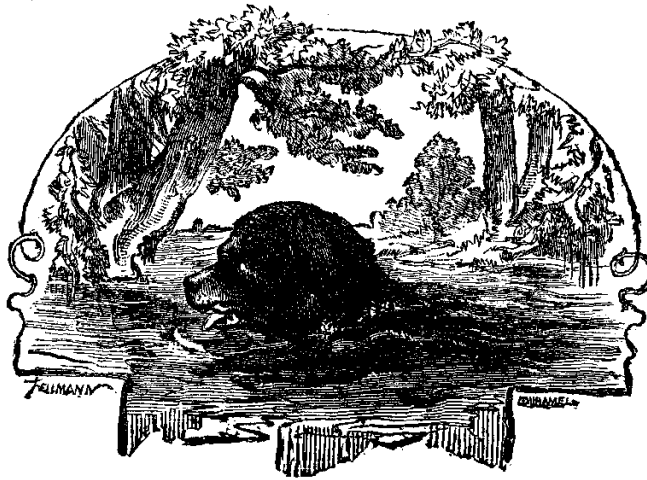


MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL.



*

LONDON:
GEORGE COOPER, 54 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

PREFACE.



MY FIRST BIRTHDAY.



AN it be possible that I am twelve months old? Yes, this is my first birthday. How swiftly the time goes. Like all other little friends, I am to have a new coat as a birthday gift, and am to put on my best looks for the occasion, as is usual for holidays. I have to visit a great many places, and I hope to meet with a welcome wherever I go.

Twelve months ago I was first taken into the nursery for all the family to look at. Oh, what a number of eyes looked at me ; and I remember trembling when some one gave me an unkind look. But, you see, I was "*a little stranger*," and the folks did not know what I should be like, whether I should have a quarrelsome disposition or a sunshiny one.

Uncle and Aunt looked at me through their big spectacles and shook their heads, and in a whisper said they thought I should not live ; but Grandmother, who understands more about babies, had better hopes, and told them she believed I should grow strong and healthy. But when little brothers and sisters took me into their arms, and kissed me, and said how glad they were to see me, I could not help crowing for joy, I felt so happy to be amongst them, and as I was not "dressed up for company," they were not afraid to touch me.

Now I can "run alone," I hope a good many others will take me by the hand who were afraid to touch me in the early days of babyhood.

When Father saw me in my bran new dress, he smiled, and said that it made up for all the care and trouble and expense I had cost him for twelve months. Well, when I get strong enough, I hope to be able to reward him for all his love and pains. I want to grow, you know, as all little ones do ; but if I get ever so big, I don't want to lose my pet name of "Little Friend," which everybody has learned to call me.

Such nice little "tit-bits " have been sent from all parts, that I could not help being cheerful and happy, and I have prattled away in my own style, as I did not want to imitate big brothers and sisters, and "talk grand-like."

O dear ! what a many nice cards lie on the dressing table, from cousins in the country, I suppose. I'll read them to you, they are all alike :

"Many Happy Returns of the Day."

I must now say good bye until my next birthday, when I may have something more to say to you.

Your very affectionate

"LITTLE FRIEND."

54, PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON, E.C.
December, 1876.





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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

No. 1. Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



THE BABY'S COMFORTER.

BABY'S COMFORTER.

"**T**HERE's a present for Baby," exclaimed a voice, as a little box was brought into the nursery one morning.

All eyes were glistening with wonder whilst the little box was being undone, and more questions were asked than answered.

"What could it be?" "Where could it come from?"

"Oh, I know," said little Pollie, who shook her head in quite a motherly kind of way, which quite silenced us boys. "It comes from Auntie Rose."

"Well, I declare," said Jemmie; "Pollie's right. Auntie Rose must have been telling her all about it. Only think what a nice present to come from Auntie's cottage in the forest."

"What a funny-looking thing," we all exclaimed, as the birthday present was brought out of its box; but you must know that our baby has a birthday every month. It was held up for us all to see; and then came baby's turn, who seemed to understand all about it at once, for he held out both his little chubby hands, and laid hold of it so tightly, as though he understood it was his own freehold property for ever, and the beautiful thing was popped into his mouth at once, just as if he were going to dine off India rubber. He did seem to enjoy it, too. And then as it has two hollow places in which are tinkling things, he had quite a musical feast.

"A bit of poetry, too! Oh my, that is nice. Do, please, Ma, read it out loud."

"Since baby cannot pick a bone
Nor mumble little crumbs,
When he is lying all alone,
To soothe his little gums,
I've sent a funny joint of meat,
I'm sure he can't destroy it,
I hope he'll find it quite a treat,
And very much enjoy it."

"Capital," "First-rate," "Beautiful," "Well done, Auntie Rose," we all cry out.

But little Dickie, who is fond of nursery rhymes, and all sorts of puzzles, says he must write for 'Babs,' as we call him, and thank Auntie Rose for her "splendid present," and of course it must be all in verse. So he gets his pencil and slate—for Dickie is so fond of his slate. I dare say he means to be a big man in writing little children's books some day, and as he is as merry as a little dicky-bird, and always jingling rhymes together, we call him 'DICKIE RHYMER.'

Well, this is his answer,

"Baby's thanks to Auntie Rose,
Because he has music wherever he goes."

I don't think that's all Dickie's own; but we had a good laugh at it.

Well, of course we couldn't help talking about this Baby's Comforter all day, and when we were in bed, we asked one another questions which was the best comforter. One said ivory rings; another, the coral and bells; and all the different toys we had in our babyhood were considered. Of course Pollie thought this "Patent Comforter" from Auntie Rose was best; but we did laugh when Master Dickie said he knew a better comforter for babies—big or little—than either rings or rubbers, corals or rattles. We all thought him a knowing little boy, but we could not guess whatever he could mean. So after trying to think of everything belonging to babydom, we gave it up. "Well, Dickie, and what is the best Baby's comforter?"

"Why, MOTHER, to be sure," said the provoking little fellow. Who could have guessed what he meant?

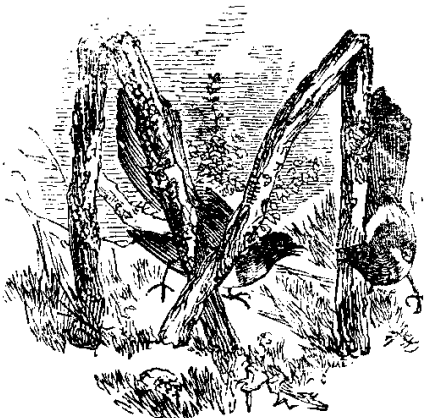
But we all agreed with him that he was right, for when we are poorly, or in trouble, who comforts us like she does, when father is away at business? and then she has such a beautiful lot of tales

to tell us about heaven, and that wonderful story of Jesus, the Son of God, who was a little baby once, but who, when he became a man, died a cruel death. But mother tells us He died to save sinners (she tells us we are sinners, too), that they may be washed in His precious blood, and go to be in heaven with Him, if they believe on Him.

And so before we fell asleep we were all of us agreed that the Best, Patent, Registered Baby's Comforter, was

MOTHER!

'NOBODY LOOKING.'



RS. Clarke had a hard struggle to bring up her little family; but she did not mind how hard she worked,

so that she could get food and clothing for them. Her eldest boy, Herbert, was a sharp, intelligent little fellow, and his mother had great hopes of him that he would grow up a good boy; for she taught him to be honest and truthful, and as Mrs. Clarke was a christian, she wanted to see her children christians too; that is, she wanted them to know Jesus as their Saviour.

When Herbert was old enough he went away to learn a trade. His master was very fond of him, and as Herbert used to tell him that he loved Jesus, because He had forgiven him

all his sins, his master was not afraid to trust him to be in his office, and do many little things that he would not have trusted to an unconverted boy.

But one day Mr. Mills noticed Herbert was very downcast, and fearing Satan may have tempted the boy to do wrong, he called him into his study and asked him what was the matter.

Herbert said there was nothing; but his face shewed all was not right.

However, a little time after this poor Herbert came to his master, and with tears in his eyes told him how he had taken a penny out of his till, and afterwards told a lie to hide it.

Mr. Mills could not help crying too, as the sorrowing boy confessed his sin. He asked him what led him to take it. Poor Herbert said, "Satan seemed to say, '*Nobody's looking*, take a penny, you will be able to buy some nice apples at the shop round the corner;' and I looked *every way*, and saw nobody looking, and took it."

"You forgot to look one way," said Mr. Mills; "for some One was looking at you all the while, and saw you do it."

"Who was that?" asked he.

"Have you forgotten the little text which says, '*Thou God seest me*?'"

"Oh yes! I forgot God was looking," said the sorrow-stricken boy, "or I should not have taken it."

Satan makes many a little boy and girl do wrong, because he says, *Nobody's looking*; but if they would *look up*, perhaps they would remember that little word,

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

TAKEN OR LEFT.



OUR or five weeks ago I was waiting on a railway station platform. I saw a train come in on the other side, and after it had waited a few minutes, the engine driver blew the whistle, and it began to move off again.

Just then I heard such a loud and pitiful cry, "Mother, mother, oh! mother," which seemed to come from some little girl.

The train was stopped, and I ran round to see what was the matter. I had often heard of people falling under trains, and being killed in a minute, and I made sure that was the case with the little girl.

"Well," you say, "was she killed?"

No; I am happy to say it was not so bad as that. It appeared that this little girl and her mother and baby were going by the train. Well, mother and baby had just got in, and before the little girl had time to follow, the train started, and she was left behind. And so she cried out, "Mother, mother!" until they stopped the train again.

I felt very sorry for the little girl, because it would have been very sad for her to be left in the station all by herself, and mother and baby gone.

But as I walked away I could not help thinking of the time when the

Lord Jesus will come and take away all those who are ready, and leave behind all those who are not.

How very sad it will be if some little girl or boy should be left behind, and father and mother and brother and sister all taken away to be with Jesus.

Let me ask you, my little friend, should you be taken or left, if Jesus should come *now*?

Perhaps you say you do not know. But I can tell you how you may know. If you believe in Jesus as your Saviour, the One who died for you because you were a sinner, and trust in His precious blood to cleanse you from all sin, then you are saved; and if He should come now, at this moment, even while you are reading this, He would surely take you with Him.

But if you do not believe in Him, and love your sins, and bad ways, you would be left behind.

Oh, how very sad that would be. It would be of no use to cry, "Mother, mother, father, brother, sister," for, if they believed in Him, they would be gone in a moment.

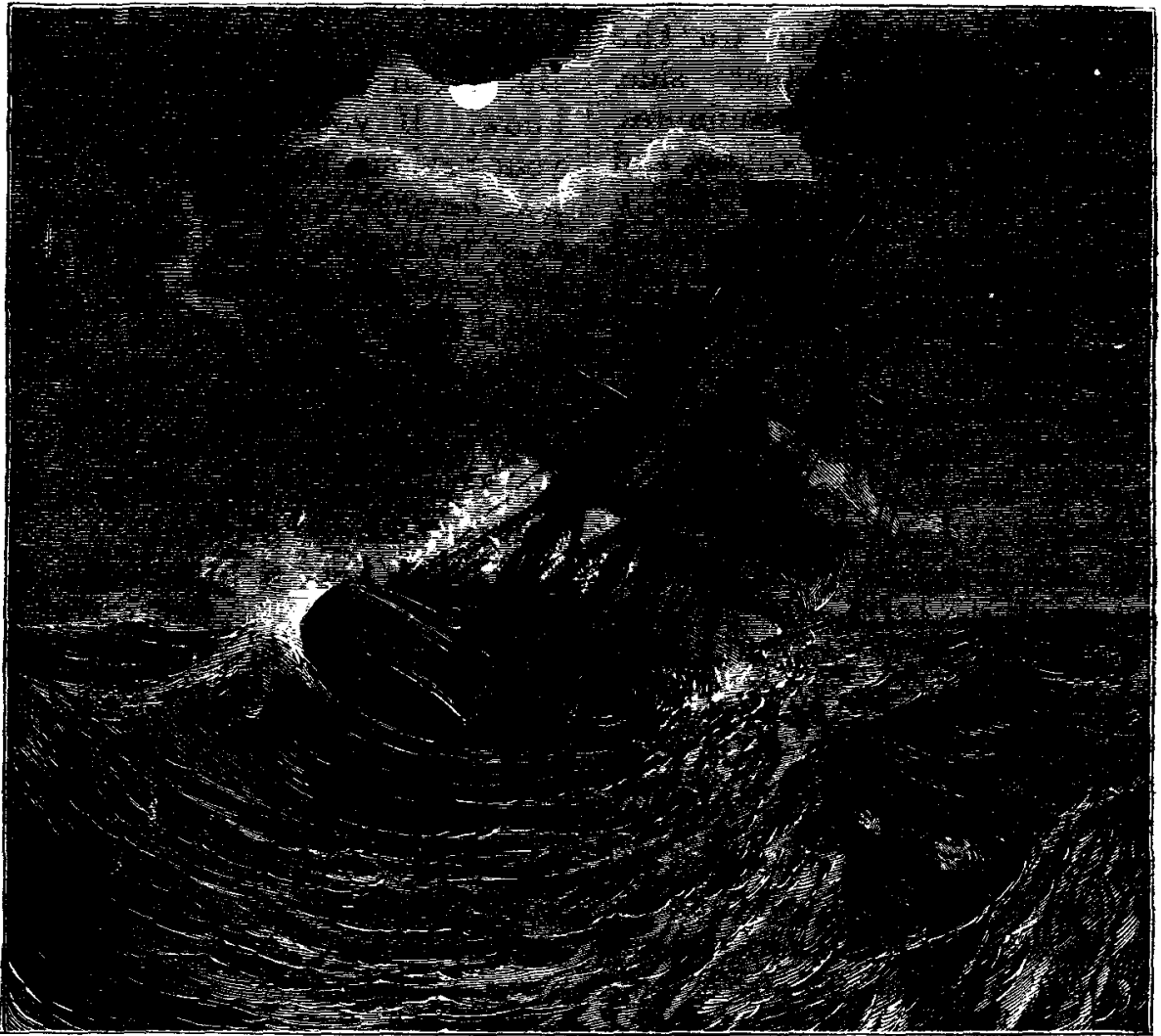
But He does not want to leave any behind, and although you are wicked and sinful, He is willing to receive and pardon you, if you will only come as a sinner, and believe in Him and His word. And He says, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."



MINNIE AND SAILOR BEN.

THE day had just begun to dawn
 Upon the coast of Wales,
 When lo ! a mighty ship was seen
 With torn and tatter'd sails ;
 She was a great and splendid ship
 That came from foreign lands—
 The captain little knew the coast
 Had dangerous rocks and sands ;

Upon the deck the people rush'd,
 When startled by the creak ;
 And hark ! a sailor cries aloud,
 "The ship has sprung a leak !"
 "The boats ! the boats !" the captain cries,
 "There is no time to waste ;
 "Our noble vessel's sinking fast,
 "So now, my lads, make haste !"



And in the night a storm came on
 With such terrific force,
 It overtook that splendid ship,
 And drove her from her course.
 While wave on wave increased in power,
 And round her sides did lash,
 And drove the ship upon the rocks
 With most tremendous crash.

And old and young are quickly slung
 Into the boats below ;
 The captain and his noble mate—
 They are the last to go ;
 Right manfully the sailors row,
 As round the waters roar,
 Till all is done, and every one
 Is landed on the shore.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

7

The women from their houses run,
 The fathers leave their flocks,
 To render all the help they can
 To those upon the rocks.
 And as they on each other gaze
 And find that all are there,
 To God they lift their hearts in praise,
 Who did in mercy spare.
 Amongst the young—amongst the old—
 With anxious glances fraught,
 A little girl of ten years old
 Her younger sister sought ;
 "O Captain, Captain," Mary cried,
 "We cannot Minnie find ;
 "I fear she's in the sinking ship—
 "My sister's left behind ;
 "Do save her, Captain ; save her, please !"
 "I cannot," he replied ;
 "The strongest could not reach the ship
 "In such a raging tide—
 "But for these little ones so dear,
 "But for my loving wife,
 "To save your sister in the ship
 "I'd even risk my life."
 Away ran Mary to the men,
 And in her little grip
 Seized one big man—"Dear Sailor Ben,
 "My sister's in that ship ;
 "Don't you remember how you played
 "With Minnie on the sea,
 "And how she used to chat with you
 "When sitting on your knee ?
 "Dear Ben—she's in the sinking ship,
 "You will not let her die ?
 "Do save her, Ben ; I know you can,
 "If you will only try !"
 And Ben—a brawny British tar,
 Who never knew a fear,
 Now raised his rough and greasy sleeve,
 To brush away a tear.
 "Ah ! that I will—God helping me ;
 "I'll brave the foaming wave,
 "And do the best that man can do,
 "The little one to save."
 The great sou'wester and the coat
 Were quickly on the ground,
 And from the group and in the sea
 The sailor soon was found.
 "God help the sailor," is the prayer
 From women and from men,
 As anxiously they watch the form
 Of brave old Sailor Ben ;

"Ah ! now he's hidden from our sight"—
 "Now once again he's rais'd"—
 "See there he is ;" "He's reach'd the ship."
 "He's safe ;" "The Lord be prais'd."
 He seized a rope—he climbed the ship,
 And now was lost to view ;
 "God save the child and Sailor Ben,"
 Cry passengers and crew.

PART II.

NOW when the people left the ship,
 The captain did not know—
 Although he look'd, and cried aloud—
 That Minnie was below.
 She's all alone ! she found too soon,
 And down the hatchway crept,
 And when she reached the large saloon,
 She sat her down and wept ;
 What's that she hears ? she wipes her eyes,
 And looking down once more,
 She sees a stream of water rise,
 And run along the floor.
 The frightened child got on a chair,
 And as the water rose,
 She drew her feet upon the seat,
 And gathered up her clothes ;
 And there she sat until she saw
 There was no safety there,
 And *then* upon the table perch'd,
 And left the floating chair.
 Poor Minnie look'd in sad dismay,
 And once again she wept,
 As gradually the water rose,
 And on the table crept,
 She reached the chair, on which she sits,
 While tears run from her eyes ;
 And who can tell what Minnie feels,
 As still the waters rise !
 And as she sees it *creeping* up,
 She kneels upon the chair,
 She bows her head and clasps her hands,
 And moves her lips in prayer :
 "Dear Jesus ! take me up to heaven,
 "Above this rising flood,
 "And make me whiter than the snow
 "In Thy most precious blood.
 "Take care of Mary, Jesus, please—"
 Just *then* she hears a voice,
 A man is calling out her name,
 Which makes her heart rejoice.

"Oh Minnie, are you down below?"

He cries aloud; and then
He hears a feeble voice reply,

"Yes, *here I is*, dear Ben."

A moment more, and that big man

The little one has grasp'd;
And tightly round his sunburnt neck

Her little arms are clasp'd;
And with his little, precious charge,

He braves the sea once more;
With Minnie hanging round his neck,

He strives to reach the shore.
He hears the shouts above the storm,

Above the sea-gull's screech—
And now a friendly wave comes by

And lands him on the beach.
Was ever heart so big with joy,

(Did one more gladly beat)
As Ben's, when laying Minnie down

At little Mary's feet?
And men who seldom wept before,

Now wiped a tear away,
As bruised and breathless on the shore

The noble fellow lay.
He cared not much for rich rewards,

Nor for the praise of men;
But through his life he lov'd to think

Of Mary's, "*Thank you, Ben!*"

G. C.



DOT'S CORNER.

With Mr. Editor's kind permission, I intend to have a little corner every month for myself and my very little friends.

I want you to help me in my little corner, if you please, by asking me questions, and sending me little essays of your own. By this I mean that you should write out on paper your own thoughts on subjects which I will suggest.

For instance, let us take some of the people spoken of in the Bible, such as Cain and Abel, or Noah, or Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, or Joseph, or others, and you try and write what you know and think about them. Or you might ask me questions about them, or anything else you may wish to know.

Well, now, suppose you begin next month by writing about Cain and Abel. Perhaps you say, "How shall I begin?" Ah, that I must leave to you.

We have a little boy at our house named Bertie, who sometimes wants to tell us a little tale, and he always begins by saying, "*Well, a lady had a little boy;*" or else, "*Well, mamma had a little boy,*" and so on. I think if you try you will find it easy enough.

Well (as our little boy says), I shall read over all the papers sent in, and the one I think best shall be printed in my corner.

You must please put your name and age at the bottom of your paper, as, in deciding which is best, I shall take notice of the age.

When your paper is all ready, please put it in an envelope, and direct it like this—

Dot,

54 Paternoster Row,

London.

Now, don't forget the subject next month is "Cain and Abel." And please send your paper not later than the 18th of January.

Your affectionate Friend,

DOT.

WE want our little friends to make known to their little friends about our magazine, and to help us get subscribers. I heard of a little girl saying, when she heard about it, "Oh! it's only a ha'penny; I can easily save that." And what little girl or boy has not a "ha'penny" to spare in a month?

We shall have good pictures, and some interesting stories (all true ones, mind), and at the end of the year we shall have a *nice large coloured picture to give away* to our little friends who have helped us through the year.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

No. 2. VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



OUR BABY.

(From a photograph by Turner.)

OUR BABY.

YES! that's our baby. As Mr. Editor put in last month the little bit I wrote about the Baby's Comforter, I thought he would like to see the Baby himself; so I sent him a photograph, and he has actually had it engraved for the inspection of his little friends all over the country. So there is a real, live, London baby, just as he sat looking at the man with his funny machine, wondering what he was doing. I dare say little country friends would expect to find a London baby with poor wee bits of hands and white pinched cheeks, and "looking horrid;" but let me tell them that his cheeks are as rosy as a little farmer-boy's, and his arms and hands are as chubby as chubby can be. And, you know, he was born within the sound of "Big Ben," for we can hear his great booming tongue telling the time of day in our nursery. If you only heard Babs crow, and saw his little blue eyes twinkle, you would think he had been on a visit to Auntie Rose's cottage in the forest.

Brother Dickie has been busy again, and says about Babs—

"He's fond of sop, and cakes, and kidney,
Because his name is little Sidney."

"Good gracious!" we said, "who ever heard of babies liking kidneys?"

But the serious-looking little fellow said, "There's no accounting for tastes."

But, do you know, I believe he had been thinking a very long while, and could find no other word that would jingle with Sidney but kidney. Ah! Master Dickie, we know *how* they do it.

But I do think he's improving a bit, for he says that Sid's

"Little hands are always touching.
Little fingers always clutching,
Cups and saucers and the tray,
If they're only in his way."

Baby ought to grow up a good boy, if sweet lullabys sung to him would make him so, for there's nurse always singing

to him something about Jesus, and heaven, and

"That beautiful by-and-by."

And mother says, she hopes he will grow up good, and that he will be a real comfort to her. She says she is quite sure the best

Mother's Comforter

is a boy or girl who loves Jesus, and that a young christian ought to be like glass, so that you can see right through him.

I know what she means by that: no "make-believing," no hiding a fault when we have done something wrong. I suppose that was what David meant when he wrote that beautiful 139th Psalm, which makes one tremble so, when we see we can't hide anything from God's eye; but if we know He is always looking, it will help to keep us careful what we do and what we say. I do hope it will me, and all of us. I am sure nothing will make mother and father so glad as to know our names are written in a book where it can never be rubbed out.

I read one day, that it is by the blood of Jesus our sins are washed away, and when we believe in Him our names are

Written in Heaven,

where I know mine is, for I do believe Jesus died for me.

Oh! how beautiful it will be all to meet in heaven: and as brother Dickie sings—

"Let us love Jesus, and soon He will call
Father and mother and baby and all."

"AS NEW-BORN BABES,

DESIRE

THE SINCERE MILK OF THE WORD,

THAT YE MAY GROW THEREBY."

(1 Peter ii. 2.)

Little Friends' Lament on the Death of Cracklebone.

WE miss our poor Cracklebone sadly,
 (The dear little lovable chap,)
 We'd give him our supper most gladly,
 To have him again on our lap.

Poor Cracklebone, gentle and trusty
 When stretched on the dining-room floor,
 Was always a little bit crusty
 If a beggar but came to the door.



But yonder, right down in the garden,
 Where the wee bits of grass will soon rise,
 Where the turf Master Frost will soon harden,
 Our poor little Cracklebone lies.

Whene'er in the meadows we ramble,
 No longer poor Cracklebone comes,
 To join in our romp and our gambol,
 Or pick up his share of the crumbs.

We'll watch—when the summer-time closes,
 The plum tree its big branches wave,
 When the winter wind scatters the roses—
 Over poor little Cracklebone's grave.
 And out in our little green barrow,
 We'll wheel all the bits we can spare ;
 For the dear little robin and sparrow
 Will be very glad of his share.
 One day when the birdies were feeding,
 I thought of those sweet little words,
 In that wonderful book I was reading,
 "God cares for the dear little birds."

DICKIE RHYMER.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

TINY little fellow of about three or four years old had climbed, as little boys, and even some little girls, are too fond of doing, upon a large stack of wood in a farm yard. He did not think when he was climbing up how he was to get back ; indeed, he did not once stop to think, until his companion called out, "Mind, Bertie, you will fall." He then looked down, and got so frightened ; but what do you think he did ? Why, he raised his head, and put up his little hands, and said in his funny way, "*God help this boy.*" And instead of falling, he seemed to gain courage after he had said his little prayer, and got down in perfect safety.

Bertie's father and mother are christians, and have taught their little ones to love God, and to trust Him at all times ; and that if they know He gave His only-begotten Son to die to save them (John iii. 16), and wash them in His precious blood, they will love to look to Him, not only in trouble and sorrow and danger, but to put beautiful thoughts into their hearts about heaven and its untold glories, and they will not only long to go there, but they will also desire to tell their companions about Him that they may be happy.

BOB AND BEN.

TWO boys were wandering o'er the sands,
 Along the Kentish coast ;
 And searching with their eyes and hands

For what they valued most.
 They sought amid the many cells
 The restless billows made,
 For bits of coral, and for shells
 Of every tint and shade.
 And now they fix their longing eyes
 On something out of reach,
 And just a bit the boys despise
 The treasures of the beach.
 In searching for the ocean toys,
 Through rocky cave and glen,
 There could not be more happy boys
 Than Bob and little Ben.
 The eldest boy was Master Bob ;
 And not by craft or stealth,
 But openly he meant to rob
 Old Ocean of his wealth.
 And soon the bag which Bob had brought,
 Was getting full indeed,
 Of many a curious thing they sought,
 In coral, shell, and weed.
 They wander'd on the pathless track,
 Till certain rocks were past ;
 Nor saw they, till on looking back,
 The tide was rising fast.
 The tide had crept along the beach,
 Without a bit of noise,
 Enclosing, so that none could reach,
 The little prison'd boys.
 And little Ben began to sob,
 And for his mother cried ;
 "You need not be afraid," said Bob,
 "I'll climb the rocky side ;
 "So mind, and don't be frighten'd, Ben,
 "For very soon I hope
 "To find a lot of working men,
 "And then I'll bring a rope ;
 "And then I'll throw it down to you :
 "Right down upon the sands,
 "And mind and tie it firm and true,
 "Around your arms and hands ;
 "And then I'll pull you to the top
 "In very little time.
 "Won't that be proper, Ben ? But stop,
 "I'll now begin to climb."

And Bob, with resolutions big,
 Seem'd carrying out his plan ;
 And with the help of twitch and twig,
 Seem'd quite a little man.
 Now in a cave he rests awhile,
 And from his rocky den,
 Looks down, and with a roguish smile
 Says, " Don't be frighten'd, Ben !"
 He clutch'd a branch, and sad to tell,
 He clutched with both his hands ;
 It trembled, snapp'd, and down it fell
 With Bobby on the sands.
 Ben saw the all-devouring waves,
 And vessels tempest-tost ;
 Then thought upon the One who saves,
 And loudly cried out, " LOST !"
 No sooner had he cried, than, lo !
 Some men upon the rock
 Were looking on the sands below,
 While others seemed to flock.
 And now the boys began to hope
 That they should soon be saved :
 Ere long, the men threw down a rope,
 While handkerchiefs were waved.
 Now Bob, when he began to climb,
 Had laid aside his bag,
 Because he thought at such a time
 'T would only be a drag.
 Ben seized the rope, and round his waist
 He tied it firm and true ;
 And 'neath his thighs 'twas quickly placed,
 And o'er his shoulders, too.
 While Ben was tying foot and hand
 (So young, and yet so wise),
 On that great bag upon the sand
 Bob fixed his longing eyes.
 And quick as thought the straps he seiz'd,
 And round his shoulders slung,
 As though with his great treasure pleased,
 Though heavily it hung.
 And now he clutch'd with both his hands
 The rope which Ben had left ;
 For standing-place upon the sands,
 The billows soon bereft.
 Unlike his little brother Ben,
 He trusted in his strength ;
 And when he cried out to the men,
 Who, pulling up at length,
 He felt that bag of shells and stones
 Perhaps his life would cost :
 And so he cried, with stifled groans—
 " Oh ! Ben, I shall be lost."

Poor little Ben, though safely tied,
 Could not repress a sob,
 As looking down below, he cried—
 " *Hold fast the rope, dear Bob !*"
 Bob felt his strength was sinking fast,
 And nearly loosed the cord ;
 But in that time of trouble, cast
 His eyes up to the Lord ;
 And He who understands our grief,
 And sorrow turns to joy,
 The danger saw, and gave relief
 To that poor helpless boy :
 For suddenly they seem'd to knock,
 As fierce the tempest blew,
 Against a jagged piece of rock,
 Which cut the strap in two.
 And through the somewhat sudden crash,
 Poor Bobby's knuckle bleeds,
 While down below, with solemn splash,
 Go bag and stones and weeds.
 Another pull—a shout ! and then
 They're safe from wind and waves,
 While Bob and Ben both thank the men,
 And praise the Lord who saves !

G. C.

"I AM A CHRISTIAN NOW."

I WANT to tell my little reader about a little girl in one of those great hospitals in the huge city of London.

A kind lady had visited the ward in which she was placed, and had told her about Jesus and His love ; and this little girl not only listened, but really believed on Jesus with her whole heart, and she was saved ; and because Jesus had saved her, she wanted to do everything she could to please Him ; and as He had been such a great friend to her, she wanted to be a little friend of His. Now if you will read John xv. 14, you will find that only those who do what He tells them are His friends, because a friend must show himself friendly ;

if you read 1 Peter iii. 3, 4, you will understand why this little girl was so quiet one afternoon, as she sat by her little bed, snip, snip, snipping away, for such a long time, that one of the patients in the same ward, asked, "Child, what are you doing?"

"I am cutting this fine trimming off my frock," she replied.

"Oh dear, you will spoil your frock," said the patient.

"No, I shall not," she quietly answered. "I am cutting this off, because I am a christian now."

You see, my dear young friend, she wanted to do everything that God's word commanded.

Will you try and imitate her? I do not mean in cutting the trimming off your frock, but in trying to put into practice every little verse of God's word. This is the only way you can please the Lord Jesus, and show that you are a friend of His, if only a little one.

H. N.

LITTLE HARRY.

"**I**VE years old to day! five years old!" said a merry, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy named Harry, whilst surveying his plump, happy little self in his mother's large looking-glass. "I am getting a big boy now, so I am never going to be

naughty any more, and I am always going to obey my precious mamma, and be very kind and good to her."

His fond mother, who had been listening at the door, and feeling very much amused at her dear little son's good resolutions, stepped lightly behind him, caught her darling in her arms, and nearly smothered him with loving kisses and hugs.

"Harry," said she, "I wonder if you asked Jesus this morning to *help* you to be good?"

Harry looked upon the ground, and got very red.

"Ah! Harry, I'm afraid you *didn't*; shall we kneel down together and ask the dear Lord Jesus to keep little Harry from doing or saying any naughty things to-day?"

"Yes, please, mamma," said Harry, with the hot tears rolling down his dimpled cheeks. Side by side they knelt, and when his mother had asked her Father in heaven to keep her little one very close to Himself, and to help him to keep his good resolutions, Harry said, "May I pray now, mamma?" Hardly waiting to be answered, the little one lisped out, "Please, dear Jesus, keep your little Harry from doing anything naughty all day long, for Christ's sake. Amen."

They rose from their knees, both feeling very happy; and Harry never forgot from that day to kneel by the bed-side, as soon as he got up in the morning. Dear little readers, I trust you all do the same; then you will find it very easy to be good.

L. G.

"G O D

I S

L O V E."



"G O D

I S

L I G H T."

TEDDY IN THE KENNEL.

YOU will wonder what the little fellow is going to do in the kennel ; but I'll let you into the secret.

Teddy Smith saw his father sitting,

"Where's Willie now?" asked Teddy.

"He's gone to heaven," father said.

"Then why does father cry," asks the little one, "if Willie's gone to heaven?"

After a time, Teddy went out into the



looking very sad, and seeing two or three tears drop, asked him what was the matter. Father was crying over his poor little lost Willie, who lay upstairs in a little coffin.

yard, and crept into a tub which was used as a kennel ; and you see dear old Dash doesn't mind a bit. He seems almost to say, "All right, Teddy, I'll keep guard, nobody shall disturb you."

And so he did all the while Teddy sat there thinking about Willie up in heaven, and he sat there till the evening, looking up, until he saw some tiny stars peeping out. Now Teddy heard a little girl say these stars were little gimlet-holes to let the glory through; and there he sat looking and looking, as though he wanted to see brother Willie in the glory, right through these bright little holes. And dear old Dash didn't bark or rattle his chain a bit, but sat ever so quiet, till presently Teddy began to sing—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky,"

till he heard mother's voice cry out, "Teddy, Teddy!" And then, before going to bed, he and mother had a beautiful little talk about heaven, where Willie was gone.

Teddy is a man now, and a christian, and tells others about Jesus, and how He gives eternal life to all who believe on His name.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS—I am glad so many of you have written your papers about "Cain and Abel." I am very much pleased with them, especially as some of them are from *very little ones*. But I find that so many of our little friends want "My Little Friend," that the printer will have to begin printing a good deal earlier than he thought, so that when you get the number for February, it will be too late to write for March. Well, I think we can get over the difficulty, if you will write for April instead of March. The subject will be "Noah and the Flood." You must please send in your papers as early as you can this month. But now you want to read the paper about "Cain and Abel," which I think is best. Here it is—written by a little boy named Turner.

CAIN AND ABEL.

AFTER God had driven Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden, they had two sons, Cain and Abel. Cain was the elder and Abel the younger. When they grew up, Cain employed himself in cultivating the land, and Abel kept sheep. As the Lord had

been very good to them, they brought Him an offering, which they thought would please Him. Cain brought some fruit and flowers which he had planted and grown himself—the very best he had got—and of course God could not accept that because He had cursed the ground out of which it grew, because Adam and Eve were wicked enough to eat what God had told them not to eat, when they had plenty else around them. Abel brought a lamb—the best he had in his flock. No doubt that God had told him that Jesus was coming to die for his sins, so that he would not be punished for them himself. And I think that is why he offered the lamb and God accepted it. Now when Cain saw that God accepted Abel's offering and not his, he was very angry with God. God spoke to Cain, and asked him why he was angry, and why he was displeased with Him; but Cain would not take any notice of it. He was still angry with God; and one day when he and Abel were alone, he killed him. He thought it would not be found out, as no one saw him; but he forgot that God saw him. God sees and knows everything we do, say, or think. God spoke to him again, and asked him where his brother was, and Cain was wicked enough to say he did not know, and wanted to know if he was his brother's keeper. Then God was very angry with him, and told him that he must go far away from father, and mother, and his home, and that he should be a wanderer, and that if he tried to grow any more flowers, weeds should grow up instead. Cain was very much afraid that somebody would kill him, so God set a mark on him, to let people know he was not to be killed. So Cain went a great way from his home, and father, and mother, and built a city for his grandchildren to live in; but I am sure he could not be happy. You may read the account of Cain and Abel in Genesis iv. 1—17. SAMUEL TURNER.

Now, that is the one I thought best to print, although there were several others very good. Indeed, I should like to print them all, but of course I cannot. But I hope you will all try again for April. Don't forget the subject, "Noah and the Flood." In the March number I hope to print a little paper about "Ruth," which was sent to me some time ago by a very little girl. So good bye till then.

Your affectionate friend,

DOT.

We are exceedingly glad and thankful that our "**Little Friend**" has been so well received, and such a hearty response has been given. The circulation of the first number has far exceeded our expectations, so that we have big hopes of its future, and that it will reach the homes and schools of little friends in every part. We shall endeavour to make it a welcome monthly visitor.

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



THE LITTLE TRESPASSER—(See page 18).

THE LITTLE TRESPASSER.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good"—PROV. XV. 3.

IF the poor girl had only thought of that little text she would not have been that side of the gate, nor done worse still. But she is very unhappy by her looks, and I do hope she confessed her sin to the Lord, and I am sure if she did she would hear from Him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

How nice it would be if boys and girls, as soon as they get up, went to their Bibles and just learned a verse before going to school or to work. I am sure God would bless it, and help them, not only from being little trespassers, but to be little shining lights for Jesus. Oh, may it be said of our little readers, as Paul said of Timothy, "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."—2 TIM. iii. 15.

TO THE READERS OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND."

SINCE Mr. Editor so kindly sent you an engraving from the photo. of our dear baby, death has paid our nursery a visit, and taken our darling from us, oh! so suddenly. One morning he was as well as usual, and the next evening the little blue eyes were closed, and the little busy fingers were quite still—he was gone to be with Jesus. If you have lost a little brother or sister, I need not tell you how much we miss him, and how sad we all felt; but in our great sorrow we remember Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." I am sure we would have done anything to save him, we loved him so much; but we are comforted by the precious thought that we shall see our darling again. Jesus has called him first, and, as a dear friend of ours says, "*He's safe in the arms—in the keeping of Christ!*" Oh, my little friends, are you ready? Are your sins washed away in the blood of Jesus? He is gathering the little lambs to His bosom, and he wants little children to believe in Him and to dwell in His beautiful home for ever.

BABY'S MOTHER.

LOST IN LONDON.



HERE'S Fred? Where's Fred?" was the question raised by every voice in the house, so that there was no one to answer it, and indeed nobody in the house was able to answer it.

"Fred" was a little blue-eyed fellow, with sunny curls hanging down his neck, about thirty inches high "in his boots," although the "boots" did not make much difference as they were not hob-nailed, you know, but tiny cases of polished leather, not so long as two of his father's fingers with a bit of strap over the chubby little foot. He, with his mother and brother Harry, were on a visit to "uncle," and one morning the front door having been left open by some means, Master Fred took it into his head to go on a voyage of discovery—that same head only being two and a half years old, was not to be expected to have much wisdom in it, and so without so much as saying "By your leave," or even "Good morning," and not waiting for hat or cloak, off he started.

It seemed but a minute that he was missed, and oh! such a cry was made; mother asking the question first, and everybody else echoing it—such a running from room to room. Harry couldn't see his way about for the big tears that would roll over on to his cheeks. Harry thought it dreadful to lose his baby brother. Poor uncle was "all of a heap" like, for a bit, and then out of the door he rushed; he looked right and left, but so pale, and I think he *looked up*, you know what that means, for he ran towards the next street, and there, a little way down, he saw the little chap walking along beside a big woman, who had hold of his little hand.

He had got down as far as a confectioner's shop, and after feasting his little eyes on the wonders of sugarland and


cakedom, he was going on further, when the woman seeing the little wanderer, and not being able to find out where he came from, was either going to take him to her home, or give him over to the police to take care of till inquiry should be made. I can tell you uncle was not long reaching the little runaway, and he quite frightened the woman by the way in which he snatched the boy and hugged him so lovingly, as though he were worth heaps of money, "and so he was," I suppose his mother would say.

You should have seen the rejoicing when uncle got home with the lost one, and how the smiles drove all the tears away from all their faces, as he was received both safe and sound. I seldom read the beautiful story of the runaway son in the fifteenth of Luke without thinking of the little boy that was *lost in London*. It says there, too, that all heaven rejoices when a lost sinner is found.

Jesus came all the way from heaven to seek that which was lost.

If my little readers, know that they are really *lost sinners*, they are the very ones whom Jesus is seeking. May He find them while reading this, and take them up in His arms and bless them.

"SHALL I DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT?"

 YES, little artist, you certainly may;
But mind that it's *very* correct:

And don't let your colours be all sober grey,
But some of your sunshine reflect!

"My lips with a smile I'll endeavour to curl,
Since my orders are 'not to look sad!'
Besides, if the artist's my dear little girl,
I think I have cause to be glad.

"My position's not good? well, really, I'll try;
I think I am 'sitting at ease:'
My neck is too stiff, and hair's all awry?—
You are difficult rather to please!

"My forehead has got just a wrinkle of care?

(Old Time has been leaving a trace;
While here and there, too, he has silver'd my hair);—

'Too sober and solemn a face?'

"Well! what shall I think of, or where shall I look,

To make me seem happy and bright?
Fix my eyes on a picture, or else on a book?

Well! dear little artist, '*all right!*'

"There's a baby asleep in its own little crib,
If you please I will gaze there awhile;—
On the small chubby fist that is clutching its bib,

And watch till it wakes with a smile.

"I remember one day that my likeness was drawn—

Ah! drawn by the light of God's Word:
A light that eclipses the light of the morn,
The lamp is in *Romans the third!*

"My picture was drawn with the pencil of truth,

My features and character too;
And I find there the sins both of age and of youth
Are strikingly brought out to view.

"But the blots and the blemishes—numberless stains,

And they were much blacker than mud,
(When I found out how useless, how helpless my pains,)
Have all been washed out in the blood.

"The blood of the Saviour—the Lord from above,—

Who died upon Calvary's tree;
And who from the glory sends tidings of love,
Salvation for you and for me!

"For the aged and young, whom the world has enticed,

And Satan and sin have enslaved;
If we but believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,
The Scriptures say we shall be saved!"

JAMIE AND THE PRINCE.



LOSE by the gate of Holyrood,
Where dwelt our gracious Queen,
Near where a soldier-sentry stood,
A little boy was seen.

A slouching cap was loosely flung
Upon his uncomb'd hair ;
His clothes in rags and tatters hung,
His legs and feet were bare.

He boldly walked along the road,
As though a lord
of state—

Towards Her Ma-
jesty's abode,
And to the royal
gate.

The soldier stopped
his further
course,
And put his gun
between ;

But Jamie said,
while looking
cross,
"I want to see
the Queen."

"You cannot see
the Queen, my
lad," [replied :
The soldier then
This made poor
little Jamie sad,
And so he stood
and cried.

"There's no one to
the palace goes
But those of
noble race ;
And you have only,
ragged clothes
And such a dirty face."

Just then there came across the vale,
A youth of noble mien,
Who heard the little fellow's tale—
"I want to see the Queen."

"And you shall see the Queen to-day,"
Replied the princely boy,
This chased poor Jamie's fears away,
And filled his heart with joy.



But while he wiped away a tear,
He muttered soft and low,
"Yon sojer, sir, with that great spear,
Won't let us pass, you know."

"Don't be afraid, my little one,"
He whispered in his ear,
"He shall not hurt you with his gun,
Nor touch you with his spear."

So Jamie took the prince's hand,
And trotted by his side ;
Well peased to see the soldier stand
So calm and
dignified.

And when they
came to Holy-
rood,
It was a pleasant
scene :
As little shoeless
Jamie stood
And gazed upon
the Queen.

Well pleased with
what the prince
had done,
She granted his
request—
Took pity on the
friendless one,
And had him
wash'd and
drest.

And Jamie grateful
thanks return'd,
When cleans'd
and dress'd
and shod :
And thro' the
Queen's great
goodness learn'd

The gracious ways of God ;
That neither soldier, gun, nor sword
Could bar the living way,
To keep a sinner from the Lord,
Or frighten him away.
That Queens and Princes, Dukes and Earls,
Need Christ, the living way,
As well as little boys and girls
That romp about and play. G. C.



"SHALL I DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT?"—(*See page 19.*)

GOING TO JESUS.



WILL tell you of a little boy who for a long time suffered from extreme weakness. At last his mother and friends got him into the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, where he remained a few weeks. Well, one day his mother went in to see her little boy, and he said to her, "Mother, tell my teacher I am going to Jesus. I am so happy. Ask my teacher to tell the little boys in my class, I shall soon be with Jesus."

Now I hope we shall all meet that little boy in heaven. His name was Eddie Rigden, seven years of age.

IDA PONT, *twelve years.*

COME.



HERE is a little word in the first chapter of the New Testament, and another one in the last chapter, I want you to look at with me—the first word is "Jesus," the second, "come."

Now we will take the little word "come" first—come is an invitation and Jesus is a person. The first letter of the Saviour's name will

Tell you	when to come	J	just now
The next	who is to come	E	every one
The next	{ what you are to come for }	S	salvation
The next	{ the name of those who will not come }	U	unbelievers
The last	{ the name of those who do come }	S	saved.

There is a verse in the tenth of Mark which has both our little words in it—will my young friends find it, and are they able to say, I—John or Mary, or whatever your name is—have come to Jesus?

If not, then, do come "just now," for another little verse says that he that cometh, "will in no wise be cast out," but if you delay coming—Jesus is coming quickly, then you will be lost for ever, the door will be closed and no one can come then.

H. N.

A HYMN FOR A CHILD.

COMPOSED BY MISS NEALE.



ORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude and wild;
O put Thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
O make my soul from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

O, Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

ACCOUNT OF A CHILD TO WHOSE SOUL THIS
HYMN HAS BEEN MADE A BLESSING.

THIS hymn was given to a very poor little Irish boy, and it was made by God the means of his becoming very rich: for he learnt from it what he was,—a sinner; and what the Lord Jesus Christ is—a great Saviour. He believed in Jesus, and read the Word of God, loving it, because it tells of Jesus, who shed His blood to save sinners.

Soon this little boy became sick, but he was happy, for he knew that if his body should sink, his spirit would be taken to "be with Christ, which is far better." And so it was,—his body fell asleep, and was laid in the grave, and when the Lord Jesus Christ shall come in His glory it will be raised, and the spirit will be in it again, and it will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and be for ever with the Lord.

Happy child! all this because he learnt to know Jesus, whose blessed name means "God, the SAVIOUR."

DEAR CHILDREN—One thing is needful.—It is to be saved from the wrath of God which is coming on the world because of sin. The Word of God teaches the way to be saved, and you are brought to school to learn the Word of God.

heard that the Lord had given His people bread. Then she started on her way to her own country, and Orpah and Ruth with her. Then Naomi said to them, "Go back to your mother's house; and the Lord deal kindly with you." Then she kissed them and wept; and they said to her, "We will go with you to your people." And Naomi said, "Go to your own home, my daughters;" and they wept. And Orpah kissed her mother, but Ruth clave unto her. And Naomi said to Ruth, "Thy sister has gone back to her own country; you go after her." And Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee, for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When Naomi saw that she was determined not to go back she said no more to her. And they came to Bethlehem. And when the people saw her, they said, "Is this Naomi?" And she told them not to call her Naomi, but they should call her Mara, for God had dealt bitterly with her. And Naomi had a relative of her husband's, a very rich man, of the family of Elimelech, and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth asked her mother if she might go into the field and glean; and Naomi said she might. And she happened to go into a field belonging to Boaz. And Boaz came and said to the reapers, "The Lord be with you." Then the reapers said to Boaz, "The Lord bless thee." Then Boaz inquired who the young woman was, and the servant said, "It is the young woman that came with Naomi from the country of Moab."

And she asked if she might glean after the reapers, among the sheaves; and so she stayed all the day. And then Boaz told Ruth not to go into any other field, but to stay there with his own maidens; and when she was thirsty she was to drink the same as the others. And Ruth bowing herself, asked him why she had found grace in his eyes, being a stranger. Boaz told her that he had heard of all her love and faithfulness to her mother; and Boaz said, "At meal-time come and eat of my bread." And she sat beside the reapers and he gave her parched corn; and Boaz told his young men to let fall some on purpose for her.

So she gleaned till the evening, and beat out the corn, and it was about an ephah of barley. And her mother asked her where she had got it, and she said she had gleaned in a field belonging to Boaz. And Naomi said, "He is blessed of the Lord; he is a kinsman of Elimelech." And Ruth said, "He told me to stay in his field till they had ended the harvest." So she stayed till it was ended.

And Boaz thought he should like Ruth for his wife; but there was a kinsman nearer to Ruth than he was, whose duty it was to marry her,—as that was their custom, for the nearest kinsman to marry the widow. So Boaz went up to the gate, and sat down; and while he sat there the man who ought to marry Ruth came by, and Boaz stopped him. And he took ten of the elders, and they sat down also. Then Boaz told him that Naomi was about to sell some

land which had belonged to Elimelech; and he asked him if he would buy it, and he said, "If you will redeem it, do so; if not, tell me, for there is none to redeem it but you or me." And the man said he would redeem it.

Then Boaz told him he must buy it of Ruth also, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance. Then the kinsman said he could not redeem it for himself, lest he should mar his own inheritance. So he told Boaz to redeem it for him. Now this was the custom at that time in Israel to confirm anything, a man took off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour. So the kinsman said to Boaz, "Buy it for thee." So he drew off his shoe. And Boaz said to the elders and all the people, "You are witnesses this day that I have bought all that was Elimelech's and Mahlon's, and Chilion's, of Naomi; and I have also bought Ruth, the wife of Mahlon, to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead on his inheritance." And the elders said, "We are witnesses, and may the Lord make the woman that is come to thy house, like Rachel and Leah, which did build the house of Israel."

So Boaz took Ruth for his wife. And the Lord gave her a son, and Naomi took the child and became its nurse; and his name was called Obed. Obed is the father of Jesse, the father of David.

Now while we see in Ruth a type of a faithful, loving, obedient child, we see in Boaz a type of the Lord Jesus. For as Boaz showed grace to Ruth (she being a stranger), so the Lord Jesus shows grace to the Gentile strangers. And as Boaz took Ruth for his wife, so the Lord Jesus is taking a bride for Himself from among the Gentiles. And as Ruth shared all the riches and honour of Boaz, so will the bride of the Lord Jesus share all His glory with Him.

AMY BOULTON, *ten years.*

Now, I think that is very nice. Do not you think so, too? Well, I hope you will write as good papers as that. The next subject, mind, will be "Abraham offering up Isaac;" and the following one "Jacob and his ladder." How I *should* like to see all those who have sent letters to me; but I suppose I never shall here on earth, though I hope to meet all of you in heaven. Good bye for the present.

Your affectionate friend,
DOT.

WE still look to our little friends to help us in our work by making the Magazine known to their friends and companions. We shall endeavour to get the best pictures; and many Christian friends are going to write what they think will be helpful and interesting to our readers and make them

"WISE UNTO SALVATION."

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 4.

APRIL, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



SPRING-TIME—(See page 26).

SPRING-TIME.



O'ER the hills and meads and
 vales;
 On the bank, across the
 dales,
 Where the flocks and herds are seen
 Nibbling at the blades of green;
 By the hill side, down the plain,
 Welcome Spring is seen again.
 Cheery sunshine follows showers;
 Tiny buds and opening flowers
 Dot the shrubs and grace the trees,
 Smiling as old Winter flees;
 Warbling songsters bid him go
 To his house of ice and snow;
 Busy insects' ceaseless hum
 Tell of joyous days to come;
 While from many a hidden bed
 Pretty violets raise their head;
 And the pale primroses' face
 Many a warm plantation grace.
 Cowslips with their cups of gold
 Diamond dew-drops gladly hold;
 Daffodil and crocus, too,
 Cotters' little gardens strew;
 Buttercups in yellow dress
 Round about the daisies press;
 Little children clap their hands
 As they wander forth in bands
 To enjoy the sunny hours,
 Revelling amid the flowers.
 Mid the hills, and mid the vales,
 One glad note of praise prevails.
 Budding hedgerows, flowers, and trees,
 Raise their voice upon the breeze.
 While the river and the stream
 Catch and join the wondrous theme;
 Countless songsters help to raise
 To the Lord a song of praise.
 In the mountain, hill, and plain,
 In the sunshine, in the rain,
 In the tree, and in the flower,
 There I read a *God of power*:
 But in Jesus from above
 There I read a *God of love*.
 Further still, at Calvary's tree
 There I read *His love to me*.



LITTLE DAVID.



DYOUTH of a ruddy and beautiful countenance stands talking with his brothers, who are soldiers in King Saul's army, when he hears the challenge of the Philistine giant, and he volunteers to fight him. He smote the lion and bear in the wilderness, and delivered the trembling lamb. David said the battle was the Lord's, and what was a giant's strength worth, then? David trusted in the Lord, and he said the Lord would deliver the trembling Israelites out of the giant's hand.

The brave-hearted little shepherd-boy went forth, and you all know the result—

And then the stone went flying
 From out the shepherd's sling,
 And soon the dreaded champion
 Lay there a lifeless thing.
 The fatal stone had enter'd
 Deep in his massive brain:
 And so the pond'rous giant
 Was by the shepherd slain.

"TUPPENCE, PLEASE."



YOU don't get much for nothing in London, that you don't," said a little fellow, as he dived down his hands into both his pockets to see if there were, by some oversight, a little coin got into one corner, but the discovery not turning out as he would have wished, a disconsolate look passed over his face, especially as he passed some stalls with very tempting wares; and he could not help comparing himself to his master's boxes that now and then went to the station with the large letters on them, "*Returned empty*."

He and a companion had been strolling in Regent's Park, and when weary he sat him down to rest. Being a little boy from the country, and as he saw

a choice of seats everywhere—the hard straight-backed wooden one, the more easy chair which one might have to oneself without being squeezed by a neighbour, and lastly, the more luxurious arm-chair, in which youthhood might delight itself, he chose the latter, and certainly, by the manner and attitude in which the seat was occupied, you might have supposed the occupier to have been saying to himself,—

“I’m monarch of all I survey.”

But if he did so, he was awakened from his pleasant regal dreams by an unexpected apparition standing before him, dressed in corduroy, with a brass plate on his arm, and with a demand of “Tuppence, please.”

“Tuppence?” questioned the loungee, “what for?” and he *looked terrible*.

“For the arm-chair, *sir*,” replied the tax-gatherer, for it was no other than the man who demands the fee for the use of the chairs.

“Can’t I sit down where I like?” demanded the young autocrat, who thought he had but to choose and take.

“Certainly, *sir*,” replied the man, laying emphasis on the last word, “only you have to pay for it; penny for Windsor chairs—tuppence for arm-chairs.”

There was no getting away from the fact—the brass plate on the arm was the symbol of power; but, terrible discovery! the pockets were empty, and but that the elder one had wherewith to meet the demand, I don’t know what might have happened. But the claims were duly met, and, as I said, the young gentleman gave expression to his feelings in the most decided manner, by saying, “You don’t get much for nothing in London, that you don’t.”

No, my little friend, nor anywhere else, not even rest in a park, unless you take it very rough-and-ready; and the little adventure helped me to remind him that there was only *real rest* for soul and body without money and without price. Yet,

to that place of rest poor weary ones are invited, and then they want to “do” or “give,” whereas Jesus says, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” And it is not until we find our pockets empty, and how helpless we are to do anything, that we really consent to the help of another.

Remember the *rest* that is offered to you, is without money and without price.

KATIE ; OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.



WOULD you like to hear the story of a very brave little girl of nine years old, who lived in Australia, which you know is many thousands of miles away, across the great ocean? If you look at a map of the world, you will see that it is an island like England, and then you will understand when I tell you, that this little girl, whose name was Katie, lived not very far from the sea shore.

She had two little sisters, aged three and five; and her mother used sometimes to send her out with them in the afternoon, to gather sticks.

One day Katie and her sisters went out rather later than usual, and had to wander some way in search of wood; but before Katie’s apron was full, the sun went down. Poor little Katie, she did not know what to do, for the children, when they saw the night coming on, began to cry and complain of being tired. She could not carry them both, and besides, if she had been able, it would have been no use, for to add to her troubles, she was not sure of the way home, and in the ever-increasing darkness would not have much chance of finding it.

What would you have done if you had been in Katie’s place? She searched about for a sheltered corner, under a great rock, where she laid her little charge, who were now growing quite sleepy with cold and fatigue. She then collected a quan-

tity of sea-weed, and heaped it about them, to keep out the cold night air, and last of all, took off her own jacket, wrapped it round them, and sat down to watch while they slept. Ah! Katie was not thinking of herself, nor how cold she was—she was not selfish, and trying to get all she could for herself, so there she sat shivering, trying to keep awake, until her senses became quite benumbed.

But I am coming to the sad part of my story, for when the morning dawned, and Katie's friends came out to search for their lost ones, she was found lying cold, and stiff, and motionless, beside her little sisters, who were comfortably sheltered under Katie's jacket and the sea-weed. They were soon restored, but Katie's life was gone, and the sorrowing mother read the simple tale of her child's unselfish love and devotion, which had cost her her life. But in so doing she had *saved* the lives of her little sisters. She had loved them unto death. Oh! would any of you have done like Katie? I am afraid not.

But I can tell you of One who has done much more than that for you. Will you listen while I relate another story, which is quite as true and much more beautiful than this. I can tell you of

One who gave up His life for *you*, and not because you were His friends, not because you loved Him a little like Katie's sisters loved her. Oh! no; the blessed Lord Jesus died for sinners, for His enemies, those who hated and despised Him.

Katie's little sisters could not do anything to help themselves. She covered

them with the sea-weed and her own jacket. She laid down her *life* to save theirs; and I want by the simple tale of her devotion, to impress upon your minds the story of the dying love of Jesus. I don't want you to think about Katie, because after all her's was only human love, but I ask you to read that verse in John x. 2, "I am the Good Shepherd, the Good Shepherd giveth His *life* for the sheep;" and again, in verses 15 and 17, "I lay down My *life* for the sheep." And you know the Bible says, "Greater love hath no man than

this, that a man lay down his *life* for his friends." And "hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us."

Once again I entreat you to believe that "God is love," and then you will be able to say, "We love Him because He first loved us." (1 John iv. 19).

W.



KATIE.

JEMMY IN THE PIT.

WHEN I was a child we had a favourite playground, where we used to carry on our games. A beautiful garden skirted the further end, and when tired it was our custom to go and lounge on some large felled trees that lay there, as though they had been put there for our special use. Over these a plum-tree threw its spreading arms, and in plum-time drew many little eyes to the luscious gems that decked the boughs. In spring, too, the tall laburnum would charm our sight with its golden tresses hanging so gracefully down over the garden wall.

One evening in the summer, just as it was getting near our bedtime, we were going to have "just one more game" at "hide and seek," and already Jemmy Sims had hidden away and given the call, announcing the seekers to be on the look out. In another part of the ground was a large shed used for keeping carts and barrows, and a good deal of old lumber; and not far from the entrance a deep sewer had been opened and emptied of its black contents. A very large and ugly affair it looked, with its great wide mouth looking so hungry, and ready to swallow anyone who came near it.

We were specially warned not to go near the place of danger, and I think we were a little bit afraid of doing so.

Jemmy not being found, after looking into every mysterious corner, and behind and in every box, we were about leaving, when we heard a sudden scream and a heavy thud-like fall. We soon found out that Jemmy, being of a bold and venturesome spirit, had eluded our search by

quietly slipping out of the shed by the open pit. He had, however, nearly cleared the narrow strip, when his foot slipped, and in he fell, and a horrible pit it was to fall in.

Fortunately the place had been well-nigh emptied, or he must have been smothered. As it was, he was half killed by fright to find himself in such a dreadful place.

I well recollect my father running down to the shed on hearing the scream. What was to be done? It was

no use letting the poor boy do his best to get out of the pit; he was thoroughly helpless, so my father got a ladder and gradually let it down, and then descended into the dark cavern, and was not long bringing Jemmy up in his strong arms. We were glad to see our playfellow safe again, and to find he was not much injured by his fall, but that after a *good wash*—for you never saw such a funny-



THE KITTEN—(See page 30).

looking object as he seemed in father's arms—he never wanted to go near the pit again; and that reminds me of one who has been delivered by Jesus from the pit of sin. He came down on purpose to seek and save hidden ones in the wretched place of wickedness; and who, when they know that they have been washed in His precious blood, take care how they walk, so that they may not become defiled again.



INSIDE OR OUTSIDE?

"**E** were looking in your shop one day, sir," said a little girl, who with her brother were talking to me, "but we did not see you."
 "And I wonder," I said, "when I get to heaven, if you will be looking in to see if I'm there?"

"No, no, we shall be inside, then," said the little girl with a meaning look, which seemed to say she had no doubt about the matter. And why should there be any doubt, even in a little child's heart, when God says in words which a tiny boy or girl can understand, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life?" And many little ones of my acquaintance do believe God's Word, and are happy in doing so, and they are quite sure when the door is shut *that they will be inside*, for God says that *everyone* who believes in Christ shall not perish. If my little readers are not *quite sure* that they shall be *inside*, let them go to God's Word, and read one little verse in the beautiful Gospel by John, and the sixteenth verse of the third chapter will settle it directly. Remember! "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

OUR KITTEN.



YOU must know, little folks, we've a dear little kitten,
 Whose wonderful actions have never been written;
 She's up in the morning as early as six,
 And then she commences her marvellous tricks:

Under the table,
 And over the chairs,—
 Over the sofa,
 And under the stairs.

But although her antics are very bewitching,
 She isn't a favourite down in the kitchen;
 I think "Mary Ann" is a little bit surly
 To think that a kitten should get up so early,—

So the poor little soul
 Is shut up with the coal.

I dare say she thinks it is not very nice,
 No doubt she would rather be catching the mice:

In the basket of papers
 She cuts up her capers,
 And plays with the letters
 That come from her betters.

I don't mean from cat-land so very inviting,
 Of course you know kittens are not used to writing.

No doubt there are dozens
 Of sisters and cousins—

Who might as well settle their family quarrels,
 Instead of so spitefully spoiling our laurels;
 Or shaking a paw, or making a bow—
 Be very much better than making a row.
 One day her dear mother came into the house,

And brought to her kitten a poor little mouse;

Who trembled and quivered,
 And very much shivered.

No doubt that she wondered what little Miss Cat,

When she opened her mouth, was going to be at.

But little Miss Kit with a bit of a crunch—
 Without more ado—ate him up for her lunch.
 And now, little folks, since her history's written,

You really must think we've a wonderful kitten.

DICKIE RHYMER.

“TELL ME OF ONE TO LOVE
THAT WILL NEVER DIE.”

SO said a little girl to her mother one day, when feeling lonely and sorrowful after the death of a little brother. They had been loving companions, constantly together, and she, being the elder, no doubt exercised a watchful care over him, and felt a personal interest in him. It was early days with her, she was but a child; nevertheless she felt as many in later years have felt, that she was now without an object in this life, or one to live for. In her little way she was alone and desolate.

While little Fanny's sorrow was still fresh, and her bereavement keenly felt, she said to her mother what maturer years never could have said; knowledge or art would have marred its simplicity, and we should have lost one of the most expressive sayings ever uttered by human lips. “Mamma,” said she, with weeping eyes, “*can you not tell me of one to love that will never die?*”

The mother, we understand, suggested to her child the Saviour's appeal to Peter, “*Lovest thou Me?*” Did she love Jesus? He would never die. That question expresses the desire of every human heart — “*Can you not tell me of one to love that will never die?*”

THE CHILD AND THE STREAM.

THROUGH many a garden, mead, and moor,
A little streamlet glides,
Whose banks the daisies cover o'er,
Where many a violet hides.
And stealthily it flows along,
Each side a flowery brink;
The blackbird stops his cheery song,
And hither comes to drink.
While here and there his thirsty team
The careful ploughman brings;

The swallow flits along the stream
And often dips his wings.
The little stream pursues its course,
So evenly and still,
But soon moves on with greater force
When drawing near the mill.
And suddenly with sullen roar,
And still increasing zeal,
It rushes through the open door
And turns the miller's wheel;
And then with splash, and dash, and foam,
It hurries on its way,
By many a little cottage home,
Where children are at play.
And round a bank and rocky ridge,
And by the willow trees,
It hastens on towards the bridge,
And to the river flees.
To see the stream a child had stroll'd,
The stream he knew so well,
When stooping, down the steps he roll'd,
And in the water fell.
His mother heard the sudden scream,
And fearing something wrong,
She hastened on towards the stream
Which bore her child along.
She scarcely gave a moment's look,
Before a plunge she gave;
And rushed along the babbling brook
Her darling child to save.
But when she overtook the child,
Her fears were all at rest;
She caught him up with accents wild,
And clasped him to her breast.
And homeward by another way,
She bore him safe and sound;
The neighbours, too, rejoiced that day
That she her son had found.
The helpless child was nearly lost,
But for a mother's love,
Who followed at so great a cost:—
How like our God above,
Who saw each poor and helpless one
Borne on by sin's dark wave,
And sent His own beloved Son,
To rescue and to save.
From such a death to save her child,
The mother dared the flood;
But Christ, the holy, undefiled,
To save us, shed His blood.

G. C.

RIDING UPON A WHITE PONY.



I KNEW a little girl, whom the Lord Jesus took away from this world to be with Himself, when she was about four years old. Though she was so young, she showed that she knew in her heart that Jesus died for her.

This was seen in some of her little ways, and told in many of her simple words. I am not, however, going to tell you more about these. There is only one thing which I now want to make known to you respecting her.

A few months before this dear child fell asleep in Jesus, she said to a kind friend who used to take care of her, "I'm going soon to be with Jesus; and I shall ride upon a white pony." Her friend told her that this was a strange thing to say, and asked her what she meant by it. After some enquiry, she found out the child's meaning. Her friends, being believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, loved the Word of God, and a chapter of it used to be read in the family every day. They had lately been reading in the Book of Revelation, and the child had noticed that it was said, in the nineteenth chapter, that Jesus sat upon a white horse, and that "the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." She had heard it said that these were they who believed in Jesus; and as she knew in her heart that she was a little believer in Him, she thought that she should form one of that glorious company who should ride with Him upon white horses. But, being only a little girl, she supposed that she should not have a great horse, but a little one; and this was the way in which she got her pretty idea that she should ride upon a white pony.

Was not this a pretty thought for a simple child? And does it not show how attentively she listened to the reading of

the Word of God, and afterwards thought of it in her little way? T.

"FATHER FIRST TOLD ME ABOUT JESUS."



H WAS sitting at tea with a friend, when another friend coming in, said he had come from the bedside of a dear little boy, who had just died, and nearly his last words were—"I'm going to Jesus; and when I get to heaven, I'll go straight up to Jesus, and tell him *father first told me about Him*."

What a comfort that was to a father's heart, and though he could not help weeping when his dear little boy was gone, and he missed the busy prattling tongue, and the bright eyes that used to look up into his own as some question was asked, yet he could not help feeling that it was not death, but a falling asleep in Jesus; and the joy of having first told his own boy about Him, and that He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me—don't forbid them." Oh, it was beyond all price, because he knew he had a little boy in heaven, who first learnt the way there from his own lips.

You see the father knew Jesus himself, as the Saviour of his own soul, and then he thought of his own dear little Tommy, for the father did not want to go to heaven and leave his boy behind. So he taught his boy the way to heaven, and he had the sweet pleasure of knowing that Tommy was not only gone to Jesus, but as the dear little fellow said, "*Father first told me about Him*."

NOTICE.—In consequence of the increased demand for our Magazine, we are obliged to have it printed early in the month, and this prevents an answer being given *this month* to the great number of letters that come to DOT.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 5.

MAY, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



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MAY-DAY.

“AY-DAY has come! May-day has come!”

Seems heard on every hand,
From bubbling brook and insects hum

To trees by breezes fann'd.
The lark is trilling forth her lay
In one unbroken flow,
But keeps her eye, while on her way,
Upon her nest below.
The silvery stream with rapid pace
Runs through the fertile meads,
And then with many a winding grace
Is lost among the reeds.
The trees are in their beauty drest,
In greenest robes array'd,
And shelter many a little nest
Within their leafy shade;
While very early in the morn
Birds leave their little brood,
To search, in dyke, or field, or lawn,
For little bits of food.
Once more they search and seek again
The objects of their care,
And utter now their notes of pain—
The robbers have been there!
They take to flight—their hearts are wrung,
And who can tell their woe,
As, looking down, they see their young
In cruel hands below?
The stormy haze no longer shrouds,
Spring's beauties from the eye,
While myriads of fantastic clouds
Go skimming through the sky.
How beautiful, where'er we look,
O'er valley, hill, and plain!
The very minnows in the brook
Seem glad of spring again.
The old brown beech has donn'd his coat
For coming summer days,
And in his branches many a note
The feather'd songsters raise.
But Harry Arnold in the lane
From this was shut away,
With feeble body full of pain,
No rest by night or day.
Except a little bunch of flowers
And bits of hawthorn bloom,
Not much of spring-time's sunny hours
Was felt in Harry's room.

For there the sweet refreshing breeze
But very seldom blew;
To play with flowers and shake the trees
Was all they seem'd to do;
And round the apple-blossom'd bough
Seem'd more content to stay,
Than come and cool poor Harry's brow,
And chase his gloom away.
The room was but a dingy one,
With comfort scarce a trace;
The sash almost forbade the sun
To show his smiling face,
Although at times he labour'd hard
To get a little peep,
And sent some rays across the yard
To soften Harry's sleep.
And presently he sent his beams
Right through the open door,
And lull'd poor Harry into dreams
Of brighter days in store.
But twilight, with its sober grey,
And still more sober pace,
Soon drove the sunbeams all away,
And occupied their place.
And Harry woke from dreamy bliss
Amid the shadows dim:
'Twas after such an hour as this
That I first met with him.
His voice was rough, his manner shy,
And anything but mild;
He lost a mother's watchful eye
When he was but a child.
A neighbour with a tender care
And sympathising heart,
Look'd after Harry's simple fare,
And did a mother's part.
For Harry's father liked to roam,
And elsewhere seek his joy,
And very rarely stay'd at home
To help or cheer his boy.
His sisters, too, were young and gay,
And cared not for the gloom,
But rather liked to get away
From Harry's dingy room.
The love of Him who watches o'er
The sinful and the sad,
Had led me to the cottage door
Of that poor dying lad.
There is a pure and priceless joy
In seeing others blest,
And much I long'd to see the boy
Enjoying peace and rest.

The story of God's precious grace
 Poor Harry had not heard;
 He listen'd now with cover'd face,
 But utter'd not a word.
 The love of God to Harry's soul
 Was as the rising sun,
 Before whose power the vapours roll,
 And vanish one by one.
 And much I sought his soul to win,
 And many a Scripture read,
 About the Lord who died for sin—
 And in the sinner's stead.
 But soon the doubts and fears within
 Seem'd gradually to cease,
 And Harry from a sense of sin
 Had enter'd into peace.
 And now and then with shorten'd breath
 He joyfully would say,
 "My load of sin and fear of death
 "The Saviour bore away,
 "And you and I will meet again
 "With Christ in heaven above,
 "And no more weakness—no more pain—
 "But happiness and love."
 Calmly he lay one summer's night,
 His father by his side—
 While telling out his great delight
 In Jesus, who had died.
 The father listen'd to his boy,
 Who oftentimes would raise
 His heart to God in tones of joy,
 In thankfulness and praise.
 "Dear father," Harry cried at length,
 And then his voice was still,
 And then, with newly-gathered strength,
 He uttered, "Father—will—
 "You now believe—on Jesus' name—
 "And He will save your soul?
 "He healed the sick—He's just the same
 "As when He made them whole—
 "He is a precious, precious Lord,
 "And all my heart's delight!
 Jesus!"—then snapp'd life's slender cord—
 His soul had taken flight.
 With that dear name upon his lips—
 The dearest name on earth,
 Whose preciousness all else eclipse—
 He bade adieu to earth.
 No more by Satan drawn away,
 No more by sin enticed,
 He's entered on an endless day,
 He's safe in heaven with Christ!

G. C.

LOST AND FOUND.

"**W**HAT'S your name, dear?"
 asks the kind lady of the
 shy little girl with her kitten
 on her lap.

"Lotty," is the answer, as the finger
 goes in the mouth, and the other hand
 draws pussy closer to her.

"Lotty what? What is your other
 name, dear?"

"Smif."

"And where is your home?"

"Up dere," says the child, pointing
 towards a cottage two fields beyond.

"We had better take her home, my
 dear, as her mother will be in a sad way."

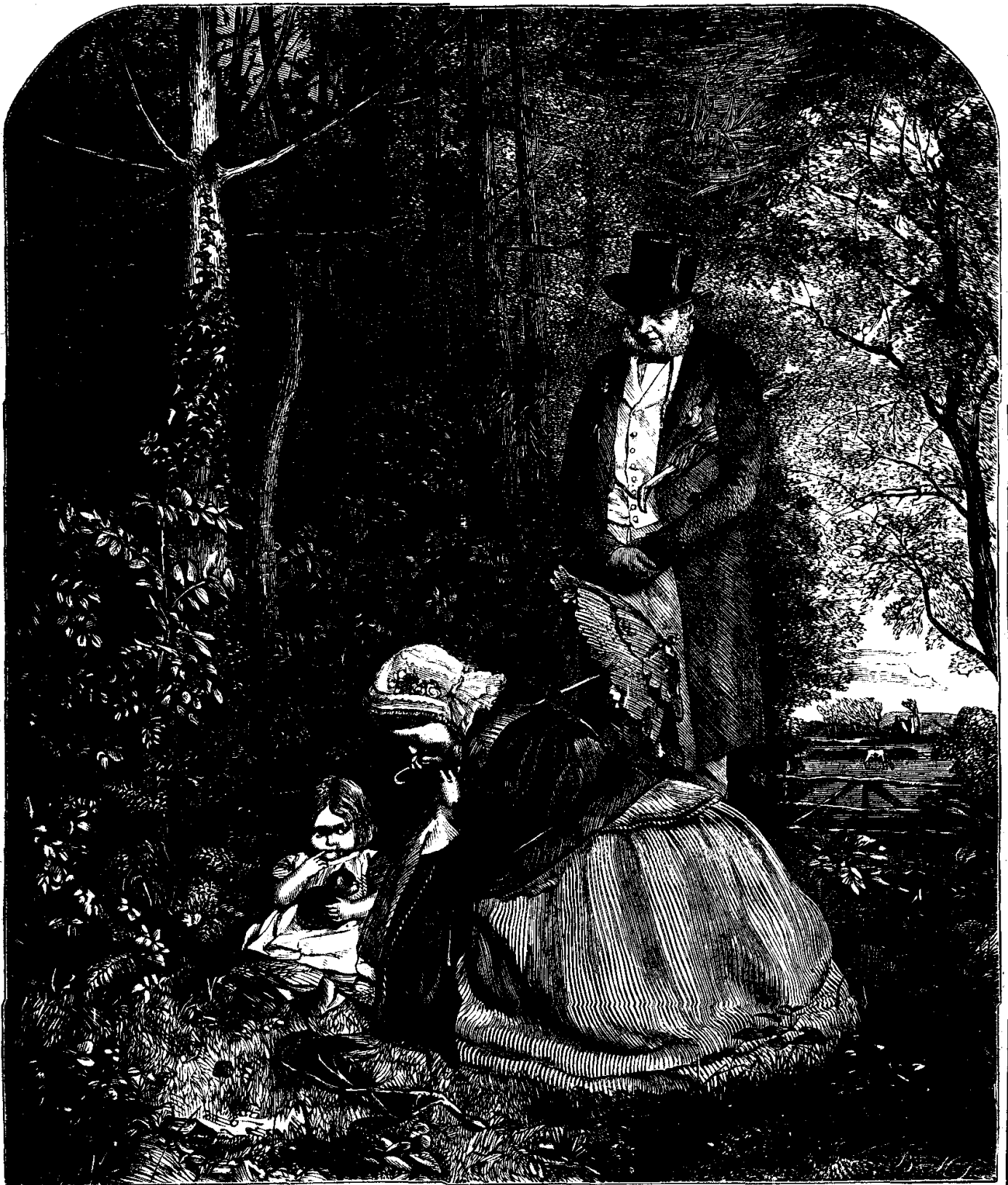
The kind-hearted gentleman takes the
 little wanderer by the hand. As pussy
 is Lotty's personal property and "darling
 pet," she cannot give up the charge of it,
 although the lady offers to carry it.

The fields were not very big ones, and
 the three were soon in sight of the cottage,
 and a little turn in the lane brought them
 right close to the door; and Mrs. Smith set
 up such a cry as she saw her little runaway
 coming in between the lady and gentle-
 man, and Miss Pussy hugged up close to
 her side.

You can see, the gentleman is explain-
 ing where they found the little girl.
 Mrs. Smith is glad to get her little girl
 back again, and so is Bobbie, who holds by
 mother's gown.

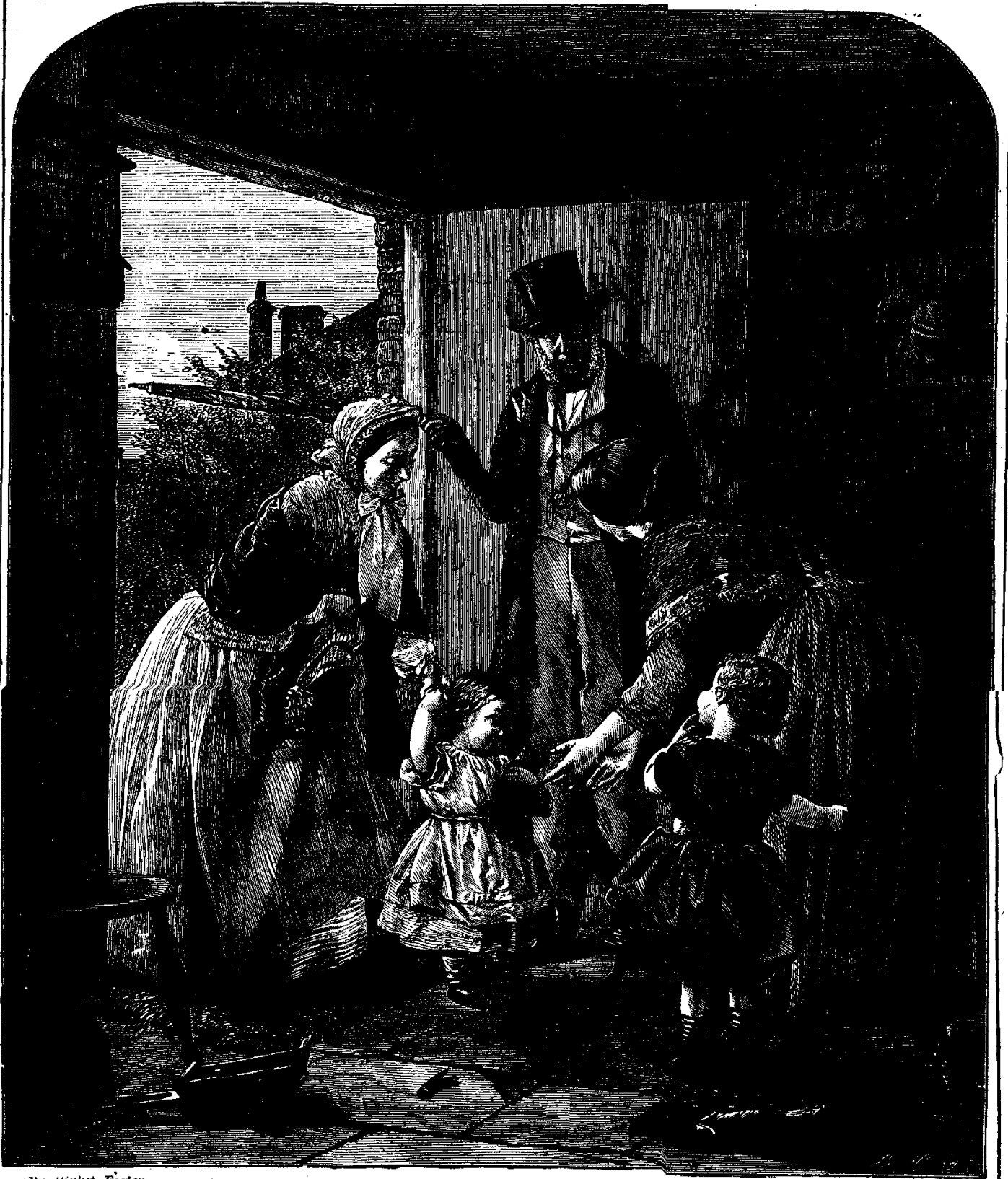
The little one had been lost while
 mother went upstairs to "tidy up the
 room." They had searched round the
 house, but she had not been gone long
 when the lady and gentleman found her.
 Bobbie found it all out. We would like to
 tell the adventure in the same way Lotty
 told it, but it is so many years ago since
 we were little ones, that we have for-
 gotten child language, and if we tried to
 do so, and made a mistake, our *very little*
friends would say we were "only pre-
 tending."

Well, Lotty and Kitty sat at the door



By Birket Foster.

"LOST"—(See page 35).



By Birket Foster.

"FOUND"—(See page 35).

having a little game. But presently Miss Pussy thought, I suppose, she should like a run, and so she frisked off, stopping and looking round at her little playmate, and wagging her tiny tail, as much as to say, "Come along, Lotty, into the fields." Then off again. Poor Lotty, afraid to lose her kitten, followed, and a little hole in the hedge which puss had found out, was big enough for Lotty, and so they ran over the meadow. Sometimes Lotty would stoop to pick up a bluebell, and Kitty would hide herself in a little tuft of grass, till her companion cried out, "Tits, Tits, where are oo?" They came to a nice quiet corner, when both being tired, they agreed to have a rest.

Pussy seems happy enough. Lotty was tired, and one little shoe lay on the grass, as she sat among the flowers under the trees.

Pussy, Pussy! you were at the bottom of the mischief, leading the little girl away from home; but the punishment was not a heavy one—not quite so much milk as usual. But I don't think there was above a spoonful difference, as Kitty was a general favourite, and Bobbie thought, "She did not do it on purpose, only for a game like."

The lady and gentleman did not want thanks even, for they were more than paid as they saw Lotty's mother and brother so happy when the little wanderer was brought back. But they could not help thinking of that dear father who was so happy when he got his poor wandering boy back safe and sound that he did not know how to do enough to show his joy, and ordered his servants to fetch the best robe in the house for his son, some new shoes, and all that he wanted, and then put a sparkling ring on his finger. The fatted calf was killed (they must have kept it on purpose, I should think, for the occasion), and it was a merry-making time; and as the father looked round on the company who were at the table, he said, "For this my son

was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found" (Luke xv.).

And when Lotty was old enough to go to the Sunday School with Bobbie, she perhaps remembered how she was lost and found, as she heard the teacher read that most beautiful of all stories. She is sure to hear about it. It is *such* a favourite at school—and I don't wonder at it. Do you ask why? Because that was about the first Bible tale I learned, and it brought me to Jesus, and I have been happy ever since.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"**H**ARRY! Dickie! Freddy!"
'Liza cries down stairs,
"Tub and water's ready"—
Soap she never spares.

Jackets, waistcoats, braces,
Soon are on the floor;
And *such* funny faces,
Such we've made before!

Freddy—"little curly"—
First goes in the tub;
Dickie, rather surly,
Gets an extra scrub.

Harry, though he's oldest,
Don't look very bright;
Won't he be the boldest
On a washing-night?

All round 'Liza's fingers
Goes the fleecy towel;
How the soap-sud lingers!
Why does Harry scowl?

Over neck and shoulder,
Over face and lip;
'Liza, getting bolder,
Takes another dip.

Harry thinks it ended,
Opens both his eyes;
Isn't he offended!
Listen to his cries!

"'Liza! oh, it's horrid;
Told you so before—
Water from my forehead
Dropping on the floor!"

(Kind and loving 'Liza,
As she's always been,
Though she says we "tries her,"
Wants to keep us clean.)

Wiping, drying, rubbing,
Just a little while,
Then she's done the scrubbing,
Then a little smile.

Brush and comb and powder,
Nightgowns nice and white;
Freddy crowing louder;
Dickie—what a fright!

Little bits of patching—
Why do nightgowns tear?
'Liza, you are scratching,
Now you've pulled my hair."

So dear Harry grumbled,
Then he rubbed his head,
'Gainst a stool he tumbled,
"Hurt his foot," he said.

'Liza soon is missing
Down the kitchen stairs;
Mother comes round kissing,
Then the little prayers.

We are glad she lingers
By each little form:
Then her busy fingers
Tuck us up so warm.

Once, again, dear mother,
By our bedsides creep;
One last look—another!
Then we're off to sleep!

DICKIE RHYMER.

BEHOLD


THE LAMB OF GOD

THAT TAKETH AWAY

THE SIN OF THE WORLD.

JOHN i. 29.

JESUS AT THE TABLE.

NE day, in an Orphan House, a little boy said grace: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided." Another little boy looked up and said: "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes. We ask Him every day to come and sit with us, but He never comes."

The Orphan Housekeeper said, "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come." Then the little boy said, "I shall set Him a seat;" and just then there was a knock at the door, and a poor frozen beggar entered asking for a night's lodging. He was made welcome—the chair stood empty for him. Every child offered his plate; every child was ready to give up his bed. The little boy who put the chair, said, "Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor man in His place—is that it?" The gentleman replied, "Yes, dear child, that is just it,— 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—Did ever any of you feel *delightfully* tired? because I did when I had finished reading over and over again *one hundred and seven* of your papers on the subject of "Noah and the Flood." Sometimes, you know, we get tired in doing things we don't like, but at other times we get tired in doing things we do like, and which bring with them the feeling that we have done our duty, or benefited those we love; and that is what I call being *delightfully* tired. I must tell you it was real pleasure to me to read over your papers, and many of them were so well written that it was hard to decide which was the best. However, I managed to pick out about twelve of the best, and then how to decide the *best* of the best was more difficult still. But then I thought I had better decide according to age, and so I have chosen one written by a little girl only *eight* years of age. And this is it:—

NOAH AND THE FLOOD.

THE Lord God looked down on the earth and saw that they were all very wicked except Noah and his family, so He was sorry He had ever made a living creature. And God said unto Noah, "Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch; a window and a door shalt thou make therein." Then God said unto Noah, "I will bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh. Take two of every living creature into the ark, except clean beasts, and take seven of them; take some food of every kind for them." And Noah took more than a hundred years building the ark, and took the animals and food and his family, as God had commanded him. And God shut them in, and sent the rain; and it covered all the earth, and the ark rose higher and higher; and the water remained a hundred and fifty days. Then the waters were abated, and the ark rested on Mount Ararat. At the end of forty days, Noah opened the window of the ark, and sent forth a raven which went to and fro until the waters were dried up, and did not return to Noah. After that he sent forth a dove, but she found no rest and returned, and Noah took her in; then he waited seven days and sent her out again, and she brought him back an olive leaf in her mouth; after another seven days he sent her out again, and she did not return. When the earth was dried God told Noah and all of them to come out of the ark. The first thing Noah did when they were all out was to build an altar and offer some of every clean beast and fowl to the Lord; and God accepted his offering, and made a covenant with him that there should never be another flood, and that there should always be seedtime and harvest, and He put such a beautiful bow in the clouds to tell of His love.

And all of us that love Jesus and believe in His love are just as safe for ever as Noah was in the ark (John iii. 16).

ROBERTA MORISON BUTCHER,
Aged 8 years.

27, Wynell Road, Forest Hill.

The papers sent by the following are also very good:—

POLLY BRENNAN, aged ten years.

MAY JOHNSTONE, aged ten years.

GEORGE BETTY, aged ten years.

LATTIE CRANSTON, aged nine years.

AGNES FORD, aged twelve years.

ELIZABETH SHEARING, aged eight years.

I hope many of my little friends may know what it is to be as safe through faith in Jesus as Noah was in the ark.

In future I think we must limit the ages of those who write to twelve years and under.

The next subject is "Abraham and Isaac;" then come "Jacob and his Ladder," "Joseph and his Brethren," "Moses and his Sister," "Joshua and Caleb," "Samson and the Lion," and "The Young Prophet Samuel." You may write on any of these subjects, and

they will be put in in that order. Now I must wish you goodbye again for the present, praying that the Lord may bless every one of you.
Your affectionate friend, DOT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

With the July Number of
"MY LITTLE FRIEND"
Will (D.V.) be issued a beautifully coloured picture,
entitled

"THE FAITHFUL NEGRO BOY"
(Suitable either for framing or to form a frontispiece
to the volume).

It will illustrate a true and affecting story, to
appear in the August Number.

N.B. The Number for July (including the coloured
picture) will be One Penny. The picture separately
will be SIXPENCE, as no expense has been spared in
its production.

Orders for this Number should be given
early, as a great demand is expected.

We are having a great many thousands printed,
and as our Magazine increases in numbers, it is un-
certain how many little friends will require this
beautiful picture, therefore to prevent disappointment
orders should be given to secure the first edition.

Our Artists are doing their *very best* to please us,
and as we are frequent visitors to the nurseries and
schools, we think we know what will please our
many, many little friends. We give two months'
notice, so that children may save the extra half-
penny or school tickets.

Back Numbers may still be had, One Half-penny
each, commencing January, 1876.

The July Number *only* will be One Penny.

The Publisher is so pleased with the interesting
account which "Dot" gives him of the many letters
he receives from little friends from all parts, that
he intends giving every month a half-crown book to
the little boy or girl whose paper "Dot" considers the
best, by way of encouragement. We keep *all the*
letters carefully by us, so that we may have some-
thing to say to the unsuccessful ones presently.

THE EDITOR.

"MY LITTLE FRIEND" HYMN BOOK.

Compiled by P. H. B. For Children's Special
Services. 50 Hymns, neatly got up in cover.
Price ONE HALFPENNY. For Schools, 3s. 100;
cloth, 2d., or 8s. 4d. 100.

"MY LITTLE FRIEND" PACKET OF
STORY BOOKS. 12 Little Books (all different),
suitable for the little ones. Containing Bible
stories and interesting readings, helpful to the
understanding of the young. They are prettily
got up, each one having a picture, and printed
in large type. Written by a Sunday-school
worker. Price 3d. A sample packet, post free,
34d.

Published by GEORGE COOPER, 54, Paternoster Row, E.C.
Printing Works—Penton Street, N.

MY LITTLE FRIEND,

No. 6. VOL. I.

JUNE, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



DAISY'S "B'OKEN WEAF"—(See page 42).

LITTLE DAISY'S FAITH.

DOWN in de b'ight, deen meadow,
De pitty daisies' home—
Daisies dat are my name-
sakes—

Mamma has let me tome,
S'e said dat s'e tould see me,
From her yoom window dere;
Besides, I know our Farder
Will teep me in His tare.

"Oh, see how many daisies—
Daisies so white an' fair!
I'll mate a weaf for mamma,
To wear upon her hair;
An' den s'e'll loot so pitty,—
My darling own mamma,—
An' tiss her 'ittle Daisy,
An' s'ow it to papa.

"One, two, fee, sits, an' 'leven,
Hund'ed an' eight, an' nine;
I b'ieve dat's mos' enough now,
To mate it pitty fine.
I wouldn't be af'aid here—
Mamma an' Dod tan see;
I know dey would let nossin'
Tome near dat would hurt me.

"De bweeze is soft an' toolin',
An' tosses up my turls;
I sint it tomes from heaven
To p'ay wis 'ittle dirls.
De birdies sin' so sweetly;
To me dey seem to say,
"Don't be af'aid, dear Daisy,
Dod teeps oo all de day."

"I'll mate a ball for baby
Soon as dis weaf is done,
An' den I'll fow it at her—
Oh dear! my fed's all done!
Well, den, I'll take dis wibbon
Off of my ole st'aw hat;
I sint mamma would let me,
I'll—oh, dear me! what's dat?

"I sought I did hear somesin'
Move in dat bus' tlose by,
I'm not at all af'aid dough,
Oh, no, indeed, not I!
Mamma—why, s'e's not lootin',
S'e's from de window don';
Den maybe Dod is tired too,
'Tause I 'tayed here so lon'.

"I sint I'll yun a 'ittle,
I b'ieve Dod wants me to—
He tan't tate too muts t'ouble;—
I sint I'd better dough,
An' tate my pitty f'owers
An' 'tay wis mamma dear;
Dod is way up in heaven,
I would lite some one near.

"My daisies! dey are fallin',
My han's are smartin' so;
Oh dear! de weaf is boten!
Don't tare! I want to dough.
I know dere's somesin' 'live dere;
See now, dere's two bid eyes
A lootin' yight straight at me—
Dod's 'way up in de sties.

"Tan He tate tare of Daisy?
I see a d'eat blat head
A tomin' foo the bus'es—
But den, I'm not af'aid.
On'y—I want—my—mamma—
I sint dat—is—a bear;
Bears eat up 'ittle childens!
I wis—dat—Dod—was here!

"Ow! ow! I tant help stweamin';
Oh dear! I's so af'aid!
Tome, mamma; oh, tome twitly,
To help oor 'ittle maid.
Dod has fordoot oor Daisy;
Dat bear is tomin' fast:
Why! 'tis our dear ole Yover,
Tome home f'om town at last!

"Oh, Yover! dear ole dody,
What made oo fwight—well, no;
I'm not af'aid—for, Yover,
Dod tares for me, oo know:
He would let nossin' hurt me.
Dere's mamma lootin' too.
We'll mend dat weaf now, Yover;
Mamma will lite it so."

THE BIBLE SWEETMEAT—THE
RIDDLE.

JUDGES xiv.



HE Bible is such a wonderful
book. In it children may read
of all kinds of things that they
delight in, and I think they
will see from this little paper,
that it speaks even about sweetmeat, and

contains a riddle for them to guess the meaning of.

If you were asked the name of the strongest man ever heard of, perhaps some of you would be able to tell me his name was Samson.

One day a lion met him, and such was his strength that, without anything in his hand, he caught hold of it, and killed it, and went on his way. After a time, he was returning along the same road, and went to look at the dead lion, and found that a swarm of bees had made their hive in its body, having stored a lot of honey there, which Samson ate of.

One day after this he made a feast, and when his companions were all assembled, he asked them the following riddle: "Out of the eater came forth *meat*, and out of the strong came forth *sweetness*." Now you must, like those Samson spake to, try first and guess this riddle about sweetness and meat, or, I may say, sweetmeat; but if you cannot think what it means, let me tell you the Bible answer to it: the lion was the strong eater, for you have all heard how powerful a lion is, the king of beasts; and the sweatmeat was the honey.

Let me tell you as well, dear children, God always has some lesson to teach in what is written in the Bible, which is His Word, so we must seek to find out what it is in this case for our souls. Christ is the Key to the Bible, so we must look for something about Him here. The strong lion is just like death, which preys upon everyone and everything around: strong men and women die, children die, animals die, birds die, fishes die, flowers fade and die, death is constantly crossing our path; and, dear children, do not let us forget that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross, not that He was subject to it, but He laid down His life; and not only so, but as He was stronger than death, like Samson killing the lion, He rose out of it, having obtained a great victory over its power. And now there is blessing out of His death for any grown-up person, or

boy, or girl, that simply believes in His name, who shall then taste indeed the true meat and sweetness provided for the soul.

Many an one knows what it is to be enjoying Christ,—more delicious to the soul than any sweetmeat could ever be for the body.

Do you, dear reader? If not yet, why not now by simply as a poor sinner (for this indeed is what each one of us, without exception, is by nature in the sight of the holy God) believing on Him, and so being saved (Acts xvi. 31). "O taste and see that the Lord is good" (Psalm xxxiv. 8).

J. S. C.

THE ZOO.



MY DEAR COUSIN HARRY, we've been to the Zoo,

And we stayed with the parrots a minute or two,

But glad to get out, for they made such a clatter, [stantly chatter.

They are worse than the monkeys, who con- We look'd at the serpents so quietly curled— There seem to be things from all parts of the world. [tell

As "Uncle" was with us, of course he could Where most of the birds and the beasts used to dwell.

The great African lion is a fine noble chap, Although he was having his afternoon nap, And he seem'd very cross when his wife made a noise, [boys.

And oh! he did roar!—which frightened us We notice'd the leopards and panthers and all, [Bengal;

And look'd at the tiger that comes from He is very bad temper'd, and flies in a rage. If anyone goes very near to his cage.

I don't like the wolves, they are hungry and bold;

I thought of the poor little lambs in the fold, Which the wolves would destroy when the shepherd's asleep, [sheep.

Who ought to be watching and minding his They have all sorts of bears—such rough shaggy ones, [buns.

Who climb up the poles for the sake of the The beautiful zebras, so pretty and gay, An artist was drawing, while they were at play;

Then the young one lay down—p'raps the
artist intends
To send his nice picture to our "little friends."
The great hippopotamus down in the pond
Of her little "Guy Fawkes" seems exceedingly
fond.

On the elephant's back we'd a capital ride,
(With a little one walking quite close to our side).
The elephant needs neither bridle nor reins,
But apples and biscuits he gets for his pains.
Such a lot of us boys he was able to carry,—
But now I must finish my letter, dear Harry.



To describe all the birds it would take me too
long,
And the animals, too, seem a numberless
throng.

The great shaggy bear I think the best
climber,
Your very affectionate Cousin,
DICK RHYMER.

TOMMY IN TROUBLE.

“**D**EAR, dear! Tommy, where ever have you been—what *have* you been doing?” are the words of mother, as she sees her little boy from the cottage window coming through the garden gate.

off.” And as mother sees her little boy is sorry he is in such a mess, she will not punish him, but take his dirty things off, and make him a clean little boy again. Mother loves her little Tommy; I think she did not love him a *bit less* with his dirty pinafore than when he had his clean one. She disliked the *dirty garment*; it was



Poor Tommy has had a mishap while trundling his hoop along the road.

“Tumbled down, mother—kicked against a great stone,” says Tommy as he lets the hoop fall, and looks the very picture of boyish misery and sorrow. “Couldn’t help it, mother,” comes out between the sighs and tears.

“We’ll soon have the dirty pinafore

Tommy she loved,—just as she had read to them out of the old big family Bible, that God loved the sinner, and not the sins, and because He did so, He sent Jesus to cleanse us from our sins by His own precious blood, because He loved us.

If the next door neighbour said to Mrs. Williams, “If I were you, I wouldn’t have anything more to do with *that* boy,

with his hands and clothes all over dirt—that I wouldn't," whatever would Tommy's mother have said?

I think she would have said, "If you were me, and Tommy were your boy, it would be different. Why, when your little Johnny fell down and came crying to you looking ever so pitiful, you took him up and kissed him, *dirty as he was*, and then washed him afterwards; you didn't think of the dirt getting on the *nice clean apron* you had just put on."

Ah! that was different: Johnny was her own boy; she wouldn't like any other little boy to dirty the clean apron.

Whatever would *us boys* do without our mothers? "Didn't you love your father, then?" some little inquisitive reader may ask. "Indeed I did,—thought he was *the best man in the town*. But somehow—I can't explain it—the feeling's different about mother. We cut our finger with that new knife father gave us, or have a fall with that hoop he bought for us, and then we go to the *home physician*. Who's that? Why, our own loving mother, to be sure; she has always got *just* the bit of plaster that suits the cut, or *kisses it*, and the bruise is well again in no time. I'm sure, nobody else's kisses will do such wonders when we are in trouble!

Don't look so pitiful, Tommy, at the tub that Willie is pumping into, and Sally is holding till it fills; that's for the pinafore, not for you; it will be all right presently. I think brother and sister are a bit sorry for you, although they want to frighten you. They are not too big to fall, they must remember!

Tommy did not stay till he got cleaner before he came to his mother; no, he came just as he was, didn't stay to scrape off a bit of the mud; *mother did it all*: and then when he was clean and dressed once more, he was so happy, and thought he loved mother more than ever.

How all this reminds us of the state in which we are told to come to Christ,—*just as we are*, not waiting till we have got

better or cleaner, but, as that sweet little hymn says,—

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid myself of one foul blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE QUEEN AND THE LITTLE SICK GIRL.



CHILDREN always like to hear stories about our Queen, and one which was told us in the papers the other day, when the Queen went to Whitechapel to visit the London Hospital, will please you very much, I think.

In that hospital there was a little girl four years of age, whose name was Kate Ambler, who had been in the hospital nearly eight weeks, for she had been badly burnt on her side and thigh, and was very ill. The child fancied that if she could only see the Queen it would do her good, so she said to a gentleman called Mr. Rowsell, "If I could only see the Queen I should get well."

The Queen, who is always ready to do anything kind, went directly she heard this to see the little girl, and said to her, "My darling, I hope you will be a little better now." The next day the papers said the child was going on well. We all love the Queen for showing so much kind feeling for this little one; but how is it we do not love God more, for "God is love"? He is the "King of kings" and "Lord of lords," and He has given us everything He has got to give. Suppose the Queen had taken that little girl to her palace and had said to her, "All that I have you may make use of." The child would have had no care or trouble more—she would have been sure all her wants would have been provided for for ever.

Well, dear children, you all know God gave His only, dearly beloved Son Jesus to die for you in your place, that if you believe on Him you may go to heaven, and be with him for ever. But He has done even more, for it says in His own Word, the Bible, that "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us *all things*?" (Rom. viii.).

We must not expect to have everything we ask God for, for He will only give us what He sees best for us. The little girl might ask to have something to drink out of a pretty blue bottle she saw by her side, but it would not be right or kind to give it to her, for it contains poison, and is only useful to put on her burns, and it would kill her to drink it. And so we often ask God for things which would do us a great deal of harm to get, perhaps. So we must be willing to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

* * One gentleman has offered to give a quantity of "MY LITTLE FRIENDS" monthly, which we are to send to the *sick children in the hospitals*. We shall be glad to do so, and to add our portion to it. Perhaps others may like to do likewise. How many little friends there are there who would like to hear about Jesus! We have already sent some to the hospital the Queen visited, and the little ones were very glad to receive them. There are four wards for children, and in each ward there were thirty children when our visitor took the Magazine. So that 160 little sick friends would be able to read our Magazine, or those not able to do so, the kind nurses would read to them. We are going to get a list of all the hospitals and infirmaries for children in London. We shall then be able to tell our little friends about them. We should like to send some to similar places in other parts, for we know there are numbers of little sick friends who would like to hear about Jesus.

The Publisher has kindly consented to send them to the various places we mention. A few stamps enclosed would help to increase the number.

"Hospital" might be put outside the envelope, on the left-hand corner, when sending instructions to the Publisher, 54, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—How quickly the months pass away! This is the sixth month of our new magazine, and I think we all like it better than we did at first. Mr. Editor has given us some very nice pictures and true stories, which I told you I was always very fond of. And then we have had your papers, which we must all agree have been very good.

I have looked over the papers for this month on Abraham and Isaac, and oh, they are so nice! I have had to ask Mr. Editor to help me decide which is best, and we have chosen this one, from a little girl only eleven years of age:—

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

DEAR DOT,—I want to tell you something about Abraham. Abraham and Sarah were very old, and they had no children. God told them they should have a son. Abraham was an hundred years old when Isaac was born; they called his name Isaac—which means laughter—because Sarah laughed when God told her she should have a son. The day Isaac was weaned Abraham made a great feast in his house. When Isaac was grown to be a lad, God told Abraham to take his son Isaac to Mount Moriah and offer him for a sacrifice. God did not mean that Abraham should slay his son, but only to try his faith. Abraham did as God told him; he got up early in the morning and saddled his ass, and took

Isaac, and two of his servants, and the wood, and the fire, and went until he came to the place. It was three days' journey, and on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place a great way off. He got off his ass and told his servants to stay behind, for he and the lad were going to worship. As Abraham and Isaac were going up the hill, Isaac said to his father, "Here is the wood and fire, but where is the lamb?" and Abraham said, "God will provide a lamb." And when they came to the place, Abraham made an altar, and laid the wood thereon, and bound Isaac and laid him on. And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. But an angel of the Lord called him, and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God." God knew that Abraham would offer up his son Isaac willingly. And Abraham let his son go. And he lifted up his eyes and saw a ram in the bushes, and he caught him by his horns and offered him instead. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh, which is said to this day, "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." Then the angel of the Lord called unto him again, and said, "Because thou hast obeyed My voice, and hast not spared thy son, thine only son from Me, that in blessing I will bless thee, and thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore." Isaac was a type of Jesus, God's own Lamb that God had provided for the sin of the world, only God spared Abraham's son, but could not spare His own; if He had we should never have been saved and gone to live with Him in heaven, where all those that love him will go to live for ever with Him,—where you and I, dear Dot, shall be when Jesus comes to claim His own, through His grace and love. I shall be amongst that number for having been washed and cleansed from all sin by the blood of Jesus. I can now call Him my Saviour.

MARY ANN MOORE, *eleven years.*

The papers we think nearest to being best are from:—

HENRY JAMES HARRISON, nine years.
 PHOEBE WISE, nine years.
 EDWIN BARHAM, eight years seven months.
 ELIZA DAX, ten years.
 ALFRED EDWARD WARD, eleven years.
 E. G. M., seven years.

Will you please each send with your paper your age, and where you live?

Please send in your papers as early as you can on any of the subjects mentioned in last month.

I am glad so many of you seem to know the gospel as set forth in Abraham and Isaac, and trust you may all believe in Jesus as the One who was offered up for you.

Your affectionate Friend,

Dot.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

With the July Number of

"MY LITTLE FRIEND"

Will (D.V.) be issued a beautifully coloured picture, entitled

"THE FAITHFUL NEGRO BOY"

(Suitable either for framing or to form a frontispiece to the volume).

It will illustrate a true and affecting story, to appear in the August Number.

N.B. The Number for July (including the coloured picture) will be One Penny. The picture separately will be SIXPENCE, as no expense has been spared in its production.

Orders for this Number should be given early, as a great demand is expected.

We are having a great many thousands printed, and as our Magazine increases in numbers, it is uncertain how many little friends will require this beautiful picture; therefore to prevent disappointment orders should be given to secure the first edition.

Our Artists are doing their *very best* to please us, and as we are frequent visitors to the nurseries and schools, we think we know what will please our many, many little friends. We give early notice, so that children may save the extra half-penny or school tickets.

Back Numbers may still be had, One Half-penny each, commencing January 1876.


The July Number *only* will be One Penny.

The Publisher is so pleased with the interesting account which "Dot" gives him of the many letters he receives from little friends from all parts, that he intends giving every month a half-crown book to the little boy or girl whose paper "Dot" considers the best, by way of encouragement. We keep *all the letters* carefully by us, so that we may have something to say to the unsuccessful ones presently.

THE EDITOR.

"MY LITTLE FRIEND" HYMN BOOK.

Compiled by P. H. B. For Children's Special Services. 50 Hymns, neatly got up in cover. Price ONE HALFPENNY. For Schools, 3s. 100; cloth 2d., or 8s. 4d. 100.

 "MY LITTLE FRIEND" PACKET OF STORY BOOKS. 12 Little Books (all different), suitable for the little ones. Containing Bible stories and interesting readings, helpful to the understanding of the young. They are prettily got up, each one having a picture, and printed in large type. Written by a Sunday-school worker. Price 3d. A sample packet, post free, 3½d.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 7.

JULY, 1876.

*Price (with Coloured Picture)
One Penny.*



THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS LOST IN LONDON.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS LOST IN LONDON.

THIS is the picture of the little boy who was lost in London, whose short history we gave in our March Number. His father sent us a photograph of his little boy, and our Publisher has had it engraved for us specially, as we thought our little friends might like to see the little adventurer.

But he is getting a big boy now, and all the curls of childhood are gone; and when we visited the town in which he lives we were glad to see him at the Sunday School, amongst a great many more of our little friends whom we have known from babyhood, but who write nice little letters to Mister Dot, we see. We do so want to know that little *lost ones* are *found* by Jesus. He wants to make young hearts happy, and to use them as His little messengers of grace.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

ALADY was walking in her garden one day, and she was startled by seeing a neighbour's boy amongst the apple trees,—looking, as she thought, for some fruit; for she knew he was not a very good boy. However, before she could speak, the boy lifted up his head, and with a beaming face said, "I am only looking for a ball, ma'am. I love the Lord Jesus now, and I could not take anything that is not my own; so do not be afraid of me."

The lady was only too glad to learn that the boy had just been brought to know Jesus.

May you, dear children, know, as the little boy did, the love of Jesus in your

hearts, and may the power of it show itself in your consciences as it did in his, teaching him that what he could do before (such as taking what did not belong to him), he could not do now, for his Saviour's sake.

H. G. A.

MY CONVERSION.

(Sent us by a little girl in Fleet Street, City.)

I WAS converted, by the grace of God, May 2nd, 1873; before I was nine years old. And it is three years since then; and all my short pilgrim life, as I look back upon it, I can say, "His banner over me has been love." Now I must tell you how I was converted. One Friday night, after I had gone up to bed, that verse came to my mind, "Come unto Me" (Matt. xi. 28). And I thought how I had been disobedient to Jesus all my life, and that made me cry; so I knelt down and told God all about it, and asked Him to forgive me; and because I believed Christ died for me and would forgive me, He did so, and gave me eternal life through His Son; and I shall live with Jesus in heaven for ever and ever. Then Jesus seemed to say to me, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of" (Gen. xxviii. 15). I have proved that ever since.

REAPING TIME.

TWO or three weeks more, and we shall see the golden-looking fields of grain getting ready for the reapers. The little grain was hidden away in the cold winter or early spring, and lay snugly under the hard clods of earth. The fleecy snow fell softly upon the fields, flake after flake, till

there was a beautiful white warm covering, so that the frosts should not pinch the seed; and then in spring the warm sunshine, and a little shower now and then, drew forth the little blades of wheat; and by-and-bye they shot up, until the green ears were seen. Then the hot July sun helps to ripen the corn ready for the August reapers to come and gather it into the farmer's granary. Does not this remind us of what Jesus says in the fourth of John, about the harvest fields, when the sowers and reapers rejoice together? That will be by-and-bye, when Jesus shall come and gather every little grain that belongs to Him, all the fruit of His love,—I mean, all that have believed in His name.

Then, again, you know He speaks of Himself as a corn of wheat that was to die and bring forth much fruit (John xii. 14). We are seeking to sow the seed of life in young hearts, that there may be a glorious reaping time just now. Sometimes the seed lays a long while in the heart—as the corn does in the ground—before it springs forth into life. May the soft showers of God's grace, and the warm sun of His love, draw forth the tender blade *from the hearts of our young readers*; by which I mean, a confession that Christ is their Saviour.

A SOWER.

SISTER KITTY.

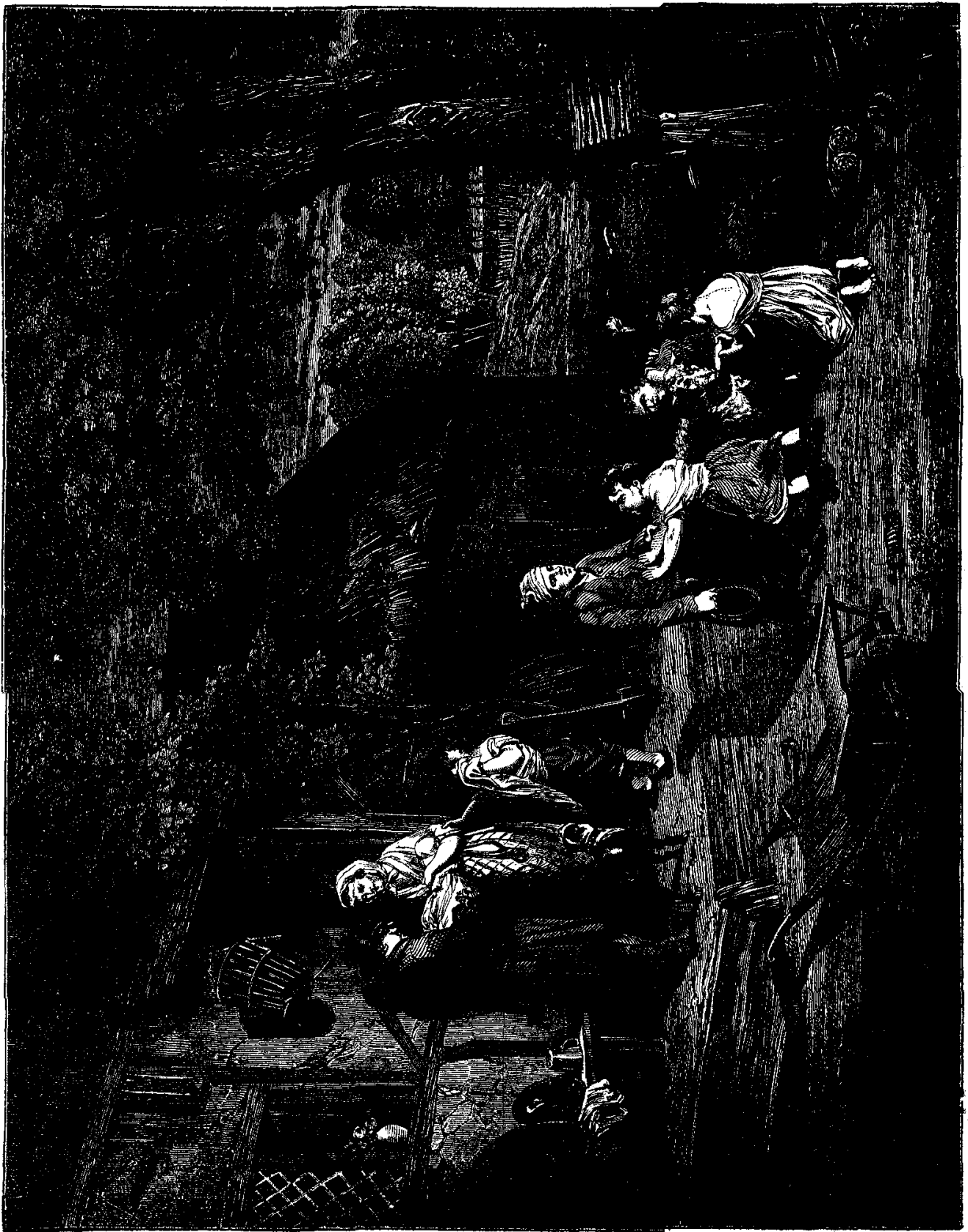


OUR dear little Kitty,
 We love her so much;
 So wee, yet so pretty,
 So soft to the touch.
 And when she is sleeping
 In her own little bed,
 We often go peeping,—
 Though softly we tread.
 We all like to carry
 Our sister about;
 But when brother Harry
 Comes in with a shout,
 And when he has kiss'd her,
 Oh, doesn't she crow!

She knows she's his sister—

Well, Harry says so!
 At present her measure
 Is a few inches high,
 But yet she's a treasure
 No money can buy.
 No wealth in the city,
 Of diamonds or pearls,
 Would ever buy Kitty,
 The smallest of girls.
 And when she gets older
 I'm sure that us boys
 Will try and not scold her,
 But lend her our toys.
 At Polly and Freddy
 She stares very much,
 And always seems ready
 Their faces to touch.
 When Polly gives Kitty
 A bit of her crust,
 Though sometimes it's gritty
 When dropp'd in the dust,
 Dear babs doesn't mind it,—
 Takes it just as it comes:
 Of course she can't grind it,
 With no teeth in her gums.
 A little bit longer
 And then she will run;
 And when she gets stronger
 We'll have lots of fun.
 No doubt she will tumble
 When learning to walk;
 And 'Liza will mumble
 And teach her to talk.
 If chatty and witty
 When shaking her curls,
 We shall think little Kitty
 The dearest of girls.
 And now from my ditty
 You will easily see,
 How much we love Kitty,
 Although she's so "wee."
 And folks in the city,
 I'd like to be told,
 Can never buy Kitty
 With silver or gold.
 I'll work for my sister,
 And do all I can
 To help and assist her
 When I am a man.

DICKIE RHYMER.



THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB (see p. 55).

By Brian Foster.



REAPING TIME.

NESTS IN A TREE.

FOR ALL THE LITTLE ONES.

I DARESAY some of the little readers of "MY LITTLE FRIEND" have seen a bird's nest in a tree, and perhaps have sometimes wished they could live in a tree too. Now in South Africa there are some black people, called Bakones, who actually do so. They have curious little huts fixed high up on the stout branches, and when they want to go up and down they do so by means of notches cut in the trunk of the tree, which is so large that Mr. Moffat the missionary counted as many as twenty huts in one tree. Each of these huts had but one little room, about six feet across, where the inhabitants lived. It was only just about big enough to hold the bed, the rude cooking vessels, and a few other things used by these poor wild people, so that it must have been something like a gipsy's tent, only made of wood instead of blankets. I daresay you wonder why these people live in this manner, because although it would be very nice just for a change, you know, it must be rather awkward at times. At any rate, I fancy you would get tired of having to climb up and down every time you wanted to have a run. No room up there, you see, to bowl a hoop or even to spin a top; only just to eat and sleep. Well, the reason why these people live in trees is just this. In that wild country there are many lions, great fierce creatures who could run away with you in a moment, just as a cat could run away with a mouse. And these lions are very bold. They mostly prowl about at night, often a whole family of lions together, the father and mother and the young lions too, so that if really hungry they would not mind attacking a village; and as the houses are but slightly built, often only of branches, they could easily break in and kill everybody. But lions can't climb, and so, in order to be safe from them, these people

live, like the birds, in the branches of the great tree, as I have told you.

When they hear the terrible lions coming trampling and roaring over the plain, how nice it must be to look down from their snug little huts and feel that they are perfectly safe! "Ah!" they perhaps say (only they don't speak English, you know), "you may roar and rave, and roam about down there, but you can't touch us." Thus, you see, the tree is their place of refuge and security. If a flood comes, as it may sometimes do in the rainy season, they are safe up there in their nests. And then there's another thing I must tell you. These trees are a kind of fig-tree, and figs are very nice (at least, I expect you think so), and not only nice, but are used in that country instead of bread. Dried figs pressed into the form of a cake are commonly eaten in eastern countries (1 Sam. xxv. 18, xxx. 12; 1 Chron. xii. 40). It is the traveller's food, and is very supporting. Well, now, to have bread growing, so to speak, at one's very door, must be very pleasant; not baker's bread, you understand, but ripe juicy figs, which are food and drink too in a hot country, where water is often scarce. So, then, this tree is not only a refuge, but also feeds and refreshes those that dwell in it. If a little black boy is playing on the wide plain and hears a lion coming he runs to the tree, scrambles up its broad strong trunk, and is safe. If he is hungry and thirsty, he climbs along the branches and plucks the juicy figs!

"How good is the God we adore," thus to make this useful tree grow where it is so much needed by these poor black people, too many of whom do not even know Him, and so never think of thanking Him for all His goodness.

Now can you tell me of *whom* this tree reminds us? Who is it that is the Refuge of the poor sinner—a refuge from judgment as well as from all the power of the enemy? When Satan "as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may

devour," to *whom* does the believer fly and find safety? When judgment like a flood shall overwhelm the world, in *whom* will the believer find himself secure? "Ah," you will say, "I know!—it is the Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, it is; and moreover, He is also the Bread of life (John vi. 35), the Rest (Matt. xi. 28), and the Delight (Song of Sol. ii. 3) of those who have believed in Him unto everlasting life, for they "live by the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. ii. 20), they repose on His heart of love (John xiii. 23), and they find all their delight in His presence (Ps. xvi. 11).

Have you *thus* made *your* nest in a tree?

ONE WHO HAS.

HOW GOD ANSWERS LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

WILLIE FIELDEN was a boy with such a busy brain, and although he was only about eight years old, he was always imagining, when he was awake, all kinds of strange things, and was ever making up in his mind such funny little tales; and when he went to bed he used to fancy he saw all sorts of ugly things around him; and so real did all these terrible pictures seem to him, that it was a long time before he could get to sleep, and he used to lie until he was quite wet with perspiration caused by his fear; and when he went to sleep he used to dream about the terrible things he thought he saw, and would wake up with a start and a scream. Now, I am not telling the readers of MY LITTLE FRIEND all this to frighten them, but I am going to tell you what Willie Fielden did in order to show them how delighted God is to hear and answer even a little one's prayer, when asked in faith. Well, this little boy was so troubled about all he fancied he saw, that he began to be ill; but one night, all alone in his little room, he knelt down

by his little bed, and said as nearly as possible these words: "Gracious God, take away all these ugly faces; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." And do you know, Willie Fielden never from that day to this saw one of those ugly things again, although at first he used to timidly peep from under the clothes to see if they were there.

Was not this, dear little friends, an immediate answer to prayer?—and I cannot tell you how thankful little Willie was. Of course, all he saw was only fancy, but how good of the great God, who made the world, to listen to and answer this simple childish prayer. Do you, my readers, pray to God? I do not ask you if you *say* your prayers, for little boys and girls often repeat prayers, I am sorry to say, without really meaning what they say, and this is very sad; but I want you now, henceforth, just to go to God in all your difficulties, and ask Him in your own simple way to remove them; and when they are removed (for I know if you ask in the right way, expecting an answer, they will all disappear), do not forget to go and thank Him for what He has done.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

THAT touching little picture, by one of the best of English artists, reminds me of a similar event in my boyhood's days.

We had a pet, as most young ones have, and very fond of it we all were; but the time came when, like the little lamb in the picture, it had to be sold, and very great was our grief at the parting.

I sometimes visit a friend, and in the room in which I sleep there is this same picture, very large; and I always take a peep at it when going to bed, and think of that solemn yet precious passage in Isaiah liii. 7. Perhaps my little readers will find the passage, and perhaps some little correspondent may have something to write about it to Dot.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I expect you will be so much taken up with our nice coloured picture this month, that you will only just give a *peep* at "Dot's Corner." But still I do hope that when you have had a great many good looks at the picture, you will turn this way, and read the nice little paper about Jacob and his Ladder. I am glad to find so many are reading their Bibles and writing about these subjects. This one is written by a little girl aged ten years :—

JACOB AND HIS LADDER.

(Genesis xxvii. to end of xxviii.)

IN the Old Testament we often read of fathers, when they were getting old, blessing the eldest son of the family, and giving him possession of all their lands and property. It was because Isaac wanted to bless his eldest son Esau, that he called to him and said, "My son;" and he said, "Behold, here am I." And Isaac his father said unto him, "Behold now, I am old, I know not the day of my death—now therefore take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow, and go out to the field, and take me some venison; and make me savoury meat, such as I love, and bring it to me; that I may eat; that my soul may bless thee before I die." And Esau went out, and did as Isaac his father had commanded him.

Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, heard him tell Esau all this, and as she wanted her favourite son Jacob to have his father's blessing, she instructed Jacob to go out and bring two kids of the flock, and she would make savoury meat for his father; so at the command of his mother, Jacob acted in such a way as to deceive his father and obtain the blessing. When Esau returned from his hunting, and found how he had been robbed by his brother, he was exceedingly angry; so much so, that he purposed in his heart to kill his brother as soon as the days of mourning for his father were ended.

Rebekah hearing what Esau had said, to save Jacob, from his brother's vengeance, sent him to her brother Laban's house, which was at Padan-aram, to stay there until Esau's fury should be gone.

On his way to his uncle's house, Jacob, weary with his journey, took of the stones of that place, and made a pillow, and laid him down to sleep; and in his sleep he dreamed he saw a ladder, which reached from earth to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it. In the first chapter of St. John's Gospel we read the Lord Jesus said, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man;" so that I think the ladder Jacob saw must be a type of the Lord Jesus.

There the Lord renewed His promise made to Abraham; and when Jacob awoke out of his sleep, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." How often we forget that God is everywhere! And Jacob rose up early in the

morning, and took the stones that had been his pillow, and set them up for a pillar, and poured oil upon it, and called the name of the place Bethel, which means the house of God.

ELIZA DAX, ten years.

April 17th, 1876.

There are also some very good ones sent by—

R. F. R. M., nine years.

EDWIN BARHAM, eight years eight months and three weeks.

ELIZABETH ANN COUNCER, eight years.

E. G. M., seven years.

WILLIAM BRANFORD, ten years.

I have been very pleased, lately, to meet so many children who love Jesus. I met three very little ones a few weeks ago, who were crying on account of their sins; but very soon they trusted in Jesus, and were saved and made happy. Now is the time to come to Jesus—while you are young, and while He is inviting you to come. May God bless all you dear little ones, even as He has

Your affectionate Friend,

Dor.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH this month's Number is issued the Coloured Picture of "The Faithful Negro Boy." Be sure and see that you have the Picture with the Magazine. You will understand that the Magazine and Picture will be One Penny. The Tale will appear in the August Number, which will be One Half-penny, as usual.

Back Numbers may still be had, One Half-penny each, commencing January 1876.

The July Number *only* will be One Penny.

☛ "LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE FRIENDS." A little volume in cloth, price 6d.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

No. 8. Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



CHILDISH COURAGE.

CHILDISH COURAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

MARION and Lily Wright lived with their aunt, Mrs. Wormington, near Wigan, in Lancashire. Their papa and mamma were both in India. They would have been very glad indeed if they could have had their two little girls with them. But India is so hot that very few English children can stay out there long. As Marion and Lily were really delicate, and not at all able to bear the long voyage by sea, they were left behind, to be taken care of by their kind aunt. The story I am going to tell you is quite true, and happened when Marion was about seven years and a half old, and Lily about six years and a half. I must tell you that their aunt's house was about two miles away from the town, and that there was not another house very near to it.

One morning—it is a good many years ago, I cannot say exactly how many—their aunt had a letter at breakfast time; and as soon as she had read it, she told her nieces that she would have to go away from home for a few days. Marion and Lily asked her to take them with her. But it was such *very* cold, snowy weather that their aunt was afraid they would catch cold if they went a long journey on the railway. So she told them they would have to stay at home, and she promised to return as soon as she possibly could.

Mrs. Wormington was very sorry indeed to have to go away. Not because it was such cold weather; she did not mind that, as she was quite strong and well; but because for the last few weeks the men who worked in the coal pits had been on “strike.”

Some of them who had saved no money to buy bread for their wives and children, went about begging for food; and if no

one gave them any, they broke windows, or did something very wrong and very wicked, to show how daring and angry they were.

Mrs. Wormington thought of all this, and it made her most unwilling to go away from home just then. But she felt she was obliged to go; so she called her two servants and told them to be very careful and to keep the gates fastened while she was away. She went to her room and prepared herself for her journey; and she also knelt down and prayed to God, and asked Him to take care of her little nieces during her absence.

Everything went on well for a day or two. Their governess came and gave them their lessons in the morning as usual, and they went out for their short walk with her after lessons were over.

When Mrs. Wormington had been gone three days, Marion and Lily had a letter from her to say that she would very likely come back to them the next day after that. Of course they were very much delighted at such good news. After dinner, Jane promised them that they should have their large new dolls' house to play with. She also told them that she wanted to run into the town, and that Ellen, the other servant, wished to go with her; and she wanted to know if they would mind being left alone for a little while.

Marion did not reply directly. She was a very timid little girl, and did not like the idea of being alone; but Lily, who was not quite so timid as Marion, thought it would be fine fun for them to play at real housekeeping, and to be treated for once as grown-up young ladies.

So she said, before Marion could answer, “No, Jane; I don't think we shall mind it at all, if you will not be gone *very* long.” Then turning to her sister she added, “Shall we, Marion?”

Marion said *no* thoughtfully and slowly; but she *did* say it, and that was enough for Jane, who said, “We

shall be back in no time, Miss Marion. We will lock the back doors, and go out at the front door. If you watch from the window, in about half an hour or three quarters you will see us coming back, and you can let us in."

Jane went upstairs with them to fetch down the dolls' house; such a beautiful doll's house it was, too! I can't tell you, I am afraid, how many pretty things there were in it. A kitchen with a doll cook, who had on a brown gown, a white apron, and a white cap: pots and pans, and plates and dishes, a dresser, a table, a real fireplace, with an oven and a boiler: a drawing-room, too; and such pretty chairs, sofa, table, carpet, fender, and fire-irons; and lace curtains at the windows: two large bedrooms upstairs, with beds and washhand-stands, basins and covers, looking-glasses and towel-horses, chests of drawers and chairs;—all so new and fresh and pretty. And then the dolls! Such sweet creatures they were, to be sure. So well dressed, and so pretty. They had day dresses and night dresses, hats and bonnets, boots and shoes, fans and parasols. You can just imagine how very delightful it was for Marion and Lily to have this toy to play with in their aunt's drawing-room. It had cost so much money that Mrs. Wormington was most anxious it should be kept nice for a long time, and she only allowed them to have it now and then, as a very great treat.

They soon forgot all about being alone. The dolls' dresses were changed, and the rooms re-arranged, and then the dolls were put to bed in their night-clothes.

Marion at length began to feel a little tired, and sat down by the fire. She then suddenly recollected that Jane and Ellen were out, and she saw that it was beginning to get dark.

"It must be nearly teatime, Lily," she said. "I am sure Jane and Ellen have been gone a great deal longer than three quarters of an hour."

"Have they, Marion?" replied Lily, who was busily mending a strap which had come off one of her doll's shoes.

Marion sat and listened. She went two or three times to the window, but could not see the servants coming. She began to feel very lonely and frightened, when suddenly she heard noisy voices outside the gates.

"What is that, Lily?" she said, as she took hold of her sister, and held her tightly round the waist. Their little faces turned deadly white, and their hearts beat so loud and fast that they could scarcely whisper to each other.

"Oh, Lily, Lily! The men! the men! They will kill us, little sister! Oh, auntie, auntie!—or nurse,—or somebody! do come to us!" sobbed Marion.

They moved a little nearer to the window, and could plainly see some men coming up to the house. Lily held closely to her sister, but she did not cry or speak for a moment. Then she said, tremblingly and solemnly, "Marion, let us say a little prayer, and ask God to take care of us."

They knelt down face to face, holding each other's hands up; their lips moved together as Lily prayed God not to let the men hurt them. Before they had got up off their knees, they heard a tremendous heavy knock at the hall door. It rang all through the house; then it came again and again, each time louder and louder.

"They want bread and money, Lily," said Marion.

"I know they do; they are starving and hungry. What shall we do? Oh, Jane, Jane, do come to us! I have a penny, Lily. I can give them that; but it is so little."

"And I have a halfpenny," added Lily, as she produced one out of her pocket, and laid it on the penny in her sister's hand.

Another loud knock, and angry voices shouted for help.

(Continued on page 62.)



WE watched the ship go sailing round,
As with her spreading sail
She skimm'd along her narrow bound,
While Bobby blew the gale.

EARLY DAYS.

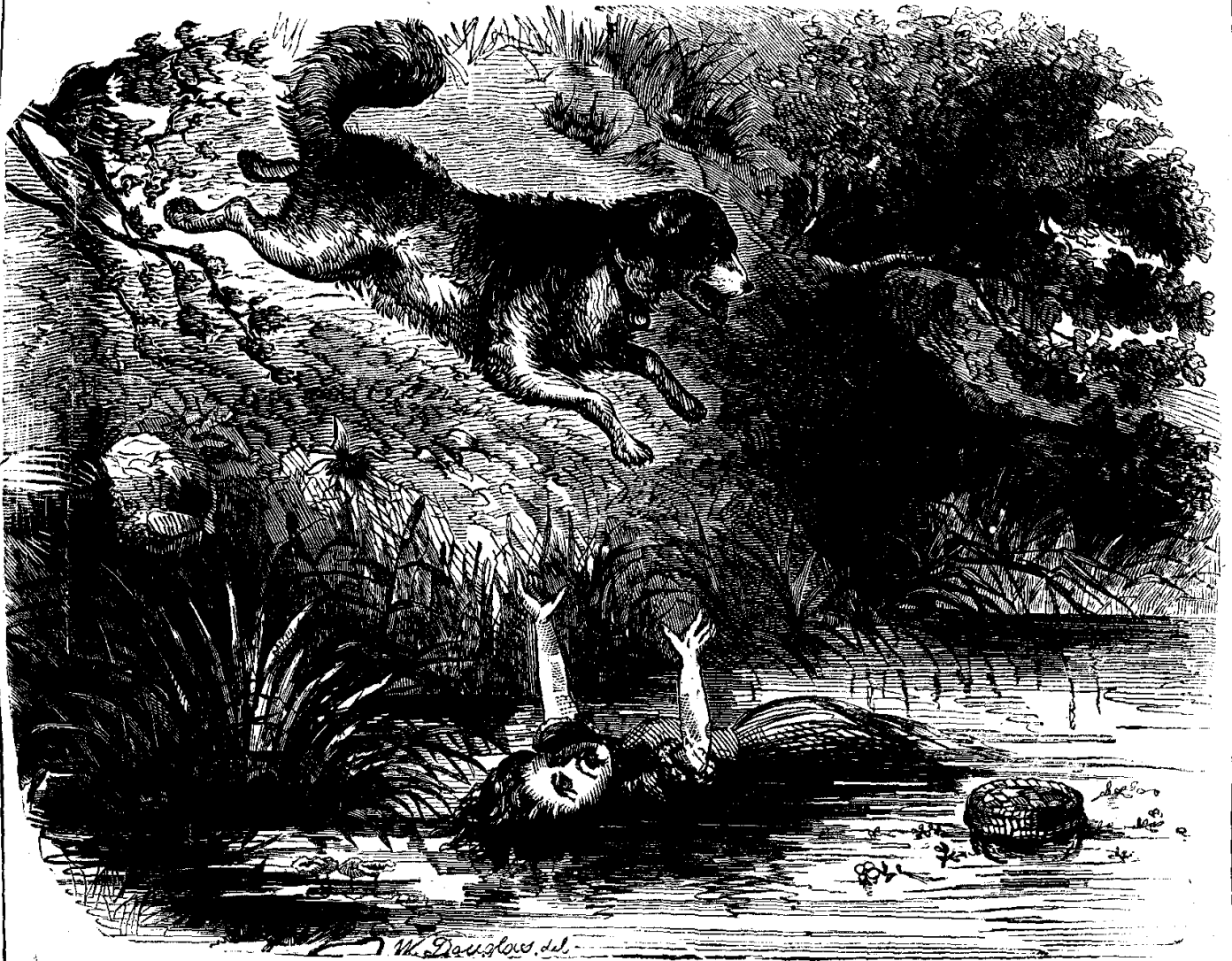
Since then I've braved some stormy seas,
By sickness oft laid low ;
Have felt the power of many a breeze
Which Bobby did not blow.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

AS a little girl was gathering some forget-me-nots by the river-side, she slipped, and fell into the stream. Fortunately the stream was not deep, but, better still, her companion, dog Fido, who had been scampering over the grassy slopes,

and if by telling about His love and precious blood I could win a little boy or girl for Him, I should be so glad; I don't think anything would make me so truly happy. You know who I mean.

This brings to my mind a little incident on the Thames embankment. A child had fallen into the river, and just then a gentleman with his dog was passing.



heard the splash, and in another minute was in the water; and little Annie was saved by her faithful friend Fido. Do you think she will ever forget him? No. Many a little tit-bit is shared with Fido, she loves him so much. It reminds me of One who saved me, and whom I love very much, and for whom I would do all I could;

He spoke to the dog, who soon rescued the child. On being asked his name the gentleman refused to give it, but said, "I will give my dog's name. It is 'Ready!'" Oh, who would not be like that faithful dog, always ready to do good to anybody?

"Come, Marion, let us go to them; they may break the door down," said Lily, taking Marion's hand and trying to pull her out of the room. "Let us get all the bread there is, and take it to them with the money."

They went downstairs, and crept to the pantry. They took the remains of a large loaf they found there. They trembled so much they could hardly walk. Marion entreated Lily to go first, and Lily obeyed her, and opened the door.

As soon as the men heard the lock touched, they pushed at the door, and the children were sent back some distance with it. There they stood, two little girls with fair hair and tearful blue eyes, and oh, such frightened faces! Marion hung behind her sister with the penny and the halfpenny lying in her hand, which she stretched out as far as she could. Lily stood before her, and said, as she offered the loaf to the foremost man, "If you please, sir, do not kill us. We are two little sisters, and we are quite alone. We are sorry if you are hungry. This is all the bread we have, and that is all the money."

Her voice broke down then, and she could say no more. They both looked up into the mass of rough faces before them, and sobbed bitterly. Lily dropped them a curtsy, little lady that she was, and waited humbly for an answer. The men were completely taken by surprise at the sight of the children; so much so, that for a moment or two neither of them spoke a word. Then a great big man who stood first, and had a thick stick in one hand, put the other hand on Lily's head as gently and tenderly as possible, and he said to her, "God bless thee, child; we don't want to hurt such babes as you!"

"Oh, thank you, sir, very much! You are very kind," said Lily, feeling greatly relieved. "Will you take our penny and our halfpenny? it is all we have."

"No, my dears, we won't, nor your

bread neither," replied the man, as he turned away saying to the others, "Come on;" and he shut the door behind him, not saying another word or looking again at the children.

Marion, who had been unable to say anything while the men were there, looked first at the bread and then at the money. Then she kissed her sister, and said, "Oh, Lily, how good they were to us. I wish they had taken the bread; I am so sorry they did not."

"And so am I, Marion," replied her sister, "though there is not much of it, and there was so many of them. Let us go upstairs, and wait for Jane and Ellen. Ah, Marion, auntie always says that God takes care of children who love Him. He has taken care of us to-day, Marion; hasn't He?"

"Yes, He has; but oh, Lily, it is getting so dark, and I feel so ill."

Poor child, she was so thoroughly frightened and in such a nervous state of mind, she scarcely knew what to do. Jane and Ellen came in soon afterwards, quite out of breath. They were terribly put out with what had happened. They wanted to persuade the children not to tell their aunt anything about it. But they would not promise not to tell. Indeed, Marion was so ill when Mrs. Wormington came home, that the whole truth was told at once; and Jane and Ellen got a thorough good scolding. In fact, Mrs. Wormington would have sent them both away from her house, only they told her they were really and truly sorry for their carelessness, and that they never would do such an unkind thing again, if she would let them stay with her. So they stayed; and Marion soon got better. Lily never forgot to pray for help in all her after-life, and the two sisters often thought of and talked about that never-to-be-forgotten day, and the dreadful fright they were in.

S. H. T.

THE FAITHFUL NEGRO BOY.*

A true story concerning the little boy who was whipped to death for going to Sunday School.



OME years ago, on foreign shores,
Where feathery palm trees wave,
Beneath whose shade at close of day
Reclines the weary slave,
Among the negroes, Christian men
Had read God's precious Word,
And dusky faces beamed with joy
As they God's message heard.
God's Word was blessed—though Satan tried
To make their labours cease;
But all in vain, for hearts were found
Rejoicing in His peace.
From field to field, from hut to hut,
The Gospel message rung,
And God's great love in giving Christ
Was heard on many a tongue.
When work was o'er, the dusky throng
From mid the sugar canes
Would all unite in happy song,
And sing their cheerful strains.
And families were thus made glad,
And hearts were filled with joy;
The tott'ring negro bent with age,
And many a girl and boy.
As weekly came the day of rest,
The negroes had a rule
Of meeting in a shanty rude,
For preaching and for school.
Among the rest, a bright-eyed lad
Was often seen at school,
While plodding o'er God's precious Word
Upon a rude-made stool.
Poor little Sambo loved the Lord,
And sought Him much in prayer;
His message heard, he read the Word,
And kept its truths with care.
He seem'd so blest on days of rest,
When he could get away
To be amongst the happy throng,
Who loved to sing and pray;
But Sambo's master oftentimes
Forbade the boy to go
To listen to the teacher's words,—
Which filled his heart with woe.
His master was a cruel man,
Who oft his men would strip,
And beat them with a strong bamboo,
Or his most powerful whip.
Another truth young Sambo learnt,
As well as sing and pray—

* See coloured picture in July Number.

To love his parents and his friends,
His master to obey.
It cost poor Sambo many tears,
He sorrowed night and day,
When he was told he must not go
To hear them preach or pray.
'Twas at the school he learn'd to read,
And learn'd his Lord to love;
And there his little heart was set
On better things above.
He loved his school, and now and then
From home he fain would slip,
But that he feared some wicked men,
And fear'd his master's whip.
At last he could no more forbear,
In spite of dreaded rod;
How could he stay and disobey
His loving Lord and God?
And once again poor Sambo's voice
Was heard among the rest;
They did rejoice at such a choice,
And thought him highly blest.
But Sambo's master soon found out
The boy had broke his rule;
He ask'd the youth, who spoke the truth—
"Yes, massa, been to school.
Me heard of Jesus—precious Lord!"
Escaped his smiling lips;
His heart was glad, the happy lad
Fear'd neither men nor whips.
"Me love my Jesus, massa, much,
Me love to school to go;
For, massa, Jesus' precious blood
Has wash'd me white as snow."
The master stared; his face was red,
He clutched his dreadful whip,
And bade a negro, tall and strong,
Poor little Sambo strip.
Poor boy! he trembled, though his heart
Was very full of glee,
As soon his hands above his head
Were fastened to a tree.
The master bade the negro get
A whip both stout and strong;
The dreaded weapon soon appear'd,
And crack soon went the thong.
Then said the master, ere the strokes
Had number'd twenty-five,
"What can your Jesus do for you
When whipping-times arrive?"
"Oh, massa, Jesus love me much,"
The suffering boy replied;

"I know that He is very near,—
 Yes, massa, by my side."
 The master's face was very wroth,
 And with a dreadful roar,
 He bade the negro with the whip
 "Give five-and-twenty more."
 And thick and fast the lashes fell;
 The master foamed with rage,—
 He did not care, nor would he spare
 The child of tender age.
 The monster laughed his loudest laugh,
 And cried with cruel hiss,
 "What can *your Jesus* do for you
 In such an hour as this?"
 "Oh, massa, Jesus faithful Lord,"
 Replied the suffering boy;
 "My back do smart—but oh, my heart
 Is full of heavenly joy."
 Again the monster stamp'd with rage,
 And shouted as before,
 Drew near his side, and once more cried,
 "Give five-and-twenty more."

Again the planter cried aloud,
 With frown upon his brow,
 "What can *your Jesus* do for you?—
 "How can He help you now?"
 "I love my Jesus, massa, much;
 My Jesus loves me too;
 Whip very sharp—de precious Lord,
 He helps me pray for you!"

* * * *

And round dear little Sambo's grave
 The weeping negroes stayed;
 And many a heart, with pity moved,
 For "cruel massa" prayed!
 And when these loving prayers are heard
 In heaven, there will be joy
 When massa meets in heaven above
 The faithful negro boy! G. C.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I have received so many nice little letters from you, besides those on the subjects named, that I think if they were all printed in a book they would very much surprise our mothers and fathers, and please our brothers and sisters. I think this month, instead of the paper on "Joseph and his Brethren," you would like to see two little papers I received from two little girls; and then we can have "Joseph" next month. The first is from little Florence Digby:—

A CHILD'S FAITH IN GOD.

THERE lived a family in the county of Kent whose father was captain of a ship. He had been detained at home by contrary winds for several days. He came in one evening just as the three youngest children were ready for bed. One was six years old, the next four, the next three. They were just saying their evening prayers.

Their father said, "Well, my dears, just going to bed? I want you to be very good and not make a noise. I want to get a little sleep, as I shall have to be up by two, for we may get away in the morning."

The little one four years old said, "Mamma, can I say another little prayer?"

"Yes, dear," the mother said.

"But I have said my prayers, mamma."

"Well, but you can say another little prayer if you wish."

The little girl put her little hands together, and said, "Please, Lord, take care of papa, and send papa fair winds, and take him safe down the river."

The father sailed as he expected. A storm came on. The mother was very uneasy about him; but they soon heard of his safe arrival. The mother told the children. One little one said, "I knew he would get safe down."

The mother said, "Why did you think so?"

The child replied, "*Because I asked God to take care of him.*" FLORENCE DIGBY, eight years.

The above is quite true, because it was my own dear sister. May God increase our faith and love!

Isn't that just nice? And now there is one from little Annie Newman:—

MY LITTLE COUSIN SALLY.

LITTLE Sally was the daughter of Christian parents. She attended the Sunday School. She was ill for several weeks. For many nights she sat, not closing her eyes, and coughing most distressingly. When she felt getting worse, she sent a message to all the Sunday School to meet her in heaven. When she was dying, she said, "I am resting on the bosom of my Saviour."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 I do hide myself in Thee!"

A week before her death, she exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful!—such a beautiful light!" And on being asked what she could see, she said, "My little brother Johnny." That was her little baby brother, who died a few years before. Her father asked her before she died, "Is Jesus coming to take you, Sally?" She said, "Yes."

Her last word was "Jesus."

She died March 26th, aged 12 years and 4 months. This is quite true. ANNIE NEWMAN, ten years.

Now I think those are really *very nice*—the dear little things! And I am sure the Lord Jesus is pleased with them. I do pray that He may draw all your hearts to Himself.

Your affectionate Friend,

Dor.

MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



MOTHER AND KITTY AND ROMP.

MOTHER AND KITTY AND ROMP.

QUT in the beautiful meadows,
 Ever so far from the town,
 Where it is quiet and pleasant,
 Mother and Kitty sit down.
 Doesn't our Kitty show pleasure?
 Kissing her mother so oft,
 Just as though hugging a treasure,
 With hands that are chubby and soft.
 Romp has been barking and playing
 Until she is weary, you see;
 And now for her breath she is panting
 Under the shade of the tree.
 Romp often jumps in the river;
 Then she is not fit to touch;
 Then she will shake and will shiver,
 Splashing us ever so much.
 Romp is so kind and so faithful,
 And has such a very sharp ear,
 A stranger must not touch our Kitty
 If watchful old Romp should be near.

DICKIE RHYMER.

THE OLD MAN'S RETURN.

HE is aged and weary, and sits on a tree;
 He has travell'd by land, he has travell'd by sea;
 To his village he comes again—worn,
 footsore;
 But the friends and companions of youth are no more.
 The cot where he lived, where his fathers were born,
 A stranger now occupies. Old and forlorn,
 Penniless, hungry, his brightest hopes fled,
 He needs, though he asks not, a morsel of bread.
 The little ones bring him some bread and some meat,
 And the draught from the well is exceedingly sweet.
 Ah! little they know that the stranger so grey
 Once lived in that cottage when little as they.
 That cot is the same, with its old oaken door,
 And the gate on its hinges swings just as of yore.
 And mem'ry looks back, and can faithfully tell
 No change has come over that beautiful dell:
 The trees seem the same as they were in his youth.
 But now he remembers that beautiful truth,
 That all things are changing—wealth, honour,
 and fame,—
 But Christ in the glory is ever the same.

G. C.

MISS GOODENOUGH.

WILL you have a tract, my good woman?" said my companion, as we were walking through a village on our way home one bright morning in autumn.

"Yes, sir, and thank'ee too," said the person thus addressed, dropping a curtsy. "And I wish you'd call and give one to my daughter as you go along, for she's a rare good girl, sir, that she is; and the folks at the chapel thinks there never was the like o' her, she's so wonderfully good."

"Indeed," said we, looking at her with some little astonishment, "we should like to see this wonderful girl very much. Where does she live?"

"There, in that row of houses, No. 4. You'll find her at home, busy enough, I warrant, and singing like a lark."

So, following the woman's directions, we went towards No. 4, promising ourselves a treat at the sight of, or a little talk with, this "wonderfully good girl."

My companion knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by a young girl about twelve years of age, who had every appearance of being busy, for she had on her apron, and her sleeves were tucked up above her elbows. She looked at us for a moment, dropping her curtsy too. We hardly knew what to say, at first; but my companion good-humouredly said, "I don't know if we are right, but does *Miss Goodenough* live here?"

"No, sir, that she don't."

"But a woman told us just now," he continued, "if we would go to No. 4, we should find her daughter, who is a wonderfully good girl; never does or says anything wrong; always goes to chapel, and the folks there think she is a remarkable girl."

"I be the one, sir," said she, dropping another curtsy, with a sort of approving smile; "they do think a deal o' me, I know."

"But what makes them think so much of you?"

"Because you see, sir, I do not, like other girls, go running about the streets mad like; I stays at home and helps my mother, and I goes to chapel every time it's opened; and then," she continued, warming with her subject, and getting a little eloquent, "I never laughs and giggles, but minds what the parson says, and I don't take my eyes off; so you see, sir, they can't help liking me."

We had a difficulty to keep our countenances at the way in which she expressed her good opinion of herself. "And are there any more girls like yourself about here?" we asked.

"I don't think so, sir," was her quiet answer.

"Are there any *bad* girls or boys then? because those are the ones I want to see."

"Yes, plenty o' them."

"Can you tell me who Jesus died for?"

"For good religious people, to be sure."

"And do you remember in which chapter in the Bible it says that?"

"Well, no, sir, I don't" said she, after a moment's thought.

"I thought it said that Jesus died for *sinners*, my little girl?"

We had further conversation with her, telling her the sweet simple story of the cross of Christ; but she maintained her ground. Poor child, I do not think she was so much to blame, as those who had puffed her up with her own good qualities. I dare say she was all that she said; and there was something about the girl that we could not help liking; and I trust our conversation and the little books we left (she was asked to read carefully the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans) were blessed to her young heart, and led her to see what a sinner she was before God, and that she needed to be washed in the blood of Jesus if she was to be saved.

We called her *Miss Goodenough*, but that night in prayer we asked God to show her that her right name was *bad-*

enough, that *she* had no goodness, but that if she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ He would make her a little vessel full of Himself.

How different it was in the case of another little girl, who knew the Lord Jesus, and who could not help singing His love as she was playing with her hoop between school hours, or as she sat knitting little mitts for her father.

A Christian, wishing to see if she knew herself a sinner, said to her, "But are you good enough to go to heaven?"

"Oh yes, sir," was her ready reply.

"But you have no goodness," said he.

"Indeed I have, sir," she answered.


"And where is your goodness?" asked he.

"Up in heaven, sir," she replied, with a smile; "Christ is my goodness as well as my Saviour."

How sweetly some little ones learn about Jesus; and to them that believe He is precious.

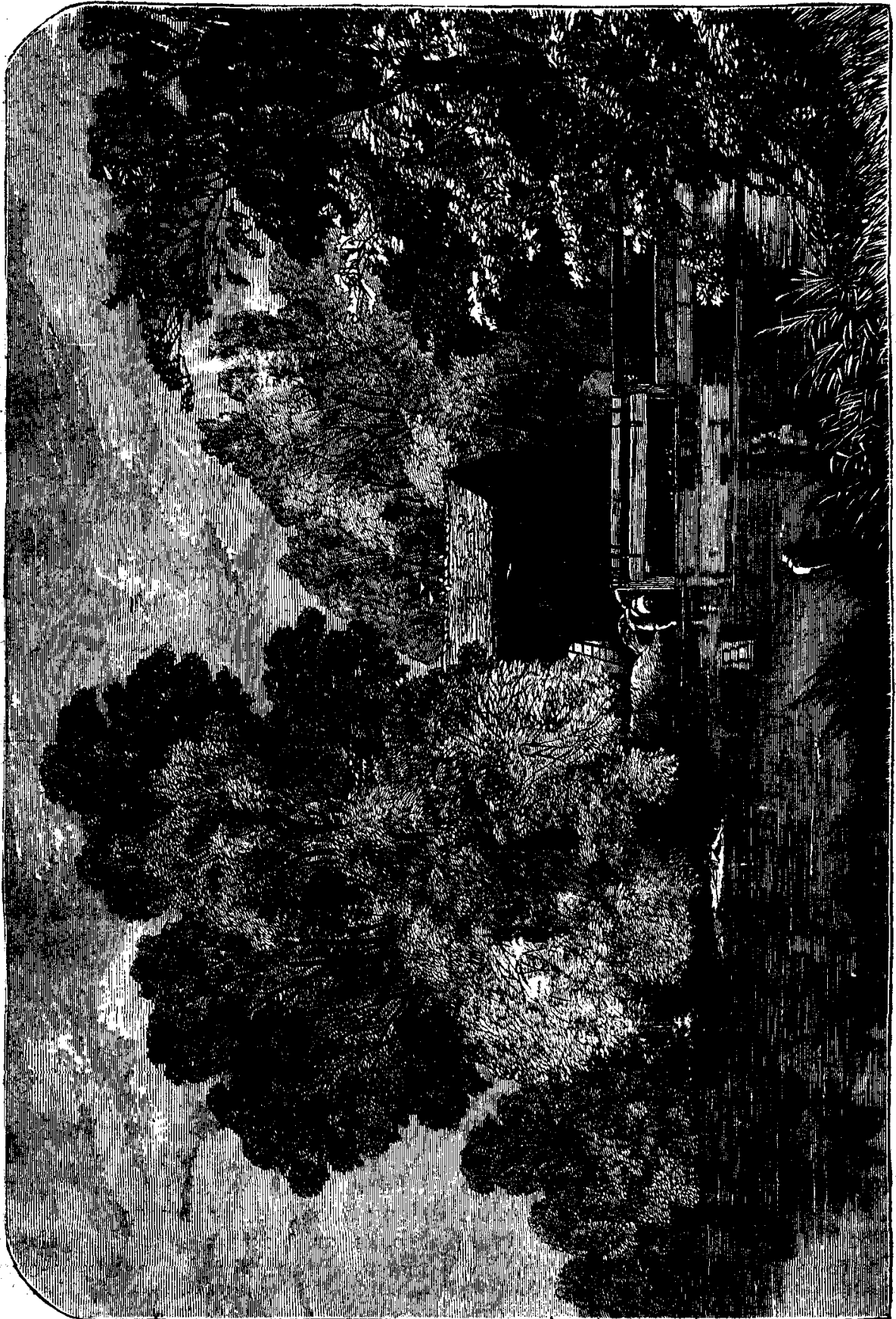
May my little readers find in Him salvation, life, peace, joy, and goodness, through faith in His name.

THE OLD MILL STREAM.

" HALL we go by the mill stream, uncle? I do like to see the fish jumping about as the stream runs from the miller's wheel."

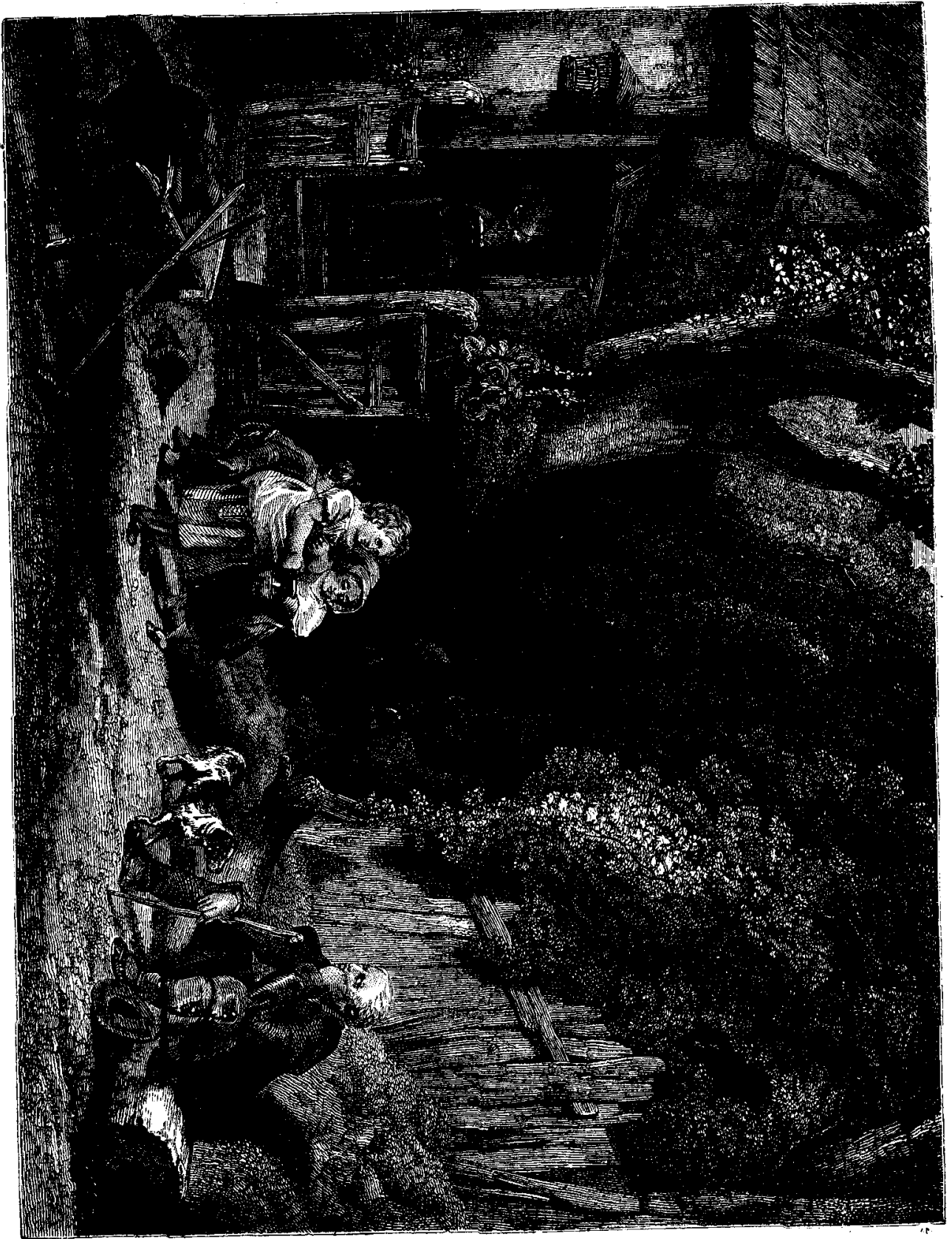
"Very well, Harry; we will go there, if you wish. But we will take a walk down this shady lane, and that will take us by the back of the mill, then we have to go over a little plank that spans the stream."

Harry was a little boy in knickerbockers, of eight years of age, who was fond of having a nice stroll with uncle along the country lanes, by the little brooks or streams that skirt the wild moors, or run through the cowslip-covered meadows like a silver thread. And nice little chit-chats they were, although some



THE OLD MILL STREAM (see page 67).

THE OLD MAN'S RETIREN (see page 66).



times Harry's questions were easier asked than answered, for uncle did not know everything, you see, though little boys and girls sometimes suppose that uncles and aunts ought to know everything, if they don't.

"What a pretty place that is, uncle," said Harry, pointing to a little mansion that lay surrounded with trees and shrubs, over whose sides the busy little ivy and Virginian creeper and roses and sweet pea seemed to be trying their hardest to cover every brick and nook and corner with their flowers and leaves.

"Yes, Harry; and I always look on that house with pleasure, for when I was a little boy I used to go there every now and then, for a dear old clergyman lived there, and he would have some of us boys from the school to visit him, and many a little book his dear wife would give us, and in fruit time a pocket full of apples. I do believe he really loved us children, and he spoke so nicely to us whenever he met us in the street, and used to read the Bible with us and explain it, although we did not always understand him.

"But he had a son who was a cripple, and during his illness God led him to see what a sinner *he was*, and what a Saviour *Jesus was*, and he believed what God said, and was happy, and then he wanted to be a little glow-worm for Jesus, to shine in the darkness and bring others to Him."

"Stay a bit, uncle, please. What great building is that over yonder I can just see?"

"Oh, that's Windsor Castle, where the Queen lives. She is there now, for the flag is waving from the great tower, I see, and that is only to be seen when the Queen is there."

"I shouldn't like to see the Queen," said my little companion.

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid I should die, if I saw her."

"What a funny idea, my boy. Why, she is a nice gracious lady, who wouldn't frighten little boys. I remember seeing

her once staying at a place where there were thousands of children singing, and she was very pleased with them and smiled very kindly on them. Sometimes she goes into the hospitals and visits the sick children and reads to them, and takes them books and toys."

"You were going to tell me about the cripple, uncle."

"So I was. Well, he used to come to our Sunday-school in the afternoon, and after the lessons were over he would speak to us, or read some book out of which he hoped to teach us the way to heaven. It is a great many years ago, Harry, but I remember his words and manner (so kind and loving that you could not help listening, and could not help understanding too what he spoke about) as though it were but yesterday. And when he prayed it seemed so real, like, that he believed God would give him what he asked for; and God did so, for through that dear young man I was saved. Do you think I ought to be quite sure I am saved, Harry?"

"Yes, uncle, because Jesus says, 'I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish' (John x.).

"That's it, my boy; and lots of other texts too speak of the youngest believer in Christ. But here we are at the mill-head; jump over the stile, and we shall see the splashing, dashing stream running out from under the mill, spreading its foam across and a long way down the stream."

"This is where you used to play when you were a little boy, uncle?"

"Yes, it seems to run on just the same as it did forty years ago. After school hours we would stand and fish a little lower down. But I remember one afternoon—it was a half-holiday—three or four of us were standing up here close to the dashing stream with our little rods and a bit of twine for a line, and a pin-hook, trying to catch the minnows, when a companion about eight years of age, who

was looking down to see if the minnows were going to bite, slipped or over-balanced himself, and fell headlong into the rapid stream. We all set up a scream, you may be sure, but before anyone could come to his help, he was carried by the force of the water some distance down the stream into a shallow part, and then he was taken out. Fortunately his father's house was close by, and in a little time he was brought round. We were afraid he was drowned."

"I should think he didn't go close to the mill stream again, did he, uncle?"

"I dare say he did not for a time; but he was a bold little chap, and since then has been in the wars in India."

"What, did he enlist for a soldier?"

"Yes; he thought he should like to see foreign lands, and joined a regiment that was going to fight the Queen's battles in India, and he had a good many narrow escapes."

"Did he come back again to England, uncle?"

"Yes; when his regiment had been there a good many years, and when the fighting was all over, they were ordered back, and he came to see his native place once more."

UNCLE GEORGE.

FATHER.



WHEN we hear a knocking,
"Rat-a-tat-a-tat!"
To the door we're flocking,—
Father knocks like that.

Welcome shouts of laughter
In a moment burst,
Lots of kisses after,—
Kitty gets the first.
Father's solemn-looking
When he's plodding o'er
Business things, and booking;
That's from ten to four.
Perhaps it is his letters,
Banking books and files,
Thinking of his debtors,
Take away his smiles.

Wish there was no city
When he is not glad;
Is it not a pity

Fathers should be sad?
Freddy says he'd rather,
With his kites and toys,
Play along with father
Than a lot of boys.

So thinks little Polly,
Though a little mite:
Ah! he bought a dolly
For her 'tother night.

When our tea is ended,
Then our games begin,
Broken whips are mended,
Tops are set to spin.

If you saw us playing,
Heard our shouts of joy,
You could not help saying
Father was a boy.

Mother dear comes telling
Time for lessons comes;
Freddy gets his *spelling*,
Harry gets his *sums*.

Then when mother's knitting,
Mending socks and gloves,
Father, by her sitting,
Reads the book he loves.

Reads about the story
Of the love and grace
Of the Lord of glory,
And the heavenly place.

Bids us come to Jesus,
Trust His love and power;
Tells us that He sees us
Every day and hour.

"Good night, father, mother,"
Kisses loud and fast,
Quite enough to smother;
Kitty gets the last.

DICKIE RHYMER.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Many of you must have taken great pains in searching out and writing all the nice things about Joseph which are in your papers this month. I am very pleased to find so many of you see in him a type of the Lord Jesus. Perhaps some of those who read our "Corner" may not know what I mean by *type*, and while I

might be able to explain it if I were to "try, try, try again," I would rather that some of you should do so, if you please. I know you can if you try, and I am sure those who send to "Dot's Corner" belong to what our dear Editor calls the "Try Company." But now, here is the paper:—

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

JACOB had twelve sons; their names were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Zebulon, Issachar, Dan, Gad, Asher, Naphtali, Joseph, and Benjamin. Jacob loved Joseph more than all the others, because he was the son of his old age. He made him a coat of many colours. Joseph dreamed a dream. He and his brethren were binding sheaves in the field: Joseph's sheaf stood upright, and his brethren's sheaves did obeisance to his sheaf. He dreamed another dream. He dreamt this time that the sun, moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to him. He told the first dream to his brethren, and they hated him: he told the second dream to his father and to his brethren, and his father rebuked him and his brethren envied him. God put these thoughts into Joseph's mind; but neither his father nor his brethren understood him. I think his father must have loved him, although he did not understand his dreams. His father sent him to see how his brethren were getting on, a good many miles away. He went as his father told him; but when his brethren saw him afar off they conspired against him to slay him. But his eldest brother, Reuben, advised them not to shed his blood; so he got Joseph's life saved. They then took his coat of many colours off him, and cast him into an empty pit. They then saw some Ishmaelites and camels going to Egypt with spicery, balm, and myrrh; so they sold him to these strange people for twenty pieces of silver. Poor Reuben was in such a way because he was not there when his cruel brethren sold Joseph. His brethren sinned yet more, for they told his father lies, and deceived him by dipping Joseph's coat in a kid's blood that they had killed on purpose. Joseph was sold a second time in Egypt, to Potiphar, the king's chief officer. Dear Mr. Dot, how cruel he was treated, and he did not deserve it! Oh, how very much Joseph reminds us of Jesus, "who came to His own, and His own received Him not," who not only said, "Come, let us kill him," but did kill Him, and shed His precious blood for His murderers, and all who believe in Him. Joseph could not have done this. Dear Dot, I am so glad that the Lord was with Joseph, and saw all the time how he was blamed with different crimes that he was not guilty of. And so was the blessed Jesus. The wicked Jews said, "He hath a devil," when He was none other than the Son of God. How very beautiful to read about Joseph exalted from the pit and raised up to next the king of Egypt! I am sure none but the Lord could do this. Joseph's brethren did not think about this, but the Lord thought about them. He caused a famine to take place, and brought about His own plans; and everything that the Lord put into Joseph's mind came to

pass. And his brethren did bow to him when they came down into Egypt to buy corn. And once more, dear Dot, what a beautiful type of Him who is greater than Joseph. God's dear Son was raised from among the dead, and set on His own right hand, far above every creature, as we read in God's own Word; and every minute hastens the time when every knee shall bow before Him, because they will have to if they do not bow to Him now, while He is a Saviour; He will be a Judge one day. Please Mr. Dot excuse so much writing, as I can scarcely leave off. It makes people shed tears when reading about Joseph and his brethren—how he seemed to be cross with his brethren when he loved them all the time. I cannot leave off without saying, Jesus loved not only His brethren, but when we were enemies Christ died for the ungodly.

WILLIAM BRANFORD,

Aged ten years and one month.

Abbey Street, Farnham, Surrey.

Now isn't that *very nice*? And I may tell you that the following were also very good:—

HARRY G. BONE, ten years and two weeks.

EDITH EMILY HICKS, nine years.

R. F. F. M., nine years and two months.

POLLY BRENNAN, ten years.

EDITH COOPER, eleven years.

I am very glad to say that several have sent stamps for "MY LITTLE FRIEND" to be sent to the dear sick children in hospitals. These shall not lose their reward, Jesus said.

Your affectionate Friend,

Dot.

A DEAR LITTLE PRISONER.

LITTLE KATIE P. is one of our especial friends; she had to lay quite still on her back, and be strapped down, and heavy weights on the poor little leg. Oh, she was a great sufferer; but grandma, who was head nurse, used to keep her happy in sitting by her side, and talking to her about things she could understand; but, above all, Katie loved to hear about Jesus.

A board was put across the crib, and the toys placed on them, and sometimes we were asked to have a cup of tea with her out of her tiny cups and saucers. Dear Katie had to go to one of the London hospitals, where they were so kind to her; there she stayed a long time, and she was so pleased to see her ma, who brought her some "LITTLE FRIENDS," and then she sent her little sick companions some to read or look at the pictures. I am sure God loves Katie, and He will just speak to her little heart in His own way, I am sure, about His Son Jesus Christ. Katie loves to think about heaven because her dear father is with Christ.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



JOHNNY AND THE SHARK.

JOHNNY AND THE SHARK.



LADY and her little charge,
 And all their earthly stores,
 Had berths upon a vessel large,
 Bound for the British shores.
 And Johnny, scarcely seven years old,
 With constant favour met :
 So sunny-temper'd, yet so bold,
 He was the sailor's pet.
 He seem'd to court the wild sea breeze,
 Was very seldom still,
 Except when sitting on the knees
 Of dear old sailor Will.
 That brawny tar, so brave and strong,
 Would very seldom fail
 To please young Johnny with his song,
 Or with some pretty tale.
 Or when the ship was in a calm,
 And all the waves were still,
 To John there seem'd to be a charm
 About old sailor Will.
 And when the ship pursued her course
 O'er huge Atlantic waves,
 Old Will would talk about the cross,
 And of the One who saves.
 And he would speak in Johnny's ear,
 When ocean winds were wild :
 "Don't be afraid, for Christ is near—
 He loves a little child."
 Once Johnny saw the sailors gaze
 Intently on the sea,
 And much he wonder'd by their ways
 Whatever there could be.
 Will pointed to a "something" dim,
 Not far behind the barque ;
 Then quietly he said to him,
 That "something" was a shark.
 "He is a great and greedy fish,
 And is the sign of ill,"—
 When Johnny cried, "How much I wish
 That I could catch him, Will."
 Soon after little Johnny went
 Unto his berth below,
 And found some twine,—not very fine,—
 About a yard or so.
 And then a walking-stick he found,
 With large and twisted crook ;
 His twine around the stick he bound—
 A crooked pin his hook.
 He shook his little curly head—
 His heart was quite elate ;

He found a little bit of bread,
 And that was for his bait.
 The mighty waves, that often raged,
 Were like a babe asleep,
 And all the sailors were engaged,
 Or looking o'er the deep.
 Old sailor Will just at the time
 Some cables had untied,
 And noticed little Johnny climb
 Along the vessel's side ;
 And in his mind he ponder'd o'er
 The little boy's remark :
 "Now you be still, dear sailor Will,
 I'll try and catch the shark."
 Just then an order came to lash
 A rope around a beam,
 When lo ! he heard a sudden splash,
 And then a piercing scream.
 To Will's quick ear the sound was clear—
 The voice he knew too well ;
 The child had clamber'd up the deck
 And, overbalanced, fell !
 The captain heard the scream and shout,
 And quick as quick could be
 Unto the sailors shouted out,
 "The child is in the sea.
 Get down the boats—throw out a rope,
 The shark is in the rear ;"
 And hearts beat high, mid fear and hope,
 For little Johnny dear.
 Old sailor Will was near the helm,
 When Johnny's scream was heard,
 Which did his heart nigh overwhelm,
 But yet his courage stirr'd.
 He waited not the captain's word,
 As soon as Johnny cried ;
 He seem'd as fleet as any bird,
 And leap'd the vessel's side.
 "The shark ! the shark !" the sailors cry ;
 They saw the coming speck,
 While little "middies" from on high
 Came rushing on the deck.
 Old sailor Will had glanced around,
 The shark was near, he knew ;
 He saw the child—he gave a bound,
 And then was lost to view.
 "The shark ! the shark is coming fast !"
 Is heard from stem to stern,
 And from the cabin and the mast
 Did sailors come by turn.
 But hark ! the lookers-on rejoice,
 And they have cause for joy,

As all exclaim with gladden'd voice,
 "See! Will has got the boy!"
 The boats are lower'd—the ropes thrown
 out,
 Though many miss their mark,
 When many a one sets up the shout,
 "Look out, Will, there's the shark!"
 Will struck towards the coming boat,
 He glanced aloft and smiled;
 With one strong arm he kept afloat—
 The other held the child.
 A moment more, John's safe again,
 And Will is highly pleased;
 When hark! he gives a cry of pain,
The shark his leg had seized!
 But pikes and hatchets, poles and spears,
 With might and main were used;
 The fight was long—but Will was strong,
 Although severely bruized.
 And see, upon the vessel's deck,
 As it is growing dark,
 Lay dear old Will, both faint and ill,
 And there the conquer'd shark.
 And many a heart beat high with joy,
 Tears many an eye did fill;
 The mother clutched her precious boy,
 And thank'd dear sailor Will.
 The voyage is o'er—they reach the shore,
 Will's pain was bravely borne;
 But ah! the shark had left his mark,
The sailor's leg was gone!

* * * *

Years pass'd, and John is now a man,
 By wealth and honour blest;
 Will often calls, and in those halls
 He is the honour'd guest.
 The sailor's getting old and grey,
 But happy is his lot;
 While John does many a visit pay
 To old Will's humble cot.
 And better still, they look above,
 And oft with praising breath
 Thank *Him* who in His grace and love,
 Had saved their souls from death.
 And precious is that word to me,
 Christ loves us to the end;
 The One who still delights to be
 The little children's Friend.

G. C.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

"UNCLE, we can't go out for a walk this evening, because I see you're tired, but you can tell me a tale, you know, till bedtime."

"Well, Harry, I think I can tell you something that will interest you about a friend of mine. I daresay you remember seeing Mrs. Sandorf here the other night?"

"Yes, uncle; and little Harry her grandson, too."

"Oh, do you remember little Harry before he went to New Zealand?"

"Yes; what about him, uncle? did he get there safely?"

"Oh yes; and his grandmother was telling me what happened to her son last Christmas. You know it is summer with them when Jack Frost and his companions visit us and freeze up our streams. Well, Harry's father had some land belonging to him about thirty miles away from the town in which he lived, and he had gone down by steamer to make some arrangements about it, and when his business was done, he wanted to go home again, for the mosquitoes and great spiders tormented him so, he could not stay."

"Oh! how horrid to have spiders crawling over you!"

"Yes, Harry, I should think so; and the spiders there are such monsters, and their bite is poisonous, that anyone just going from England doesn't like it a bit. Well, Mr. Sandorf wanted to go home, and the steamer did not return by sea for a week, so he made up his mind to go through the bush."

"What is the bush, uncle?"

"The land that is not cleared of trees and shrubs and ferns, which grow so thick that it is hard work to travel. In some places, as Africa and India, huge animals make a track with their great bodies, so that there is a pathway. But, except kangaroo tracks, I think there are none much like that in New Zealand. He was



MORNING.



EVENING.

told to go straight on, and he would reach home all right. But he found it a harder job than he thought ; for he had to cross some mountains, which was hard and difficult, and he had to ford, or cross, four rivers."

"But why did he not go round till he got by a bridge?"

"Ah, Harry, there are no bridges there ; the people have to cross the rivers in some shallow spot, perhaps about up to their waist, and walk about till their clothes are dry ; and so did Harry's father, till at last he entered the forest, or bush. It was New Year's Eve, and he wandered on and on, but saw no house as he was told, and towards midnight, hungry and thirsty and very tired, he fainted ; for it was very sultry. How long he lay he did not know, but he awoke, cold with the dew, and his feet had become benumbed, and fearing he should never find his way out, he prayed to the Lord to lead him the right way, and as it was getting daylight he started once more, and after a little while he came out to a clearing where the bush had been cut down, and to his joy he heard a human voice, and the man directed him to a wood-cutter's cottage. He found a hole in the wall and crept in, and woke the woodman, who was very kind to him, and showed him the way to the nearest town, where he stayed till the boat came ; for he had had enough of the bush. But when he got home he was such a fright, from the bites of the insects in the bush and the scratches of the ferns, which were as high as his head in many places. Poor little Harry was so glad to see his father come home again, though his father was ill for a long time from that terrible night in the bush. He knew that people did get lost and died, but he knew that God's eye was upon him, and could see him in his wanderings ; for Mr. Sandorf loved the Lord, and though he had made a mistake in going that way, there was a little word in the one hundred and twentieth Psalm he remembered, 'In my distress

I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me ;' and another in the thirty-second Psalm, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me ;' and so when he got home to his family they all knelt down and thanked the Lord for His great deliverance."

"I think I'd rather stay in England, uncle."

"I am sure I would, Harry ; but when you are a young man you may want to go and see these strange lands. I once had a little boy living with me, but when he was seventeen years old he went off to sea, and got to Australia, and had a hard time of it ; and years after, he came back, thankful to get to England again. He was very near being carried away by one of the sudden swellings of the rivers, that rise unexpectedly. He lost most of his things, and the Bible I had given him. He told me bush-life was dreadful. No Sunday, for everybody seemed so wicked. No churches or chapels, nor anything that told about God or heaven. He said he was so glad to get back to a country where God was known."

"Was he a Christian, uncle?"

"Yes ; but he wanted to have his own way, and so he had to learn in an Australian bush, among robbers and wicked men of all sorts, what a terrible thing it is to have our own way ; 'for the way of transgressors is hard.' But I may tell you more of this another time."

"Where do you get all these tales from, uncle?"

"Well, if you saw the letters I have to read from all parts, and knew how many people I meet with who have travelled, you would think we could get up a volume."

"Perhaps you will, some day, you know."

"Well, perhaps I may when you are able to correct the sheets as they are being printed ; but talking of sheets reminds me it is bedtime, so good-night, Harry."

"Good-night, uncle, and thank you."

UNCLE GEORGE.

COUSIN EDMUND.

I SHOULD like to tell you some of the adventures of our Cousin Edmund, who had come home from sea, and was staying with us for a holiday. Many an hour he interested us with his tales of foreign lands—what he heard, and what he saw. Our “Sailor Boy” (that’s what his mother calls him, you know, though he is a young man) said he once saw the poor Indians going in procession to the river Ganges, which they call the Sacred River, to worship their god Shirri; and they used to cast their dear little babies into the river, because they thought it pleased their god. How we wish they could read our Bibles, which tell us that *God is love*, and which tell mothers and fathers to bring up their children in His fear, and to love Him and His Son Jesus Christ.

He is going to take some “LITTLE FRIENDS” with him. I hope he will be able to give them to somebody that can read them to the little heathens that bow down to bits of wood and stone. And such ugly things he showed us, which they called their gods. Of course if you threw the wooden gods into the fire they would burn, you know; so who would trust in things that could not save themselves? How thankful we should be that we can learn about Jesus and His love.

Cousin Edmund promises to give us some sketches of foreign scenes, and perhaps you will have them engraved for your Magazine. I should like to have had a sketch of him when he saved a companion who was in danger while bathing near the shore. One day, Edmund saw a shark coming, and as his young friend was not much of a swimmer, he jumped in and seized his companion, and brought him into shallow water just in time. His friend told us this, so that he does not know we heard of it.

But one day several of them were walking by the side of one of those rivers where alligators and crocodiles abound, when they saw something move, and it was a great crocodile. They did run, for a sight of his terrible jaws would frighten the bravest man. They often saw them floating down the river when their ship was lying at anchor.

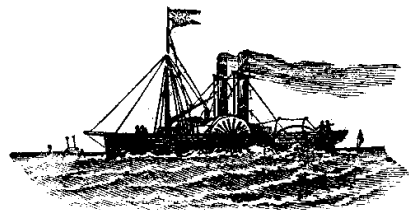
Well, Cousin Edmund has gone to sea again,

and is now on his way to Australia. If you had seen him in his squall dress, all made of india-rubber, you would have laughed, he looked so comical, like an india-rubber *bottle*, and he was as tough as india-rubber, too; though I’m sure he had a kind heart underneath, although he professed not to like babies, especially “lady babies,” as he called them, and so poor little Kitty did not come in for so much of his favour as brother Percy. But, as brother Dickie Rhymer says:—

“Though he was fond of Percy,
And showed such tender care,
He got but little mercy
When Percy clutched his hair.”

Well, we hope he will have a good voyage, and that God will take care of him, and bring him home again safely. We shall think of him very often, especially on stormy nights. What wonderful descriptions of the great sea, and the ships in storms and calms, and the tossing on the waves, and the quiet harbour, we get in the Bible! When we are reading there, and we come to the words, the “anchor of the soul,” the “Captain of our salvation,” “there go the ships,” and how they see the wonderful works of the Lord, we can’t help thinking of Cousin Edmund. Dickie has written a farewell:—

“Well, good-bye, Cousin Edmund;
May many a pleasant breeze
Be playing round your vessel
When you are on the seas.
We thank you, Cousin Edmund,
For all your pleasant tales,
And may no stormy weather
Split up your spreading sails.
“We’re going to save our pennies,
Instead of buying toys,
To send out books and Bibles
To little heathen boys.
Oh, may they know our Jesus,
And worship God alone,
Instead of always bowing
To bits of wood and stone.”



WHO GIVES THE BREAD AND BUTTER?

"**W**HAT nice bread and butter we have, Ma!" said a bright-eyed little girl.

"Yes, dear; and who gives it us?"

"Well, Pa earns it," said another.

"God does, Ma, I know," said Blackie.

"Yes, *God gives the bread and butter*, and *Ma serves it out*—that's it," said the first speaker.

All the children agreed with this opinion, and the remainder of breakfast-time was spent in conversation upon the goodness of God.

A LISTENER.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Instead of putting in your paper this month, I thought you would like to see two letters that have been written by some of our young friends. The first comes from New Zealand, sent by some Sunday-school children, and the second is the reply, written by a little girl in Willowbrook Sunday-school.

MAKETU, BAY OF PLENTY,
NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I trust you are well, and growing in the knowledge of Him. You are on one side of the world, we on the other; yet the same God who watches over you watches over us likewise; the same Jesus who died on the cross to save you from your sins, died for us likewise. Here we speak in different tongues, here our skins are of different colours; but *there* we shall all speak in one tongue, *there* we shall all bear the same resemblance, for we shall be like Him if we believe on Him. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"The Bible tells us Jesus came
From glory bright and fair;
God's perfect, sinless, spotless Lamb,
His mercy to declare.

"The Bible tells us Jesus died,
A sacrifice for sin,
The gates of heaven to open wide,
That we may enter in.

"The Bible tells us Jesus rose,
And left the silent grave,
Triumphant over all His foes,
The mighty One to save.

"The Bible tells us Jesus lives
Again upon the throne,—
The blessed proof the Father gives
That mercy's work is done.

"The Bible tells us He will come
To take His saints away,
To dwell with Him in His sweet home
Through everlasting day.

"The Bible tells us He will reign
O'er all the earth ere long,
When heaven and earth shall wake the strain
Of one eternal song."

With love to you all,

Believe us, affectionately yours,

ANETTA THAIA RE AHU,
EMMA ERIETI,
SARAH RERCY,
NGAWAKA TAPSALL,

And the rest of the children of Maketu Native School.

To the children of Willowbrook Sunday-school.

And now, here is the reply, which I am sure those dear children must have been glad to receive:—

WILLOWBROOK SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS,—Though I have not seen you, I heard your letter read in the Sunday-school, and I feel I love you very much, because you love Jesus. We are strangers on earth, but both alike in Christ. We may never meet on earth, but we shall meet in the cloud when our Saviour comes to take us to live with Him in His Father's house. Here we live in small houses, but when we are in heaven we shall live in a large mansion which hands have not made, for Jesus said, "In My Father's house are many mansions;" so we know there is plenty of room for all that love Jesus, and we shall soon see Jesus, and be like Him. We shall not be strangers there, for we shall know as we are known. I hope Jesus will soon come, then I shall see you with Him. We shall never sin when we are in heaven. I hope your father and mother, with brothers and sisters, love Jesus. I have one little sister asleep in Jesus. My father and mother both love Jesus, and send their Christian love to dear Mr. and Mrs. Pinker, and to dear Emily.

Must close now, with much love to you and all that love Jesus in your school,

ANNIE ELIZABETH GILBERT

Aged 10 years.

My name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

"One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love."

How nice to think that in that far-off land there are those who love the Lord Jesus, and that we shall meet them in heaven. May the Lord bless them very much is my earnest prayer, and I am sure you say "Amen" to that.

Your affectionate Friend,
DOT.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

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PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



MEMBERS OF THE "TRY COMPANY."

MEMBERS OF THE "TRY COMPANY."



OUR picture speaks for itself. The artist has done his work so well that we need not say much.

To become a member of the "Try Company" there is nothing to pay for shares. When we know the Lord has saved us, we want to try and bring others to Him.

By and by, when we get home, the Lord will call to remembrance every thing that has been done for Him, and in His name, and He will reward every one according to his service. But what a priceless pleasure there is in serving Him so that we do not work for reward, but for Him; but then, He is not forgetful of the work of faith and labour of love.

It is astonishing what we can do for Jesus when we "try."

"Can you tell me the way to Waterloo Station, my little man?" enquired a gentleman of a little boy that was walking along with a book under his arm.

"Yes, sir," was the sharp reply; "and I can tell you the way to heaven, too, sir."

"Can you, my little fellow?" said the gentleman, with a look of pleasant surprise on his face; "I should like to know both ways, then."

"Well, sir, if you'll keep *straight on*—no turnings—that will bring you to Waterloo Station; and Jesus said" (and the boy looked up with a smile into the gentleman's face), "'I am the way, and the truth, and the life,'—*and that's the way to heaven, sir.*"

"Is it indeed so simple as that? Where did you learn the way to heaven so clearly?"

"At the Sunday school, sir, out of this book" (pointing to the one under his arm).

As they were going the same way, they got into conversation; and the gentleman

found the little fellow had got hold of the Gospel, or God's way of saving sinners, in such a nice manner, repeating several texts, that he was more than interested. And after bidding his little guide to the station and to heaven good-bye, he told him he hoped he should see him again. And as he was going on a long journey, his mind turned to the meeting with the little boy, who when he was asked the way to the station, directly thought of the way to heaven, and was not ashamed to speak of it.

The gentleman who related the incident, said this was, through God's grace, the means of his conversion. And when he went to his Bible again, he found, as all must find who search it with a prayerful spirit, that God's way of salvation is a straight way, there are "no turnings," either to the right hand or to the left, but straight on through the opened door—the door opened by Christ Himself; he also found there was *nothing to do*, for Christ has done it all, and that the Gospel says, "To him that *worketh not*, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly" (Rom. iv. 5).

Was not that gracious of God, dear little readers, in using a little Sunday school boy to the conversion of a gentleman who thought he had a deal to do before he could be saved, and yet found that a child was in the secret, who could point the way to heaven in such a simple manner; that that way was through Jesus, the open door, as He says, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he *shall be saved*"? The little boy could speak on the authority of what Jesus says,—"'I am the way, and the truth, and the life,'—*and that's the way to heaven, sir.*"

A beautiful sight by the road side, a little boy and a tall gentleman talking about heaven, and the way to get there.

It is so precious to have the mind and heart and memory stored with the Word of God for our peace and joy, and to be

able also to tell the unconverted what *Jesus says*.

One evening in last July, after one of those very hot days, I had been speaking to about 250 boys and girls, *trying*, you know, to win them to Jesus; and I do believe I shall meet some of them in heaven. Oh that I might see all there!

Well, after we had said good-night to all who passed, I saw one boy, about twelve years old, staying behind. I asked what he remained for. He said, "I want to stay to the prayer-meeting." I was so glad to find he was a believer in the Lord. He had been converted at one of the meetings in that school, and was so quietly happy about being good; and a nice talk we had (while books were being gathered) about better things; and as I was converted when I was a boy, we could understand each other. The teachers now wanted to leave, as some had several miles to go, but I said, "Here is a boy staying for the prayer-meeting." Then they were only too glad to stay, and a little time was spent in prayer, asking God's blessing on the service just over; and though it made it very late for some of us, we felt the *boy* could not be disappointed; and we know the prayer of faith always gets an answer. Those who are saved when young have such a precious opening for a long life and service for their Lord, in trying to save others.

KEEPING SHOP.

THE GROCER.



T'S raining, blowing, snowing,—
Whenever will it stop?

Now, Polly, you be lady
And I will keep the shop."

Fred gets his scales and measures,
And puts them on a stand,
And then he goes to Liza
And begs a bit of sand.
He borrows Liza's apron—
His hair he brushes too,
And parts it in the middle,
As other shopmen do.

He wraps some nice white paper

Around a wooden stump,

And writes in large black letters,

"Splendid fourpenny lump!"

And from his bit of garden,

He gets some leaves and sticks,

And calls it "*Finest Mixture*,"

And marks it "*Three-and-six*."

His "*fine new Christmas raisins*"

Are dry because they're stones,

Fred packs a pound in paper,

Then writes on, "*Mrs. Jones*."

Then Polly comes a-shopping

With parasol in hand;

"I want a pound of sugar—

But do you deal in sand?"

The roughish smile and meaning

The grocer will not see,

"But would she like to purchase

Some celebrated tea?"

"It's *very rich in flavour*,"

And *sirupy*, and strong—

"It smells so like geraniums"—

"Ma'am! *beautiful Souchong*!"

"Some rice and tapioca—

Have you Swiss milk in store?"

"Yes, just the kind for babies,"

"That's all, sir—nothing more.

"Oh, is your coffee good, sir?"

"Yes, Ma'am, the best in town."

"A half-an-ounce of Mocha—

You'll please to put it down!"

"I'll make a little bill, Ma'am

(Fred rubs his hands with joy),

"I'll put it in the parcel,

And send it by *the boy*."

Fred's bill is, "*6th November*,

A half-a-pound of rice,

A half-an-ounce of coffee,

A pennyworth of spice;

A quarter-pound of currants,

A half-an-ounce of tea;

A can of milk for baby—

Exactly—two-and-three."

Again he counts his figures,

Then makes a large big dash,

And in the left-hand corner

Writes, "*Terms are strictly cash*."

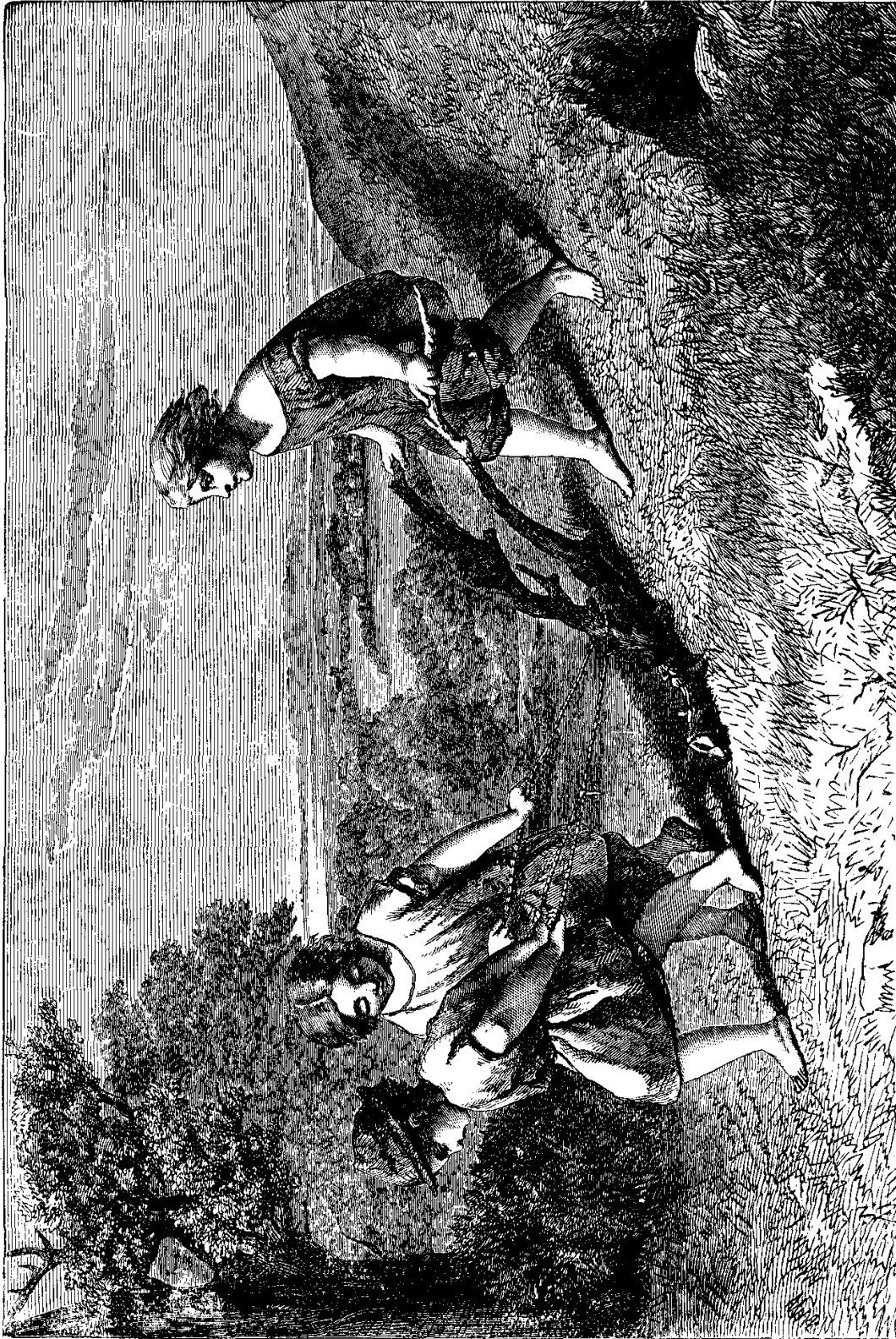
The parcel's on its journey

To "*Mrs. Jones, Belgrade*;"

Fred shuts his shop, and chuckles,

"*He's done a thriving trade!*"

DICKIE RHYMER.



PLOUGHING.

O HAPPY days of childhood,
When we were wont to roam
Among the brush and wildwood
Around our cottage home.

And when we played together,
Through summer's sunny hours ;
We ploughed the scented heather,
Yet never spoiled the flowers.

MOUSIE BOLD AND HIS FRIEND CHUNG.

[This amusing little bit was sent us by a friend who has lately returned from China, which accounts for the mouse having a Chinese name.]



Y tale will tell what once befell
A little roguish mouse, [place
Who with shy face his hiding-
Had left to search the house.

Not deeming this a place of bliss,
Whose depth he could not sound,
He scrambled out,—in fright, no doubt,
Lest he should there be drowned.

After his souse this little mouse
His face did homewards set ;
But ere he had gone any distance on
A rogue named Chung he met,—



He did upon the cupboard run,
And when the milk-jug found,
He cast on high his merry eye,
And trotted round and round.

“There surely must be more than dust ;
I’ll have a look,” thought he ;
“This balmy smell does plainly tell
Here’s something nice for me.”

He made a leap inside to peep,
But being far too bold
He in did pop—with such a flop,—
So slippery was his hold.

Who thus address’d his friend distress’d,
“What have you been about ?
Say, what does ail ?—you look so pale,
And wet from tail to snout !

“How is it,—speak !—your hair’s so
sleek,
And shining so, like silk !
Oh ! I know well ! how sweet you
smell !—
Where did you find the milk ?

“But I will try to make you dry,
If you will only wait ;

You must feel so uneasy—no ?—
I'll lick it all off straight."

But he replied, "I cannot bide ;
You're very kind, dear Chung ;
Pray me excuse if I refuse
The offer of your tongue.

"I'm not so ill but I can still
Do all that I require ;
Being such a sight in this sad plight,
I'll to my hole retire.

"Yet, as I think you'd like a drink,
Sweet milk you will not lack
If on you go ; the way will show,
The marks left on my track.

"Not many mice will take advice,
Yet listen to a friend ;
Your head don't dip to get a sip,
But turn the other end."

"Let down your tail, you will not fail
To gain each time a drop,
• Without the risk, as it you whisk,
Of tumbling from the top."

But Mousie Bold had caught a cold ;
Too long had he delayed,
When, dripping wet, his friend he met,
And with him talking stayed.

With stuffy head he homeward sped,
And ere he got far off,
He 'gan to wheeze, and gave a sneeze,
And then a little cough.

Now wouldn't you, too, know what he'd
do
Within his cosy nest ?—
He'd lick his skin from neck to shin,
And then—lie down to rest.

May nothing make him fear or quake,
Nor yet increase his cold,
As crouching lies, and shuts his eyes,
Our little Mousie Bold.

We'll leave him there, in his snug lair,
To have a slumber sound ;
He'll soon forget how he got wet,
And was so nearly drown'd.

And now, indeed, no more there nee
'Bout Mousie Bold be sung ;

But, well-a-day ! if you should say,
"And what became of Chung ?"

So I will tell what *him* befell,
And very soon you'll know
Th' untimely end of Mousie's friend,
As in few words I'll show.

This little thief, in firm belief
Sweet milk he'd shortly find,
Without delay went on his way,
Quite happy in his mind.

Not many feet had he journey'd fleet,
When something caught his eye ;
Three grains of rice did him entice,
A saucer passing by.

A doubled thread was o'er it spread,
That did the grains enwrap ;
Poor Chung knew not that he had got
Inside a dangerous trap !

This thread kept up a tilted cup
Turn'd upside down—that's all ;
A nibble or two would cut it through,
And, clack ! the cup would fall.


Was nibbled the rice that look'd so nice,
Was nibbled the thread there strung ;
Down fell the cup and shut him up,
And that's the end of Chung !

Well, what does each this story teach,
Alike to you and me ?
We may suppose it plainly shows
We should not reckless be.

Poor mice, it's true, in all they do,
Their instinct but obey ;
But *we* should act with loving tact,
And wiser be than they.

R. H. G. W.

THE KING AND THE STABLE BOY.*

URING the visits of George the Third to the royal stables, a boy belonging to one of the grooms took his attention. There is no accounting for fancies, but there was something about the boy that won his royal master's favour, and who treated him kindly in many ways. But

* For illustration of this tale see MY LITTLE FRIEND ALMANAC for 1877. Price 1d.

a time of temptation came, and the poor lad fell into disgrace—he had stolen some oats from the royal bins, and being detected, the head groom discharged him. The fact that he was noticed by the king may have aroused the envy and dislike of others, and it may be that the occasion was gladly seized by the groom to have him turned away. There seemed to be no idea of speaking to the poor lad about the wickedness of taking the oats, and abusing the confidence of his master, but only treating him as he really deserved. Who knows what a kind and gracious word may have done for an erring boy, who gave way to wrong-doing in a moment of temptation? But such was not the case—he was turned adrift, with a stain upon his character, to the grief of his parents.

Not long afterwards, when the king again visited his stables, he noticed the absence of the boy: he asked one of the grooms what had become of him. The man, fearing to tell the truth, yet not liking to tell a falsehood, said he had left. His Majesty was not satisfied with the groom's answer, and thinking something wrong, called the head groom to him, and made the enquiry again.

"I have discharged the boy, sire," answered he.

"For what reason?" asked the king.

"He was discovered stealing some oats," was his reply, "and I sent him away."

The king felt sorry for the poor boy who had disgraced himself thus, but determined not to give him up, and ordered him to be sent for immediately. The order was obeyed, and without loss of time the boy was brought to the king. What a scene was that—face to face with the king of England stood the boy, a convicted thief. It was gracious of the king to take such an interest in one who seemed so little deserving of it. Great men of the kingdom, noblemen of high estate, and men of talent would make any sacrifice to win the favour of their Sovereign; but here was a case where royal grace could exercise itself. He might have had the boy punished, but he wanted to save him.

"Well, my boy," said His Majesty, when the poor lad, trembling and pale, stood before him, not knowing what awaited him, "is this true what I hear of you?"

The lad could not look up into the king's

face, but, with his head bent down, his only answer to the enquiry was a flood of tears. He had not a word to say for himself, for he knew he was guilty. The king, seeing the poor boy was sorry on account of his sin, spoke to him of the evil, how he had not only taken what was not his own, but abused the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, my lad," said His Majesty, putting his hand kindly upon the boy's head, "I forgive you." Then turning to the head groom, said, "Let the boy have his former place, and let him be cared for."

As His Majesty was leaving he turned round, and in the hearing of his servants about him, said, "If any one says a word to you about those oats, TELL ME!" Now, this was a double assurance to the boy. Not only was he forgiven, but not a word was to be said to him about his past sin—it was to be forgotten. Who would incur the royal displeasure by telling the boy of his fault? This act of grace had a greater effect upon the poor lad than any punishment would have done. How, after such kindness and forgiveness, could he wrong so gracious a master, who had so deeply interested himself on his behalf? Nay, rather would it call forth devotedness of heart in his service, and a fear of grieving him on his account any more.

Now, let me ask my reader how he would have felt had he been in that poor lad's place—a guilty one, deserving punishment, and expecting it, too—as he heard those words from the king's lips, "I forgive you"? You know how wrong it is to steal, or to tell a falsehood, and that when either have been committed, although it may not be discovered, you have had a bad conscience, and are always fearing you will be found out: forgetting perhaps that there is an eye that sees every action, and knows every thought. But oh, how blessed to know that that One who sees every motive of our heart, is the One who loves us, and who is more deeply interested in us than King George was in the boy—who desires our salvation, and who, knowing how guilty we are, only desires us to confess our guilt, and all is forgiven.

The king said to the boy, as he left the stables, "If any one says a word to you about those oats, TELL ME!"

If Satan distresses me about what I have

been, or what I have done, I go to the Lord, and tell Him about it. If God says my sins are forgiven me, why need I fear what Satan has to say about me?

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Of course I expected that "Moses and his Sister" would be a subject the girls would like, and so I am not at all surprised to find the best paper written by a little girl. It is rather long, but I do not see any part we could afford to leave out.

MOSES AND HIS SISTER.

JACOB and Joseph's sons had many children, and they had many more, and so on till there was quite a people. They were called Israelites. Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, did not like the Israelites to stay in Egypt, so he wanted to kill them. He gave orders that every son that was born to the Israelites should be drowned. There was a good woman who had a son; she was frightened in case he should be drowned. She hid him for three months: then she could hide him no longer. So she made a basket of bulrushes, and put him in it, and put it on the Nile. The baby had a sister; she was able to take care of him. She walked along the banks, and fed him when he wanted food. Her name was Miriam. Pharaoh's daughter came to the river to bathe with her servants: she saw the basket, and heard the child crying. She took him up, and she said, This is one of the Israelites' children. She said she would keep the child.

Miriam, who had seen that the princess pitied the child, asked if she should get him a nurse. The princess said, Yes. So Miriam brought the child's mother. The mother was so glad to get back her son. She saw that God had heard her prayer. When he was big the princess sent for him. She called him Moses, which means "drawn out," for he was drawn out of the water. Moses had all he wanted, but he was not happy. He did not like to see his people, the Israelites, working, while he could do what he liked; so he went away from the palace. One day he saw a taskmaster beating one of the Israelites. He killed him. Moses was obliged to go away, because Pharaoh would kill him. Moses stayed in the house of a man at Midian: he married one of his daughters. One day Moses was feeding his father-in-law's flock. He saw a burning bush. The bush did not burn away. Moses came nearer, to see it. God told him to take off his shoes, for the place on which he stood was holy ground. God showed Moses wonders, and told him to tell Pharaoh to let Israel go free; for God said, I have heard the cry of my people Israel, and I will deliver them. Moses said he could not speak to Pharaoh, but God said He would help him, and told him to take Aaron with him. Pharaoh would not let Israel go, so God sent a plague. Still Pharaoh would not

let them go. Then God sent nine more plagues, then Pharaoh let them go. These are the ten plagues:—(1) water turned into blood, (2) flies, (3) frogs, (4) lice, (5) death of the beasts, (6) boils, (7) hail and thunder, (8) locusts, (9) darkness, (10) death of eldest sons. The Israelites were going to Canaan; they had begun their journey. God showed them the way by a dark pillar and a pillar of fire in the day and night; the pillar of fire at night, and the other in the day. God let the Israelites pass over the Red Sea on dry land. Then Moses, Miriam, and the Israelites sang and praised God for delivering them out of the hand of Pharaoh. The Israelites came to a place which had no food, so they murmured, but God gave them food. Once Miriam and Aaron got angry with Moses for marrying the daughter of Jethro. God was very angry with Miriam and Aaron. God made Miriam a leper, but Aaron said, We have sinned, do not punish us. So Moses asked God to make her clean—God said she would be clean in seven days. God told Moses to send spies to Canaan, twelve men were to go. They came to a place where there were giants, and they were frightened, and came back to tell the Israelites. The Israelites murmured and said they would rather have died in Egypt. God said they should not see Canaan, only their sons, Joshua and Caleb, because they had tried to stop the murmurings of the people. Miriam died in Kadesh, and there was no water, so God told Moses to speak to the rock. But Moses struck it, so God said he should not go to Canaan; but God showed Moses Canaan. God took him up into Mount Nebo. He died there. God buried him. No one knows where he was buried. Moses is a type of Jesus. Moses saved the Israelites, but Jesus saved us all (all who believe in Him).

MINNIE PHILLIPS, *aged eleven.*

*Eton House, Wellington Street,
Cheltenham.*

Charlie Lavender, aged nine and a quarter; E. G. M., seven years and four months; and Eleanor Harling, eleven years, sent the next best papers.

Now I do hope that dear Minnie will look after her little brother (if she has one) and tell him all she knows about Jesus. How nice to see brothers and sisters loving each other, and trying to help each other over all their little troubles. Many a little boy has had to thank God for a dear loving sister, just as much as Moses had. But I must now say good-bye for another month.

Your affectionate friend

Dot.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: A True Story for
Christmas. With Illustrations. 1d

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MY LITTLE FRIEND,

VOL. I. No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1876.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



NEDDY COMES FOR HIS CHRISTMAS-BOX.



T is the winter dreary,
And cold the winds do blow,
And Neddy looks quite weary
While trudging through the snow.
And as the wild wind whistles

Across the frozen ground,
Snow covers up the thistles
That once were blooming round.
But when his work is over,
He patient waits for Fred,
Who brings some oats and clover
Before he goes to bed.
But Neddy is a ranger,
And in the early morn
He finds an empty manger,
And all the clover gone.
He wanders from the stable,
He understands the latch;
We know that Neddy's able
To lift the wooden catch.
And through the yard he wanders,
And slowly turns him round,
Then stops awhile and ponders
Where breakfast can be found.
The icicles on hedges,
Like precious jewels hung,
And hoar-frost on the hedges
Its silvery clusters flung.
For diamonds what cares Neddy—
For rubies or for pearl?
But he is always ready
When some dear little girl
Brings something from the larder,
Or from the breakfast tray;
Ah! many a child fared harder
Than did dear Neddy Bray.
But Edith's fond of Neddy,
And many a snap he gets,
He is so nice and steady,—
The very best of pets.

And on the Christmas morning
At Edith's door he knocks,
And well she knows the warning—
He's come for his Christmas-box.
And shall we not remember,
When wintry winds do blow,
And frosty old December
Comes trudging o'er the snow;
When robins, wrens, and sparrows
Around the doorway come,
Or, perching on the barrows,
They'll thank you for a crumb?
They'll chirp a note of gladness
Before they fly away,—
'Tis good to scatter sadness
Upon a gloomy day.
And many a little doggie,
Obliged to live alone,
When it is cold and foggy
Will thank you for a bone;
No crust need e'er be wasted,
Nor morsel thrown away,
For many have not tasted
A bit of food to-day.
And many a heart does quiver
Through want and misery;—
God loves a cheerful giver,
However small it be.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE IN THE ROBBER'S HUT.*



FEW years since, a party of ladies and gentlemen was leaving the shores of England for the purpose of visiting foreign parts, but more especially that part so celebrated in history and in Scripture (I mean the country of Greece), so famous, too, on account of the Apostle Paul having travelled there with the glad tidings of the grace of God, and preaching the forgiveness of sins, through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But the kingdom had fallen, and instead of being a glorious land, full of noble warriors, conquering and subduing, it was despoiled, and its forests and mountain ravines had become the haunts of brigands and robbers, so that it was unsafe to travel in many parts, unless guarded by a body of soldiers. But our company was not of the

* For Illustration of this Tale, see MY LITTLE FRIEND SHEET ALMANACK for 1877. Price 1d.

timid kind, and, English like, risked danger for novelty. The party comprised ladies and gentlemen, and I believe a child or two were with them. They left Athens in high spirits, and enjoyed the fine scenery that here and there burst upon their view. As they left some deep defile, they suddenly came upon a gap where they saw stretched before them a great panorama of beauty. But their pleasure was short lived, for on arriving at a rude sort of cottage, they were suddenly surrounded by a gang of brigands; men of fierce countenance—men used to plunder, whose lives were spent in wickedness. Resistance was useless. The robbers were too strong for them, and they could but submit. They were hurried on for some distance, so as to be out of the reach of capture, and the ladies and children were sent back by a trusty guard, while the unfortunate captives were again hurried onward—over mountains and through valleys, sometimes down the deep gorges of the rocks, by paths known only to the robbers, who knew the value of their prisoners, and meant to make great gain by them.

Accordingly, as the prisoners desired to be released, a heavy ransom-price was put upon the head of each. And the robber-captain sent a messenger to their friends, stating the price that was to be paid for their ransom. Soldiers were dispatched to rescue the unfortunate travellers; while friends were trying to get the money that was asked for their release. But the brigands knew the rocky strongholds and hiding-places better than did the soldiers. When the robbers saw that soldiers were on their track, and that they were closely pursued, they sent a threatening message, that unless the ransom money was paid before a certain day, and a free pardon granted to all the gang, they would kill all their prisoners. This made the friends of the prisoners very anxious, and they wished to buy them off, rather than run the risk of their being rescued by the soldiers, and being killed in the combat.

Accordingly a messenger, or courier, was sent; who, guided by a man that knew their whereabouts, found them confined in a mud hut. His description was as follows:—

“The hut was round, and in the middle was a round fireplace in which a wood fire was

burning. On each side of the door, at a little distance, the capotes and cloaks lay all round the fire. The prisoners were opposite the entrance. I found them lying down asleep. This was after eleven o'clock at night. On each side were four or five brigands sitting between them and the door. Of course they were coming in and relieving each other; but there was always sufficient to watch them, armed and ready, to be alert on the first sign; and there was no chance of those gentlemen going out without having to go over the brigands.”

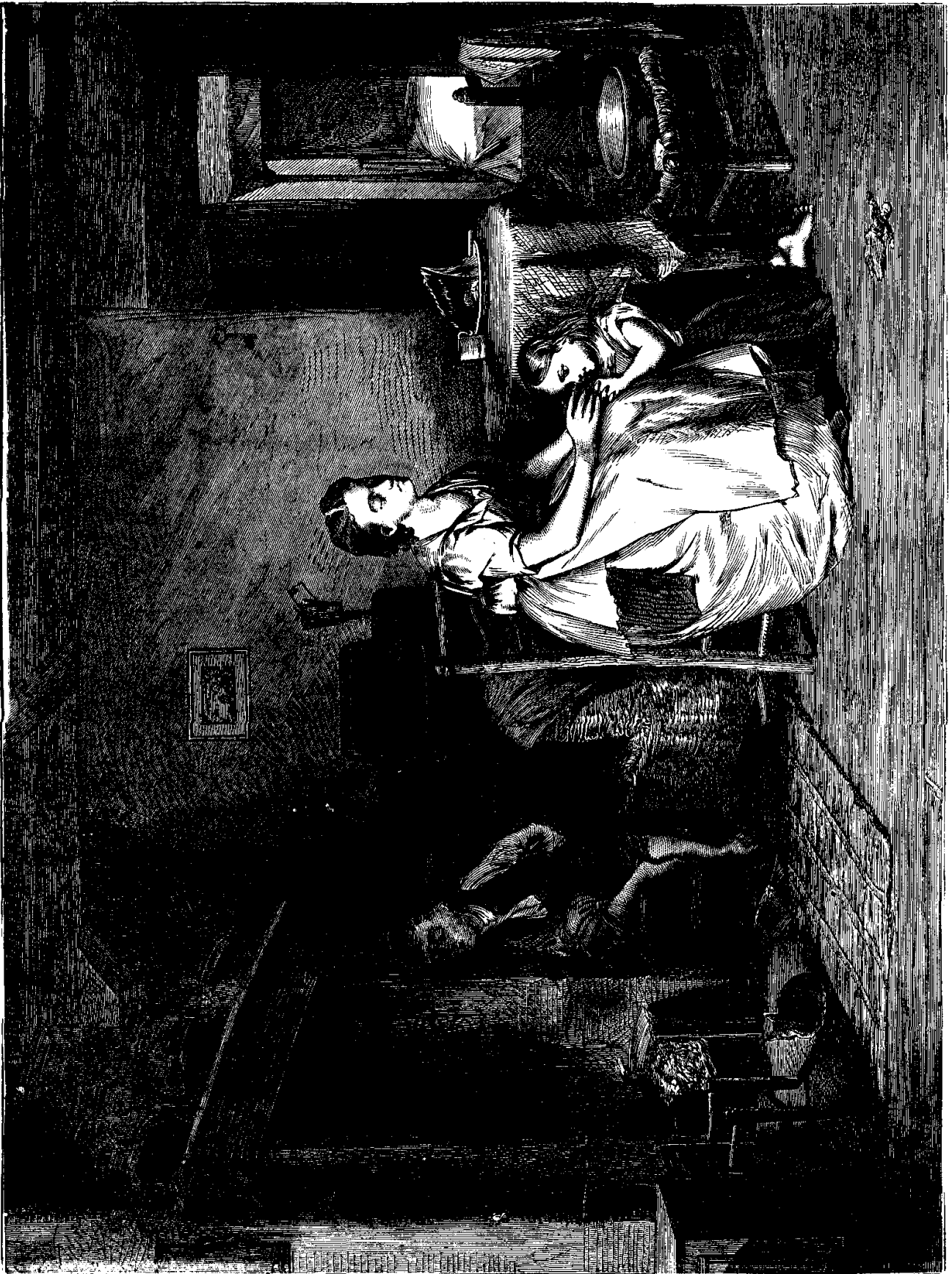
A long conversation took place between the gentlemen and the courier. The chieftain was very angry and furious; and as he could not speak English the courier had to be the interpreter, by whom he still threatened to take their lives if the ransom-money was not paid.

There was one youth among the prisoners I want to speak about, a young man of noble family, and much loved by all who knew him. The courier, who had known him, was exceedingly fond of him; insomuch that he offered to take his place and be prisoner in his stead; but this the young man refused.

However, through some misunderstanding, before the ransom could be paid the soldiers were pretty close on the track of the brigands, hoping to rescue the prey from their hands.

During the long time that elapsed, the position of the prisoners became serious. They now began to feel that it was a question of life or death. They were allowed to write, and the letters of the young man spoke of their perilous position, beseeching his friends to send the ransom money, or it would be too late. From an expression he used in his letter, we can hope he knew of One who had been God's ransom, to redeem him from a worse condition of slavery than being imprisoned in a robber's hut; and we trust he knew the redemption that was in Christ Jesus; for he had been educated in an English college and had been trained in a God-fearing way. In speaking of their solemn position, he says, “Pray to God for us!” Oh, what depth of meaning! Finding himself in the grasp of men who feared neither God nor man—he is constrained to lift up his heart in prayer.

(Continued on page 94.)



RED-TIME.



How black and barren seem the hills !
But there's a charm, and joy,
And music from the mountain rills
That please the Highland boy.

While crowding round his youthful form,
Upon the mountain crest,—
His loved companions in the storm,
And in his hours of rest.

In another letter, directly afterwards, after again speaking of the peril, he says, "If it be possible, *send me a Bible!*" Ah, what does that little sentence bespeak? Hope of release seemed gone; and now in these solemn moments he pants for the fountain of life. The Word of God is all his desire now. But the Bible never reached him. It might be that the truths he had learnt in the school had been treasured up in his mind and memory, so that he could meditate thereon, and have peace with God through faith in Christ Jesus.

What a blessed thing it is to be instructed in early days in the precious truth of God, and to have the mind and heart stored with His word, so that if in circumstances where a Bible cannot reach us, we can feed on that which is stored up in the memory; to have the knowledge, too, of the redemption that is in Christ—the blessed Surety that *did* take our place, and died for us in order to redeem us from Satan and everlasting destruction. Then, indeed, when we have learned what it is to have eternal life through believing in the Son of God, and that His blood has cleansed us from all sin, then death will have lost its terror; and more blessed would it be to go direct from a robber's hut to heaven, and to be with Christ, than to be released, if unconverted, and to be made one of the princes of the earth.

However, the brigands seemed driven to desperation; and one day finding the soldiers were close upon their track, determined to fulfil their threat; and in the presence of the soldiers, in the most barbarous manner, slew the prisoners. The soldiers pressed close upon them, and fired as often as they could get in sight. Many of the brigands were also killed; others who were wounded escaped, but were afterwards captured and brought to punishment.

The bodies of the prisoners were found. They had been cruelly treated. There lay the dear young man we spoke of, calm in death, as though he had died instantly without a convulsion or a struggle.

The messenger, on seeing the form of his young master whom he loved, stooped down and kissed the fair brow of the youth, wishing in his inmost heart that he had been his


surety and died for him. But it was ordered otherwise.

The bodies of the slain brigands were discovered higher up the slope of the mountain, from seeing the vultures hovering around the spot; you remember it says in Matt. xxiv. 28, "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

Oh, how little heed is given to the Bible in a land where Bibles abound. "Send me a Bible," was the dying youth's last desire. Dear young one, let the precious volume be your treasure. Read it prayerfully. Seek God's guidance in reading its pages, that your heart may get hold of divine wisdom. You know it says, The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding. To many a Christian it can be said, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."

KEEPING SHOP.

THE HOSIER.

"RED, 'Liza's shut the shutters,
And cleared the things away;
Now you must go out shopping
And I'll keep shop to-day.
I'm going to be a Hosier
(Of course it's all pretence),
And so I'll fill my window
With things required by 'gents.'"
And lots of little nick-nacks
Are found in Polly's box—
Some worn-out gloves of Bessy's,
A pair of baby's socks;
Some cuffs belonging Bobby,
With studs that look like gold.
The tray from out the lobby
Her "stock-in-trade" will hold.
(But I must tell you—Polly,
To get her trading stores,
Had searched the "House of Dolly,"
And emptied all its drawers.)
Fred walks into the passage,
Gets Cousin Bobby's stick,—
A cane that's highly polished,
A little finger thick.
And then Fred looks so solemn,
Does neither smile nor sigh,
While Polly looks quite pleasant,
"What will you please to buy?"

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

95

I've ties in silk and satin,
 I've gloves in kid and calf;
 Those tassell'd ones are ladies'—
 Fred gives a little laugh.
 "A box of stand-up collars?"
 Fred rather rudely stares,
 Then "hums" and "ah's"—and orders
 "A pair of solitaires."
 "And would you like the bronze ones,
 Or with a patent spring?"
 A pair of Cousin Edmund's
 He thought was just the thing.
 "A bib—I beg your pardon!
 I have some silken stuffs,—
 They're suitable for presents;
 Perhaps you want some cuffs?
 Oh! those are silver lockets;
 These hats are patent felt,—
 Ah! these are ladies' pockets
 That fasten on the belt.
 "Do you require some braces?"
 "Oh no, I've quite a store;"
 "Some fancy belts for cricket?"
 "No, thank you—nothing more!
 And when you send my parcel
 You'll please enclose the bill;
 You'll send it home to-night, Miss?"
 "Oh yes, sir, that I will."
 "FRED ROBINSON, Esquire,
 To POLLY FLORENCE WIX,
 Dealer in Silks and Satins,
 December, 'seventy-six.

A pair of fancy braces,
 A necktie, superfine,
 A 6-inch stand-up collar—
 That comes to *one-and-nine*.
 A pair of cuffs—'all linen,'
 Bronze solitaires—a pair,
 A pair of socks for baby,
 And gloves for Sunday wear.
 Just *one-and-sixpence farthing*,
 The total—let me see—
 (The farthing off for discount),
 That makes it *three-and-three*.
 Now, William, take the parcel,
 It must go home to-night,
 'Fred Robinson, Esquire,
 The bedroom on the right.'
 Enquire of Betsy Housemaid,
 She'll point you out the way—
 You'd better wait an answer,
 I think he's sure to pay." DICKIE RHYMER.

A WORD TO OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.



THE past year has given us much pleasure in being able to speak to so many thousands of little readers, not only in this country, but in all parts; and we know that the labour of love will not lose its reward. Many a midnight has seen dear "Dot" looking over his bundle of letters, and many a note of thanksgiving has gone up to the Lord for leading you to *search the Scriptures*, and, judging from your letters, for giving you eternal life through faith in His name. See what a blessed path of usefulness for Christ is before you who are saved in early days; and not only that, but you will be saved from many a pang, and many a bitter grief which older ones know who have spent half of their lives in the service of Satan and sin.

To such as *have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ*, we would say, Cleave to Him:

"He will ever be beside you.
 Wheresoever you may roam;
 He will keep you—He will guide you
 To His own eternal home."

We look to our little friends to make our Magazine known as much as they can. Our circulation has gone beyond our highest expectations. For this we are thankful.

We think "Dot" will want a partner presently to help him in his work. We have had a little *Dot*—"Dot Junior," we call him—to help us often when writing to you. He is just a few months old. Do you wonder how such a tiny dot can help us? We will tell you—and though it is quite true if he got near our inkstand it would be, as our friend Dickie Rhymer would say:

"Little Dot can make a blot,"

yet, to see the roguish looks which he gives as he sees the pen going along, and the way in which he tries to get a grandfatherly smile from us, makes us remem-

ber that we did not *always* wear Wellington boots and tall black hats, but that we were little ones once ; and we think it was often by the help of "Dot junior" that we could talk and write away as though it were the days of knickerbockers and marbles once more.

Though we cannot hope to see you all on earth, we hope and believe we shall meet numbers of you in heaven.

Accept of our thanks for your many sweet letters, and for the help you have given us.

THE EDITOR.

BEDTIME.



ORD, teach a little child to pray
To Thee in heaven above ;
And lead me in Thy blessed way,
That I may trust Thy love.
And in my childhood, and my youth,
Be Thou my heart's delight ;
And guide me by Thy precious truth,
And keep me day and night.

DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Twelve months have passed since our Magazine began. All that time has gone away, never more to return. Many dear little ones who have read your papers in the "Corner" have passed away, too. But we remain, and our Magazine remains, and I am sure we feel very thankful that it is so.

Perhaps some of you may say,—“But where is our paper this month?”

“Well,” I reply, “you have had a great deal more to say in my Corner for eleven months than I have, and so now I am going to have a little ‘say’ of my own.”

“But who are you?” some of you may ask. Well, you have been pleased to address me in all sorts of ways. Some of you have called me “Madam ;” others “Sir ;” others “Mr. Dot ;” and many others “Dear Dot.” Now which of these is most correct is best known to myself, but I prefer being called “Dot.” Of course I can't object to your putting “dear” before it, as I always use that word in addressing you.

I went into a large meeting of children some little time ago, and I heard several of them

whispering my favourite name. How they came to find out seems strange ; but then, children are so clever at finding out. Of course *all* those who read “MY LITTLE FRIEND” have not seen me, but a *great many* of them have. Yes, and have seen our friend “Dickie Rhymer,” too. So you look out, and when you do see us, mind you come and shake hands with us.

I am sure you must have been pleased with all those nice papers which have been printed in our Corner during the year, and I hope there will be some quite as good next year. But now I want to tell you the subjects for next year, so that you may write on any or all of them, and let me have your papers earlier :—“Joshua and Caleb,” “Gideon and the Pitchers,” “Samson and the Lion,” “Samuel the Young Prophet,” “King Saul,” “David and Goliath,” “Jonathan,” “Mephibosheth,” “Absalom,” “Solomon.” Well, those will be sufficient to go on with, and I am sure you will find a good deal to say about each of them.

Perhaps I had better say to any who may be new readers, that you have only to write your thoughts on these subjects, and send them by post as directed in the first number of our Magazine.*

In considering these subjects we should remember that all their good qualities are for our imitation, and all their faults are for our warning ; and besides this, many of them are types of the Lord Jesus, and in writing your papers I should be glad for you to point out in what way they are so.

But now I must close, or else Mr. Editor may think my Corner is too large. So good-bye for the present. Accept my thanks for all the kind things you have said in your letters, and for helping to get new readers of our Magazine.

Your affectionate Friend,

DOT.

* I see our Publisher has given you a pretty little picture in “My Little Friend Almanac,” of some of you putting your letters to “Dot” in the pillar-box at the end of a street, which a lady friend sketched for him. Isn't it wonderful, you have only to put your notes in that box, and in a few hours I am reading them, although perhaps you and I live a hundred miles from each other ?

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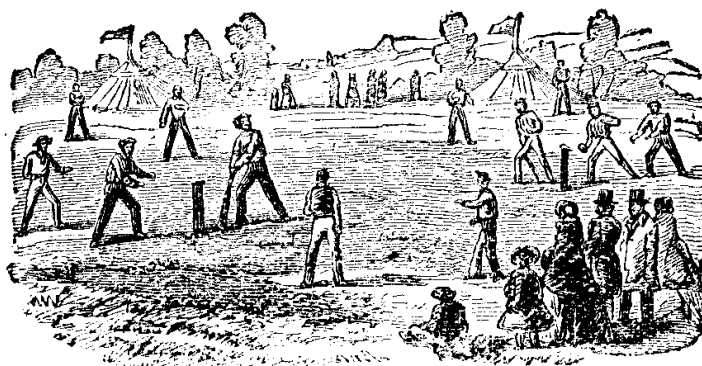


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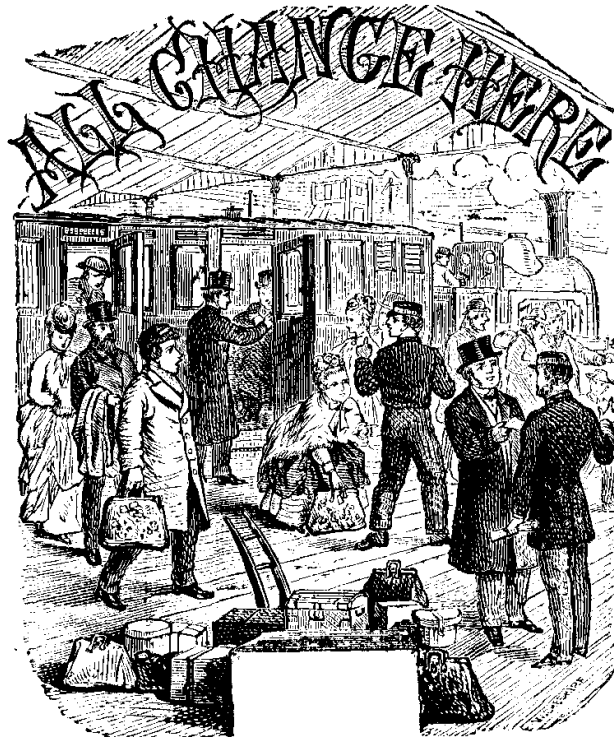


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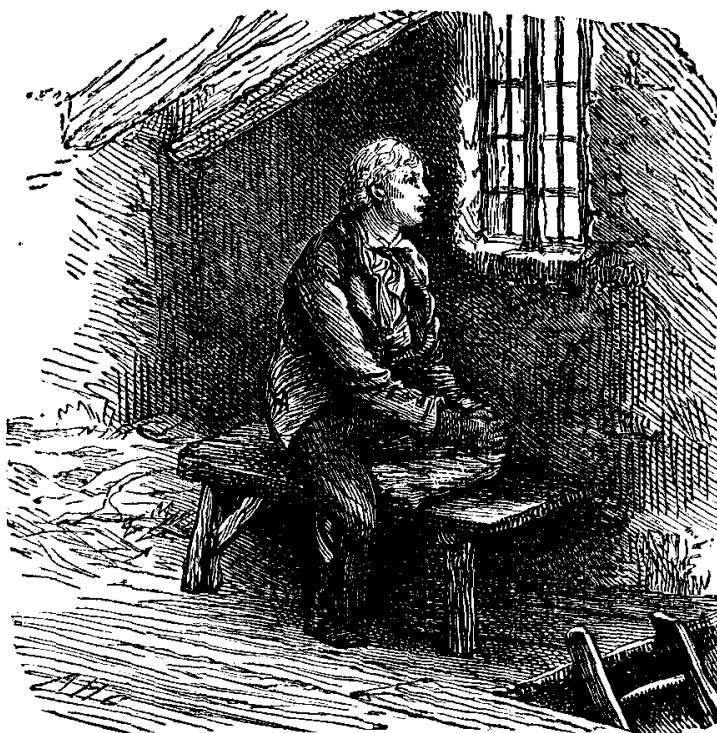
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