside—but out of *love* she hastened back again into that place of danger. Have you ever thought what it was that led the Lord Jesus to leave His glory in heaven, and come into this world? It was *love*! boundless love!—which brought Him into this world of sin and misery. And His love not only brought Him from that bright glory, but that same love led Him to go to the cross, and there on that cross "Christ died for the ungodly" and "suffered for sins, the just for the unjust"—sinners were in danger of being in the lake of fire for ever, for God is holy, and cannot have sin in His presence; but He would have sinners to be saved, and so out of love He sent His own dear Son to do His will, and to die on that cross, and out of love Jesus came, and willingly gave Himself, and died, so

that sinners who believe in Him might be saved from hell, and made fit for heaven.

But let me go on with my story. The father of the little girl heard that his child had rushed into that burning house, and very quickly he followed in order to bring her back, and found her with a doll in one hand, and some clothing in the other, which she was trying to save from the flames. The little girl loved her doll, and could not bear to think of its being burnt, and so out of love had gone to rescue it—and now she had it safely in her hand and was coming back out of the danger, happy doubtless because her doll, which she loved so much, was safe.

The child had suffered no harm by her brave deed—she was not burnt or injured in any way—but of course she had been in danger, and if the burning roof had fallen she might have been burnt or killed.

But the Lord Jesus, of whom I have spoken to you did not *risk* His life for sinners. Far more than that, He *gave* His life. And in order to save them He had to suffer, and what He suffered, when the wrath of God laid hard upon Him, we shall never be able to tell, but we know that now Jesus has come out of judgment (for He is risen from among the dead), and all those who believe may say that they are “safe in the hand of Jesus” (John x. 27, 28, 29), that His strong hand has such a firm hold of all who trust in Him, that none can pluck them away.

If that doll could have spoken don't you think it would have thanked the little girl, for her love to it? And *you can* speak, but have you, who believe on Him, ever thanked the Lord Jesus for His matchless love, in dying that shameful death, and for bearing your sins, in His own body, on

the tree? 1 Peter ii. 24. He looks for your thanks, and desires that you should “remember Him” who died for you, and wishes that you should be here in this world (out of which He was cast) for His glory while you wait for the time when He will come, and take you to be with Himself, in His own bright home for ever. If you turn to 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52, you will see that you may not have long to wait.

A CHILD'S GIFT.

A FATHER lately said to his son, who is brought up in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord” (Ephes. vi. 4), that if he sometimes had a penny to spare, he thought that it would be well if he gave it to any lame person whom he might see in the streets. Shortly afterwards the father met a respectable lame person whom he knew, who smilingly returned to him a penny which the boy had given to him a day or two before. He evidently had appreciated the motive of the child in giving it to him, and had not refused the gift.

The father had, perhaps, not sufficiently guarded the permission which he gave to his son to give a penny to any *poor* lame person whom he might meet; but the son acting upon his father's advice, as he understood it, carried it out, not with parade, but in secret: for he made no mention at home of what he had done, and it was only by the lame gentleman's explanation that the father was made acquainted with the act of his son.

It is blessed for a child to attend to the good counsel of his parents, and doubly so, when they are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ; and it is good, in making a gift, whether large or small, to do it without sounding a trumpet before us. (Matt. vi. 1-4).

EVERY KNEE AND EVERY TONGUE.

ON one of my visits to the hospital of W—— about three years ago, I saw, for the first time, a young man of gentlemanly but pale and delicate appearance. He was passing in from the yard to a ward as I was coming out, and after the usual salutations and enquiries about his health, I reminded him of the uncertainty of this life, and pointed to the Christ of God, who died to secure for all who believe in Him a blessed eternity. Quickly and sharply he replied, "I have had a good education, and know all that you can tell me." Remembering there is "a time to keep silence," and not having a ready answer, I bade him good evening, and passed on, lifting up my heart to the Lord for him, and for another opportunity to speak, and for the right word when that opportunity came. A few days after, on entering a ward, I saw this same patient (Mr. C.) standing by the fire at the far end of the ward. Having spoken to the various patients by whose beds I passed, I finally stood before him, and looking up for guidance, I first asked after his health. He answered curtly, and added he did not wish for a conversation with me. The moment was a solemn one, but assuming a tone of pleasantness, I said, "I want particularly to say something to you, and promise it shall not take more than from one to two minutes. Will you let me say it?" Planting himself still more firmly upon the floor with feet apart and down-cast eyes, he replied, "Well, say on."

Thankful for permission I spoke to this effect. "The time is near when you must stand before God; if you will bow to Him now He will save you, but if not, you *will*

have to bow to Him by-and-by when He will be your Judge. He has said, 'Unto Him every knee shall bow,' and your knee is included in the 'every.'" I stopped.

He had heard me to the end, when he exclaimed distinctly, "Well, I refuse to bow to Him."

"You refuse to bow *now*," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "nor will I then unless I'm obliged."

"God has said you shall, and 'heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away,'" I said, and I left the ward. O, this is the day of grace, and is it not why such daring, impious conduct seems to be passed by: "These things thou didst and I kept silence," but, O, the time will come when Thou wilt *not* keep silence.

The look, the tone, the white and quivering lip all showed the storm rising within, and I afterwards learned that as soon as I had left, he strode up and down the ward, and in no measured terms spoke of the intrusiveness and interference of that lady visitor, and expressed his opinion that she should not be admitted.

On subsequent visits he evidently avoided an encounter, and in a fortnight, feeling better, he left the hospital. But a few weeks more rolled away, when entering another ward of the same hospital a patient said, "We have had two deaths since you were here last week."

"Two," I replied, "I miss one, who is the other?"

"Mr. C. was brought in again, and died in thirty-six hours."

"What, Mr. C., he who left here about a month ago?"

"Yes, the same," he added.

Oh, the solemnity of that moment—he

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had passed then into the presence of God—he had proved the truth of the words spoken to him—how was he feeling now—sceptic no longer—yet too late for aught but remorse.

He was partly unconscious when brought in, and soon became totally so, and in the short space of thirty-six hours his lifeless body was removed to the “dead-house.”

O, my readers, whoever you be, educated or uneducated, young or old, remember, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to God. Rom. xiv. 11.

“HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR SHALL NOT LACK.”—Prov. xxviii. 27.

THERE are some that will not deny to do the poor a pleasure, but they will mix their mercies with so many twits, that the persons on whom they bestow their charity shall find but little sweetness in it. But Christ doth not do so, coming sinner; He casteth all thine iniquities behind His back; thy sins and iniquities He will remember no more. Isa. xxxviii. 17; Heb. viii. 12.

JOHN BUNYAN.

“WE ALSO JOY IN GOD.”

Rom. v. 11.

“My meditation of Him shall be sweet.” Ps. civ. 34. Believers who are much in secret prayer and meditation, have more life and joy than others who are chiefly employed in hearing and reading, because the former are nearer the well-head, and have their supplies more immediately from God; we bring our hearts more easily to read and hear than to secret prayer and meditation, because in the former there is more of man, and in the latter we approach the Lord alone; and our natures draw back from the more spiritual duties, though they are the most profitable.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

“TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.”—Hebrews iii. vii.

IN setting down the following true story, I write chiefly for the boys and girls of our Sunday Schools, though the facts may, I trust, prove a warning to others also.

Joseph E—— had been in a class at the Sunday School; he had a fair knowledge of the Bible, and perhaps a larger knowledge of the Prayer-book; he was considered serious and steady, but there had been no acceptance in his heart of God’s Word, and no true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The consequence was, that when apprenticed—unfortunately to a godless man—the Word of God had little restraining power over him, and he gradually dropped all connection with religion, as he would call it, and sank into unholy ways of foul language and of drink. In later years it was his sad boast, that, even as a youth, he could swear as hard an oath as any man living, except his old master.

When I first knew him he was about twenty-two years of age, full of fun and animal spirits, ready to drink with anyone, and so had plenty of companions.

So far, his health was little affected by drinking habits, which habits, however, rapidly gained hold upon him, and in a few years it was evident that his health was breaking up. The continued and frequent use of strong drinks, the insufficient solid food which he took, and the occasional exposure at night whilst under the influence of drink, began to tell upon his health, and gradually he became worse. Consumption, that terrible disease, laid hold of him, and, step by step, he went on an easy but swift downward

course. Weakness, a shocking cough, occasional inability to work, then confinement to the house, and at last to his bed, were stages quickly travelled.

One day I heard it stated that Joseph E—— was really very ill, and the desire to visit him arose in my mind. I could not hope for a welcome reception, knowing his godless life, but in prayer to God, I besought Him to make a way for me. To my surprise, the next morning, a young man said to me, "I saw E—— last night, he asked if you would go and see him. I believe he is anxious about his soul." With what joy did I hear this! That night I went to see him, and he was very pleased to see me; his old companions had forsaken him now that, like the prodigal, he had spent all (Luke xv.), and truly he began to be in want. He was reduced to almost a skeleton, but his voice was fairly strong, and we were able to talk pretty freely about his soul. He admitted that he had not lived as he ought to have done, but his care seemed to be more to escape the *punishment* of his sin, rather than having any deep sense of the *guilt* of his sin before God. I read parts of God's Word which I thought would help him, and from the story of the crucifixion, showed how the Lord Jesus Christ "*died for the ungodly.*"

I called again a few days later, and he was in much better health apparently, though it was only one of those short periods of revived strength common to consumption. Unfortunately, he was not alone; a fellow-clerk was present, and to him Joseph stated repeatedly what he intended to do, what changes he meant to make when he was about again. He had been a fool, he should know better now,

and would keep clear of the drink. But the fear of death, which had before troubled him, had gone; his thoughts were all in the future, and of this life only. I had to leave him with a heavy heart, for it looked so much as though his soul-care rose and fell with the state of his pulse.

Yet a few more days passed, and I saw him again, and oh! what a change. He was helpless, his voice had almost gone, and he was ready to listen again to words of counsel, and to the Word of God. He confessed sorrow for sin, and faith in Christ, though he owned it was weak, but he insisted that he could say, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." I trusted it was real, and again set forth some of the blessings which are given to those who believe in Christ, especially the gift of everlasting life. He asked me to pray for and with him, and I asked what he would like me to pray for. He answered, "About the future." I hardly knew to what he referred, whether to his temporal wants (he had a wife and three children, and the many weeks of illness had brought them to a low point, and they were quite dependent upon help from others), or to any dread lest after all he should be lost. Thinking it was more likely to be the latter, I replied, "Well, if you are really trusting in Christ, and you say that you do believe in Him, and that you have eternal life in Him, you have more cause for thanksgiving than for prayer. The Lord Jesus has said, 'I give unto them (My sheep) eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.' And again, Saint Paul says, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him

against that day.'” He answered, “Then you need not pray about it.” I knelt beside the bed, and thanked God for the mercy shown, and commended E—— to His gracious care, that He would supply all bodily needs, and would keep his soul in peace. I ought to say that there seemed no joy such as is usually experienced by a person just entered into eternal life. Again I left with the promise of another visit. I confess I did not feel so joyful as I should have expected; the remembrance of the manner in which he had seemed to throw off all care on the previous visit unpleasantly haunted my memory, but I *hoped* all was well.

The next morning E—— rapidly sank, and became conscious that he was drawing near to the grave. Then the sorrows of death compassed him, and his confidence fled. “Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me!” was his continual cry. His poor wife, unable herself to help him, sent for a minister, who read and prayed with him, and his mind seemed to grow a little easier. (Was it the comfort of God?) Soon, utterly exhausted, he passed away.

A few years have elapsed, and as I look back, I wonder, how was it with his soul after all? Was there that true faith which is a living hold upon Christ? The scripture indeed says that those who call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Was his cry the call of faith which is here (Rom. x. 13) meant? or was it simply the cry of fear, as the snares of hell got hold upon his soul? I cannot answer this. Naturally, I trust for the best, but I cannot know till the day when the secrets of every heart shall be laid bare.

Let me ask you, boys and girls, would

you like such a death-bed as that? Would you, who know the way of life, and have been taught to reverence God’s Word, care to pass away with such a shadow upon you, so that those who are left cannot say whether or no it is well with you? Think of the distress which comes upon the soul, when, face to face with death, God in Christ is unknown! Think of the “*after death*,” if the repentance is only such as Judas showed—a feeling of regret and fear without any real change of mind! Oh! that you may be wise now; consider your latter end, and turn to God while in the days of your youth, so that, should you be called to die, His love may be the pillow upon which your head shall rest!

W. J.

TWO THINGS A BLIND MAN COULD SEE.

THERE is in one of the Midland towns, in the workhouse, a poor blind man—poor in this world’s goods at least, but, it is hoped, rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him (James ii. 5).

A visitor one day saw this poor fellow, and speaking to him said,

“Can you see yourself?”

“Yes, sir,” was the answer.

“What can you see yourself as?”

“As a *sinner*, sir,” he replied.

The visitor then asked, “can you see Jesus?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What can you see Him as?”

“As my Saviour, sir.”

This blind man could see two things—himself *as a sinner*—the Lord Jesus *as his Saviour*.

Reader, can you see these two things? If not, *you are blind*, blinded by the god of this world. May God in His mercy open your eyes now, in the day of grace, to see yourself as a sinner, and the Lord

Jesus as your Saviour, or else, you will assuredly have them opened in the Day of Judgment, when you will indeed see yourself as a sinner, but Jesus then as a JUDGE.

"Now is the day of Salvation" (1 Cor. vi. 2). "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow" (James iv. 14).

I. F.

"MY LETTER."

1st September, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Holidays are nearly over now, and so I suppose most of you have already left the sea-side or country, and have reached home in readiness for the return to school.

Many of you have stood upon the sea-shore, and watched those restless waves, which sometimes seem as though they really meant to cover the land, for they roll in upon the sand and shingle, and dash with such fury against the rocks, and cliffs, and breakwaters.

Perhaps, too, you have thrown stones from the shore and watch them fall into the water with a splash, and then they have sunk out of sight, and you have never seen them again.

If you will turn in your Bibles to the 7th chapter of the prophet Micah, you will there read in the 19th verse of something which God casts into the sea, for we're told "Thou wilt cast *all* their sins into the depths of the sea."

I wonder if all *your* sins have been cast into the depths of the sea by the hand of God? Thank God, I now can say that all mine have been thrown there, hidden from the sight of God for ever.

Yes, God, the holy God, against whom I had sinned, has now put *all* my sins right away, and will not remember them any more (Hebrews x. 17).

Has He then lightly passed over them, without showing His hatred of sin? Oh, no! Out of love to me He gave His own dear Son, the One in whom He delighted, and out of love to His Father and love to me, Jesus, the Son of God, gave Himself, came from the glory which He always had, came into this world, and on the cross died for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of *all* who *believe* on Him, and there bearing the punishment. He shed His precious blood, which God says, "cleanseth from *all* sin" (1 John i. 7). And, now, God has raised His Son from the dead, and Jesus is in Heaven, crowned with glory and honour, and *all* the sins which He bore on the cross are gone—cast into the depths of the sea—left behind in the deep dark waters of death and judgment, out of which Jesus has risen. And now God's message is, "*Whosoever believeth* in Him shall receive remission of sins (Acts x. 43.), that is, shall have all his sins put away, and be able to say, "Thou hast cast all my sins into the depths of the sea."

Can you say this my little friend? *You* have sinned—but if you come now as a poor lost sinner, saying, "I have sinned," you will find God will receive and forgive you, for, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John i. 9).

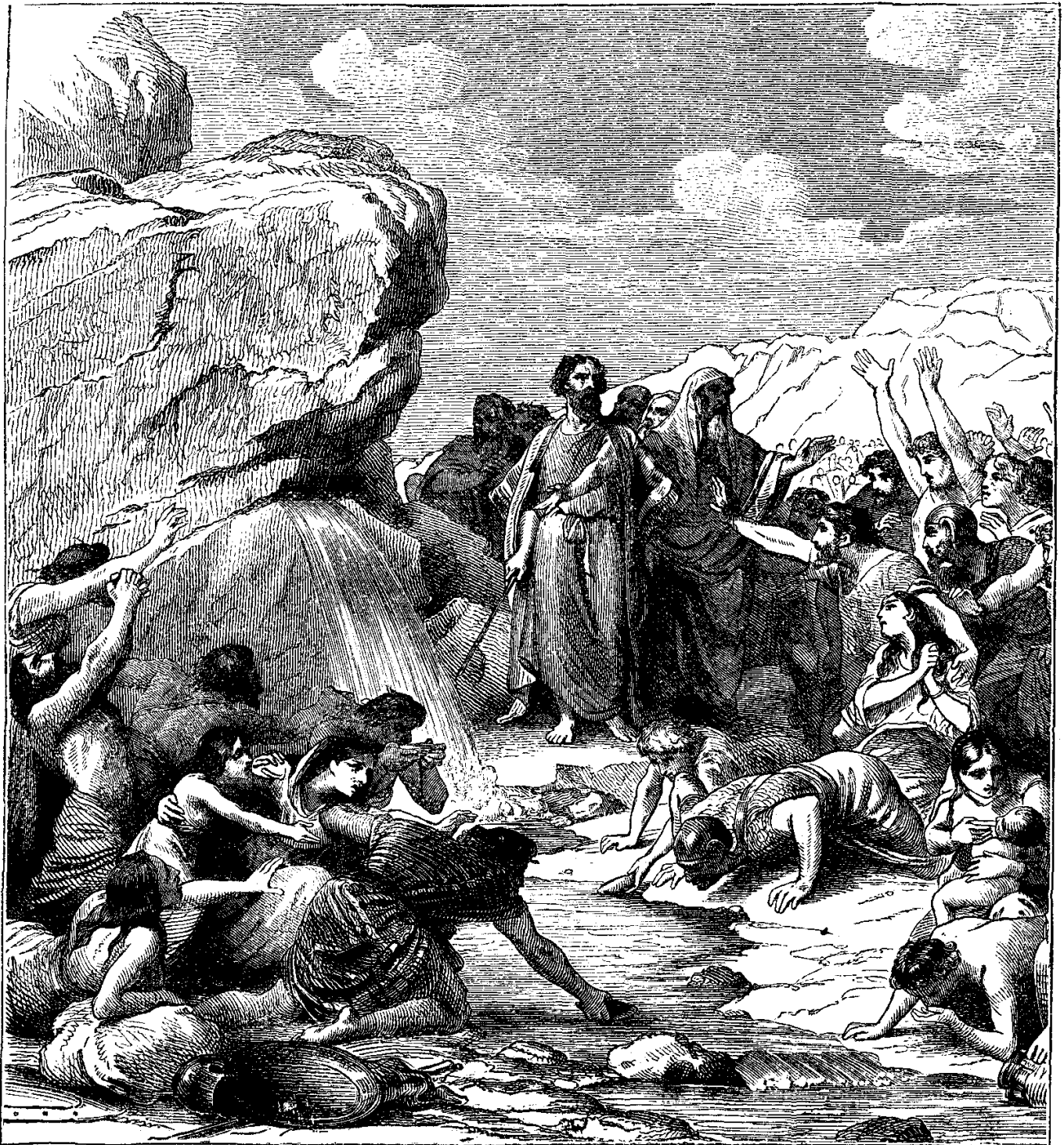
Now don't wait until you are older, but come NOW, and if you have come yourself, seek to bring others, that so they too may have all their sins cast away, and be made fit to be in the glory of God with the Lord Jesus, who is coming soon to take his loved ones home.

Your loving friend,

I. F.

ERRATA.—Page 96, 2nd column, line 21, printers by mistake put in "not." It is only those who know the Lord who will put their trust in Him, and seek to please Him. Psalm ix. 10.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



MOSES SMITETH THE ROCK.—NUMBERS XX.

Jesus said unto her, whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—John iv.

TWO TRUE NARRATIVES.

It was about Christmas time that a young lady, belonging to a wealthy and fashionable circle, called one morning on a dressmaker, in the West End of London, to have a ball dress quickly made. I was then employed in the show-room, a situation which gave me many opportunities of observing quietly, and often sorrowfully, the power that dress and fashion have over the minds of ladies.

She was the elder of two daughters, and her parents almost idolized her. In personal appearance she was beautiful to look upon, and very amiable; but her young heart seemed intensely set on earthly joys and worldly glories. These two things appeared to me to have been the principal elements of her life, and in which she had been brought up from her cradle. She entered into the following conversation with me: "Can you have made for me a very pretty ball dress for to-morrow evening, Miss —?" I am very sorry to give you so short a notice, but I did not make up my mind to go until this morning at breakfast time, and mamma said she was quite sure you would let me have it." "Well, we will try, Miss Ada, not to disappoint you, as you want it particularly. But now comes the question, Of what material and colour is it to be made?" "As to that," she replied, "I've settled it beforehand. Let my dress be of *pure white*, nothing but tulle and white satin; put no colour upon it whatever. I wish to have it made very stylish; but I leave it all to you, for it is to be a very grand ball, given for a particular occasion, and much elegance will be displayed."

She arranged to come the next morning to try it on, and accordingly did so. While the dressmaker was fitting the body, Miss Ada wished to have it cut much lower. I tried to persuade her to the contrary, as the weather was very cold, and I feared that the sudden transition from the hot ball-room to a cold, freezing atmosphere might injure her health. She laughed at my fears, and said that she had often gone to balls and parties in the winter, both in London and in the country, and had never taken cold; besides, a high low body was very unbecoming to her figure. After arranging other little matters she cheerfully bade me good morning, and went away. The dress was made, and sent home; she went to the ball, and was as usual much admired.

Perhaps, dear reader, your thought is, she must have enjoyed it, and have been very happy; but, alas! the streams of this world yield no true happiness; for "the end of these things is death;" and "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." The soul which God has created can never be satisfied nor have true peace, except as it is brought into acquaintance with God Himself; for "wisdom is better than rubies: and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

This young lady was a great favourite of mine; and often did I offer a silent prayer that she might be brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, and accept His salvation. Two mornings after the ball she called. I was alone in the show-room arranging the things. I was struck with her paleness, and surprised to see her so early. "Oh! good morning," she said, "I see you are wondering what brings me

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now; but papa was going out this way with the carriage, and as I did not feel very well, he thought a short drive might do me good. He will call again presently to fetch me. I thought you would like to know how the ball went off. It was a splendid entertainment; my dress fitted me beautifully, and everybody told me it was very pretty; but somehow I did not feel quite well, nor in my usual spirits. One strange remark was made to me by a very particular friend, which spoiled the remainder of the evening. I thought I should like to tell you, I don't know why, though I have not mentioned it to any one else. I am so glad you are alone," she continued, glancing round the show-room. "As I was waltzing round the room with my friend, he said, 'With all this white about you, Ada, you remind me of some spirit, and your dress is better fitted for a coffin than a ball-room.' Was it not a strange thing to say to me? and what do you think of it, Miss V——?" I replied, with a shudder, "I think the remark was most out of place, and very uncourteous, coming from a friend especially; but I suppose it was said without a thought, in a careless manner, not intending to wound your feelings. But will you permit me to speak to you about what the remark suggests now to my mind, and not be offended at the liberty I am taking?" "Oh, do say what you think, Miss V——. I am sure you mean well, and I will not mind it, whatever it may be!"

Emboldened by her earnestness, I replied, "It matters very little, Miss Ada, what covering we shall wear in the coffin, for as far as that goes it cannot interfere with the soul's happiness and safety; but

there is a covering which is absolutely necessary to be put on before we die—that righteousness which is imputed by faith alone, without works, to every soul who believes in the precious blood of Christ for the washing away of their sins. In the third chapter of Romans it is written, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' By this scripture we are taught the utter ruin in which we all are by nature. Old and young, rich and poor, are alike proved to be 'guilty before God,' without any possibility of ever being accepted by Him on account of any human merits. And further on in this chapter the only way of reconciliation and peace with God is unfolded, even JESUS, whom God hath set forth as a propitiation for our sins. In that well-known chapter, the third of John, the blessed Lord Jesus Himself teaches us by His conversation with Nicodemus the need of a change of heart—of spiritual regeneration. He told this Pharisee (and remember a Pharisee was one who kept the outward letter of the law, and was blameless in the eyes of men) that in order to enter the kingdom of heaven he must be *born again*; that is, that no renovation of human nature, no improvement of the flesh, could ever avail to fit him for the presence of God; there must be an entire change, a new birth by the power of the Holy Ghost, before he could see the kingdom of God. And so must it be, my dear young lady, with us all. We must experience this change of heart, be washed from our sins in the blood of Jesus, and clothed with the righteousness of God, if we would ever join the redeemed in heaven."

There was a solemn pause between us; at last she looked up anxiously into my

face with a troubled expression, while a tear, a precious tear, rolled down her cheeks to the ground—perhaps the very first she ever shed on that momentous subject. Our two spirits met, and in that quick, passing glance mysteriously understood each other. She held out her hand to me, which I tenderly pressed in mine. Her father's carriage then came to the door, and she was obliged to go. "Good-bye, Miss V——," she said, in a quiet, thoughtful manner. I followed her down stairs to the carriage, and as they drove off she gave me a last graceful bow of the head, and was soon out of sight. I ran up stairs, and knelt down in a favourite little corner (for God is everywhere), and lifted up my heart in fervent prayer to Him for the conversion of this dear young lady.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Isa. xl. 8. The truth of this was most solemnly verified in the case of this young lady. How little did I think when I parted from her as recorded above that I should never meet her again in this world! She who was so very particular about being clothed in spotless white for the earthly ball was quickly called away to stand before Him, who is the holy, holy Lord God Almighty, in whose presence nothing but absolute purity and stainless holiness can ever appear. Three short mornings after the conversation related above, Miss Ada, the lovely flower of the earth, faded quickly away, and passed into eternity. She had caught cold the night of the ball, for which the last ball dress she ever wore was made. Acute inflammation of the throat followed, which no human skill could stop, and in a few short hours proved fatal.

What passed between her spirit and God before it passed away to His presence to receive according to her works I cannot tell. I must leave her in the hands of a merciful God; for it is better to fall into His hand than into the hands of man; for He judgeth righteously. Oh, how I was startled by the very sad news of her sudden departure! Her sweet, imploring face seemed to follow me everywhere. I reproached myself deeply, with many tears, that I had not been more faithful to her who was so near eternity. Yet I have faith to believe that the little I did say was not lost. The Lord can save, even at the eleventh hour, those who come to Him in true faith.

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One."

All things are possible with God.

But while we magnify His grace in saving sinners at the very verge of the grave, and wonder at His divine forgiveness in pardoning rebellious sinners, yet let none presume to put off the salvation of their souls to a dying hour; for whilst we have the example of the dying thief given to encourage any who might otherwise despair, there are many instances of those who, like Felix, having deferred it to a more convenient season, have found that it was too late. And even when a soul is converted on a dying bed, there must be a deep regret that there is no opportunity of glorifying God in life, nor of manifesting true faith by the bringing forth of good works unto God, as fruit in which He can delight. The soul may be saved, but there will be nothing that the Lord can commend in that day when we must all stand (*i.e.*, as believers for reward of service) before His judgment seat. Let me here remind any of my readers who

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are believers that now is the time for service to the Lord. "For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Eph. ii. 10. Another beautiful scripture, "Blessed are the dead which *die in the Lord* from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13), shows that a life of good works, springing from right motives, faith and love to Jesus Christ, is acceptable to God. Some death-bed repentances give ample evidence that there is remorse in the soul for having misspent the time allotted here in self-gratification and worldly pursuits. It must be allowed by all that ball-rooms, theatres, and the like, are not the places for Christians to frequent, are not the soil out of which growth in grace and spirituality of mind can be developed—such tender fruits are found only in separation from the world, its pleasures and its amusements, in companionship with Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." 2 Cor. vi. 14-18.

I will just add one true incident which came under my own notice, in many respects a striking contrast to the one just related, but similar in that it illustrates the true condition of all, both high and low, rich and poor, as being under the condemnation of God in consequence of sin, and that nothing can meet the need of either but the blood of Christ, "whom God has set forth as a propitiation (or mercy-seat)." May the Lord, in His purpose of infinite grace and love, bless it to some careless soul, to some one who has perhaps never yet asked himself or herself the solemn question,

Why am I created? or who thinks that it will be quite soon enough to seek the Lord upon a death-bed; as it were compulsorily yielding the heart to God, when the world has broken it, and filled it with sorrows and bitter disappointments, or when disease is eating up the poor framework of the body.

I once visited a young girl just twenty-one years of age, who was dying of rapid consumption in one of the London hospitals. After a short conversation I found she was unsaved, and utterly ignorant of the simple plan of salvation. I saw by her wasted appearance, and other symptoms, that she was not long for this world. My soul felt deeply moved toward her, as I gazed on this frail being just on the threshold of the unseen world.

"Dear Emily," I said to her, "do you know that you are very ill?" "Yes, miss; I know I am, but I hope soon to get better, and leave the hospital to go to work again." "But suppose you do not get well again, and it is God's will to take you away, what then? Are you ready for the great change, and to meet your God? Behonest, dear girl, you have no time to trifle; to what are you trusting for salvation?"

She trembled and blushed, and with some emotion said, "It is no use to try and deceive you; I am not ready, and what is more, I am afraid to die, and don't know what to do." "Well, dear Emily, will you let me tell you how poor sinners can be saved and go to heaven, and that without any good work on their part to commend them to God?"

I lifted up my heart to God in silent prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, that I might teach this poor dark soul aright. The prayer was answered, the Lord gave

her the listening ear. I tried very simply to show her that in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ we have one who suffered "the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God," and that through believing in His precious blood all our sins are washed away, and we have peace with God, and are made righteous in His sight. It was all quite new to her, and Satan tried to raise many obstacles in the way of her receiving it. She thought this plan of salvation was too easy, and that she ought to do something to merit it. Rom. iii. 25.

The second time I visited her I saw that she was very unwilling to believe that she could not get well. She clung to life with a longing grasp. Like my dear young friend, Miss Ada, Emily loved the world, as far as she had been able to enjoy it in her own sphere of life, and did not wish to leave it. She worked at a factory, and she told me that almost all her earnings were spent on dress, and in frequenting theatres, music and dancing halls, &c. She had lost her parents when she was very young, and resided with a poor married sister, who herself lived in utter neglect of God. She never entered a place of worship nor read her Bible. Thus she followed the course of this world, being blinded by the devil (2 Cor. iv. 4), until arrested by the afflictive hand of God.

Let me remind you, dear reader, that this poor girl was a specimen of many such in London, whom we might call the heathen of the city. She had been ill only three months, when the Lord directed my steps to her. It pleased God to touch her heart, and lead her to rest in Jesus, and she became very happy in His love. She then became very willing to die, and

leave all in His hands. She left the hospital and went to her sister's, where I continued to visit her till her death.

A few days before the end, she said to me, "There is one thing that the more I think of the more miserable I feel." "What is it, my dear Emily?" "Well, it is this, I have never done one good action for God, nor spoken a good word for Him. It makes me cry in the night when I think of the crown of thorns being put on the head of my dear Saviour, and of all He suffered when He was crucified. I feel so vile in myself and do not deserve to be saved; and yet when I think of the beautiful text you read to me, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' I have hope, and believe that it is meant for me also; but my heart is sad at my ingratitude. When I worked at the factory I did dislike the religious girls who were there, and used to call them names, and tried to get all I could to go with me to places of amusements, thus leading some weak ones perhaps to ruin."

"My dear Emily, remember that God does not save anyone because they are good; none is good but God. Jesus said, 'They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' All who want to be saved must take the place of the lost ones. Do you understand? Some are too proud to be saved in that way; they want to bring something good in themselves to be accepted of God; but it will not do. The word of God says that 'all our righteousnesses,' or good works, 'are as filthy rags;' 'for by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.' Eph. ii. 8, 9.

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And you are saved, Emily, not by any merit or good works of your own, but simply by believing this truth." 1 John v. 1.

The last time I saw her was the morning before her death. She wished me to sing to her, "There is a fountain filled with blood." "It is nice," she said; "it is the best hymn in the book. I am in a great deal of pain and weakness, my poor bones are through my skin, but I will not complain; the pains of my Saviour were a great deal worse. I thank you very much for your kindness and patience. At first I did not like you, because you told me plainly that I must die; but when God showed me myself, and led me to see Jesus, I was thankful for your visits, and to know that I had nothing else to cling to here; so I gave myself up entirely to Jesus, or I should say, He took me up. Tell my companions not to trifle away their life as I have done, and to take warning from me. Only a few months ago I was the merriest of them all; but where am I now? Oh, tell them, with my dying love, to flee to Jesus and be saved! Be earnest, dear Miss V.; for it is hard work to seek the Lord on a death-bed; it is very difficult to think of anything when the body is full of pain, and the brain so weak that the fall of a leaf makes you startle."

After saying these words between intervals she stopped, being much exhausted. I then knelt down by her bedside, with her hand in mine, and committed her for the last time to God, with tears of profoundest thankfulness that He had saved her with an everlasting salvation. When I rose from my knees she drew me close to her, and said in a whisper, "How many hours do you think I shall last

before I go home?" "Not many," I replied; "but you must wait the Lord's time. Good-bye, my dear Emily; we part here for a little while, but we shall soon meet yonder for eternity." That night she fell asleep, not to awake till the trumpet shall sound, and call forth those who have died in the Lord to rise to meet Him in the air.

In conclusion, beloved reader, I would affectionately entreat you, if you are still unsaved, not to trifle any longer with the message of pardon and peace sent to you by a gracious, long-suffering God. Be warned of the uncertainty of life by the two examples I have recorded, and while you have the opportunity, make sure the salvation of your precious soul by resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus. Don't put it off. Genuine death-bed repentances are very few. I have witnessed many persons dying, and as a rule they pass away in the same state in which they have lived. And remember, "as the tree falls so it lies." There is no salvation in the grave; no offer of mercy is ever heard by those who die in their sins. Young and old are alike called away, and many so suddenly that they have not the opportunity, even if they had the will to repent. Beware, therefore, dear reader, of trifling with this important matter.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."
—Isaiah lv. 7, 8.

THE LITTLE HOP-PICKER.

SOME few years ago, in the hop-picking season, a lady was walking through the streets of one of the principal towns in the fertile county of Kent, when her attention was arrested by a little girl who was playing in the gutter. She was very poor, dirty and ragged, but as she looked at her she felt such a deep, yearning longing after the child's soul, she could not pass her by, so she stopped a moment, and laying her hand on the little one's shoulder, she asked, "Little girl, would you not like to learn to read?" The little one stared, it was a new thought to her, the idea of her learning anything, but taking her hand, Mrs. —, who had a class at the ragged school, said they would go and ask the mother's permission. A dreadful-looking woman opened the door a very little, and hearing what their errand was, roughly and unceremoniously refused. Mrs. — was not to be daunted by the woman's behaviour, and she went on kindly, "But you are very poor, and very hungry; I can see that you need bread, and you will want your rent paid." At this the door opened a little wider, so she continued, "Now, if you will let your little girl come to school to-night, I will give you a nice loaf, and one week's rent." The offer was too tempting to be refused, and the woman reluctantly consented to her child's going to the ragged school in the evening.

Some of the children in that school were already noted for their roughness and inattention, but never perhaps before had such a wild little thing disturbed the classes; one after another of the teachers

tried her, and pronounced her hopelessly unmanageable. Her kind friend could not bear the thought of her being expelled, and took her into her own class, but the child seemed to glory in her troublesome ways, and was, if possible, worse than before, until one night, when the teacher took for her subject the wondrous story of the Crucifixion. The children gathered round her as she spoke to them of the Saviour's love that had led Him down so low, even to the death of the cross, such a cruel, shameful death at the hands of men, and as she dwelt a little upon that dying love, to her surprise her hitherto incorrigible scholar burst into tears, and she asked, "Did Jesus really love so much as that, did you say He bore all that for me?" And then answering her own question, "But, no, it could not be for me, I am so very bad." "Dear, child," said Mrs. —, "did you never hear that it was for very bad ones that Jesus came. He 'came to seek and to save that which was lost.'" And then and there the child believed the message that had come to her, and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

She went home, and when bed-time came, the mother, who was a Roman Catholic, told her to repeat her prayers with her beads as usual. "Not now, mother," she said, "I can go straight to Jesus* now, and tell Him everything I want." Again the mother commanded, but the child persisted in her refusal, and finding that she could not enforce obedi-

* She had learnt that she could draw near to God through the Lord Jesus, and need not pray to the Virgin Mary or other saints to intercede for her.

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ence, she became angry, and beat her child cruelly, and turned her out of doors all night. She lay on the door-step that night, and as soon as she could, she found her way to her teacher's study.

The poor little one was so disfigured by the cruel treatment she had received, that Mrs. — could only weep over her. "Why do you cry?" she asked, "it was not so bad as Jesus suffered for me, was it?"

Mrs. — saw that it was useless to interfere with the mother on the child's behalf, and feeling sure that she was now one of the Good Shepherd's own lambs, she suggested that she had better discontinue coming to the school.

So the summer passed away, and the hop-pickers left the neighbourhood to return to their different homes, and Mrs. — lost sight of her little *protégé*; other people and other claims came to occupy her time and thoughts, and the little hop-picker was almost forgotten. Then came a year when the cholera made fearful ravages in the town in which Mrs. — lived, and early and late she was busy among the sick and the dying, bringing relief where it was possible, and speaking to all of a Saviour, who was ready to save, even at the last moment, those who turned to Him. As she passed along one morning, she heard a pitiful little wail, "Teacher, my mother is dying, will you come and see her?" and to their mutual joy, she recognized her little scholar again. She followed her into the room in which her mother lay, very ill indeed, apparently dying. She applied the customary remedy, and then she spoke to the woman of her condition, telling her the oft-repeated, but never-tiring story of a Saviour's love and

grace. "Oh," she said, "it's too late for me, it's no use to speak to me, see what a wretch I have been." Again Mrs. — pressed upon her the message that Christ died for the ungodly, for sinners, for those who are utterly undeserving of mercy; and the Lord in His infinite compassion and grace enabled her to receive it, and to know Him as her Saviour in spite of all that she was, and had been all her life.

Time passed on, and the hop-pickers again left the neighbourhood, Mrs. — never knew what became of the family she had befriended, and to whom she had indeed been as a messenger of mercy; only this, that the mother recovered, and lived to testify of the grace that had picked her as a brand from the burning, not only with her lips but in her life to serve the Lord Jesus Christ here, as a faithful loving mother to her children.

Oh! how wonderful is the grace that can work such a change in a poor, sinful human heart, and how wonderful the Person through Whose precious work alone the change can be wrought.

My reader, have you ever had anything to do with Him? Is He your Saviour? When He was here on earth, the busy, thoughtless crowd might come and go unheeded, but not so any who had a need or a want in their souls. For such He was ever ready, waiting to bless, and He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. May He give you, dear reader, if unsaved, to see your need of Him, and then to find Him abundantly sufficient to meet it, not only to put away your sins by His precious Blood, but "to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." Jude 24.

FELLOW-LODGERS.

IN a populous place like London, it is a well-known fact that persons may reside for a considerable time in the same house, and yet be strangers to each other. Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. A——, a young married couple, occupied their apartments for some weeks before they formed any acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. B——, who lodged in the storey above. At length, however, they became aware that their fellow-lodgers were devout Roman Catholics. They also learnt that the husband was a confirmed invalid, and that he was, in consequence, confined to his room. They had occasionally seen a priest paying a visit to the sick man, while it was evident that the young wife was diligent in attendance at her religious services. She was a simple, confiding person, and after a little time became attached to Mrs. A——, who also felt interested in her, and rendered to her some of those little kindnesses which find their way to the heart. By degrees the confidence of the poor woman was extended to Mr. A——, who, one evening, on his return home from his daily occupation, was invited up-stairs to see her husband.

This was just what he desired, so, asking the Lord for the needed grace and discretion, he responded to the invitation. On entering the room, which was scrupulously clean and tidy, he found the young man sitting at the table, engaged in reading. He was a respectable, intelligent-looking person, placid in his mien, and pale from protracted illness. His complaint was consumption, and it was evident that his days were numbered. His salutation was, perhaps, a little constrained, but courteous, and he offered his visitor a seat.

After a few introductory remarks as to his state of health and other matters, Mr. A—— asked what book it was that he was reading, and found that it was a heavy volume of lumbrous lore, gathered from those ancient authors called "The Fathers," which he was studying by the advice of the priest. He had also a rosary, or string of beads, hung round his neck, which he often counted by direction of the priest. Poor soul! there was a look of anxiety on his pale countenance. He was clearly desirous of doing what was right, and in the way in which he was misdirected, he was seeking the salvation of his soul. The visitor could but respect his manifest sincerity, while he yearned over him "in the bowels of Jesus Christ," waiting to tell him the true way of salvation; but he had to proceed cautiously, lest he should alarm his prejudices, and thus arouse his opposition. He, however, gradually drew the poor man's attention to the Person of Christ, and to the perfect work He had accomplished upon the cross, dwelling upon the efficacy of His precious blood to purge away the sins of the guiltiest, and to present the soul of the believing sinner without spot before God. The sick man listened with intense interest to all that was said, occasionally raising a slight objection to the statement of the absolute freeness of the grace of God, but evidently greatly concerned. This interview led to others, during which the same blessed theme, along with that of the resurrection and ascension of Christ to the right hand of God, formed the chief subject of conversation.

A few weeks after the introductory visit, Mr. A—— was informed, on his return home one evening, that the end of the

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poor man was fast approaching, and that he had several times during the day expressed a wish to see him as soon as he arrived. He had also often broken out into exclamations as to the precious blood of Christ. Mr. A—— lost no time, but went up-stairs immediately, and passing by several of the friends and relations of the dying man, went to his bed-side, and repeated to him the old, old story of the preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of His blood which was shed for the remission of sins. The power of speech was gone, but the departing one expressed an intelligent perception and joyful acceptance of what was said, and in a few minutes breathed his last, leaving the conviction upon the mind of Mr. A—— that he had departed to be with Christ, and that consequently he will, in the coming day of glory, be found among that blessed company who worship Him who hath redeemed to God, by His blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Rev. v.

What, dear reader, is your trust for eternity? Are you resting on any penance, prayers, or religious performances of your own? Or, is your confidence simply and solely in what Christ is before God for you a sinner, in all the matchless glory of His Person, and the perfection of His finished work; His one offering of Himself for sin?

“David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, Saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered, Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.” Romans v.

REST.

“Come unto ME, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

THERE is a want, an aching void,
In every worldling's breast,
A thirst for bliss, yet unenjoyed,
A craving after rest.

Although he tastes each earthly joy,
And feasts upon the best;
His pleasures, though they often cloy,
Can never give him rest.

O, cease at once the vain pursuit,
Which thousands have confess'd
Has often yielded bitter fruit,
But never peace and rest.

No longer wander far and wide,
Expecting to be bless'd,
For God alone thine heart can guide
To joy, and peace, and rest.

Resign thyself unto His love,
In Jesus' cross express'd;
No longer roam, no further rove,
But enter into rest.

F.

THE BIBLE.

Who hath this book, and reads it not,
Doth God Himself despise;
Who reads, but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but savours not,
He finds no rest in trouble;
Who savours, but obeys it not,
He hath his judgment double.

But he who reads, doth understand,
And doth that word obey, Matthew xi. 19.
Shall join above the Heavenly band,
In God's eternal day.

"MY LETTER."

1st October, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

How quickly the months pass away, and, to me, every month seems to rush by more speedily than the one just before. Since writing my last letter to you, I have been at the sea-side, having meetings for the boys and girls on the beach, which they seem to enjoy almost as much as I do.

You have, perhaps, been to similar meetings on the beach or sands, and have heard told out by the sea-shore, the "*old, old story*," which ever seems so *new* to those whose hearts the Lord has opened.

I trust some of the dear children who have been again and again gathered around me on the beach, singing of Him who "came into the world to save sinners," have really "come to the Saviour," and now I hope they will seek to bring others to Him as well, and, above all, seek to please Him in everything, and so be patterns for others to copy.

Do *you* know this loving Saviour yet? I wonder. Often you have heard of His wondrous love, in leaving His bright home in glory, and coming here into this world, and of His death on the cross in order that sinners might be saved—and perhaps your father and mother, and many of your friends are already saved—but do *you* know Him as your own Saviour?

Have you heard of the little girl who wrote on a piece of paper all the titles of the Lord Jesus which she could find in her Bible, and she found so many, that I am sure I could not remember all—'twas a list of sixty or seventy titles, but the last she wrote was one which

she did not find in her Bible, but in her own little heart, "*He is my own dear Saviour*." Now I should like you to write out as many of these names as *you* can find—and I do hope you can add what the little girl put at the close of her paper.—Do you think you can?

I had a letter some time since from one of my many young friends, and in it she says, "I wish I could say as the little girl who wrote the names of Jesus, 'and He is my own dear Saviour.' I cannot say that, how I wish I could, but Satan often whispers to me and says there is plenty of time to come to Jesus yet, stop till you get older, but I know that he is a liar." Yes, my little friend who wrote this is quite right, for we read in John viii. 44, that Satan "is a liar" and that "there is no truth in him." How many poor souls he has deceived by telling them "there is plenty of time to come to Jesus yet." Are you listening to his lie? like another little girl who was asked, "When are you coming to Jesus?" and her answer was, "When I get an old lady." How solemn this is, for God says, Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Isa. i. 18. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2. So there is no time to lose.

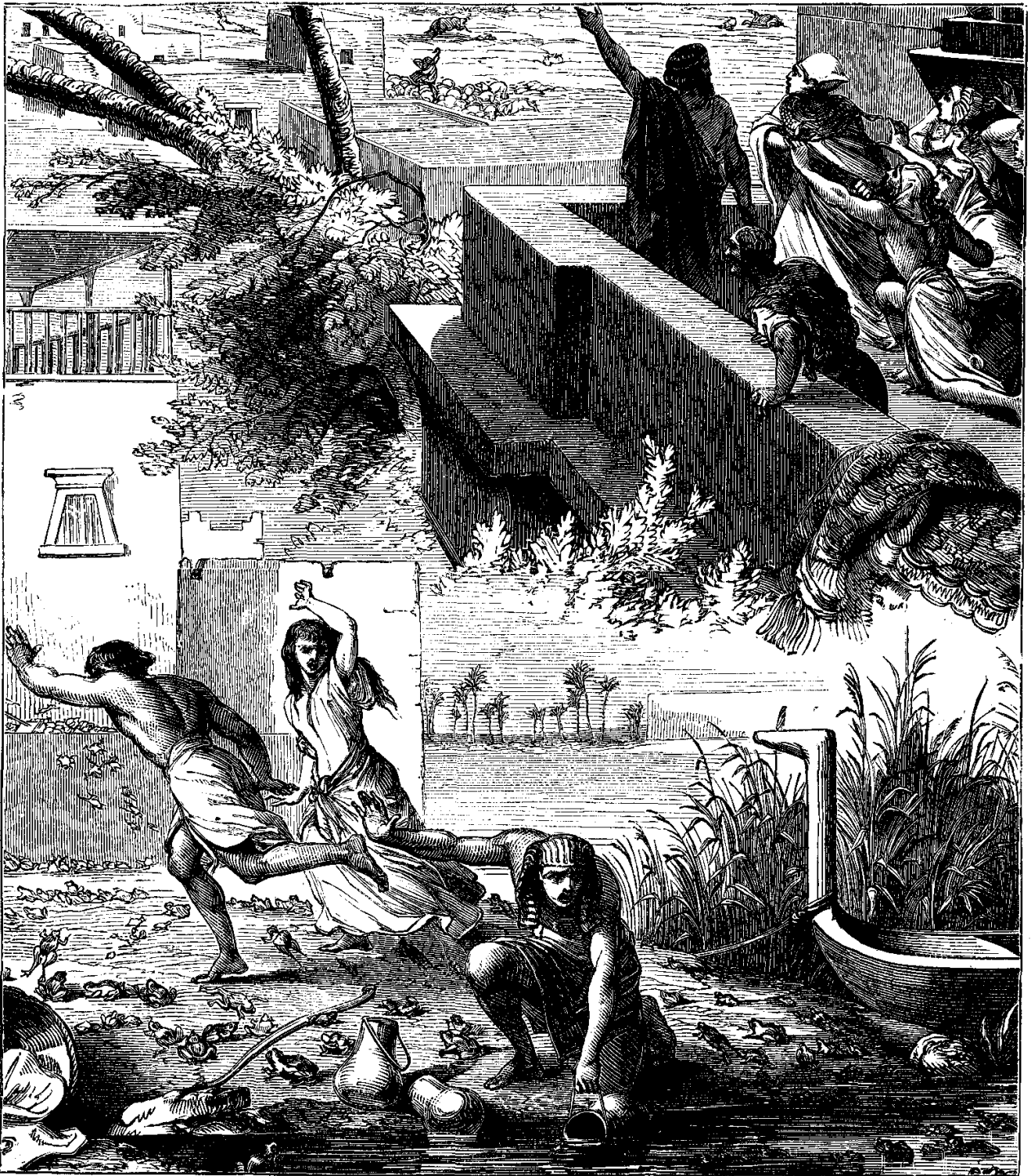
"Then come to Jesus, now, and don't delay,
If you would dwell in that bright home above;
Oh, come, for time is fleeting past,
All like a leaf are fading fast,
Jesus will surely come at last, don't delay."

May God bless you, and incline your young heart to accept His invitation now.

Your loving Friend,

I. F.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Intreat the Lord, that He may take away the frogs from me; and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the Lord.—EXODUS VIII. 8.

LETTER TO A YOUNG
CHRISTIAN.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot tell you how much pleasure your letter has afforded me. I have always loved you, and now I feel that I love you more than ever. Suffer me, then, as one considerably older than yourself, and one whom it has pleased God in His great mercy to bring out of nature's darkness into marvellous light, most affectionately to counsel and to caution you. I should like to know more of the present state of your mind, and what has produced the change that has taken place. We have such deceitful hearts, and Satan is so busy in deceiving souls, that whilst I rejoice, I *tremble for you*. My dear brother, do not forget that it is no use to be only *almost a Christian*. We are either *Christians*, or *we are not*; there is no *middle state*. Many persons have had serious impressions, and have seemed very earnest in serving God, and in doing good to others, but, alas! after a little time they have grown cold and careless, and gone back again to the world. These were false blossoms, and the fruit never appeared. You remember we read of stony-ground hearers. Cherish your present feelings and desires, then, and never rest satisfied till you know that your sins are all forgiven, and you are able to say with perfect confidence, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; God is my Father, my best Friend; Christ is my Saviour; and, ere long, heaven will be my home.” Do you feel all these things now? Perhaps not. When persons are convinced of their sinfulness and need of a Saviour, they do not *always see at once* the infinite fulness and efficacy of

that which God has provided; yet I would have you remember that it is nothing but unbelief and darkness of mind that prevents this. Unbelief is a great sin, and therefore I would have you get rid of it as quickly as possible; and this will be done, not by *trying to believe*, but by examining the Word of God carefully and constantly, and entreating God to teach you by His Spirit to understand what you read. When you see clearly the way in which all must be saved, and are convinced that what God says about His willingness to save all who come to Him in Christ, is true, you will believe and be happy, and at peace with God directly. Yes, my dear Thomas, if you will only just believe what God says about Jesus Christ, as you would believe any news that I might send you, you will be a true Christian. Suppose now, for example, that a number of boys in your school had done something very wrong, and that your master is about to punish them severely; but he loves the boys who stand trembling before him, and though angry with them for what they have done, is very unwilling to proceed. At last a thought seems to strike him, and addressing himself to his own son, whose conduct is always what it should be, and who is looking on, he says, “My dear son, I would forgive these boys without punishing them, but for my word's sake, I cannot; however, I have thought of an expedient, and if you will consent to become their substitute, this will answer the same ends as if I punish *them*, and I will then, *for your sake*, freely and at once forgive all who choose to come to me pleading what *you have done*. Are you willing to do this?” The boy rises, and declares his readiness to suffer in the stead of the

transgressors, and expresses the pleasure he feels in having such an opportunity of manifesting his love to them; and his father then proceeds to punish him, after which he turns to the boys, and says, "My dear boys, I can now forgive all who desire to be forgiven, and I am quite willing to do so; I am satisfied with what my son has suffered; this is a sufficient atonement for your crime. Believe this, and be reconciled to me; believe this, and you are forgiven at once. I know you do not like me, and are altogether undeserving of forgiveness; nevertheless, for the sake of what my son has done, I am willing freely to forgive you, and treat you as if you had never sinned. Therefore dry those tears, and put away those hard thoughts of me, for they prove that you *do not believe what I say*, and if you persist in unbelief, you must take the consequences." This, my dear brother, is as simple an illustration as can I give you of what *Christ has done for us*. He has taken our sins upon Himself—has stood in our place; so that now God can be perfectly just, and yet forgive us. Will you not love Him then? O yes, I am sure you will, when you *really understand* what the Scriptures call "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Now you see in the illustration I have given you the master does not tell the boys to go and reform their conduct, and that when he sees them improve, he will then, for the sake of what his son has done, forgive them. This would be to forgive them partly for their substitute's sake, and partly for their own. Neither does God tell us to go and make ourselves better, and then come to Him. Oh, no! we are told He justifies us freely by His grace."

AN AMERICAN INFIDEL.

IN a neat, beautiful city in one of the northern States of America, lived a lawyer of eminence and talent. I do not know much of his moral character, except that he was notoriously profane. He had a negro boy, at whom his neighbours used to hear him swear with great violence. One day this gentleman met a decided Christian, who was also a lawyer, and said to him, "I wish, sir, to examine into the truth of the Christian religion. What books would you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?"

The pious lawyer, surprised at the inquiry, replied, "That is a question, sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life."

"It is late," said the inquirer, "and I never knew much about it; but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a half, or two years, but not probably longer. What books, sir, would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said the other.

"I believe you do not understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn: "I wish to investigate the truth of the Bible."

"Therefore, I would advise you, sir," repeated his friend, "to read the Bible; and," he continued, "I will give you my reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now, to reason on any subject with correctness, we must understand what it is about which we reason."

In the next place, I consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Scriptures stronger than the external."

"And where shall I begin?" inquired the unbeliever. "At the New Testament?"

"No," said the other, "at the beginning—at Genesis."

The infidel bought a copy of the Scriptures, and commenced the serious study of them, applying all his strong and well-disciplined powers of mind to try rigidly, but impartially, their truth. As he went on in their perusal, he received occasional calls from his professional friend. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage, he thought that touching and beautiful, but he could not credit a third.

One evening the Christian lawyer called, and found the unbeliever at home, walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing that any one had come in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. His friend at length spoke—

"You seem, sir," said he, "to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?"

"I have been reading," replied the other, "the moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked his friend.

"I will tell you what I used to think," answered he. "I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti; that, having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people; and, by some artificial means, made an impression on his ignorant followers, causing them to think that what they saw proceeded from supernatural power."

"But what do you think now?" interposed his friend.

"I have been looking," he replied, "into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot; it is perfect."

"I have been thinking," he proceeded, "Where did Moses get that law? I have read history: the Egyptians and adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans, and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave us a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It must have come from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the Gospel."

The infidel—infidel no longer—remained to his death a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He lived several years after the above conversation took place; about three, I believe; and continued to study the Bible, growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. An oath was now as offensive to him as it was familiar before. When his former gay companions used one, he habitually reprimanded them. He remonstrated with them upon its folly and want of meaning, and said that he could never imagine before how painful profane language must be to a Christian.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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"HAPPY EVER AFTER."

"AND then they lived happy ever after;" that is how all the nice stories end, is it not? the pretty tales that we have all read, and we always feel pleased that the lives of our story-book friends end happily, for some of them have so many misfortunes at first, do they not? Would you like to hear about someone I once saw of whom this is just as true as it is of the people in the books?

He lived a long way from London, in one of the most beautiful towns of the south of England, and close to the sea, for he was an old sailor, and kept a ferry-boat, in which he used to take people across from the mainland to a park a short distance away, and separated from it by a little stretch of blue sea. You could hardly imagine a lovelier spot—the blue sky overhead, and rising up out of the sea a grass-covered hill with a nobleman's mansion at the summit, peeping out from among the trees. The grounds are laid out with terraces of tall trees, and in the spring-time the slopes are in some places quite carpeted with wild flowers. A friend and I were going one day to visit this park, and were taken across in the old sailor's little white boat. When we reached our destination, before the old man rowed back again, my friend offered him a little book, called "The Salvation of God," at the same time asking, "Have you got it?" I shall never forget the way in which he answered, "Oh! yes, I am rejoicing in the Lord every day." His is a joy and happiness that will last for ever, because the Lord whom he knows can never change. I wonder if this can be said of your happiness, little reader. Have you ever asked yourself what it is that makes you happy?

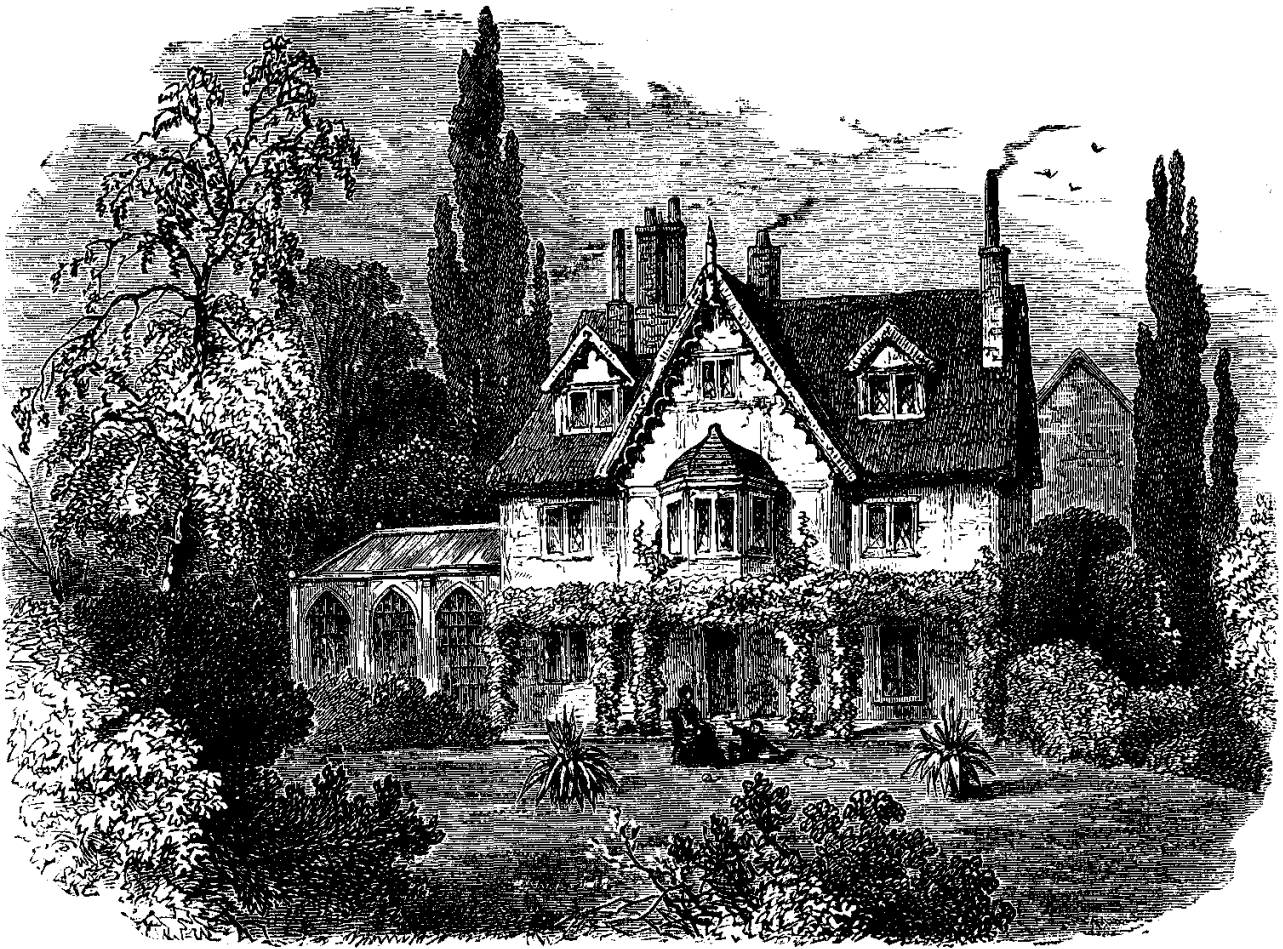
Is it your happy home and kind friends, or your toys, or picture-books, or the birthday-party you hope to have soon? or sometimes it may be only the bright sunshine that makes you feel joyous and gay, but these things may soon change; children have often lost their homes in a very short time, and you will find as you grow older that the kindest friends change, that time changes everything, and there are dark cloudy days as well as sunny ones, and you will want to be happy then, will you not? Shall I tell you how to be happy? If your little hearts are given now to that living, loving Lord of whom the sailor spoke, the One who bade the children even to come to Him, and would let none turn them away; if you belong to Him you will find that He will be a tender Friend in the dark days, making you happy in what He is to you. Very likely you do not understand me now, but I hope you will know it one day, for however much I explained to you you would not quite understand, unless you had tried it for yourselves, so I shall tell you a beautiful verse which you will find in the Psalms (xxxiv. 8): "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." That is just it, it is tasting for yourselves. I hope you will go to Him at once, trusting simply in Him, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." The little hymn we often sing puts it beautifully in the verse:—

[bosom,

"For I will receive them, and fold them to My
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, then drive
them not away—

For if their hearts to Me they give, they shall
with Me in glory live,

'Suffer the children to come unto Me.'



“THE RIGHT PLACE.”

Not very long ago I went to visit some one who was ill. She lived in a pretty white house, far away in the country; flowers were blooming gaily in the window, and more than one glass of them was placed about the room. Everything around told of peace and quietness, and I longed for an opportunity to ask her if there was peace within as well as around. I asked her about her illness, “she had been ill a long time now, and it seemed such weariness to stay still day after day, not able to care for herself, she who had always been the one to care for others. The days seemed so long and

with so little change.” And then I spoke of that bright place where “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain,” hoping to cheer her a little with the thought of what was beyond this present life, for those who are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. I thought she brightened a little. Oh, how good rest seems to the weary; but after all, it is the One who gives the rest who is everything—the One who has purchased it at such a cost for us. There could be no rest apart from Christ, for it is He who says, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*” The two

are so closely linked together, it is "*come*" and "*I will give.*"

Presently I asked, "And you are going there, are you not?" I grieved at her answer, for with tears she said, "Oh, I hope I shall get to the right place." I spoke to her of the Lord Jesus Christ, the One who alone can take us there, and found that she was really resting in Him, but not enjoying the assurance as to the future which it is His desire His own should have.

It may be there are many like this, really resting in Christ alone, and trusting Him, but yet not quite happy. Dear friend, is not His word enough? You can trust Him when He says, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself;" when He tells you that He knows His own, and will never let them go. Will you turn to Luke xv., to the parable of the lost sheep? You will see there that the Good Shepherd does not leave the sheep half way, nor nearly home, but it is said so clearly, "When He cometh *home.*" May He give you henceforth to rest simply in Him, knowing that it is not a question of what you are in any way, but of His unchanging, unfailing presence.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

1 John v. 4.

THE anchor of a ship is of most use in a storm, the shield in a day of battle, and faith in a time of suffering. Peter sank in his faith before he sank in the waters; but Jonah, when under the waters, was supported by it; and the primitive Christians were at ease when tortured, at liberty when captived, conquerors whilst subdued, and out of weakness were made strong through faith, bearing God's trials with God's strength; and so may all when

suffering for righteousness' sake, for this we know, that no afflictive evils come by chance. God orders and disposes them. We should ever remember that suffering is part of a Christian's service, as well as doing. We are not to run to it before we are called, nor from it when we are. And let us remember, also, that all our sufferings are nothing to Christ's—the cross not so heavy, nor the cup so bitter; for we taste love when He did wrath.

When the Israelites saw their enemies, the Egyptians, dead on the sea-shore, they sang a song of praise unto God, whose right hand became glorious in power, and dashed in pieces their enemies. And by faith in Christ, all that are terrified by the law, assaulted by Satan, harassed by sin, tempted by the world, beholding the conquest of their enemies, accomplished by the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, they can well triumph and bid defiance to all.

The warfare of the Christian ends in victory, and the victor will soon receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CUSTOM.

It is related of the Egyptians, by Herodotus and others, that in order to prevent irregularities at their convivial meetings, and to give some check to excessive mirth, they were used to bring into the room after supper, when they began their wine, a coffin with the image of a dead man carved in wood. This spectacle was presented to each of the company by a person whose office it was to pronounce distinctly the following words: "Look upon this, and be merry; for, such as this, when dead, shalt thou be." A strange ceremony this! It shows, however, in what abhorrence that very extraordinary people held those ex-

travagances which too often disgrace public and domestic festivities. Solomon knew what danger people were exposed to, especially on such occasions. Nor can we do a kinder office than to give them those memorable words of his, when they are thus tempted to excess: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Eccles. xi. 9.

THISTLE-BLOSSOM.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Psalm xxx. 5.

As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing. 2 Cor. vi. 10.

ON a Common's arid bosom,

Hardy home of shrubs and furze,

I a Thistle view'd in blossom,

'Midst the briars, broom and burs.

Pleasant 'twas to see the thistle—

Object of contempt and scorn—

Bearing on its stalk of bristle,

Bloom which did the scene adorn.

Thus, I thought, do thorny sorrows,

Springing up from this sad earth,

Bless'd by God, give bright to-morrows,

Unto souls of heavenly birth;

Yea, their trials, pain and sadness,

Yield, through His all-gracious power,

Blessings, which, while giving gladness,

Show that thorns may bear a flower.

T.

VAIN CURIOSITY IN BIBLE READING.

It is good to leave off learning where God hath left off teaching; for they which have an ear where God hath not spoken, hearken not unto God, but to the tempter, as Eve did to the serpent.

GOD SPEAKETH IN DREAMS TO WITHDRAW MAN FROM HIS PURPOSE.

Job xxxiii. 14-18.

WHO has not heard of dreamland? and some of you perhaps have thought it so nice to be there. I know I did not long ago, when I was dreaming something very pleasant; and sometimes perhaps you have enjoyed it so much, and have been so disappointed to wake up the next morning and find it was only a dream after all, though at the time it seemed so real and life-like. How many different sorts of dreams there are! Sometimes so pleasant that you are quite sorry when morning comes, and sometimes so sad you wake up in tears. Then there are day-dreams, dreams of what may be in the distant future when you are grown up or have left school, or a hundred other things; and there are dreams, too, through which a still small voice has sounded in the ear, and those who have heard it have recognized that God has spoken to them. If you have read your Bibles you will have found much there about dreams. Jacob had a wonderful dream, in which he saw a ladder reaching from heaven to earth, with angels ascending and descending upon it, and God promised to be with him and take care of him. How pleasant it must have been for him in the dreary wilderness, far away from home and friends, to hear that gracious promise, and to know that God was watching over him. Joseph, too, dreamed he was in the field with the reapers, and his sheaf stood upright, and the sheaves which his brothers had made, bowed down to it. Another night he thought the

sun and moon and eleven stars did reverence to him, and his brothers hated him for his dreams, and said, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" But his dreams came true, and the time did come when those proud brothers had to bow down to him, for he became the second ruler in the land of Egypt, and no one but the king was higher or more powerful than he. God enabled him, too, to interpret dreams, and he explained to Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, the meaning of his strange visions. And so on through the Bible you find strange and wonderful dreams in which God spoke to people, or by which He told them of something that was going to happen. But why am I talking to you children about dreams? is there anything about the dreams of those far away times that has a voice for us? and does God ever speak to us in dreams? Yes, for we read in the book of Job, that "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed." Job xxxiii. 14-18. God has often spoken by dreams, His voice has fallen on the ear in the dead of night, perhaps, when there has been no other sound to break the solemn stillness, sometimes as a voice of warning, bidding the sleeper think of death and eternity, sometimes as a voice of mercy and love to re-assure the anxious heart and bid the sorrowing one take comfort. And then there is another way in which we may think of dreams, which is rather more what I want for our little talk together now. I have been thinking that a great many of the people we see every day, the people we meet in the streets or sit next to in the railway carriages, are living in dreamland, and day after day,

and year after year, they are dreaming on. Like the dreams which we have at night the day-dreams are different, happy dreams and sad dreams, foolish dreams and clever dreams. I wonder whether some of you are dreaming even now. I asked some children this once, and they were so surprised; some of them had dreamed the night before, but they were sure they were all awake as I spoke to them, and yet I am afraid many of them are still in the dreamland of which we have been speaking. I know a girl who has lived nearly all her life in this dreamland. Her dream is pleasure. Ah! how she thinks and plans of what she wishes to do when she is grown up; how she will go out, and enjoy herself, and taste of every pleasure that the world can give, how she will drink and drink again of the streams that are flowing on every hand, and all the while the rivers of living water are as it were flowing at her feet, only she is so fast asleep that she does not see them. We read in Luke xii. of a man who had quite a different sort of dream; his dream was of being rich; he had so much that his barns could not hold the wealth that was constantly pouring in, and he said, "I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." So he planned to lead an easy life, to have no need to trouble about anything from morning to night, to have leisure to enjoy himself to his heart's content; but the voice of God broke in upon his dream, and God said unto him, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" What a terrible awakening! what an awful

ending to that rich man's dream ; to wake up in hell and find that it was too late. Oh! dear children, be warned in time. What are you dreaming about? is your dream of pleasure, or wealth, or learning? If you are making plans for the future, whatever they may be, and leaving God out, wake up, wake up ; there is time to-day, there is hope to-day, the Lord Jesus Christ will be your Saviour, your Shepherd, your Friend to-day, but who shall say what may be to-morrow? Indeed, we know not what a day may bring forth ; make sure that you are not hastening onward with your back turned to the golden city and the pleasures forevermore which are at God's right hand. Now the message comes to you, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light ;" and the light is come, the bright light from heaven has shone down into this dark world. Take that word for your text, arise from the dead, and receive rest, and peace, and all the love and care which He will give. Then to such I would say, Dear little fellow-Christian, little fellow-traveller to our home above, I have another word for you, Arise and *shine* for Him who died to put away your sins and bring you to God. 1 Peter iii. 18. You can shine for Him, you can let others see the light that He has kindled in your heart, you can be a light-bearer, and carry the light that has awakened you, to rouse others from their dark death-dream. It is a wondrous place the Lord Jesus gives to those who believe on Him. He says to them, "Ye are the light of the world." Matt. v. 14. Do not hide the light. Listen again, "Let your loins be girded about, and your *lights burning* ; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord. Luke xii. 35-40.

DIVINE FORGIVENESS ; OR, SINS REMEMBERED NO MORE.

Hebrews viii. 12.

THE forgiveness that there is with God is such as becomes Him, such as is suitable to His greatness, His goodness, and all the other excellences of His nature ; such as that therefore by which He will be *known to be God*. What He says concerning some of the works of His providence, "Be still, and know that I am God," may be much more said concerning the great effect of His grace ; "Still yourselves, and know that He is God." It is not like that narrow, difficult, halving forgiveness that is found amongst men ; but it is full, free, bottomless, boundless, absolute ; such as becomes His nature and His excellences. O.

SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH.

"Thy word is truth."—John xvii. 17.

The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave thee still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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"MY LETTER."

1st November, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Most of you young folks are, I do not doubt, already looking forward to the holidays at Christmas, and perhaps counting the weeks which must pass before it comes—thinking, too, of the school examination day, and wondering whether you will be able to earn a prize to carry home and show your parents and friends.

I remember passing a large school, not far from my home, last year, just before Christmas, and the children were streaming out of the playground, and gathering in threes and fours around the fortunate possessors of the "prizes," to look, of course, at their bright covers and the pretty pictures in the books which had been won by their happy owners. How bright and sunny were the smiles of some of the bonny boys and girls who had worked hard and gained their nice rewards, and how serious were the faces of those children who had no prize to show to their school-mates or their father or mother.

This school, and the prizes, and the faces of the children, all made me think of the school in which I am a scholar, and of the Examination Day which will soon be here, and made me think whether I should get a prize or no.

Did you know that all Christians are at school?—this world is our school-house (what a big one it is!), and we are all in "the school of God"—and there are many classes, many lessons, and many prizes too.

If you will turn to Titus ii., at the 11th verse, you will find we are told of "the grace of God that bringeth *salvation*—that is the first thing—salvation is brought to

*sinner*s, and all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ are *saved*, then directly they are saved they go to *school*, and they are "taught" while in this world those lessons of which we read in the 12th verse, and they look forward for the Lord Jesus, their "blessed hope," to come and take them *home*—and then the "Examination Day" will come, and those who have learnt their lessons well will get a prize, a crown—and those who have not done their work well will lose their rewards, though they will, as believers on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for lost sinners, spend their eternity with Him in His own bright home. But how nice it will be for those who have several prizes, several crowns, for they will have more to cast down at the feet of their Saviour, and be more for His glory when He comes to reign.

If you, my little reader, are unsaved, it is no use at all to try to earn "eternal life," or to gain salvation by works—for all the sinner can earn is "the wages of sin, which is death," and after death there is, for the unsaved, judgment.

Eternal life is the *gift* of God—and it cannot be bought. Rom. vi. 23; Tit. iii. 5.

But if you have taken that which God in His goodness is now offering—"salvation through Christ Jesus," without money and without price—then you can begin to seek to work for the Lord Jesus, and try to earn a bright reward, which He will give at the Examination Day—not eternal life; *that* every believer has already (John iii. 36)—but a *crown* of life (Rev. ii. 10), and other rewards as well.

See how many crowns you can find in your Testaments, and, if you are saved, seek to earn some of them.

Your loving Friend, I. F.

LOOK UNTO ME.

Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth ;
for I am God, and there is none else. Isa. xlv. 22.

COME UNTO ME.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.

LEARN OF ME.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and
lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. xi. 29.

REMEMBER ME.

He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave
unto them, saying, This is my body, which is given for you :
this do in remembrance of Me. Luke xxii. 19.

ABIDE IN ME.

Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit
of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except
ye abide in Me. John xv. 4.

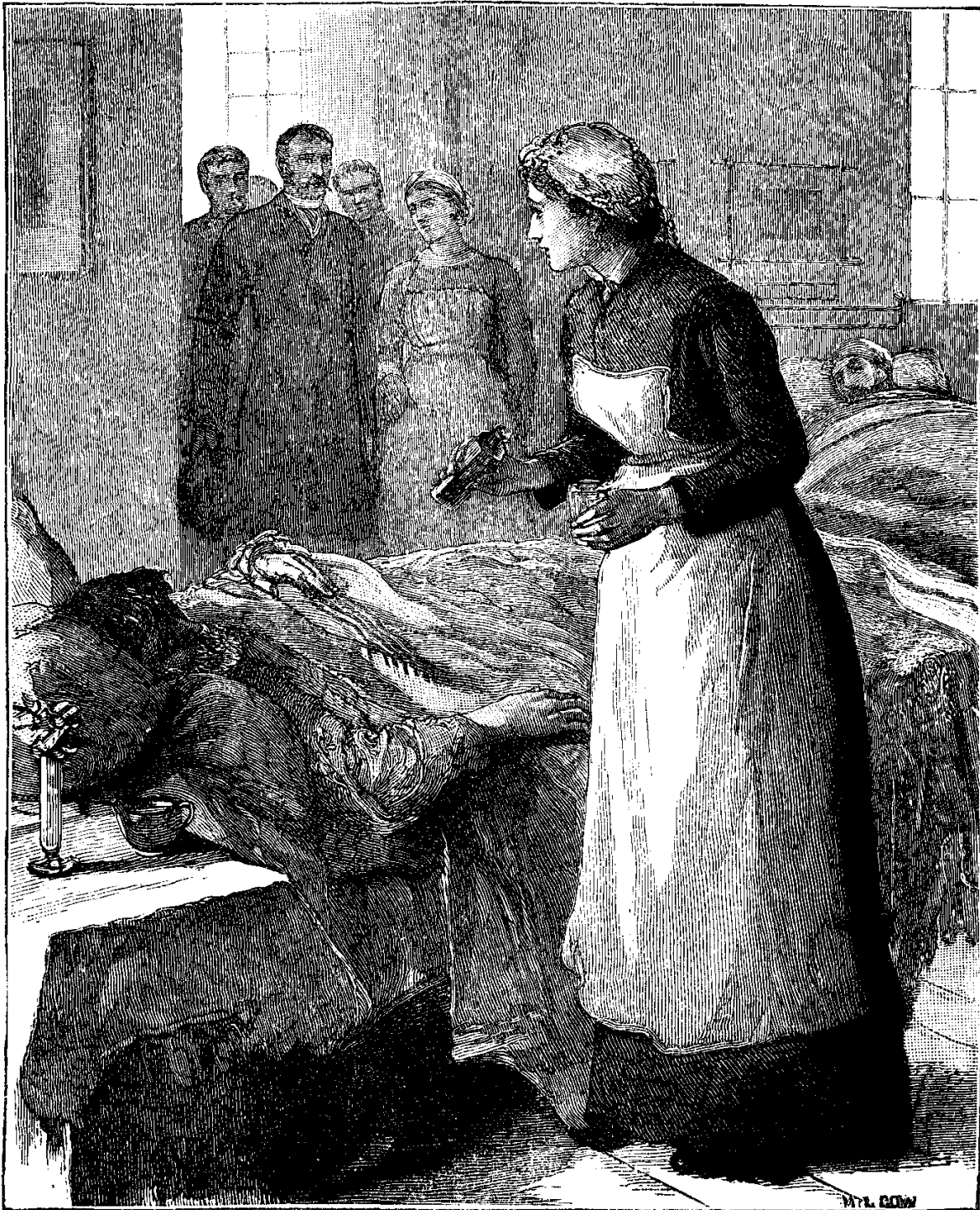
SERVE ME.

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me ; and where I am,
there shall also my servant be : if any man serve Me,
him will my Father honour. John xii. 26.

BE WITH ME.

Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me,
be with Me where I am ; that they may behold my glory,
which Thou hast given Me. John xvii. 24.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. REVELATION xxi. 3, 4.

“STRAIGHT TO JESUS.”

2 Corinthians v. 8.

A SHORT time since a young man by the name of Denny was taken into one of the London hospitals, in the last stage of consumption. His parents were strict Roman Catholics, who are taught from their infancy that when they die they will go straight to purgatory. Roman Catholics believe that most of them, if not all, must go through “purgatorial fire,” to get purified from venial sins.

That it may be understood clearly what is meant by mortal and venial sin, the following quotations are given from one of their catechisms, which is approved by Cardinal Manning:—

“Q. What is mortal sin ?

A. Mortal sin is a grievous offence against God.

Q. Why is it called mortal sin ?

A. It is called mortal sin because it kills the soul and deserves hell.

Q. How does mortal sin kill the soul ?

A. Mortal sin kills the soul by depriving it of sanctifying grace, which is the supernatural life of the soul.

Q. What is venial sin ?

A. Venial sin is an offence which does not kill the soul, yet displeases God, and often leads to mortal sin.

Q. Why is it called venial sin ?

A. It is called venial sin because it is more easily pardoned than mortal sin.”

This shows that they do not believe that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from ALL sin every one who has faith in Him. A few years since many cardinals and bishops from all parts of the world were called to Rome, to declare the late Pope infallible; but they are now performing masses to get that poor man's soul out of purgatory, a place which has no existence except in the imaginations of those who do not believe the Word of God. Paul said of the Christian, “absent from the

body present with the Lord;” they say, “absent from the body present in purgatory.” When a child is asked in a Catholic school how he proves that there is a purgatory, he has to answer from the Catechism, “I prove that there is a purgatory from the constant teaching of the Church and from the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures.” But the Scriptures never once mention purgatory; they could not speak of another cleansing from sin which would set aside the cleansing accomplished by the perfect work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The doctrine of purgatory was introduced into the Romish Church in the fifth century, and set forth authoritatively at the Council of Florence in 1438.

Their catechism teaches that if a Catholic commits a mortal sin it “kills his soul and deserves hell;” and “those souls go to purgatory that depart this life in venial sin.”

Denny remained in the hospital several months. His friends often came to see him, the priest also, and talked much to him about praying to the Virgin, and other saints, that they might intercede with God for his soul, thus denying that there is only one mediator between God and men. 1 Timothy ii. 5. He was unhappy, and all his friends proved miserable comforters.

A Christian man read the Scriptures in the ward to the patients every Lord's Day, and spoke to them concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, that He is the only Saviour for lost sinners.

Denny took a delight in listening to God's Holy Word, and by it he learned that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that all who believe what God says about His Son have everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, for the work of Christ on the cross perfects for ever them that are sanctified, John v. 24; Heb. x. 14. He believed what the Word of God teaches that all his sins were put away by the blood of Christ, and that he was made meet for the

inheritance of the saints in light, and had been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Colossians i. 12-14.

The last week of his life was a very bright one, although he suffered much in body. The priest told him that he would come again to receive his last confession, and administer to him the holy communion, and do all he could to fit him to die properly. Denny did not want priest or sacraments to fit him to die, for he had Christ, Who of God was made unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. 1 Corinthians i. 30. He could now joyfully say: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The night before the priest was expected, with several other visitors, he told the nurse not to let his friends come in, neither the priest. He asked her to tell them that he was very happy, but to tell Father R—— that he was going "*straight to Jesus*," and that he could do nothing more for him, but that Jesus had done all he wanted. About two o'clock in the morning, he said, "Oh, nurse, tell them all, when they come, that I have gone *straight to Jesus*. I am so happy." Shortly after this, he peacefully died, with the words on his lips,

"Straight to Jesus."

If God were pleased to call you, dear reader, from this world to-day, would you, like Denny, go *straight to the Lord Jesus*? I will not ask you if you would go straight to purgatory, for all will go either to Heaven or Hell. Do not forget—after death the Judgment, for all who die in their sins. Hebrews ix. 27.

THERE IS ONE GOD, AND ONE MEDIATOR BETWEEN GOD AND MEN, THE MAN CHRIST JESUS; WHO GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR ALL, TO BE TESTIFIED IN DUE TIME. 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.

WRECKED BENEATH THE LIGHTHOUSE;

OR,

SAVED AND SHELTERED.

PAPERS were eagerly scanned on Wednesday, 23rd September, to obtain published details of the melancholy disaster which lately happened at Torey Island, off Donegal Coast—the wreck of H. M. S. "The Wasp," and her crew. Though the circumstances of the sad occurrence are familiar to most, they are so strikingly illustrative of the warning and instruction vouchsafed in the Gospel of *God's* grace, that no excuse need here be offered for reverting to them. May the application come home in power to many souls, who have hitherto trifled with their *eternal interests*.

The ship sped forward 'mid the darkness of early morning towards certain destruction. This, even the helmsman could observe by means of the glare which fell upon the fatal course, from the lighthouse close at hand. The course he could not alter, while acting under orders from his commander; though doing so, to a trifling extent, would have saved himself and his companions.

The vessel, as was expected, struck, sending a thrill of terror into every heart on board, as may well be imagined. Sudden destruction, alas! overtook many; a few only were saved. All this happened beneath the very edifice which gave forth unerringly, its salutary but unheeded warning and direction! Say, reader, will such an end be yours?

The Word of God—the lighthouse of His grace, has long been throwing its admonitory beams athwart the course of millions, who move onward toward *certain and eternal destruction*.

Each in the vast multitude is helmsman; and thus the warning goes forth: "Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11. But man heeds not the admonition, preferring "the friendship of the world," which "is enmity with God," to a sincere and childlike confession of Christ.

The reproach of that Blessed Name is to him of small account, when weighed against such considerations as the esteem of one's friends and neighbours, the customs of society, and various other *regulations* by which the prince of this world orders his Christ-rejecting, soul-destroying system. True, turning the helm may cost one all that constitutes *life*, as at present known; but it is written, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and *lose his own soul*?"

Then, not only is his own ruin inevitable, but, so far as he is concerned, that of his companions, too! If one be not himself in the narrow path, it is certain he cannot help others into it, but the contrary.

It is written again—and would that people hearkened to the warning—"When they *shall say*, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and *they shall not escape*." Nor is this written of the few comparatively who meet with sudden deaths from time to time; but of the tens of thousands who go forward, willingly, blindfolded, towards the *terrible climax*, when the JUDGE *shall come, personally, certainly, and they know not how soon, "as a thief in the night!"*

Further, those who clung not to the sinking ship, but lay upon the waves, were in mercy set upon the rock. Just so

spiritually. The "*many*" hold on to the sinking vessel of their own goodness, works, or religious forms, to be overwhelmed in the fast coming judgment; while the "*few*," who own God's righteousness in condemning the guilty, confess their sins, and find safety on *the Rock*, which is Christ.

And, once more, three men received the tempest-tossed, but saved ones, into the lighthouse; and are there not many in these days who know nothing, and care to know nothing, beyond *safety* "on the rock?" They linger shivering in the darkness, while the Lighthouse stands open, and a welcome is offered to the unsheltered and unhappy; no wonder they fear that the waves of judgment may at any moment wash them off the Rock.

In the circle where the light shines, and is "*kept*" (John xiv. 23), how different! There, security is unquestioned, home comforts are experienced, the sweetness of grace is tasted, and communion is enjoyed with those who ministered the grace. 1 John i. 1-4. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him *should not perish*, but HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE. John iii.

"HALF PRICE TICKETS."

STANDING at the booking-office window of one of the busy London railway stations a few days since, might have been seen a strong, hearty-looking girl, not bright and happy, but sorrowful and sad; the tears trickling down her cheeks quite quickly.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" asked a person who was hurrying through the office to the train, after having paid his fare and secured his ticket.

Half choking with sobs, the little maid

replied, "He won't give me a half return to Notting Hill Gate;" meaning, that the clerk—who was looking through his little window—would not give her a half price return ticket to the station named.

"But how old are you, then," asked the passenger.

"Thirteen, sir," was her answer.

"Then of course he cannot give you a half price ticket; it would not be right, for you are over the age for half tickets."

Telling her she had better go home and get some more money, the stranger passed on, and hastened to catch his train, leaving the little maiden in her hopeless plight.

How many people there are, old and young, rich and poor, men and women, boys and girls, who think they can get to heaven for *half price*.

They seem to think, and sometimes say—"I do the best I can, I can't do any more." But then it is so solemn to know that the best they can do is only *bad*, and that not only they cannot pay *half price*, but that they have "nothing at all which they can give." And yet they foolishly think that by their works they will be able to purchase salvation and a title to heaven at a sort of *half price* rate.

The clerk at the booking-office could not justly let the child have a ticket at half price, seeing she was more than twelve years old. And God cannot sell salvation to the *sinner*, for He is holy and just, and, "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Hebrews xii. 14. No sinner can *earn* salvation or fitness for heaven. All that the sinner can earn is the wages of sin, which is death.

If some friend had paid the full price for the child's ticket, then the little maid could have passed the barrier, and have

gone on her journey; because, though she might not have paid for it, yet the ticket having being bought, they could not have justly prevented her going by the train.

This is something like that which God, the holy, sin-hating One, has done for His unholy, sin-loving creatures. You could not be in heaven in your sins, for there can *in no wise* enter into that bright place anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but only those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life. Rev. xxi. 27. And you know, my reader, that you *have sinned*; and you can not put away your sins, nor pay that awful debt which you owe. You cannot pay for your "pass" to heaven.

But God, in His grace, has given His own dear Son, Jesus the Lord, and He died on the Cross for *sinners*. He suffered for sins, *the Just for the unjust*, and *finished the work*. He has paid the *full price*—giving His own most precious blood, and now He is risen from the dead, and seated in glory, while God is now offering a perfect salvation to every one who believeth in Him. Acts x. 43; xiii. 38, 39.

Yes, "*free passes*" are being given now to that bright home of glory; and all receiving the Lord Jesus are made fit for the inheritance of the saints in light, and can give God the Father thanks for making them meet. Col. i. 12.

Now is the "*time to get*" (Eccles. iii. 6); but it is also the "*time to lose*." Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation—and if you come as a penitent sinner, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished work, you will "*get*" salvation; but if you tarry till by-and-bye, you may "*lose*" your only opportunity.

A REFUGE FOR LOST CHILDREN.

Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Matt. ix. 13.

THERE is a well-known building, having extensive grounds, in one of the suburbs of the Metropolis, which is much resorted to, especially in the summer season, by visitors, including a great number of children. I have been informed that at the hour for returning home it frequently happens that some of the children cannot be found, and that the majority of their company have to travel homewards without them. The lost ones have, in their thoughtlessness and excitement, strayed away from their friends, and rambled to some distant part of the building, or been ensnared in the intricacies of the grounds. They are of course sought after by their friends, assisted by the officers of the establishment, and, sooner or later, they are all found; some of them perhaps scarcely conscious that they are lost, and others in great distress at the discovery. There is, however, a special feature in the recovery and safety of these lost children, and that is, that they are all taken to one room, and are there found safe and sound by their anxious friends, who have remained to search after them.

You remember that it is written of the Lord Jesus, that "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10); and that concerning the little ones who believe in Him, He said, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. xviii. 14. Each one of us has "gone astray like a lost sheep." Psalm cxix. 176. Yes, you who are

young, as well as those who are old; and take notice, that some of the lost children to whom I have referred seemed scarcely conscious of their condition, whilst others were greatly troubled on becoming aware of the fact. But whether they were conscious of it or not, they were still "lost."

How blessed it is to know that the Lord Jesus is the great Seeker and Saviour of the lost. You have listened to His beautiful parable in Luke xv., of the man who, having lost one sheep, goeth after it until he find it, "And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, 'Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.' I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

My short narrative shows that all the lost children who were found were placed in one room. And this suggests to us that all lost sinners who have turned to the Lord and trusted in Him and His precious blood, are "found in Him." What blessing to be found, not merely in a room or place, but in Him who came to seek and to save us. This tells us of present and eternal salvation and blessing, and of the love of Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Rom. iv. 25.

Every one who truly believes "on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead," may say, "In God is my salvation, and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God." Psalm lxii. 7.

Our desire for each of our young friends is that he may be enabled to say this for himself in truth and reality before God.

T.

“GOD HATH CHOSEN THE WEAK
THINGS OF THE WORLD.”

1 Corinthians i. 27.

THERE is an interesting incident related by Hewiton, of the way in which he was led to feel the power of redeeming grace.

“At Leamington, I happened one day to turn up to the mineral spring. A young man entered the building, whose appearance at once attracted my observation. His coarse linen frock contrasted with the gay apparel of the groups before me. He was emaciated, and walked forward with a feeble step. After drinking of the water out of a vessel of earthenware, which was placed beside a number of tumblers, he, without having apparently observed anyone, again slowly withdrew. After a little I began to descend the hill, in the middle of which the spring was situated, and found the young man sitting at one of the bends of the winding path which slopes down the declivity. I spoke to him; his diffident tone of voice, and his modesty of manner at once enlisted my sympathies. During several weeks afterwards, I frequently visited his father's lowly cottage. My intercourse with the young man soon gave me ground to conclude, that if my theoretic knowledge of gospel truths was greater than his, he, unlike myself, had experienced their *sanctifying power*.” Hewiton had only heard and read of the water of life, this young man had drank at the fountain, and therefore would never thirst. John iv. 14; John vi. 35; Rev. xxi. 6. “Truly his was the better portion. When he spoke of the Saviour's love to sinners, and His obedience unto death for their redemption, he at times gave vent to His gratitude by tears of joy. He had obtained ‘everlasting

consolation and good hope through grace,’ and had not a shadow of doubt or anxiety on his soul as to the prospect of eternal glory. 1 John v. 13. One evening, about sunset, he fell asleep.”

The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

ALL IS VANITY.

Eccel. i. 13, 14.

MANY subjects of knowledge there are, wherein by time, or at least by death, knowledge proves useless, or at least the labour therein unprofitable or lost. For instance, I study to be very exact in natural philosophy, the mixtures or conjunctions of qualities, elements, and a thousand such inquiries. Of what use will this be when the world, with the works thereof, are burned up? The studies of politics, methods of war, mechanical experiments, languages, laws, customs, histories; all these, within one minute after death, will be as useless as the knowledge of a tailor or shoemaker; they are all adapted to the convenience and use of this life, and with it they vanish; but here is the privilege and advantage that the knowledge of Christ crucified hath; as it serves for this life, so it serves for that to come, and the more I know of Christ here, the greater is my perception and admiration of the wisdom, and goodness, and love of God; the greater my joy and delight, and the more my soul is carried out in love and praise and obedience unto Him; so in the life to come the emotions of love and gratitude to Him, and delight and joy in Him, shall increase unto all eternity.

"MY LETTER."

1st December, 1884.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The last month of this year, 1884, has now come, and soon its moments, hours, and days will pass away, and the new year, 1885, commence.

Now where, my little readers, does this last month of the old year find you? I daresay you made up your minds to be a better boy or girl this year than you were last, and you have not succeeded, have you? And do you know why you have not? I will tell you. Your heart is so thoroughly bad all through that you can get nothing that is good out of it.

A friend of mine was standing with me a few days ago under an apple tree in his garden, and he had in his hand an apple, which looked as though just a little piece of it was rotten and the rest good, for it had quite rosy cheeks, but when my friend began to cut the rotten part away, he found that it was bad all the way through—bad to the core—and he had to throw it all away, for he could not eat any part of it. That apple is just like a poor sinner's heart—it is bad all the way through, and no part of it is good, and nothing good can come out of it.

If you turn to Romans vii. 18, you can see what the Apostle Paul could say, "I know that *in* me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth *no* good thing; and in Matthew xv. 19, the Lord Jesus tell us what comes out of the heart is all bad—there is not one thing which is good, and He knew quite well what our hearts were like, for He is God and knows everything.

Now God does not tell us to try to make ourselves better, but to come just as we are—"sinners," "without strength" to save ourselves—for "while we were yet *sinners* Christ died for us," and "when we were yet *without strength* Christ died for the ungodly."

Yes, the holy God knew that we had

no goodness to give Him—that we were poor lost sinners. But though He knew all this and more about us, yet He loved us, and showed His love by giving His own dear Son to die for us. And Jesus did *all* there was to do—He died for sinners—and now is risen again; and God sends a message to you "that *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission or forgiveness of sins. Acts x. 43.

And God not only forgives the sins of all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—but He gives them too the place of children, and they become "the children of God," and "the Father's house of many mansions" becomes the home to which they are going when they leave this dark world which lies under judgment. John i. 12; xiv. 2, 3.

But this last month of the year finds some of you happy, rejoicing believers, seeking now to live and shine for the Lord Jesus, and may God richly bless you dear ones, and make you blessings in your homes and schools. Seek to do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus, and for the glory of God. It is for this that we have been left here in this world, out of which the Son of God was cast, that we may live for Him who died for us, and seek to let *our light* shine before men, so that they may glorify *our Father* which is in heaven, Matt. v. 16.

May the Lord richly bless each dear reader of "my letter."

Your loving friend, I. F.

JOY IN GOD.

Romans v. 11.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His mercies known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.