



MY LITTLE FRIEND

BLACKBERRYING

MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL.



LONDON:
OFFICE OF MY LITTLE FRIEND, 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.



' The Pretty Gold Fish

Gold Fish.

"Don't press against the table, Cyril, or you'll push it over. What beautiful fish! aren't they?"

"Yes, Jessie, they're very pretty. Look at this big fellow coming straight to my finger; I should like to have that one for myself."

"Oh, I should not choose that one, Cyril; I should like that little one on the other side. Let us ask mamma if we can have them; but you know she said they must not be taken out of the water or they would die, so we should have to leave them here with the others."

"Well, I shall ask papa to buy me another glass globe, and then I can have mine separately."

But I have not space to tell you the rest of the conversation, so my readers must look at the picture for themselves.

BOY LIFE.

BOY life! Yes, and I see plenty of it, and in a great variety too, for two public schools are in my neighbourhood, and most of the scholars pass my window daily, so that I have plenty of opportunities of studying the *men of the future*.

But I have in my thoughts at the present moment a little fellow who does not go to school, or if he does he is a member of the infant class.

He is about four years old. He was passing one morning in a very contented mood, dragging after him by a piece of twine what was supposed to be a horse. But it had lost its head, its tail was gone, and had not its body been a solid bit of wood I am afraid that would have hardly stood the wear and tear of every-day boy life. The wheels upon which it was originally mounted were also wanting, so that it looked altogether a dilapidated affair as it made its way over the pavement—now and again toppling over in the mud. But its master soon righted matters.

Well, just as he was passing, a bigger boy came along, that is to say, an inch or two bigger, and seized the charger. Its owner was on his dignity directly, and a desperate

struggle ensued, and, which is not always the case, the rightful owner came off victorious, and placed his pet again on the pavement with a look of triumph. The other, who had watched the movement, in pure mischief kicked the poor wooden animal over and ran away. This was too much for the little fellow, and he burst into tears at the indignity. True, it often tumbled over when following him, but then that was an *accident*, and a few soothing words to his companion set matters straight; but to be kicked over by the wanton cruelty of another was an *indignity* which was not to be easily borne, and the boy in his great grief—and to him it was a great sorrow, very real and genuine—took up his poor maimed pet, and (covered as it was with mud) hugged it to his breast with all the tender solicitude of a loving heart, and bore it safely home.

I like to see these little bits of human love in boys, even though it be on behalf of their wooden toys. I think they are signs of good and bright manhood—when loving sympathy and thoughtfulness will be judged by those who may be brought into relationship with them. I can scarce believe such a boy will ever be unkind to animals if any come under his care. I hope not.

It is a great pleasure to me at times when two or three little fellows a few spans high come to spend a holiday with me, to listen to their praises of the various animals in their possession. Not forgetting little Rose and her doll, which is a history in itself—of Miss Doll's good and bad qualities, the times of going to bed and getting up, and washing and dressing, and all the little eccentricities of the doll family. Little folks I am sure love good listeners, and sympathetic listeners too, in their concerns. What a pleasure to be a boy again with its joyous games, its rambling prattle, and hearty genuine peals of laughter, ending up with the evening calm and the tiny hands clasped together as the evening prayer is said, and the fresh sleep of childhood; and as I bid them good-night, sealing it with a loving kiss, I murmur, God keep the little ones, and in His own loving way speak to their young and tender hearts—little buds that may ripen into the full flower of faith and love to Himself.

Memories of Other Days.

THIRTY years have passed since I left home—a raw youth; but with big thoughts of what I was, and bigger ones of what I was going to be. I had been living pretty much in youth's dream-land, consequent upon an extensive reading of all the books within my reach.

I need not dwell much upon the rude way in which some of those young fancies were dispelled as I came in contact with the stern realities of daily life; nor upon the more than happy fulfilment of many day-dreams and longings, but which were often brought about by means I should not have chosen had I *had* the choice—and I was led by a path which, to my thoughts often rough enough, gave more sunshine than even I could have hoped for.

Well, after thirty years I am again among old scenes—my little native town, which seemed after long acquaintance with gigantic cities, and manufacturing centres, a tiny box of bricks standing among flowery meads and circled by miniature rivers and tiny streams that, viewed from the tops of the hills on its borders, looked like a tracery of silver cords upon the greensward. But, small as it was, it had a peculiar charm for me. There I was born, and there I played, and in its fields I have wandered with my companions in the delight of childhood, more happy perhaps when the small pinafore was full of the gathered wealth of the meadows, on those bright summer evenings, than in after years in the effort to gather wealth and happiness which seemed to fade sooner than did the priceless treasures stowed away in that tiny pinafore.

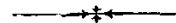
But what a change in thirty years! I seek in vain for the old meadows and quiet nooks. The builder has been there—and where the daisies once reared their yellow cups are now rows of houses. The streams are hidden under brickwork, and the well-known trees under which in the hot summer days the cows and horses were wont to shade themselves, are gone. The fields, where once the wheat in autumn seemed like a golden sea as it swayed to and fro in the soft breeze of evening, are all cut up into roads; and squares

and villas with their bits of gardens have sprung up in their place. And where were the companions of these early days? On inquiry, I found all gone. Several were beneath little green mounds in the old churchyard; one in particular, whom I had played with as a boy at school, lies buried beneath the wide-spreading yew-tree hard by the belfry tower. Others had gone years ago to London, and were lost amid its millions. One, for whom I had a great partiality, lost his life in the Crimean war. Another had fought for his country in India and China, and after passing through risks of all kinds—untouched by bullet and unscathed by sword, returned to his native land, and as a porter on a railway was accidentally killed in crossing the line. But there, I might run on and on for pages with the details of little histories of old, old friends.

I seemed alone in a strange place, and a feeling of sadness came across my mind as I visited some of the well-known spots now so (to me) sadly altered—change written upon them all. But I too was changed! and what a change had passed over me—but a happy change indeed!—I had passed from death unto life, from the power of Satan unto God. Walking among the scenes of other days brought to my mind many things I would fain forget—and a pain passes through the heart at the memory of them; but, blessed knowledge, all is washed out in the blood of Christ, by whom I have been brought nigh to Him who says, "Thy sins and iniquities I will remember no more." I don't know that I was worse than others of my age—indeed, morally, I know I was not—but the light in which I could now look upon everything of the past made all the difference. But I love not to dwell on the past. For me it is gone, like the old meadows and the well-known streams; but I have other hopes and am looking for bright days of eternal sunshine and never-changing glory, and, for One whom though unseen, I have loved these many years past, and I long to see and be with Him.

Young reader, is that your hope and joy?

F. O.



OUR FIRST BROOD OF CHICKENS.

HAVING resolved to have a brood of chickens, we looked about us for a good sitter, as the only fowls we had were a few Houdans, which, though good layers, are not good sitters. Passing a cottage one day where we saw a number of fowls, we made inquiry, and soon discovered what we wanted — “a fine sitter, a gentle hen, and a very good mother,” so the woman there assured us we should find in one she was willing to part with; and before long we had her in a snug nest in our garden shed,

And fret not because we have less
Than what we hoped once to possess,
But of earthly things having enough,
Be satisfied with them, like Buff.

The following names were given to the chicks as they successively made their appearance: — Brownie, Perkie, Fluffie, Jettie, Downie, Flossie, Paddie. They have a house formed of a good-sized old tea-chest, which our grocer kindly sent us, and attached to it is a little run made from wire fencing. The children find the greatest amusement watching the hen with her brood and feeding the tines, and when she gathers them all

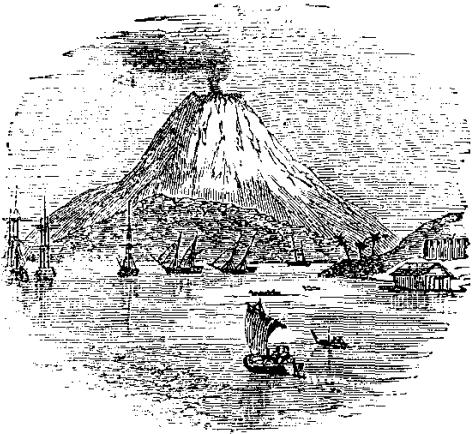


with eleven eggs under her. From her colour she was named Buff. She began sitting on the 4th of May.

On May *twenty fifth*, in the morn,
Buff's first little chicken was born:
The next day, another wee dear,
The third day, two more did appear.
On the fourth, yet another sweet two
Met our eager, inquisitive view,
And we heard such a shrill plaintive squeak,
As there peeped through one shell a sharp beak.
Ere evening fell, did we see
The tiny quite out, chirping free.
Of the eggs that when set were deem'd sound,
Four, now left, were chickenless found.
Buff shews for her loss no concern—
A lesson from her let us learn,

under her wings, we remind them of the beautiful passage in two of the Gospels (Matt. xxiii.; Luke xiii.) where the Lord Jesus, on two different occasions, speaks of a hen gathering her chickens under her wings as an emblem of His tender love to those who trust Him, and His faithful care of them. Have you responded to His gracious call? or are you like the Jews of old who would not come to Him? What solemn words are these! — “He that obeyeth not [margin, *believeth not*] shall not see life; but the wrath of God *abideth* on him.” (John iii. 36, Revised Version.) But *wrath* gives place to *love*, when we come in faith to Jesus.

R. H. W.



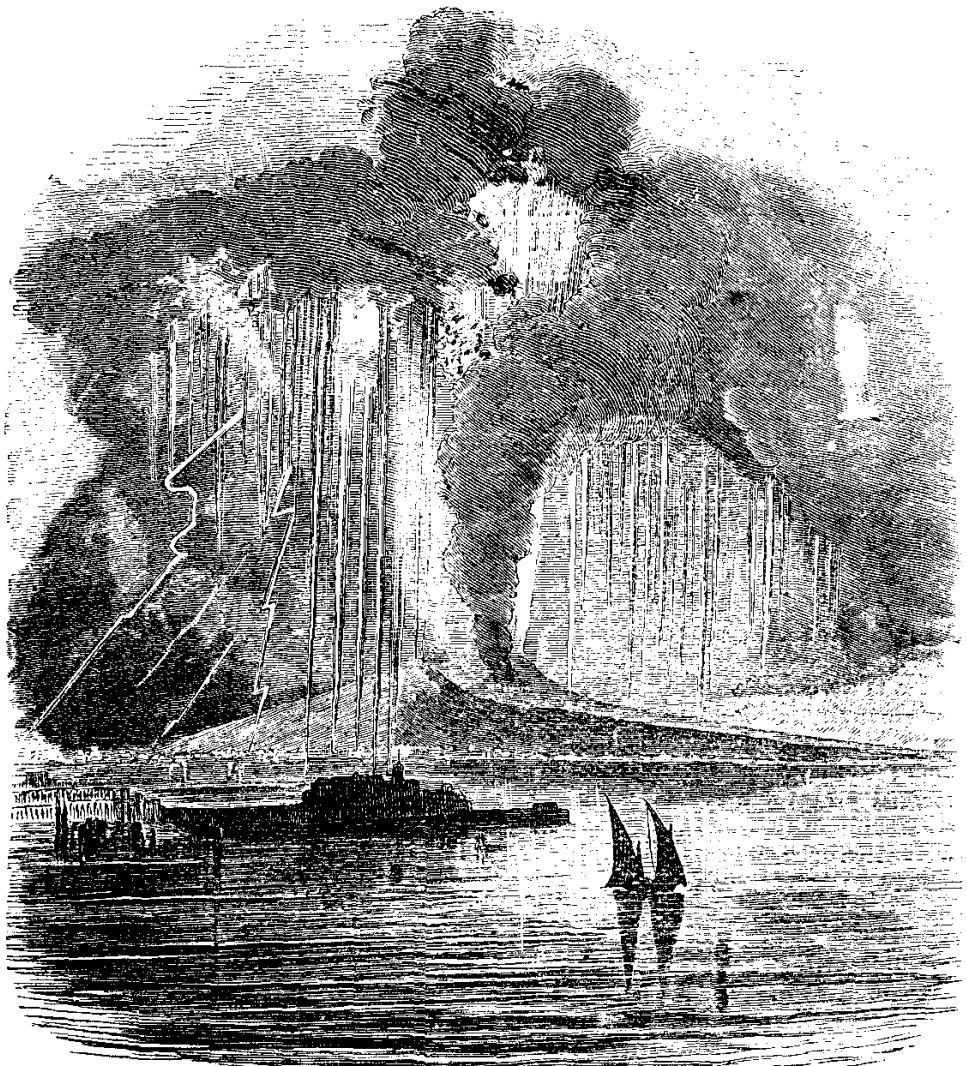
Visit to a Volcano.

DO you know what a Volcano is? The word 'Volcano' is said to be taken from *Vulcan*, the god of fire, as the ancients used to call one of their gods. This name was given to any mountain that sent forth smoke and fire. On the top of the mountain is generally a great hole, and at times out of this hole or mouth come forth large volumes of smoke and flame, and showers of cinders, while streams of liquid stone, or minerals, called *lava*, run down the sides of the mountains, burning up everything that comes in their way.

Now I am going to tell you about three gentlemen who once paid a visit to one of these mountains while it was at work, as it is called. It was Mount Vesuvius, which, as many of you know, is near Naples. They started at 10 o'clock at night and rode to the foot of the mountain, and then walked. They soon met one of the streams of lava, as it

flowed slowly along. They dared not go near it, and though they kept about ten yards from it, they were warmed by its heat. The scene was dreadful. As they watched first one stream of lava and then another—taking care not to go too close to any—showers of cinders were falling around them, while the smoke and flame and noise from the mountain's mouths, or *craters* as they are called—added a fearful grandeur. Indeed the whole scene was so dreadful that the man they had engaged to carry their rugs and refreshment was so frightened he declared he would go no further; he was sure it would be certain death to them all: but by a promise of larger pay he was at last induced to follow them.

On they went then, climbing up the sides of the mountain covered with ashes, and looking back saw that the way they had come between two streams of lava was now blocked up by the two streams spreading till they had joined and looked like a river of red-hot metal. Still they went higher, and again the frightened man pointed out that there were a lot of red-hot stones lying around



A VOLCANO.

them, and others were still falling. One was measured and found to be 3 feet by 2 feet. Two of the gentlemen determined to go still higher, but an extra large shower of red-hot stones made them run back, but it took a contrary direction and they all got away safely.

What a dreadful place to be at! indeed whole villages have been destroyed by the stones and lava sent forth by volcanoes. They are among the great works of God. No one knows where the fire comes from, nor why it bursts forth at one time and then becomes quiet again. It would seem as if there were a great fire always burning in the inside of the earth; and then from some unknown cause it bursts forth out of these craters with more or less force, carrying destruction wherever the lava flows. But some think the eruptions are from other causes.

Does it not remind you of the passage of scripture which says that this earth itself will one day be burnt up, as it was once destroyed by water at the flood? (See 2 Peter iii. 6, 7.) But as it was God who brought the flood, so it will be God who will bring the fire; and He will not allow it to touch any one who is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. As He shut up His own people in the ark at the flood, so He will take care of all His own at that dreadful day. Under His protection we are safe for time and safe for eternity.

BIBLE SCENES.

4.—DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS is supposed to be the oldest city in the world, and as the world is nearly 6000 years old, a great many years have passed since the city was first built.

It was a very beautiful city, in a most fertile spot, and surrounded by some of the finest mountains in Palestine. Damascus originally had kings from among the Syrians, but in the year 1042 B.C. David besieged and took the city and David put a great many soldiers in Damascus, so that the Syrians who dwelt there became his servants and had to pay homage to David, and he became a very great man. Yet this did not seem to make him proud, and God who watched over him when he was a simple shepherd boy, still preserved him wherever he went.

The next time it was besieged was by Jeroboam about the year 825 B.C.

The wicked king Ahaz who reigned over Israel did such wicked things that God delivered him into the

hands of the Syrians, and they carried him away prisoner with a great many of his people and brought them to Damascus. But the most interesting story in connection with Damascus is that of the Apostle Paul. His name was formerly Saul. He was born in the island of Tarsus, situated in the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. Saul was a very clever man, and also a good man according to the law.

When he heard this strange story of Jesus of Nazareth, and the new religion a few poor fishermen were preaching, Saul grew very angry. What right had these men to turn the world upside down by their strange tales? Ah, Saul soon learnt that it was by divine right. His anger and fury rose so high that he not only seized men and women, but even little children, if they were Christians, and put them in prison. When he could not find any more people in Jerusalem, he asked the high priests to give him letters to Damascus that he might bring prisoners from that place. They gave him the letters, and he started. How little did he think what was going to happen before he reached his destination! God's ways are so wonderful, we can never understand them. When he had nearly reached Damascus, suddenly a very bright light was seen shining about him and the men with him, and a voice from heaven said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" When Saul heard the voice so sadly asking that question he was very frightened, and said, "Who art thou, Lord?"—"I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." You see by this how the Lord Jesus looks upon His people as *one* with Him. He did not say, "Why do you persecute my people?" but, "Why persecutest thou *me*?"

When Saul arrived at Damascus, instead of taking prisoners, he stood up boldly in the synagogues and preached Christ; and if any one of you dear little ones who do know the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour and friend, if ever you feel afraid to confess His name, think of what Paul did at Damascus. "Behold, I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence; and *whosoever* believeth on him shall not be ashamed." (Rom. ix. 33.)

L. C.

THE ROBIN.

ONE day a little robin
Came hopping on my wall,
His breast was very pretty,
His eyes were bright and small
He peeped into my window,
As much as though he'd say,
'Tis cold, and I am hungry,
Please put some crumbs this way!
So I got some crumbs, and quickly
I placed them on the wall,
And I watched the little fellow
The while he ate them all.
And then the little robin
Seemed full of thanks to me,
He chirped, and hopped, and jumped about,
As happy as could be.

It seemed if only he could speak,
That this was what he'd say,
Be thankful for whate'er you have;
And then he hopped away.
And so I asked the Lord that I
Might more contented be,
And take whatever He has given,
And take it thankfully.

C. G. C.

THE FIRST GARDEN AND PROMISE.

(Continued.)

WHAT path in which Jesus the promised One walked, was not one understood by those round about Him.

They looked upon Him, watched Him, and taking notice of His precious ways, which were strange in their eyes (not having had the clay upon them, and not having been to the pool of Siloam—read John ix.) they considered it the best thing to get rid of Him at the first opportunity they could, without they themselves being thought wicked by so doing.

Yes, dear children, God was looking down from heaven then as He always does; He saw them, and He sees you and me, He knew all their thoughts and ours too, and Jesus knew them also, which made Him at all times "the man of sorrows." He who so well knew the joy in the path of obedience to the precious "word of God," and knowing their loss in the path of disobedience and the terrible judgment that was laid up for them and all such, He could and did cry over them with real tears of sorrow, but no one understood those tears or regarded them like the One who was looking down upon Him from above.

Yes, God takes care of, and carefully treasures up all those tears that are shed for Him. This blessed promised One was standing in the midst of those to whom He was promised; they saw His person, they heard His words, they partook of the food He gave them, they had their sick cured, all their diseases healed, their dead raised to life by Him, and after all they were so blinded by reason of sin and listening to that old serpent the devil that they did not observe that that One, who thus was acting in their midst, was

the One whom they were professedly looking out for.

Oh, beware of sin, and flee from it in all its horrid forms.

These people were very religious in their way. They attended to their synagogues and temple, their prayers and sacrifices, their washing of the hands before meals and other outward things; but their hearts were not washed, they were far away from God. It was this that made Jesus weep such sorrowful tears. It was this that wounded His precious loving heart as He walked alone, though always delighting in His Father's will.

It was this that made Him haste on His way; many pleasant things there were and a few loving hearts round about, one here, and another there, yet He would not be detained by them.

Honey is sweet, but there was something before Him that was sweeter; although to get possession of it, He would be pierced through and through.

Yes, dear children, He came from God and was going back to God. His path was upward, homeward, heavenward; His precious eye that was never blinded by sin and Satan looking steadfastly into the glory of His Father.

And although there was darkness, terrible darkness, that He presently would pass through, His eye and His heart were fixed upon God in the midst of the glory.

Your affectionate

UNCLE CHARLEY.

To be continued (D.V.)

NOTICE.

It is hoped, that during this year 1882, if the Lord will, the sphere of "My Little Friend" may be yet further increased, and in order to help those who distribute largely in Sunday Schools, Children's Services and otherwise, the Publisher will be happy to quote special terms on application. A few parcels of back numbers may still be had, price, 2s. 6d. per 100, carriage paid to any address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Since our last issue, communications have been received with thanks from R. H. W., F.O., C.G., G.M., C. J. L., W. C., M. G., and L. C., which papers will appear in due course.

Those of our Correspondents whose articles have been printed in our pages during the past year, and who have not yet received their presentation copy of "My Little Friend," will oblige us by forwarding their addresses, that we may post the Volumes waiting to be claimed.—[ED.]

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

This is the seventh time I have had the pleasure of wishing the readers of "My Little Friend" A HAPPY NEW YEAR. And I am sometimes reminded how the years are speeding on when I meet some tall young men and women who were readers and writers in our first volume—little boys and girls then. I was one Sunday accosted by a young man who asked me if I would go with him to a district where he usually spent the Sunday evenings preaching to poor people about the Lord Jesus. Being engaged, I could not go, but I wished him God speed in his labour of love. That young man was among our prize-takers in an early volume. I remembered that, with great thankfulness of heart to God for a youthful labourer in His vineyard. On the other hand, I am grieved to see that some of our early readers, now *they* have got up into young manhood, have forgotten, apparently, their early guides and teaching and have gone into the world. I mean by that, they have chosen to follow their own ways and the counsels of others, and try to satisfy their wants by every little scrap of pleasure that is presented to them. But I trust that if the things of this life have the upper hand for the present, the Lord will soon shew them the folly and emptiness of all that the natural eye and heart are pleased with. I mention this as a word of exhortation to those who will soon be growing too old for our columns. But I must turn to the sunny side again.

I was much interested in a touching story I read the other night about a little drummer-boy who knew the Lord. He always knelt down to prayer before going to bed, and as he slept in the same room with the rest of the band, no little courage was necessary; but it says in the word of God, "Add to your virtue, *courage*." Well, the soldiers tried to prevent him, but he kept on, like Daniel of old, as was his wont. The men used to throw their boots at him, and to be more undisturbed he would kneel down behind the big drum; but still the boots were thrown. And how do you think he

conquered? He would rise before they were awake, and place the boots in their place. These had been thrown so often that he knew to whom they belonged. In the end, the youthful overcomer had the victory. One soldier who had often assaulted the lad, said, in speaking about him to another, "After all, we love that lad, and I do believe that if a whole regiment were against him the band would fight for him against all odds; for somehow his prayers and singing go right deep down where a sword could not reach." That was a beautiful testimony to the quiet and steady following of the Lord.

Boys and girls, in whatever station you may be placed, be real. People are quick enough to discern what is really of God in the life, and what is *religiousness only*; and whenever you are called to live among strangers don't be afraid of shewing you love the Lord Jesus; but remember a great deal depends upon *the way* this is shewn. Sometimes *the manner* of a Christian speaks louder than words, and that manner says, "I am a great deal better than you are." I need not say to *my* readers how very displeasing this would be to the Lord as well as to those around you. Remember, we are followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; and again, a meek and quiet spirit is of great price.

I fear I am taking up every bit of my corner this time. But it is New Year's Day, and I am privileged to have all the space to have a quiet chat with you. Well, again with my unfeigned and hearty love to you all, and much joy and blessing in the forthcoming year, should Jesus tarry,

Believe me,
Your loving friend,

DOT.

Still on Sale, price 1d.

"MY LITTLE FRIEND" ALMANAC, FOR 1882,

A SHEET FOR THE WALL WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Contents—Our life is as a tale—A Shining Light—For the blank leaf of my Hymn Book—Mistress Chickabiddy—A Good Start—A Funny Hiding-place—Going Home—Helping Brother—The Traitors' Gate—A Winter Scene—Dot's Corner—A New Year's Wish—Postal Information.

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A FRIEND has kindly sent us a photograph of these two little companions, and as we were pleased with it ourselves, we had it engraved, in the hope that our readers might be also pleased with it. I might tell you as a great secret, that the writer of the lines is Laura's papa, who afterwards sent the second prize.

TWO friends are we, who well agree,
And play together by the sea.
We never quarrel, no, not we,
But friends for ever hope to be.

WE are little pupils two,
And our lessons daily do—
Reading, writing, spelling, sums;
And when happy playtime comes,
We together always play,
Till "good-night" it's time to say.

R. H. W.

Little Charlie.

FIRST saw little Charlie at the Sunday school, he was then a pale-faced boy of about eight years old; he walked on crutches. There was something wrong with his hip which caused one leg to be shorter than the other; sometimes his kind elder brother would carry him into school. I noticed how clearly and loudly he sang the hymns, and how attentive he looked when his teacher spoke to him; but there came a day when poor little Charlie was too ill to come to school, he was obliged to lie in bed and every day he grew thinner; he was very happy, always ready to be read to and to hear about Jesus. I left the place for some months and wrote to him during my absence; when I returned he shewed me my letters and some cards I had sent him, treasured up carefully in a little box. His kind mother had placed his bed near the window, so that it might be more cheerful for him when she was obliged to be out of his room attending to her household duties; he was very fond of his mother, and always wanted *her* to dress his leg, which by this time had become very painful.

He knew he could not get well, and used to talk about being in heaven with Jesus, and soon the Lord took him to be with Himself.

One morning when I called to see how he was, his little sister told me amid her sobbing and tears, that his little tired body was at rest.

Dear young friends, are you, like little Charlie, happy in the love of the Lord? Oh, seek Him now. He may come very soon to fetch us to be with Himself for ever, then may He find you ready and waiting for Him.

THE WORD SATISFIED.

A DEAR little girl named Ethel, 11 years of age, when her mother gives her children on Sunday a word that they may find in the Bible and then have a little talk with them on the subject connected with it, always turns to one favourite part—the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. The word last given was "satisfied," and so she was not long in finding it. What a graphic description we have in that section (commencing chap. lii. 13) of Him who, as Peter says in his first Epistle, referring to and quoting from it, "bare our sins in his own body on the tree," or, as in the margin, "carried up . . . to the tree;" (Revised Version) and of whom Paul, towards the close of his Epistle to the Hebrews says; "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." That was the joy of accomplishing the work of salvation. Isaiah said, He should "see of the travail of his soul, and be SATISFIED."

As travail means very great sufferings, the prophet's words signify that He should see the *fruit* of His sufferings, and be satisfied; that sinners would look unto Him as the bearer of their sins, and in the end enjoy eternal blessedness with Him; and this would be His reward.

Is there any young reader of "My Little Friend" who has not yet given Jesus satisfaction by coming to Him, in order to be a sharer of His joy, of His most precious peace? If there be such a one, why delay any longer? When He says "Come," do not reason with *yourself* whether you will come or not, but with the Lord; remember what he says, "Let us reason together." (Isa. i. 18.) Remember also the solemn warning, "How shall we escape, if we NEGLECT (or *make light of*, as in Matt. xxii. 5), SO GREAT SALVATION?" Heb. ii. 3.

R. H. W.

Thoughts on a Stormy Night.

OH how I love when the storm is high,
And darker grows the threatening sky,
And louder far the wild wind blows,
While fiercer still the tempest grows,
To turn my footsteps home.
To haste to that abode of bliss,
Where baby waits his evening kiss,
Where loving hands have spread the board
And pleasant sounds the soothing word
That bids me welcome home.

W. B.

THE HYMNS WE LEARN WHEN YOUNG.

A SCOTCH soldier had wandered to
New Orleans in America, and there
he was attacked by yellow fever,
and lay in the hospital in a dying
state. A Christian who heard of him paid
him a visit, but the soldier rudely answered
the visitor and refused to hear anything he
had to say.

The good man, however, did not like to let
the soldier die without telling him of salvation
in the name of Jesus. So he went again the
next day, hoping to find him in a better state
of mind. But no, he turned his face to the
wall and would not hear anything.

At last the christian man thought of a hymn
that used to be very common in Scotland, and
he began to hum it to the tune "Dundee."
It was—

"O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?"

The soldier as he heard this, gradually turned
round, and said

"Wha learned you that?"

"My mother taught it me," said the Chris-
tian.

"And so did mine," said the soldier.

At once he was softened, and ready to hear
the gospel. The key that opened this man's
heart was the hymn his mother had taught
him when a boy.

Every one, you see, has a heart if we only
know how to get at it, however much it may
be covered up by a rough exterior—as in the
case of this soldier, used as he was to life in
the camp or barracks, and perhaps so ac-
customed to see sinfulness of every kind all
round, and to take part in it himself, that

the very thought of the gospel brought to his
bedside by the unknown friend was painful
to him.

Satan, no doubt, thought he had him safely
in his grasp; but love won the soldier's
heart, love found an entrance although so
securely defended. It was the love of God
shining through the heart of the christian
man that gained the day.

THE OCEAN.

I STOOD on the shore of the boundless sea,
Which then was as still as it well could be,
For the wind was hush'd to a gentle sigh,
Which I scarcely heard as it pass'd me by.

But alas! oh, alas! the winds arose,
And fought with the sea like angry foes,
And waves that had gently wash'd the shore
Were rushing along with deafening roar.

But I knew that beneath the swelling breast,
Below the waves that cannot rest,
Unchanged by storms that never cease
Lay one eternal blissful peace.

The Young Stowaway.

I AST November the good ship "Cyprian"
left port for her outward voyage.
She had not proceeded far before
she encountered severe weather. The
most appalling storm overtook her, and drove
her on the rocks some distance from the
beach. It was soon discovered that there was
no hope of saving the vessel, and that ere long
she must founder. The ship was well pro-
vided with sufficient life-belts for every man.
The boats had been lowered, but the waves
dashed them against the sides of the ship and
rendered them useless. The captain, a cool
and brave man, saw that everything was done
that could be done in order to save the lives
of his men; and when there was no longer
safety in remaining, he saw that all his men
were equipped in their belts and then bade
them jump into the sea, as it was no great
distance from land, and he had little fear but
they would reach it in safety. They did so.
He was the last to leave the ship, and already
had his belt around him, and stood by the
gangway, a moment before taking the leap.
Just then, a boy came along and stood by the
captain's side; knowing he was not of the
ship's crew, the captain inquired whence he
came and who he was.

The boy told him that while the vessel lay in port he got on board and hid himself unknown to any one, hoping by this means to get to a foreign land. This kind of conduct generally meets with severe punishment, or the stowaway is put ashore the first port they touch at. But now death was staring them in the face; and the captain was a kind hearted man.

"Can you swim," he inquired of the boy.

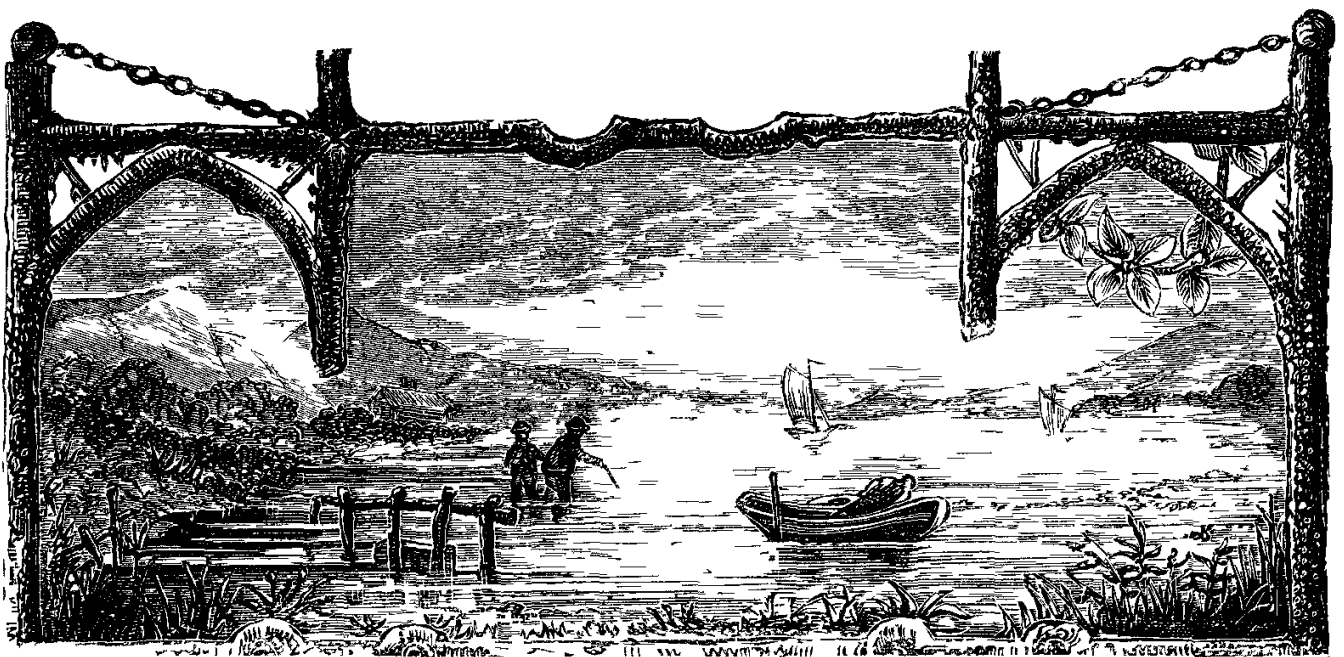
"No, Sir, I cannot."

"Well my lad, you did very wrong in coming aboard and hiding yourself. But see, the ship will soon go down, all the men are gone—and the boats are broken, and there is but this one life-belt left." Taking it from his body, he quietly put it on the boy and said, "here, my lad, it is your only chance. I can swim, and I don't fear being able to reach land all right. Quick now, jump." The boy turned pale and hesitated, but the captain, knowing no time was to be lost, saw that the belt was secure, threw the boy over into the sea, and then jumped himself. This was self sacrifice, especially as the boy had no claim upon him as one of the crew—and a harder-hearted man might have said he deserved being left behind. Surely this was heroism of the noblest and purest kind as the results shewed, for the boy reached the rocks

in safety, where he was dragged out of the sea by men who had witnessed the wreck. But the saddest part of the tale remains to be told. Notwithstanding the captain was a swimmer, the waves beat so violently, that he struggled in vain and was drowned. No doubt had he not parted with his belt he too would have reached the rocks in safety; but pity, a loving pity surely for the poor helpless lad, led him to part with it, and so in saving the boy's life he gave up his own. Will not that lad, as long as life lasts, remember that captain's love, his dying love? Surely he cannot help doing so.

We are reminded—and may God in His grace bring it to the boy's heart if he is a stranger to the truth of the love of Jesus, who to save us gave Himself. It is a short sentence, but how full the heart is with loving and grateful thanks as it calls to mind the precious words:

"HE LOVED ME,
AND
GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."





“YOU PAID FOR THEM, SIR.”

I HAVE a story to tell the readers of “My Little Friend,” one I think they will be as much interested in as I was, when a friend who loves to speak of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, told it to me.

One day this gentleman, whom we will call Mr. F. (you would not know him if I told you his real name), went into the country. It was a lovely day, the sun shone brightly, the birds sung in the trees, primroses and violets grew along the mossy banks, and Mr. F. walked on feeling very happy and thankful, as he said some sweet Bible words over and over: “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.” Psalm xxiii. 1.

Just then a boy carrying an old rusty bird-cage came down the lane. Even before he got near enough for Mr. F., to see what was in the cage, he heard such piteous chirps, not at all like the song of the free birds around. As the boy drew nearer, Mr. F. saw about half a dozen poor little sparrows all trying so hard to get out of the cage, but in vain.

They flew round and round, and beat their heads against the wires, but the door of the cage was tied with a strong string, and there was no way of escape for the tiny prisoners.

Mr. F. put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, “My boy, whose birds are those?”

The boy looked at Mr. F. for a moment, then answered, “Mine, sir.”

“Yours are they, how did you get them?”

“Caught them in a snare in the wood.”

“And what are you going to do with them now?”

“Give them to our cat.”

“Poor little things, I should like to buy them. How much will you sell them for?”

“Sixpence, sir.”

Without another word Mr. F. took a bright new sixpence out of his pocket and put it into the boy's hand. He looked as if he could not quite understand why a gentleman should give a silver sixpence for a few little birds, but he only said, “Thank you, sir. Going to the station, are you? I'll carry the cage up for you.”

But Mr. F. did not want the cage taken to the station; cutting the string that fastened the

door with his pocket knife, he put his hand into the cage and took out a bird, smoothed its feathers, then let it fly; another, then another, till in less time than it takes me to write it, the cage was empty.

The boy looked on, he could not make it out; to buy the birds only to set them free, he would not have done so he was sure. At last he said, "Oh sir, you have let them all go."

"Yes, they are all gone; why did you not stop me if you thought I was doing wrong? You said they were your birds when I first met you."

"So they were, sir, till—till you paid for them."

"So that makes all the difference. I bought them, then they were mine, and I could do what I thought best with them, is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. F. and the boy stood talking a long time after the birds were set free, for Mr. F. had a very sweet and wonderful story to tell—the story of the life of the Lord Jesus who gave His own life, His own precious blood, because there was nothing else great or good enough to set poor captives of Satan free. Gave it that He might save the small boys and girls, just as much as the grown up men and women.

And those who have really come to Jesus and trusted Him as their own Saviour do not belong to themselves at all. Are they sorry? Oh no, very glad; for they serve such a good kind Master the Lord Jesus Christ. He makes them so happy in trying to serve and please Him here, and His own word tells them that when their work on earth is done, He will send for them, or perhaps fetch them Himself to live in His own beautiful Home, where they will serve Him better and be with Him for ever.

Dear little reader, is the Lord Jesus your own precious Saviour?

"SAVE MY FATHER."



BOY about eleven,
Residing in a court,
Had learn'd the way to heaven,
As in the Bible taught,
That by the blood of Jesus
Our sins are wash'd away;

And found, too, that He sees us,
And guards us night and day.

His father, fond of pleasure,
And fond of drinking, too,
Cared nothing for the treasure
Which little Robert knew.
When he had done his labours,
Cared not for homely joys,
But oft disturbed his neighbours
By midnight cries and noise.

One night, when sleepless lying,
When all was calm and still,
I heard young Robert crying,
"Oh help! my father's ill."
And sorrowful and weeping,
There stood the loving wife,
To see her husband reaping
The fruits of reckless life.

And Robert, very fearful,
His father's danger felt,
And sorrowful and tearful,
He in the passage knelt;
And so continued crying,
In agony and pain,
"O Jesus, father's dying,
"But raise him up again.

"Forgive his bad behaviour
"Oh, please to let him live,
"Do hear me, gracious Saviour,
And health my father give;
"My naughty father's dying,
"Oh raise him up once more,"
Poor Robert still kept crying,
While kneeling on the floor.

And God, who lives in glory,
And loves to give relief,
Had heard the simple story
Of little Robert's grief;
God saw his tears of sorrow,
And understood his pain,
And so, upon the morrow,
His father raised again.

For though so high and holy,
And dwelling in the light,
Yet with the poor and lowly
God findeth His delight.
Though angels bow before Him,
And worship Him up there,
And heavenly hosts adore Him
And all His praise declare.
And whilst the earth He's filling,
With life, and light, and joy,
Yet Robert found Him willing
To help a little boy!



Shadowy Days in France.

No. I.



IN the early part of the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. sat upon the throne of England, and the Pope made his power felt all over Europe, France was in a most unhappy state. We who live in these happy peaceful days have no idea what the people had to endure in those dark days of popery, when all the powers of darkness seemed loosed to persecute the people of God, until they were ready to cry out with a loud voice, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

It would be useless for us to read these stories if we did not learn some lesson from them, and I think we shall find from this story that God is above everything, and His power above all earthly power.

Martin Luther, who was born in Germany in the year 1483, was the man who first resisted the Pope's power. His influence soon spread to France.

The Reformation in France began in the city of Meaux, through the preaching of a very wise man named Jacques Lefèvre. He told the people it was of no use for them to give money to the church, for that would not save their souls, but they must give their hearts to God. Do any of you little friends remember a verse where God tells us to give Him our hearts?

The Bible was first printed in France in 1535, and several other books; but as soon as these men began to preach, the French king Francis I. at once gave orders to persecute the heretics, as he called them. All those who were suspected of holding the reformed views were arrested, and many were burnt at the stake rather than give up what was dearer to them than life.

Francis I. was so bitter against the reformers that he declared if one of his own children were so to defile himself by such heresy, he would sacrifice him to God. Is it not sad and strange to see how hard and unnatural even a father's heart will become when Satan hardens the heart against God? One of the victims was Nicholas Valetin;

thinking to increase his punishment, the wood which was to burn him was to be taken from his own house. The hearts of these men seem to have been as hard as king Pharaoh's when he so cruelly used the children of Israel. But the Lord's arm, which delivered the Israelites, is still strong and mighty to save.

L. C.

THE FIRST GARDEN AND PROMISE.

(Continued.)

AND now, dear children, we see another garden, and One, even the promised One, in it. Not like the first garden, which was so filled with light and beauty—where everything seemed clothed with a smile, and each creature added to the other's happiness and delight. Oh no; such a contrast! Night was there in this second garden, and such a night as never had been before, and never will be again.

And who was there and felt the darkness so much—yes, so much, and in such a way, that no one else could feel it? It was, dear children, the promised One, that seed of the woman that was about to bruise the serpent's head. That One, dear children, of whom God spake to Eve in the first garden, when she and her husband were unhappy by reason of the sin they had committed against God.

She thought her first-born son was the one—"that wicked Cain who slew his brother Abel." But no, dear children, God looked onward for the time to send the promised One, and in this second garden He was seen,—seen, perhaps, stretched upon the earth in the cold, lonely night in prayer, and in such a way as to bring that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, through His holy body.

Yes, dear children, there He was thinking of the punishment which you and I deserved, and that which awaited us, if He stepped aside from that path of suffering.

He knew God had said to children, "Honour thy father and thy mother," as also, "Thou shalt not steal." And when the children dishonoured their parents, or when they stole anything from another, it was against God they did it. It was God they set aside. It was God's word they despised and set at nought. And that blessed One saw and heard this disobedience continually.

He knew that God was holy and righteous, and could not pass by sin and allow it to go unpunished; and for it to be punished as it deserved, it must be dealt with according to the holiness of God, which demanded upon whomsoever it was found, they should be put out of His sight.

Yes, dear children, Jesus (that promised One, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me") knew full well what they deserved, and when He was in that garden of Gethsemane He looked at the punishment of God against sin full in the face, and cried with a bitter cry to His God and Father, that if it were possible He might be spared from drinking that bitter cup of the wrath of God against sin, yours and mine.

But, dear children, there was no escape for Jesus; He was the only One that was holy, therefore able to satisfy God in bearing the punishment of sin in drinking that cup.

Your affectionate friend, UNCLE CHARLEY.

To be continued (D.V.)

DOR'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

How rapidly the months seem to fly past, as time after time the day comes round for me to be in my corner once more! I am seldom allowed to forget it though, for the postman, true to his duty, fails not to drop into my letter-box the letters sent by you all from various parts of the country. Even this month, when I did not expect to hear from you, some have written. One young reader sends a paper because she says that soon she will be over twelve years of age, and so too old to be able longer to subscribe to our corner. Another little girl writes to remind me that I have given no subject to be written upon, and she naturally asks the question, "Are we not to do anything this month?" So now I want to tell her and my other little friends that I thought I would give you all a rest, or a holiday, and instead of you writing to me, I would write to you for a few months.

It is very pleasant to receive a letter; this is proved by the scramble that so often takes place between young ones, each trying to get first to the door when there is a hope that it may be for one of them.

A few days ago I was passing the General Post-Office in London just before six o'clock in the evening, and I could not help stopping a few minutes to see the hurry and bustle of so many people, all anxious to get letters inside the box before the clock struck six.

To those of my readers who have never been to London, I may say that the place for posting at the Chief Office is very different to the pillar-boxes at which, perhaps, they drop in their letters when sending to me; for the letters are brought so rapidly and in such large quantities that a very large hole is provided about six feet long, and no matter how many, or how large the sackful may be, there is room for them all. I am told by those who have been inside the building at the busiest time of the evening, that the enormous quantity of letters forms almost a mountain on the long sorting-tables. It set me thinking, as I looked on, till at last the clock struck six, and bang! went the covering of the great hole, and immediately a notice was fastened up over the letter-box about *late letters*. A few other people came running up to post their letters, only to find they were too late without extra payment.

Well, now, I thought, if I could only collect all the readers of "My Little Friend" into one place, they would form such a crowd, just like the heap of letters in the Post-Office; yet each one would probably have a different name, just like the letters, and as a sorting-time comes for the letters, so, I believe, a sorting-time will come for my little friends. I wonder if you know what I mean, if not, you must ask your father or mother to explain it more fully. I know on which side I shall be when Jesus gathers His own around Him, and I want you all to be there too, for though I have not seen many of your faces down here yet I love you all for Jesus' sake, and should like to see you by-and-by in heaven.

But I must now leave my corner till next month, when I shall hope to write you another letter. Till then I shall pray for the best of blessings to rest upon each one of you, and let me ask you to remember me when you kneel down to speak to God.

Your affectionate friend, DOR.

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Jack's Return^s

JACK'S RETURN.

AT last the day came, in spite of all disappointments and delays. The postman had brought several letters, first with the news of Jack's early return home, and then another to say the day was postponed, and so day by day slipped by till Jack's dear mother was afraid to hope to see her son, lest she should be again disappointed.

But one day, while they were all sitting round the table, a step was heard, a low knock at the door, and before anyone could answer, Jack himself sprang in, threw down his bundle tied at the end of a thick stick, and a moment more he was in his mother's arms.

Polly and little May came forward also to have a kiss, but they are both a little shy in the presence of such a big brother, whom they can hardly remember except by name. However, they are very quickly the best of friends.

God has preserved him from all dangers while on the ocean, in answer to his mother's prayers, and here he is at home once more.

THE CITY ARABS.

TWO little street arabs were wending their way
Thro' the great city's streets, on a warm sunny day,

Looking first along this way, and then along that,
To see if perchance they could pick up a scrap.
These poor little fellows had no pretty toys,
No parents to love them, like most little boys,
No bed nice and warm to get into had they,
But wandered about till the close of the day;
And then they crept into a cask or a box,
Or into a hole like a sly little fox.

And instead of nice bread with plenty of butter,
They lived on the scraps that they found in the gutter.

Well; a peach was thrown out of a fruiterer's shop,
And they eagerly watched to see where it would drop.

Of course, in some places the peach was gone bad,
But this did not trouble at all either lad.
The biggest boy picked it up out of the dirt,
And wiped it quite clean—with the sleeve of his shirt;

Not thinking that any one else was in sight,
He told little Billy to take the first bite,
Very close Billy stood to the bigger boy's side
While he told him to open his mouth very wide.
And when he had bitten, "*bite bigger,*" he cried!

Now my dear little friends—it made me so glad,
To see such unselfishness shewn by that lad,
And, thought I to myself, here's a lesson for me
To teach me more kind and unselfish to be;
And I could not help thinking of many a lad
Whose parents are oftentimes made very sad,
When children are selfish, unkind to their brothers,
Unwilling to share what they have with the others;
And I pray the dear Lord just to teach us His mind,
That like Him we may all be more gentle and kind.

C. G. E.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

A BOY about eight years of age frequently passes my window. He is a sad cripple. Being paralysed in his legs he has to walk on crutches. I was observing him one day crossing the road, when by some means he broke one of his crutches. He sat down on a kerb-stone with a look of dismay on his face, not knowing what to do. But help was at hand sooner than he expected: his brother, two years younger than himself, saw his condition and hastened to his help. The boy quickly made up his mind as to how the difficulty was to be overcome, and after a few minutes' conversation he set to work. Stooping down, he took his brother on his back, and, being a sturdy little fellow, felt confidence in his strength. For a minute or so he staggered under his burden, but he seemed to gather all his strength for the purpose, and accomplished it. I thought it a noble act of the young hero as he crossed the road towards home, carrying his brother, crutches and all, upon his back, and I thought to myself that that was a real act of BROTHERLY LOVE. My mind instinctively turned to the text, "A friend loveth at all times, but a brother is born for adversity;" and yet again to another, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Trust in Him.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
Yes, in thy youthful days,
Oh trust the blessed Saviour's blood,
And walk in His blest ways.
Before the heart is harden'd
With sins and worldly care,
My little reader trust in Christ,
You will find safety there.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

19

The Saviour's paths are pleasantness,
 And all His ways are peace,
 Oh, trust the Saviour's precious blood,
 And you'll find rest and ease.
 The Saviour died for sinners,
 Oh, God's word do not doubt,
 The Saviour says who come to Him
 He will not cast them out.
 When He was Man of sorrows
 Upon this earth of woe,
 He used to bless dear children,
 For He did love them so ;
 He took them in His arms,
 Would them His blessing give,
 I say again, oh trust Him now,
 Believe in Christ and live.
 No doubt some readers older
 And grown up unto youth,
 Forget now all about the Lord
 And His blest word of truth.
 You know you are a sinner
 Unfit to dwell with God,
 Oh, trust the Saviour for your all,
 And tread the heavenly road.
 And still by chance there may be one
 Who's yet in manhood's bloom,
 Careless about his precious soul,
 Mix'd up with earthly gloom.
 The Saviour's invitation is,
 Oh, come to Me and rest,
 Oh trust the Saviour's precious blood,
 And be for ever blest.

W.C.

THAT'S JESUS, MAMMA!

“MAY Lottie go to Sunday-school ?
 I would gladly call for her and
 see her home every Lord's day,
 if you do not object.” And
 the speaker, Miss B., looked into the fair
 young face of Lottie's mamma with a gleam of
 mingled love and entreaty that told very
 plainly what a real sorrow a refusal would be.
 Knowing and loving Christ, she had found it
 very happy work for Him to gather a class of
 little girls round her week by week, and tell
 them in simple words

“The old, old story,
 Of Jesus and His love.”

“Lottie is so young, only four years old
 last month, too young to understand, I should
 think,” was the not very encouraging answer.

“Not too young to understand, for the
 Holy Spirit can teach even a very little child,
 that the Lord Jesus loves and died to save even
 a little one like her,” was Miss B.'s answer.

So Lottie's mamma yielded, only saying,
 “Well, I know I can trust her with you, so if
 you do not mind the trouble, I shall be quite
 happy in letting her go.”

Lottie Elmer was an only child—the light
 and joy of her parents' hearts and home.
 Brightly coloured picture books, beautiful
 toys, a canary in a gilded cage, all told of
 their love and care for their darling Lottie ;
 but they were themselves strangers to the
 Lord Jesus, so they could not lead her to
 Him—the Friend of sinners, the Saviour of
 little children.

Miss B. did not forget the promise to call
 for Lottie, and the Sunday following the con-
 versation at the beginning of my story, the
 little girl became a Sunday scholar. Her
 school-time was very short—only *four* Sunday
 afternoons. She learnt one text, only one—
 “The Son of man is come to seek and to save
 that which was lost.” (Luke xix. 20.) But why
 did Lottie go so short a time ? I can almost
 hear some of my little readers asking, Did not
 she like going, or did she get tired so soon ?

You have not guessed the right reason, so I
 will tell you. Before the fifth Sunday came
 Lottie was very, very ill. Her mamma sent
 for the doctor, but he looked grave and shook
 his head, almost as soon as he saw the little
 sufferer.

Lottie's was a very short illness—only
 three days and nights—during which the
 kind doctor came and went, while her papa
 and mamma watched the precious little one they
 were so soon to lose ; anxious, sad days for
 them, not for Lottie, for though sometimes in
 great pain, every now and then she would smile
 into the dear faces bending over her, and
 whisper, “‘The Son of man [that's Jesus,
 mamma, the Lord Jesus, you know] came to
 seek and to save that which was lost ;’ that's
me, your little Lottie. Jesus does love me.”

And so speaking, in lisping words, of the
 Saviour who had loved and given Himself for
 her, darling Lottie fell asleep.

Another tiny grave where loving hands still
 plant spring flowers ; the spirit of another
 little one safe and happy in the presence of
 Him who said when on earth, “Suffer the
 little children to come unto me, and forbid
 them not, for of such is the kingdom of
 God.” (Mark x. 14.)

C. J. L.



SAVED FROM DEATH.

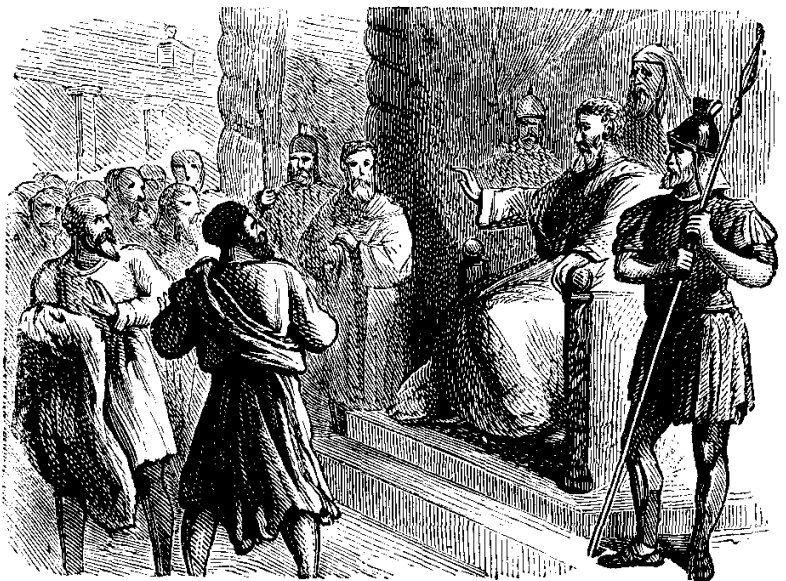
A LITTLE girl was one day playing in a pretty garden, picking the fruit and flowers, and merrily enjoying the moments as they flew. All at once she ran away from her companions, and, hurrying along, was soon in a position of great danger. The garden was at the top of a cliff, at whose foot the deep sea lay, and in one part of the garden there was neither wall, hedge, nor railing at the side that was nearest to the cliff. The child ran on, not knowing what was before her, and reaching the edge of the terrible spot, would have been dashed over on the rocks below, and killed, had not one of her friends pursued her and grasped her firmly with one hand. By the mercy of God her life was thus saved, but the scene was never forgotten.

Dear young reader, every week, every day is gliding rapidly away. Time is flying, and every hour you are growing older. You are going on, on, on; let me ask you WHITHER? Are you rushing on, without seeking to know where your steps may lead you? Let me tell you that you are going either to HEAVEN or to HELL. Your sinful thoughts and words are more in number than the stars in the sky; and unless you have already come to Jesus, and received the pardon of your sins, you are in awful danger. "But, if it be so, how

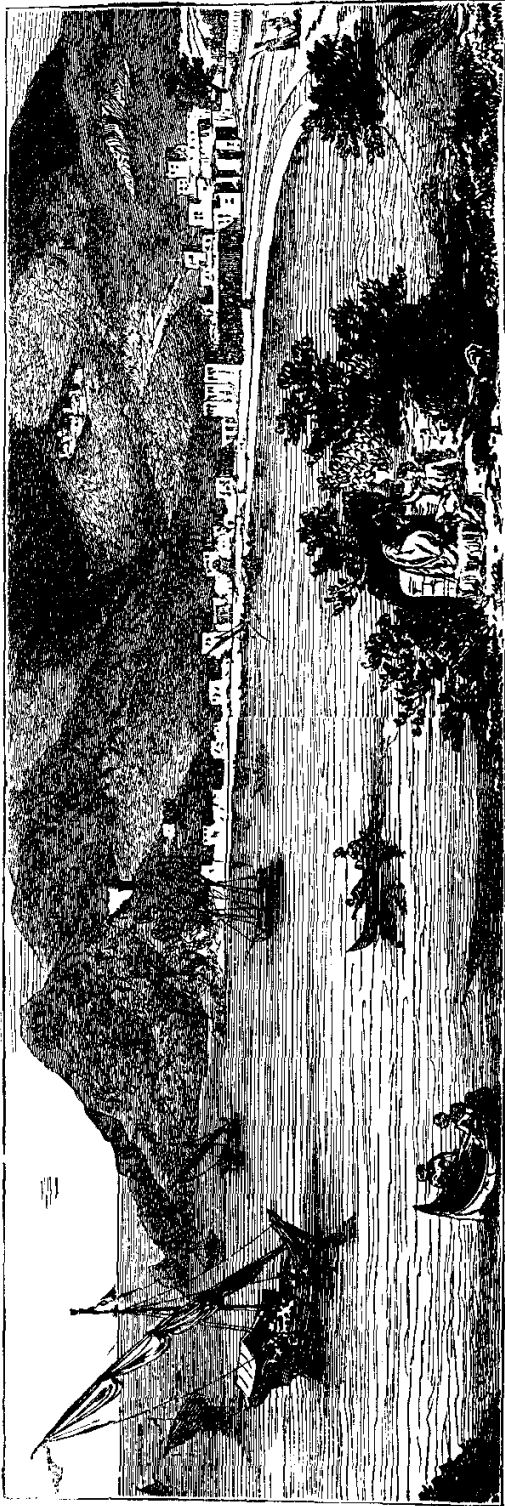
can I get rid of sin?" you may ask; "for I have heard that God will never admit sinners into heaven." Sin can be GOT RID OF only through Jesus. God, full of tender love and pity for lost, PERISHING souls, sent His Son Jesus to die on the cross. Listen now to His words—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;" and now every one who believes in Him IS SAVED. This is a simple, but a most blessed truth.

A Very Wise King.

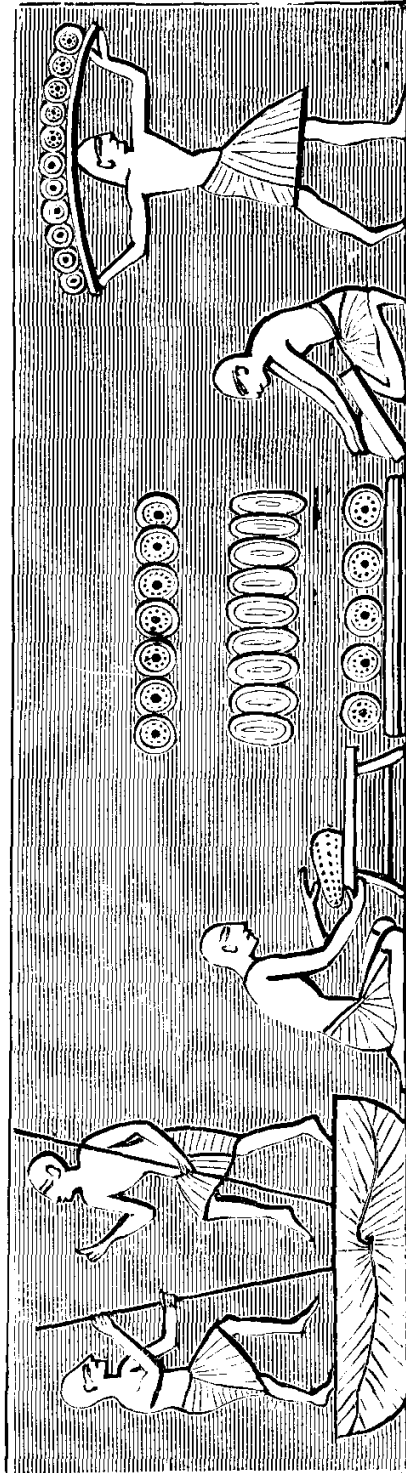
OF all the many kings that have lived in the past, there was one that outshone all the others for his great wisdom in the way in which he governed his people. This was not because he was clever, or studied so much in order to be wise, but from a very different reason. God asked him what he would like to have as a gift, and he, after considering the matter, did not ask for great age, or for riches, but he wished to have wisdom to rule his people well. God was so pleased with the king's choice that He not only gave him wisdom, but riches and a long life as well. This king's name was Solomon, and it was soon discovered how wise he was in all matters that related to his kingdom, and his fame spread abroad so much that people came from all parts to hear the wisdom of king Solomon.



THE WISEST KING.



The Isle of Palmos.



Egyptian Bakers at Work.

Egyptian Bakers at Work.

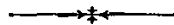
THE first step towards making bread will of course be to grind the corn ; this, however, is not shewn in our picture, but throughout the East it was commonly done by means of the hand-mill. A very primitive mill it is, consisting merely of two flat stones about six inches thick ; the upper, being the one turned round, is smaller, and the lower one is fixed to the ground.

Although grinding corn in this way is hard work, yet it is left to the women to do, and they have to rise early in the morning to grind sufficient for the day's use. When the flour is ready, the kneading trough is next required, and here you will see two men busily engaged making the dough by kneading it with their feet, after which it is worked into flat loaves or cakes by the hand, on a stool or board.

Some of the loaves, you will notice, are round, and others the shape of a dish. Last of all comes the man to carry them off to the oven or bakehouse.

In scripture, mills and millstones are several times spoken of. In Exodus, for instance, we read that all the firstborn in the land of Egypt should die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, to the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill. The sound of the handmills in early morn, and the singing of the women as they grind, is a sign of peace and prosperity, but if these sounds are not heard, then we may be sure that the village is in trouble of some sort, or perhaps entirely deserted.

Then in Matthew the Lord says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." This refers to a time yet to come, and a sad time it will be too, for when we read of one being thus taken away, it means taken away for judgment. Not the time for which Christians are now looking, when Jesus will come to take them away—that will be a time of joy, at least for all those who are called away, and those who are ready to go when Jesus comes will escape from all the judgments that are yet to come on this earth.



BERTIE'S PRIZE.

FROM school, with merry ringing shout,
Our Bertie bounded in—
"Look, mother, look, I am so glad
This handsome prize to win.

"For early I at school have been,
Each Sunday through the year—
Had marks for lessons, conduct too,
I knew I need not fear.

" 'My Little Friend' the book is called,
'Tis bound in gold and blue ;
There many pretty pictures are,
And stories sweet and true.

"But I've been thinking, mother dear,
Of what my teacher said ;
He looked at me so lovingly,
His hand laid on my head.

" 'Bertie,' he said, 'we're glad to give
The prize you've earn'd so well ;
But list to me a moment, for
I have good news to tell.

" 'I have a Friend who loveth, more
Than earthly friends can love ;
He tells me I shall share His home
Of glory bright above.

" 'My Saviour is the Friend I mean,
His love is full and free ;
He tells me in His blessed word,
A prize He'll give to me.

" 'He bought it me and paid the price,
When His own life He gave,
To make atonement for my sin,
My priceless soul to save.

" 'And gladly from His hand I'll take,
His gift of love to me,
And praise His name and join the song
Of those His death set free.'

"Mother, I know I've trusted now
My teacher's changeless Friend,
The glad new song I've learnt to sing,
Of love that ne'er will end."

C. J. L.

Shadowy Days in France.

No. II.



IN the first days of the Reformation the people were very happy and joyful, rejoicing in the beautiful and simple gospel of Christ. It was just what many had been longing for, and they listened eagerly to the joyful tidings. In these days of Sunday-schools, when every little one is taught to read

the Bible from babyhood, it is almost impossible for us to realise the difficulties the people in the sixteenth century had to contend with. How would you like to have to walk two or three miles to find a Bible, and then have to stand all the time you read it? Why, sometimes you find it too much trouble to walk across the room to fetch one.

In these early days the only Bibles that were to be had were in the churches, chained to the reading desk, and as very few could read it was not so easy to learn about God as it is in these days. How strange it is that we should so soon forget the goodness of the Lord when He gives us so many blessings, and how little we deserve them!

A preacher, named Roussel, did a great deal of good by his gentle but faithful preaching. He did not tell the people that they were wrong and he was right, he knew that would only make them angry, but he told them the simple Bible truths, and they believed. Montmorency, the Governor of Paris, was one of the most violent against the Huguenots; he used to burn so many of their places of meeting that the Catholics called him "Mr. Burnbench." Those of you who have read the History of France will remember Catherine de' Medici, a clever but cruel woman who was a great enemy to the Huguenots. She was an Italian lady, but one of the most cunning women that ever lived. It was to those that she most hated that she pretended to shew the most love.

The Calvinists, who followed the preaching of Calvin, were composed of all classes, from the greatest lords in the kingdom down to the lowest classes of the people.

The Lutherans and Calvinists were afterwards called Protestants, because they protested against the doctrines which the assembly of bishops wished them to accept. All those who refused to go to Mass were to be put in prison by the order of Francis I. When King Henry II. mounted the throne, he began a rigid persecution against the Protestants, but instead of frightening them, it only seemed to increase their numbers, and the king soon found out, to his great anger, that several of the principal noblemen of his court had gone over to the reformed religion. They were not afraid of confessing Christ. L. C.

To Our Dear Old Nurse.

(From the four children whom she nursed.)

NS four you nursed from infancy,
Through pleasure and thro' pain.
And we are always glad to see
Our dear old nurse again.

How often on your knee, in turn,
Untir'd you've taken each,
When we some simple rhyme would learn
You were so pleased to teach.

As we recall those scenes of yore,
Our fancy brings you near,
And in the nursery once more
Your voice we seem to hear.

Dear Ellie, at this season bright,
We wish you with us were,
As holidays make hearts so light,
Our happiness to share.

R. H. W.

Little Helps.

A PICTURE by an eminent artist one day attracted my attention. A little girl with a basket in one hand was trying with the other to reach the knocker high up on a massive door of the house she wished to enter. In vain she stood upon tiptoe and stretched her right arm to its utmost length. She was several inches short of the cruel immovable knocker, while the head that ornamented it seemed to be smiling grimly at the poor child's many attempts to reach it; so that if no one came to her help what could she do? The picture brought to mind a scene of another day: I was passing a door and saw a little girl in the same position. Seeing me notice her difficulty, I suppose she imagined I was passing at the right time to help her.

Would I knock at the door for her? Certainly I would.

And would I please knock three times?

Yes, that I would, as many times as she wished.

Only three times, please.

By which you must understand that that was the signal for people on the third floor.

As she thanked me I passed on, but soon after hearing the door shut, I looked round and observed the child had entered.

He must be a very selfish man who would

not help a child in a difficulty. How eagerly would I help any of your young readers at the door of life! By which I mean, if there are such amongst them (and I feel sure there are) who are in any difficulty, how they might be saved. Would I knock for them? Indeed I would, and certain I am I should only require to *knock once*, and get an instant answer, if knocking were required, because Jesus says, "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." But I can help you better than that, by telling you that since Jesus died and rose again *the door has been opened wide*, and we are invited to enter by Him who says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Do you see, little ones, that it is not a closed door and a knocker out of reach; but so plain and simple is the way of salvation that a child may and does (to my own knowledge) comprehend it. Who could fail to understand such a message as this, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"?

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I have been thinking what a large place the *little ones* have in the heart of God. They may be passed over by us sometimes as of no account, but in the thoughts of God they are precious, and to Him very dear. In reading my Bible, I see this again and again, and it is a sweet encouragement to me to continue writing to you, as old friends grow too old for our corner, and fresh ones take their place. But I am persuaded that a sweet savour will rest with them, for I know full well there is *power* in the name of Jesus, for blessing and comfort to all who own Him as their Saviour and Friend. Again and again in His word does God tell us how He cares for the little ones, and not one who trusts in Him, in any degree, will ever be disappointed. I have an interesting tale for you as an illustration of God's loving care, and the way in which He honours those that trust in the name of Jesus. I can rely upon the truthfulness of the facts, so that there can be no question about it.

* Three little children, aged ten, seven, and four, arrived in St. Louis a few months ago,

having travelled thither all the way from Keihn in Germany, without any escort or protection but their own simplicity and helplessness. Their parents had emigrated the year before from their native place, and settled in Sedalia, Missouri; but before they left, had given them in charge of an aunt, to whom, in due time, they sent a sum of money sufficient to pay the passage and all expenses of the little ones to their new home across the ocean. But here was a difficulty—who was to take charge of them on such a journey? The aunt could not go with them, nor could she afford to pay any one to take charge of them. Of course they only spoke their own language. Their aunt was a Christian; she soon made up her mind what to do—no doubt she had asked guidance of the Lord. Before taking them on board the ship she gave the eldest girl a New Testament, instructing her to shew it to every person who might accost them during their journey, and to be sure to call attention to the first leaf in the book. Upon that leaf the aunt had written the names of the three children, their birth-place and several ages, and a plain statement to the effect that their father and mother in America were anxiously waiting their arrival at Sedalia, in Missouri, followed by the touching and irresistible appeal—their guide, safeguard, and interpreter throughout a journey of over four thousand miles—"Verily I say unto you, forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." What a passport! and what a joyful meeting of parents and children! Nothing but kindness and care had been shewn them all the way. The aunt was not surprised when she heard of their safe arrival. She knew the meaning of those words, "Them that honour me, I will honour;" and having commended her dear little ones to the loving care of God, she rested contented that they would arrive safely. Every one they accosted who loved the name of Jesus gladly answered to the appeal.

May we trust Him more and more in every way.

With kind love to you all,

Affectionately yours, Dot.

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THE STORY OF BARTHOLOMEW MILON.

BARTHOLOMEW was the son of a Frenchman—ashoemaker—who lived in Paris; they used to call him Berthelot, pronounced, as no doubt some of you know, *Beartalo*.

When a lad he was very quick in his movements, as most French boys are, and very fond of play of all sorts; and, being strong and clever, he became a leader among his companions. Whatever was to be done, whether it was harmless amusement or mischief, Berthelot had to be consulted and give his judgment how it was to be carried out; and then he would see that each one had a part to perform, while he overlooked the whole.

Now all this led him to think a great deal too much of himself, so that he not only led the games of his companions, but proud of his own abilities, he would rush into all sorts of dangers, and meddle with quarrels that did not concern him; and thus from a boy he grew up to be a vain and rash young man.

As he grew older he became worse, and was not content with seeking all sorts of worldly amusements—which often led him into sinful company—but he made a mockery of religion and despised godly people.

As no doubt you know, the religion of most of the French people is that called Roman Catholic, and at the time Berthelot lived, the priests were not so strict in their living as it is hoped they are now, so that the common people could see that while they professed to shew other people the way to heaven, some of them were certainly not walking in the right path themselves. And this enabled such young persons as Berthelot to point out the failings of the priests, and then, not caring to inquire whether there was anything better in God's book, the Bible, than what they saw in the priests, they made a mockery of everything that bore the name of religion.

Thus Berthelot lived, caring neither for God nor man. But one day, when full of his fun and braving all danger, he fell, and alas! broke his ribs. But what did he care for broken ribs? he would not have a doctor to set them, but went on as well as he could as they were. But by-and-by he began to

feel the effects of his fall in a way he could not disregard—he began to lose the use of his legs, and parts of his body seemed to die little by little—he was paralysed and a cripple.

What was he to do now? He could no longer lead the amusements of others, and he who was once so strong and active was now compelled to sit still and bewail his affliction. Being handsome before, he was now mortified to see his deformity; and besides this he suffered great pain especially when he was moved. But, though God's hand was thus heavy upon him, his pride was not broken. He would sit in his father's shop near the window watching the passers by, and amused himself by making remarks on what he saw, still treating with contempt the priests, and still loudly scoffing at those he thought to be Christians. Now strange as it may seem, it was this wicked practice that led to a great change in Berthelot; but I must tell you about this next month.

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 flow'ry 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—
Its 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.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

27

His mother heard the sudden scream
 And fearing something wrong,
 She hasten'd on towards the stream
 Which bore her child along.
 She scarcely gave a moment's look,
 Before a plunge she gave;
 And rush'd 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 clasp'd 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 follow'd 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.

A SISTER'S LETTER.

** * The following letter is from the subject of the verses headed "Little Sister Edith" in "My Little Friend," for September to a young brother who lately gave himself to Jesus—both still in their "teens."*

MY dearest T—, I must write at last to tell you what I had not time for on Thursday evening. I received your letter this afternoon. I do not feel at all angry with you for your letter, dear, though, I dare say, I should have done some time ago. I thank God, T—, that I went to C— last Saturday evening, just a week to-morrow. That evening I dedicated my whole life to Jesus. I determined I would be "all for Jesus, Jesus only"—ever—always—all for Him. I had hitherto been a wretched half-and-half creature, not worthy of the name Christian. You don't know how I grieve to think of the time I have wasted. Now I am so anxious to bring my dear little pupils to Him. I often talk to them, and teach them texts and hymns. I need to be in constant prayer, in order to be guided to say the right words to them. I *do* believe in prayer. Do you know, T—, all through the

Mission, and for a long time, I have been praying more especially for you and A—, and I think I did not expect my prayer to be answered; and it *has* been wonderfully answered, as much as I could desire. I am praying now for several people—I dare say, you are too, dear. Be at rest about me—I am trusting, and "The Lord is my keeper." (Ps. cxxi. 5.) He seems to be saying to me, in the words of a well known hymn commencing. "How firm a foundation," &c.—

"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand."

I was "drawn by the unseen hand of eternal love," as some one has so beautifully expressed it, and by the same hand shall be "guarded," and "kept for Jesus Christ" (see 1 Pet. i. 5; Jude 1), "Who gave himself a ransom for me" (1 Tim. ii. 6; Gal. ii. 20); and He has said, with regard to those who believe on Him, "No one shall snatch them out of my hand—no one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand—I and the Father are one." (John x. 28–30.) "*No one*" includes the powers of darkness, as well as human enemies. I have been much struck by the following remarks of some writer on this passage: "Satan attempted to induce Job to forsake his shepherd by severe afflictions: he endeavoured to drive away Peter by the fear of man, and to allure Moses by the riches of Egypt; but he never succeeded in snatching one sheep out of the shepherd's hands,—and he never will."

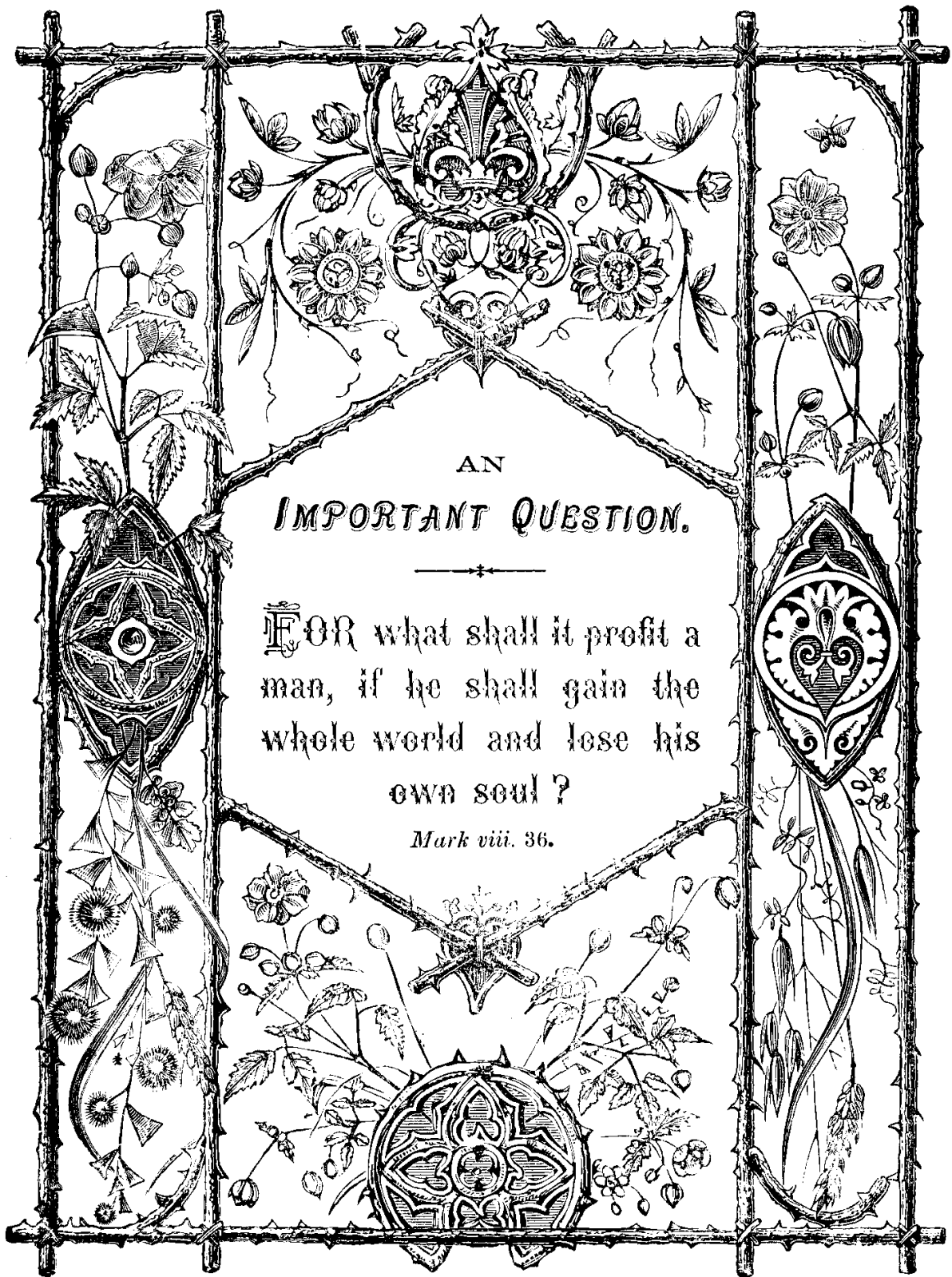
I must send a line to mother, so good-bye.

Your loving sister,

EDIE.

Some Hints on Writing.

IF good writer you would be,
 Hold your pen with fingers free,
 Make your up strokes rather light,
 Down strokes with a pressure slight,
 Mind the nib you *even* place,
 As the letters thus you trace,
 And endeavour all the while
 To improve their form and style:
 If its side you use, you'll then
 Surely spoil your hand and pen.
 Lastly, take not too much ink;
 Now you will do well, I think. R. H. W.





TOASTING.

TOASTING.

WELL, Annie, are you tired of toasting, or is that book so interesting that you cannot help reading a few pages? Any way, I hope it is a good book, there are very many now read by boys and girls that are not worth the reading. I remember an old man once saying that learning was like a sharp sword—if used in a right way, by holding the handle, it is a weapon for defence, but if you handle the blade it will cut you severely.

Education, too, is of great value in enabling us to read the Bible and other good books. But if we read only bad ones, it is like holding the sword by the blade.

Shadowy Days in France.

No. III.



IT was a fine evening in the beginning of April. A man was walking very quickly through one of the old-fashioned streets of a French town. He soon reached his home and, before he had time to knock, the door was thrown open and a little boy and girl flung themselves into his arms, exclaiming as they did so, "Good evening, papa, how late you are to-night; we have been waiting for you so long, where have you been?" Their father kissed them tenderly on both cheeks, but did not answer their questions. They went into the room where supper was prepared, and while they are sitting down we will tell you the names of them all.

Eugène, a merry little fellow, eight years of age, with curly hair and blue eyes, and his sister Louise, a quiet little fair-haired maiden of ten. Then there is Claude, the tall boy of fifteen who sits next to his mother; while on the other side sits Marguerite, 'Little Mother,' as she is often called, although she is only thirteen years old.

"You look tired, Jean," said Madame Clément to her husband.

He raised his head suddenly and then, without appearing to notice her remark, said, "My children, none of you must go out alone unless your mother or I am with you, not even with Jeannette."

Jeanne or Jeannette, as the children called her, was the old servant who had known and nursed them since they were babies.

"Papa, why should we have to remain all day in the house?" asked Louise in a tone of surprise.

"Ask no questions, little one," said the father, fondly stroking her hair; "you will know one day when you are older."

Just then baby Léon, who had been sleeping in his cradle, awoke, and Madame Clément got up from her seat to take him. Soon after, a bell from a church close by warned the children that bedtime was near. Old Jeanne came in, and the family then sang one of the sweet Huguenot hymns, and M. Clément in a short prayer commended them all to the care of the great God who never slumbers nor sleeps. The two little ones then kissed their parents and elder brother and sister, and went with Jeanne to be got ready for bed.

"What could papa mean by saying we must not go out?" said Louise.

"Perhaps it was because we were naughty yesterday and ran away from Jeanne when she took us to the farm," said Eugène.

"No," replied his sister, "I am sure that is not the reason, for papa said, 'You will know when you are older;' there must be *some* reason. We will ask papa again tomorrow, for next week is mamma's birthday, and we must get her some of those pretty flowers we saw yesterday."

They laid their heads on their pillows and were soon fast asleep, little thinking, poor children, what a week would bring forth. Had they known that that dear mother's birthday was to bring them the bitterest grief their young hearts had ever known, their rest would scarcely have been so peaceful as it was that night; but their loving heavenly Father covered them with the shadow of His wings while they enjoyed the dreamless sleep of childhood.

L. C.

THE FIRST GARDEN AND PROMISE.

YES, dear children, there He was, before the face of His God and Father, and before Satan also. Never more hated by him, and never more loved by His God and Father than at this time, when He the promised One was about to enter boldly the conflict with sin and Satan, that

the former might be put away, and the latter might be vanquished for ever.

His poor disciples with Him in the garden, although they had learned in some way who He was by what He had done and said, and though their ears and eyes had been opened by God, but little understood the sufferings He was passing through, or how they were to drink up the sufferings of this guilty world, by putting away the cause of them all.

They who had before seen His glory in the holy Mount, now saw His sorrow in the garden; they who had seen the people throng around Him to be taught, healed and fed, were now about to see a band of cruel and wicked men, led on in their blindness by Satan, come into that garden in the dead of the night when all was quiet around, to take Jesus away and place Him before those who hated Him and thirsted for His blood. There was a leading one among them who had often been in the company of Jesus; one no doubt who had often said, Oh yes, I know that Jesus is the promised One, and who owned Him as the Son of God. But oh, dear children, do not be satisfied with being in the company of Jesus, or believing Him to be the promised One, or the Son of God, but receive Him at once as your own dear and precious Saviour. Let not hearing of Him and speaking of Him take the place of receiving Him. He is God's promised One for you, as much as He was to them. (Read Luke ii. 10-14.) He was, He is, and He ever will be the Saviour Jesus, the tender compassionate One, to gather the little lambs to His bosom, He who had before this wept over the city of Jerusalem, whose inhabitants at this time were mostly in bed and fast asleep.

Many whom He loved had left Him, and gone to their homes, expecting to see Him again as usual on the morrow, they had their parting word, and looked behind to see the last of the One that loved them.

But now, while their thoughts of His preciousness were with them, it may be in dreams of the night, there stepped forward a man with a pretended smile upon his face, and approaching Jesus, said, Hail master, (that is, how are you?) and kissed Him.

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE CHARLEY.

To be Continued, (D. V.)

PRIMROSES.

AWAY to the primrose woods away,
Edith and Katie, Bertie and May;
Now the Spring has come again
After winter frost and rain.

We may seek the pretty flowers
Hiding in the shady bowers.

We will take some home to mother,
Twine a wreath for baby brother;
May can make a primrose ball,
It will gladden Willie Hall—
Sick and lame, a widow's son—
Much too weak in the fields to run.

Since we heard at Sunday-school
Of the Saviour's gentle rule,
We would try by loving deeds
Around to scatter tiny seeds—
Seeds of meekness, love, and truth
Beautify and bless our youth.

God has given us the Spring,
Taught the little birds to sing,
And the primrose woods are fair,
Telling of their Maker's care.
But for us His Son He gave;
Jesus died our souls to save.

C. J. L.

"THE HAPPY BOY."

IT was winter. In one of our great northern towns there was a little boy, who in the midst of the blinding snow and sleet was trying to push his way onward to his home, which was in one of the lowest alleys of that town.

He struggled on, hungry, tired and cold, though he was passing the brilliant lights of the various shops and places of amusement as they lit up the street for a moment, and then all was dark again.

Just as he was crossing the road, there came splashing up a tramcar. The horse of this had been frightened by coming in contact with a boy's hoop, which he had lost amid the snow, and which lay in the track of the car.

There was a shriek, and all was still.

"Some one is run over!" "Some one is run over!" was the cry.

The driver, with the help of some other men, stopped the horse, and whom should they drag from under the wheels but this little boy! He had been so injured internally that he was at the point of death.

It was heart-rending to hear his little quiet voice murmur, "I'm going!" "I'm going!"

One of the bystanders, for there was a crowd gathered round by this time, asked.

"What does he mean?" "Where is he going?"

The little boy heard him, and the last words which fell from his dying but smiling lips were those in answer to this man, "I'm going to be with Jesus."

Dear reader, are you prepared to meet death as this little boy was, who had but a minute's warning to quit this world?

Remember the words of our Saviour, who said, "Behold, I come quickly." A. S. B.

DOR'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

In one of our wars abroad, people complained that most of the soldiers were young, and therefore not to be depended on in the day of battle. But what said the general who commanded them, when he heard the complaint of his troops? It was this—that though young, he found them *faithful and obedient*, and therefore he was able to accomplish what was entrusted to him. Good generalship would be useless unless the soldiers were ready to obey. This incident turned my thoughts to my young friends—so many of whom, I trust, are soldiers of Christ. I know many people shake their heads when speaking of the conversion of boys and girls. But I am not one to doubt that He who so graciously speaks to the heart of young ones, and by His blood brings them to Himself to find in Him a Saviour, will leave them to fight their own battles. This is not the way with the Captain of our salvation—for His word is a strong tower, and he who runneth into it is safe. A boy or girl may not be able to do great things. What Christ looks for is obedience and faithfulness according to the light He has given us—not to be attempting doing things beyond our strength, but in simple trust in His guidance. You remember David's case, how unfitted he was to wear Saul's armour; but with the stone and the sling, and *in the name of the God of Israel* he was the victor, where all the army of Saul failed. So with you in your every-day life, whether at school or at play, at home or at work, *be real*. Young recruits are not sent to battle—they have to learn discipline, and the use of the sword; so with Christians. Truth is gleaned by degrees—only becomes useful and blessed as we use it, and in proportion to our growth. I remember seeing a picture of a little boy (whose father was an officer), putting on his father's helmet and accoutrements, and trying to buckle on his sword; well, the result was odd enough; but it reminded me of David and the armour—he could not move. But when the same boy was out in the fields with his small wooden sword, he made great havoc of the poor thistles growing by the wayside—so

that he thought himself quite a valiant soldier. Well, that was simply imitation, and I do not want you to imitate others—but just act as *christian boys and girls*. You can be truthful under all circumstances; you can be trustful in *your* times of trouble; you can be obedient to your parents, not only because it is your duty, but because the Lord tells you to be so; and for faithfulness when tried because of taunts or scorn from any one for Christ's sake—do not forget to ask the Lord about it. You may often feel something like a lump in the throat, which you cannot easily swallow. I've often tried it, and wondered what it could be—I do not think it is the same in all: it may be *pride* or *self-conceit*. Mine was often so large, that it brought tears into my eyes before I could get rid of it, but I was glad afterwards. I merely give out these hints, because, dear young ones, I want you to be *everyday Christians*. A tiny light is seen in the darkness, besides, “as good soldiers of Jesus Christ,” we are to please Him who has called us to be so. During the heavy fogs in London lately, I was out one night and got almost lost, when a little boy with a lamp asked me if he should shew me the way. *I was glad of the child's light*. So too, in your own way, you may be able to light some one in darkness. But remember that all true light comes from the prayerful study of the word of God. Somehow I seem, when writing to you, to ramble on, forgetful of the size of my corners. Well, good-bye for the present; summer is coming. Be bright as the sunbeams—busy as the running streams, and as cheerful and pleasant as the flowers, (nettles generally grow in *dark corners*,) and the sweet perfumes of loving obedience be known in your daily life.

With kind love to you all,

Affectionately yours, Dor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications have been received, since our last issue from the following. Most of them will appear in due course. W. B.; R. H. W.; A. S. B.; U. C.; M. M.; F. O.; W. C.; C. B.; L. L.; W. W. In preparing our Magazine month by month, it is a great assistance to have a good many Manuscripts in hand to select from. Friends are therefore requested to send their papers as early as possible.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF “MY LITTLE FRIEND,” 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.



“She took him out to shew him all her pets.”

KITTY BROWN.

KITTY BROWN was an only child, and on that account her parents loved her dearly. Thursday was to be Kitty's eighth birth-day, and very pleased she was of it. On that morning Kitty's nurse came into her room, and said, "I wish you would hurry, Miss Kitty; your mother says she has something very nice to give you. I do not know what it is, but I hope you will take care of it."

Kitty jumped up and hurried on her clothes with nurse's help, thinking all the while what her mother had for her.

She went quickly into her mother's room, and there, standing beside her mother, was a dear little boy, Kitty's cousin Harry. Harry was a merry boy with rosy cheeks and long fair hair, he was an only child too, he had no mother, and his father loved him very much.

When Kitty came in she laughed and was filled with joy, for her mother told her that Harry was going to stay with her for the holidays, as his father was away and he had one to play with.

Kitty was delighted, she took him out to shew him all her pets. First she shewed him her two rabbits, then her guinea pig, her great big watch-dog, and the rest of her pets. Harry admired them all, and asked her if she would come to his house some day to see his pets. He said he had a very large blood-hound and many other pets. Kitty said she would if her mother would let her. They came in to get their breakfast, and after they had finished, they went out again to the garden, to the swing Kitty's papa had put up—a strong one—on her last birthday.

They played in the garden for a long time, and then were called in to their luncheon. Kitty got a great number of presents; a very nice workbox and an album from her father, a large doll from her mother, and a pretty work-basket from her aunt.

This was a day long to be remembered by Kitty, she could not help being happy, and yet let me say that I fear her joy was only resting on the pleasant things around, which is very sad, for they may be all gone to-morrow,

and then the joy goes too. What you and I want, dear reader, are eternal joys, and God alone can give us these. Kitty, I trust, found this out, for she had to pass through sorrow, and sorrow teaches us many things.

But just then her mother called her out to put on her hat to go to the park, to see what her uncle John had sent her. She ran up to the nursery to nurse and asked her for her hat. She got it, tied it on quickly, and ran down to her grandfather and Harry who were waiting for her.

They had a nice walk to the park, and when they got there what do you think they saw? A lovely little black donkey eating the grass. Oh, cried Kitty, is it for me? Yes, said her grandfather, uncle John has sent it to you. She then ran over to her grandfather who put her upon it, and she had a very pleasant ride home. The holidays being over the following week, Harry had to go home, and Kitty asked her mother if she might go with him to see his pets. Her mother said she might. Kitty ran and told nurse. They packed up her clothes, as her uncle said she was to stay for a month. They had a very pleasant drive to Harry's home, which Kitty enjoyed very much.

But Kitty is now a very big girl, and she wants no more toys; her father is dead, and she and her mother live with her uncle Harry.

Thus we see how quickly the happiest scenes in this world are changed, and those whom we love best are oftentimes taken away by death. Unless we have a hope beyond the grave how uncertain is everything! but if our treasure is laid up in the heavens, then we need fear no changes. May all who read this story have joys of a more lasting character than this poor world can give. C. B.

“WILL JESUS TAKE CARE OF ME?”

“**W**ILL Jesus take care of me, Mother?”
 Who lives in the mansions on high;
 “Can He see me, here in the darkness?
 And watch me while sleeping I lie.”

“Will Jesus take care of me, Mother?
 I don't like the darkness, you know;
 Oh! was that the cat on the window?
 Those noises do frighten me so!”

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

35

"Oh! don't shut the nursery door, Mother,
For then I can't hear when you speak:"
"Hush! hush! do not cry so, my dear one;
To trust Jesu's love, ever seek."

"Please kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus
To watch me," then Emily said—
So we ask'd Him who loves little children,
To watch by dear Emily's bed.

"Remember He cares for you, dearie;
If a poor little sparrow should fall,
His watchful eye seeth the birdie;
You know He takes care of us all.

"So fret not because of the darkness,
But ask the Lord Jesus to stay,
To be with you there in the corner,
To care for you every day."

M. M.

Shadowy Days in France.

No. IV.

WHEN the rulers of France found that even after the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, when all the Protestants or Huguenots were murdered in one night, and the streets of Paris ran with the blood of these noble martyrs; when they found that in spite of all these cruelties this despised religion seemed to gain more followers, they formed a new plan to make the people give up their faith.

A law was passed by which any child of Protestant parents might be seized and placed in a monastery or convent; it did not matter how young the child might be, if it but made the sign of the cross or said one short prayer to the virgin it was pronounced a Roman Catholic, and the father and mother had no longer any right to keep the child.

It was this law which had so troubled M. Clément. On the day our story begins, he had met a friend who had just lost his little daughter in this way.

Her nurse, who was a Roman Catholic at heart, though she pretended to follow the Huguenot teaching, had taken her into a church, and there the child had touched her forehead with the holy water in imitation of the nurse. She was at once seized and sent to a convent, where she was treated with

every possible kindness, and everything done to make her forget the dear mother she might never see again. Poor little Marie! she was only nine years old.

M. and Mme. Clément sat talking a long time after the children had gone to bed. They felt they were no longer safe in their native town.

Claude and Marguerite were old enough to understand what it was to suffer for Christ who had done so much for them, they would stand firm whatever happened; but Louise and Eugène were so young and so ready to please everybody, that it would have been most dangerous to let them be seen out alone with old Jeanne, who, although a staunch Protestant, was a nervous and timid old woman.

"If we could only get Louise and Eugène away I should feel safe," said M. Clément.

"Oh, I could not bear to part with them," said their mother, "how dull the house would be without my noisy little Eugène, naughty little darling that she is."

How little do you children know how much your mother loves you, notwithstanding all the trouble you give her, and if she had to part from you she would feel just the same as poor Mme. Clément felt. For them the parting came only too soon.

I. C.

THE WINDING RIVULET.

A GENTLE stream with rippling song,
So clear, and sparkling bright,
Went gaily, cheerily, along
By day as well as night.

A long and sparkling silver line,
It flow'd for many a mile,
The sun upon its face would shine,
It answer'd with a smile.

But see! that rough and rugged rock
Its course would rudely stay,
The placid stream averts the shock
And flows some other way.

* * * *

And so when trials great or small
Our course would rudely stay,
How oft 'twould save us from a fall
To flow some other way!

W. B.

My Mother and I.

AMONGST my earliest, and certainly amongst my happiest recollections of childhood, are those of the tender care and loving thoughtfulness with which my dear mother sought to lead my young thoughts to heaven. The evening prayer is above all things what I love to ponder; short and simple though it was, it was the tiny seedling hidden in the heart that was in after years to spring forth into life, when I really knew Christ as my Saviour.

There was a sort of partnership between my mother and myself. There seemed to be

she had attained a great age, it was a great joy and comfort to me to sit beside her and talk about the Lord, and at her desire read certain portions of the word of God, or some hymns of which she was particularly fond, and her last moments were seasons of peace and joy in the Lord.

Mothers may indeed not fear that their labour of love in the Lord is in vain, when seeking to train up their little ones in the way they should go. The Lord is faithful, and the answerer of prayer, and as the little one is laid on the pillow of his tiny crib, she can teach the infant tongue to lisp the name of Jesus. How little we are aware of what God



an especial link between us—and in joy or grief I always turned to her—found her the willing listener, and wise adviser in all that concerned me.

I well remember the Bible she gave me, and from its pages learned even in boyhood much precious truth. Though not intelligently understanding it at the time, it was a foundation for much future blessing, so that I have had to praise God for having in childhood learned the truth of salvation in Christ.

Years have fled, and *she is gone*,—gone to be with Jesus. During her last illness when

is doing with His own word in even a young child's heart as it hears from a mother's lips the preciousness of the name of Jesus!

Among my happy memories,
Amid a life of care,
I often love to ponder
O'er my mother's evening prayer.

.HOMEWARD.

WAS sweet, how sweet we cannot tell,
To know when hasting home,
An eye marks out our coming well,
And brightens when we come.

Death of the Little Lamb.



HERE is an illustration not very familiar to us but was common in times gone by. You see those men with strange coverings on their heads called mitres? well,

they have a little lamb between them, and one man has a knife in his hand ready to kill it.!

What must it die for? perhaps you will ask. Do they require it for food, or is it the wool from its back they want to make warm clothes with. No! it is neither the one nor the other, and the little lamb has done nothing wrong that makes them anxious to put it to death. But it is to be killed on a certain day.

Now, let me tell you why it is to die.

Some one has done something wrong, and so in order that he may not have to be punished by God, or die, for the sin which he has committed, this lamb is to be taken; and God promises that if it is put to death according to His directions, then He will accept its shed blood to atone for the sin. In fact this poor little animal is to bear the guilt of an offender in order that the offender may go free.

If you and I, dear reader, had lived in that day, how glad we should have been to find a lamb to stand in our place, when

we had been naughty or had done anything wrong.

Well, now, although God was satisfied with this sacrifice, yet it was only because the lamb, when put to death, was like a picture of what was going to happen many years after. Every time a person brought a lamb to stand in his place, and die, he looked on a picture, as I have said of another scene which God always had before His mind.

God says in His word, that the soul that sinneth it shall die. This always stands good, for it is God's word; and the only way to avoid death, when sin has been committed, is for some one else to die for us. In the olden time it was a bullock or a lamb.

Now tell me, little reader, who is your substitute for sins? Perhaps you reply, I do not think I want a substitute. What about your sins then? God says, all have sinned. That little word "all" must include you, and if you have no substitute, then you will have to bear the punishment yourself, and that means death, everlasting death.

But God does not want us to die, He loves us too well for that, He wants us to live for

ever, and to live in happiness. But He knew that we could never be truly happy while still in our sins, so He, the great God Himself, has found out a way to bring us into His own Holy presence; that we may be happy, and that way was by giving up His own well-beloved Son to die like the little lamb, in order to wash away our sins. Now God says to us, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."



The lamb for a sin-offering.

THE STORY OF BARTHOLOMEW MILON. No. II.

YOU will remember that last month we left Berthelot sitting at his father's shop window, amusing himself by scoffing at the passers by. Well, one day he saw a Lutheran go by. But perhaps you do not know what a Lutheran is. Now if you cut off the last two letters you will see the word is LUTHER, who was one of the Reformers;* and the Christians who followed what Luther taught out of the Bible, instead of listening to the teaching of the Roman Catholic priests, were called Lutherans. And in a country like France, where the Roman Catholic was the religion supported by the king and government, to be a Lutheran was thought to be very bad. So when Berthelot saw this one pass he was the more excited.

"Halloa, Lutheran!" he called out; and then added his taunts and insults—which I must not even repeat.

The Lutheran stopped and was astonished to see a poor cripple so wicked. Yet being a Christian he was not angry with the poor young man—he *pitied* him, and going to him said in a kind tone, "Poor man, why do you mock at the passers-by? Do you not see that *God has bent your body in order to make your soul straight?*"

Berthelot was struck at this remark. There could be no mistake about his body being bent, but what could the man mean by his soul being made straight? The Christian talked to him a little more, and then pulling out a New Testament gave it to the poor cripple, saying, "Look at this book, and in a few days tell me what you think of it?"

Berthelot opened the New Testament and read, and was struck with what he read. He found something about the soul, and the great need there was for salvation. He read about Christ dying for poor sinners, and none being sent away who came to the Saviour. The more he read the more he was astonished, and now wanted to read it by night as well as by day.

* I think the Publisher of "My Little Friend," has a book, called "The Life of Luther," and another about the great "Reformation," for those who want to read more on these subjects.

All could see a great change in Berthelot. He no longer scoffed at the passers-by—in a word, he had found a Saviour. He now said, "Mercy has been shewn me, that the love of God which pardons the greatest of sinners should be placed on a hill, and be seen by all the world." So Berthelot was not content with being a Christian himself, he shewed his father and his other relations the way of salvation, and whenever he could, spoke to the customers who came into the shop about their souls. The scoffer had become a preacher! and every one who knew him before could not but say that his religion was *real*.

At other times he would collect little children round him—sometimes in bed—and get them to write out passages of scripture, thus teaching them to write while he taught them the way of salvation.

He was a very good singer and could play several instruments, and used morning and evening to play and sing as he praised God for all His mercies. The neighbours and others would go to the shop to listen, and it is hoped that many heard the good tidings of salvation even in this way. To some he spoke privately, seeking to lead them to the Saviour.

Berthelot also did good in another way. He was an excellent designer, and used to do etching on knives, daggers, and sword-blades, and do work for the goldsmiths—and what for, do you think? Why that he might have something to give away to the poor, especially poor Christians.

What a great change had thus come over Berthelot! Instead of doing the devil's work, he was now working diligently for the Lord Jesus, though a poor cripple. But alas! he came to a sad death—at least sad in some respects, but the story is too long to tell you now: I hope to tell you about it next month.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

JOHN XIII. 34-35.

DO little children find
It very hard to mind,
What's in the Bible said
By our dear Lord and Head?
"Love one another, so
You're Mine shall others know."

R. H. W.

A Little Girl's Favourite Text.

A GENTLEMAN once met a little girl, and asked her if she loved the Bible. "Yes, sir, I love the Bible," she said.

She was then asked was there one portion of it, or one passage, that she loved better than the rest.

She said, she loved it all; but if she was permitted to love one portion more than the rest, it was, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." On this she rested.

Ah, that is a beautiful text, for the one who comes may be old or young, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, well behaved or very bad—if he comes to Jesus, He will in nowise cast out.

THE YOUTHFUL VISITOR.



GENTLEMAN who used to visit the sick to tell them about Jesus, one day went to see a poor woman, and he saw a little girl kneeling down by the bedside.

As soon as his footstep was heard, she arose from her knees and left the room.

The gentleman asked the woman who the child was. "Oh, sir," said she, "that is a little angel who often comes to read the Bible to me, to my great comfort, and she has just now given me sixpence."

The gentleman found that the little girl attended a Sunday school close by, so he thought he would go there the next Sunday and learn more about the child. She was in her class and was rather frightened when called out to speak to the visitor. But he spoke kindly to her, and asked her what had made her think of going to read the Bible to the poor woman. She said, "Because, sir, I find it says in the Bible that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction." The sixpence had been given her, and instead of spending it on herself she had given it to the poor woman.

Getting Better Now.

I ONCE paid a visit to a children's hospital in London, and was much interested by all that I saw there. The dear little ones in the various rooms looked as comfortable and happy as sick children can look. Some were very pale and thin, while others were so fat and rosy, that had I met them outside I should never have guessed they were ill at all—with these it was a secret disease they suffered from. This is very sad indeed, to be outwardly all right, and yet to have something the eye could not see causing pain and sorrow.

But the happiest room to my mind, was where those were placed who were getting better, and it really seemed as though they tried to look as well as they could. No doubt thoughts of happy homes and kind friends, to whom they hoped soon to return, was enough to make them look cheerful; for however kind the nurses may be, they would never make a hospital take the place of home in our hearts.

One Step at a time.



LADY relates that one day when she had been taking a walk with her niece, in order to reach home they had to cross a stream. There was no bridge, but large stones had been placed in the water on which to step. There had been rain lately, and the water rushed along as if angry that such great stones were in its way.

Well, the lady began to cross on the stones, but looking back she saw her niece was not following her. "What, Jane, why are you not coming?"

"Oh aunt, I dare not, I am afraid."

"Afraid! do you not see how firm the stones are?"

"Oh, there are so many, and the water is so deep. I shall never get over. I cannot! I dare not!" and the timid girl burst into tears.

Her aunt passed over to the other side, and then returned to shew her how easy it was; still she was quite afraid. At last her aunt told her it was only needful to take a

step at a time—could she not take *one step*? At length she mustered courage to take one step—the stones were firm; then she took another; and then another, and so got safely over. Before she tried, she said the stones were *so many*, but one step at a time took her over.

And so it is with many things in life. When looked at at a distance they look dreadful. Why, if a little boy and girl look at the middle of their arithmetic book, they see dreadfully hard sums that they can in no way understand. But let them go back to the beginning and learn to take the first step, “twice two are four;” and step by step they master all the difficulties right up to those dreadful sums.

And so it is all through life. God says, “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” without troubling about to-morrow; and as our Lord taught His disciples: “Give us this day our daily bread.” If for our daily task we have God’s daily help, all is well.

A few Hints on Reading.

MY first advice is; seek
To read as you would speak;
When coming to a stop,
Allow your voice to drop;
The greatest care then take
The needful pause to make;
And never gabble, no—
So ugly ’tis, you know,
But each word let me hear
Pronounced distinct and clear.
If these few rules you heed,
You *well* will learn to read.

R. H. W.

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

When I think of the thousands of dear ones who read what I have to write from time to time, there is a great wish respecting you all, that rises in my heart. I will tell you what it is presently. Two or three weeks ago, was (as you know) holiday time, and as I live not far from one of the open spaces in London, where the green grass and lofty trees are still allowed to grow, I

could not help noticing the thousands of people on their way there in the morning, and returning home again at night. They were all, I suppose, seeking happiness in one way or another, but how very quickly was their happiness over; one short day and then it had passed, and they returned home weary enough. It is very nice to enjoy happiness, but how important to have joy that will last longer than that! A friend of mine who has been ill for some months past, suffers great pain as he lies on his bed, and yet do you know those who tend him and watch at his bedside at night time, are surprised how happy he is! Ah, he has a lasting peace and joy that nothing seems to touch; not even the prospect of death itself can make that man unhappy. Can you guess what is his great secret—what is it that makes him so happy? I believe it is this—he knows that we are only left in this world a short time, and that is to prepare for eternity, and he feels he is prepared, so that if death should come it would only take him from this world of sin and sorrow to a world of joy and peace. Is not that wonderful?

Last Sunday evening I was at a children’s service, and as the dear young ones passed out at the close, I shook hands with some of them. A bright happy-looking girl was just saying good night to me, when I drew her aside for a moment, and whispered something in her ear. The gentleman had been speaking about the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and I said to her, can you say that all your sins are washed away in the precious blood of Christ? She answered immediately, Yes, Sir. Other questions drew from her the fact that she had been converted some time, and indeed no one could doubt it, for she shewed it by her happy countenance.

Now I said I had a great wish with respect to all the readers of Dot’s Corner; let me tell you now what it is. I wish you were all as happy as the sick man and that dear girl of whom I have told you; but nothing will make you so happy as they are, except faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I must now say good-bye till next month.

Affectionately yours, Dor.

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A TRUE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



KNOW how much little ones love to hear about other children, so I am going to tell you about a dear little girl whose governess I was some years ago.

Nellie, like many other little girls and boys I have known, had the habit of taking off her gloves when out of doors. She had often been told not to do so, lest she should lose them. Well, one day while riding in an open carriage, with her papa, mamma, and myself, she forgot what I had so often told her, and took them off. They were a nice pair of new gloves.

In a few minutes she found she had lost one. Her papa, who was very angry with her repeated disobedience, desired her to get out of the carriage and go and look for it, saying he should drive on, and she might either wait for our return, or go home again. We were about a mile from the house, and it was a lovely bright day early in June. I felt very sorry for the dear little thing, knowing she was naturally very timid, and would feel terrified being left alone, so I asked to be allowed to help her to look; but her papa, wishing to punish her, would not allow me, so I could only ask the Lord to be with her.

I can see her sorrowful little face now, as we drove off, and left her by the roadside.

We were gone nearly two hours, and you can fancy how often my heart was with Nellie in that time, as I wondered whether she had found her glove, whether she was still waiting for us to return, or had gone home; and very glad I was when we started homewards. As we neared the spot where we had left her, I anxiously looked out for her little figure, and about a quarter of a mile nearer the house than we had left her we saw her standing by the roadside, awaiting us. She looked up very happily, shewing us the glove, but her red swollen eyes told their own tale.

Her papa asked her where she had found it; she told him a man gave it to her who had found it in the road, and nothing more was said.

On reaching home Nellie went to the nursery, and I did not see her again until after tea.

I had gone to my room to get ready to go to a small Bible reading I had for some old women in the village near, and Nellie came to ask if she might go with me. As I knew their mamma never objected to any of them going who wished, I told her yes, and she ran off to get dressed. I felt there was something peculiar in the child's manner, as she put her little hand in mine; and we were scarcely out of sight of the house before she said, "Oh, I am so happy, I know Jesus now."

"How is that, Nellie?" I asked; "tell me about it."

She then gave me the following account, which I will tell you in her own words as nearly as possible.

"After you had all left me, I felt rather afraid of being quite alone; but all at once I thought, Well, if it is true, as Miss G. has so often told me, that Jesus is always near, and knows everything about us, and loves us so much, He must know why I am here, and all about my glove. I'll ask Him, and then I shall see if it really is true. So I knelt down and said, 'Oh, Jesus, have you really died for me? are you living in heaven now? do you love me? and oh, dear Lord Jesus, do take care of me, and let me find my glove.'

"I felt very happy while I was kneeling down, and somehow I felt that Jesus was really very near, and listening to all I said; and when I got up I felt so sure I should find the glove, and not a bit afraid, and everything looked so bright and beautiful.

"I went on a little way, and looked about as I went for my glove. In a few minutes a man came along and said, 'Well, little maid, what are you looking for?' I told him a brown kid glove. He laughed, and said, 'Well, I wonder whether this is it,' and held up my own very glove. I was so glad, and thanked him very much.

"As soon as he was out of sight, I knelt down behind the hedge, and thanked Jesus, oh, so very much, for I knew *He* had made the man give me my glove, and that he had heard me ask Him for it. I did not go home because I liked staying out there in the sunshine, thinking how good He was, and He seemed with me all the time."

"So you see," she added, "I do know your Jesus now, and He is mine too."

JESSIE'S BIBLE.

I feel so ill and weary,
And cannot sleep to-night,
Please sit where I can see you,
There in the fire light.

Tell me some Bible story,
The glad good news again;
For whilst I lie and listen,
I quite forget my pain.

Dear mother, when I leave you,
Oh, do not look so sad,
You know I'll be with Jesus,
And that should make you glad.

Please, mother, take my Bible,
And send it o'er the sea;
It is for cousin Gracie,
A gift of love from me.

And will you give her, mother,
The message that I send,
Tell her I trusted Jesus,
I found a mighty Friend.

I knew that I was wicked,
A sinful helpless child,
I did not love the Saviour,
I was so hard and wild.

But Jesus loved me, mother,
He came to seek the lost,
He gave Himself to save me,
He counted all the cost.

And so I looked to Jesus,
When I was strong and well,
And now to me He's precious,
Far more than I can tell.

Ask Gracie to remember,
Her cousin Jessie's prayer,
That she may trust the Saviour,
And His loving kindness share.

C. J. L.

GOD CAN SEE.



FOUR o'clock, one bright Lord's day
afternoon in the early spring. The
superintendent's bell had just given
the signal for closing lessons, so
the class books were marked and
libraries given out in the various
classes. Teachers and scholars
then joined in the closing hymn.

During prayer the teacher of the first class
girls saw something that grieved her much.
Ruth Grey was reading her library book, though

not openly; her head was bowed as if really
praying, and the book almost hidden away
under the corner of her jacket.

Very gently but firmly Miss A. laid her hand
upon the book, closing it as she did so. As soon
as prayer was ended, drawing Ruth close to her,
she said, "I want you to tell me something,
Ruth; did God see you were reading your
library book during prayer?" The bright
colour that came into Ruth's cheeks and her
silence told that the little girl knew that she
had been doing wrong.

Miss A. waited for an answer; it came at last,
in Ruth's whispered "Yes, teacher."

"Now, dear, will you tell me why you held
the book, as you thought, out of sight or shall I
tell you? It was because you did not wish me
to see. It was Satan who put the thought into
your heart of hiding from your teacher that
you were doing something she would not like,
and you forgot that 'The eyes of the Lord
are in every place beholding the evil and the
good.'" (Prov. xv. 3.)

We read in chapter iv. of Matthew's Gospel
how Satan once came to the Lord Jesus when
He was a man upon earth and tempted Him to
do wrong, but did he succeed? Oh no! I
cannot stay to tell you all the story now, only
a little of it.

It was a lonely desert place, where there
were not any houses or shops, that Satan
came to Jesus. The Lord Jesus was very
hungry. He had been without food for a long
time. Now Satan knew this, and he wanted
the Lord to turn some stones that lay scattered
about into bread. Jesus could have done it
with a word, for you know He is the Son of
God, but He would not, for He knew His Father
in heaven would supply His need at the right
time. How did He answer Satan? With
God's word. He said, "It is written man shall
not live by bread alone, but by every word
that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."
(Matt. iv. 4.)

"Now Ruth dear, the very next time you are
tempted to do wrong will you overcome by
keeping close to God's word?"

Four little words—"Thou God seest me"
(Gen. xiv. 13), will win many a battle if you
say them just looking to Jesus, and asking
Him to keep His little lamb from being
naughty.

C. J. L.

THE LITTLE PRINCE.

MANY years ago, a little boy, an English prince, sat at his mother's feet. She was reading to him from a large volume, that lay on her knees. Not a neat little volume such as you and I are accustomed to use, for the art of printing had not then been discovered, and what few books there were had to be written with pen and ink. They were all large and clumsy, compared to ours. Well, when the queen had finished reading, the young prince looked up and expressed a wish that the volume were his own. He was fond of books, and thought if this were all his own, then he could read as long as he liked.

Upon this the queen made an offer to her three sons; the two elder ones coming in just then, she saw they would all like to have the book; therefore she said that whichever son learned first to read the volume, the coveted prize should be his.

But alas, the two elder boys were not at all inclined to take the trouble to learn to read. The younger one, however, set to work immediately; first he mastered the alphabet, and after a time he came to his mother for the purpose of reading a portion from the book and claiming it as his.

You may have guessed that the young prince's name was Alfred, who was afterwards called Alfred the Great.

Who can say to what extent his after character was formed by this simple incident of earnest striving to win the prize!

But while I look at this picture, it brings

forcibly to my mind another scene of years gone by, when another mother had a son standing by her side while she read from a book.

That book was the best of books—the Bible—and she read and spoke of it to her dear boy so often, that in after years he could never forget what he had learned from its pages; as we read in 2 Timothy iii. 14, 15. And it made him wise unto salvation. Oh, how many opportunities we have in these days, of being wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus as set forth in the word of God, that we may indeed be like this Timothy. We read of him in 2 Timothy iii. 14, 15, That from a child

he had known the holy scriptures, which are able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.



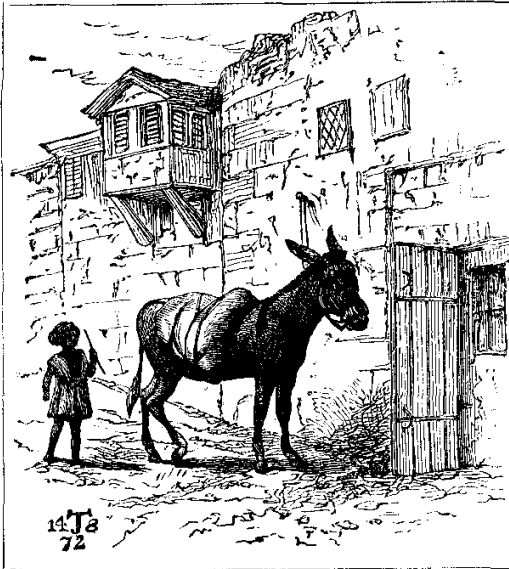
HASTEN, children, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition you arrest,
Ere to morrow is begun.

AN EAGER QUESTION.

IF my readers will get their Testaments and turn to Matthew xxi. they will read of a scene that is depicted in this picture.

Jesus sent two of His disciples into a certain village and told them beforehand what they would find there. He said they would find an ass tied. Cannot you picture the two disciples coming to loose the ass and bring it to Jesus? When they had returned they placed their garments on the ass and set Jesus thereon.

And the crowd cried out, Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.



What an excitement it made, the whole city was moved, saying "who is this?" And immediately the crowd answered "This is Jesus."

What a question was that, and what an answer! So simple that the youngest could understand, and yet so full of deep interest that the whole city could ask it. And had they only believed the answer that came, "This is Jesus," the long promised and expected One from God, how happy would they have been! He was there to save them, but Satan also was there to put unbelief in their hearts, thus they let slip all the blessing that might have been their own. Let us take warning by such neglect of the way of salvation, and put our trust in Christ the Lord—the Saviour of sinners.

THE "GOD IS LOVE" SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A GENTLEMAN was walking along the street, when a lad accosted him and said "Good morning, sir." "Good morning," replied the gentleman, "but I don't know you."

"Yes sir, you do," said the boy, "you know me at school." What school do you mean? Why the "God is Love" school, said the boy. Then the gentleman knew that he meant the Sunday school, because there had been this short text "God is Love" hung at the end of their schoolroom many years past, and it being the only text in the room it was the more prominent.

He was pleased to find that the boy remembered it, and hoped that he might know God's love.

Well, the superintendent of that same Sunday school was travelling abroad one summer, and with a number of friends he entered a large underground stone quarry.

Of course being beneath the ground it was quite dark, and therefore they had to take candles with them. While exploring the vast depths to which it penetrated, he noticed the names on the roof of the quarry of many persons who had visited the place before. Now what do you think he wrote there instead of his own name?

Holding up his candle to the stone roof of the quarry, he gently guided it while the smoke slowly formed the letters "God is Love." A message to any who may follow his footsteps and explore the quarry. Many people know as a fact that "God



IN THE QUARRY.

is Love;" they learned it perhaps at Sunday school themselves, but need to be reminded, and how striking would it be to find these words in such a place! May we believe that God has loved us, and given His Son for us, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

It is through the kindness of that same gentleman that I have the picture of him writing in the quarry.

Shadowy Days in France.

V.

AT the time in which the events in our story took place, a very unpleasant law was passed, which commanded that any citizens who were suspected of being Huguenots were to give food and shelter to as many soldiers as the chief officer chose to send. Rich and poor were treated alike in this way. Gentlemen who had large castles, or *châteaux* as they are called, often had forty or fifty men with their officers billeted upon them.

Sometimes these men behaved very badly. They would choose the best room in the house for their own use, and often compel the family to live and sleep in the servants' apartments.

But the poor suffered more than the rich, for often in a little hut containing only two rooms, several soldiers would be sent to live, and though some were kind-hearted men who had wives, and little boys and girls of their own, most of them had been trained to be rough and cruel, and they would not mind turning the children out of their poor little beds to use them for themselves. You will remember that Madame Clément's birthday was very near at hand, and it was the custom in the family to make a little fête on that day. It is usual in France to celebrate the *fête* day of the saints after whom the children are named, but the custom was never kept up in the Clément family, or in any Huguenot household, so they kept the fête of their mother instead, that dear, dear mother whom they all loved so much.

Well, very early on the morning of this day, Jeanne, who was in the kitchen getting her bread ready to bake, was startled by a very loud knocking at the outer door.

It was so early that most of the family were still in bed, except Claude, who was working in the garden, and singing as lightly as a bird. Jeanne waited till the knocking was repeated a second time, and then she went to the garden door, and called to the boy, "Monsieur Claude, quick, come here." Claude, alarmed at the terror in the old servant's voice, dropped the seeds he was planting, and quickly ran to see what was the matter. Then he bravely went to the door, and opened it, but was somewhat frightened to see an officer and half a dozen men.

"Well, young man," said the officer, "ask your father if he can find room for me and my men, for a week or so."

Without waiting for an answer he stepped into the house. By this time M. Clément had come downstairs. When the officer saw him he made a low bow, and said in a tone of politeness, "I have the honour to announce to you, Monsieur, that Sa Majesté le Roi (the king) will require to trespass on your hospitality for a few days, and hopes you will not find it inconvenient to accommodate these men." He then gave a paper to M. Clément, who led the way to the large stone kitchen, where he told Jeanne to prepare breakfast for all, as soon as possible. He then left them to go upstairs for his wife.

L. C.

THANKSGIVING.

ALL thanks be paid
To Him who made
The golden light to rule the day,
The moon's soft light
To rule the night,
And silver o'er the traveller's way.

The King in His Beauty.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off."

IN a little back street in a crowded city, lived poor old Mrs. D. She had been blind for a long time; and her husband had been dead for some years when I first made her acquaintance.

She told me how much she missed him, and what a kind devoted husband he had been to

her, and now she was alone in the world,—alone and blind.

She gave a little girl a few pence a week for fetching her the things she needed, and sweeping her room for her; I am sorry to say this little girl was not very kind, and often spoke rudely to the poor old woman.

It was wonderful how much Mrs. D. could do for herself, though she was *quite* blind; she could mend her clothes, and do a great many things you would hardly have thought possible. She was very patient too, and enjoyed hearing the Bible read, and hearing stories about God's people.

She was very fond of a text which I am sure suited her, it was, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off;" she used to say that her poor blind eyes would see the King, and she found great comfort in the thought.

The last time I saw her, she was very ill and obliged to lie in bed most of the day, but she was happy, and waiting for the Lord to take her. Soon after that she was removed to the workhouse that she might be taken proper care of, and she died there; so her blind eyes have at last seen the King in His beauty, and she is rejoicing in His presence.

Can you, dear young readers, say that *your* eyes will see the King? Is He your Saviour? If *not*, do think about it, and give your heart to Him while you are young. You may not live to grow old, so come to Him now, He has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out." Take Him as your Saviour, then you will have the blessed hope of seeing Him in His beauty. M. G.

"A Penny for Your Thoughts."

ONCE on a long summer's evening, after the busy day had closed, and the sun was setting in all its beauty and splendour, shewing the sky as only it can be seen in the east, my ship was lying in a lonely bay in Greece; and having had a hot day, I was glad to retire, as was my usual custom, up into the netting, or sides of the ship, and there to pour out my heart unhindered to the Lord, and gather grace and strength to go on again. I had just heard about the coming of the Lord in a moment, in the

twinkling of an eye, and was looking with joy to meet Him, knowing it was the same Jesus who died for me, and had washed me from all my sins in His own blood.

I earnestly longed to be changed, and made like Him, and with rapturous emotion I yearned to cast my crown at His feet, to worship and adore Him unceasingly. While looking on the horizon, clothed with gold and radiant colours, wondering what the coming of Jesus would be like, a young man, a boat mate of mine, jumped up, and found me looking intently into space, and said abruptly,

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

His name was James, he was rather a reserved young man, yet he always tried to enjoy himself, as he said, "because it can't last."

I drew him towards me, and said, "Jimmy, I will tell you my thoughts without the penny;" and pointing to the rays of the departing sun, said, "Do you know that Jesus is coming quickly, perhaps before the morrow's sun rises? He will come and take all who love Him to Himself, and then, if you are not saved, you will be left behind for judgment." James did not like this kind of talk, he wanted to get away at once, so I said, "You may never hear it again; may the Lord give you the hearing ear now," and I told him of Jesus, "mighty to save."

He had heard of God as a great God, and a righteous God, but never as a God of love. The story of His love broke him down, and he was very unhappy; he soon ran away, on another christian man making his appearance, so I prayed earnestly to the Lord for him.

The next morning I found him in no mood to talk, but faith looked up for him, and he became wretched, and I rejoiced to see him so. Do you wonder at this? Ah! dear little ones, God had touched his heart, and he was looking at himself in all his sins; he might well be cast down.

The time soon came when light began to dawn on his soul. I pointed him to the words in the Bible, "He hath made peace by the blood of his cross." Ah! this did it; the darkness soon vanished, and he exclaimed, "I see it now, it is not me, but the blood." And oftentimes when speaking to a dear doubting Christian he would say, "John, if you want

to be happy, as you turn into your hammock, and cover your blanket over you, believe in the blood as sufficient to cover you," then he would look up into his face, and repeat, "God looks at the blood, you know." James delighted to tell of this Jesus, who loved him so, and called himself a stranger to anyone who did not bow to His name.

One day a gentleman addressed him, saying, "Don't I know you somewhere?" With a sweet smile, he said, "I don't know! do you know Jesus?" The gentleman, surprised, said, "No, I do not; I wish I did." He then heard what the Lord had done for sinners. Now, dear ones, in conclusion, I ask you James's question: "Do you know Jesus?" It is eternal life to know Him! as it is written, "and this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Then bow your knee now, believe the word now, accept His salvation now, for to you is the word of this salvation sent:—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

J. D.

DOR'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Just now I am sorrowful, and yet rejoicing. One of *my* little friends, whom I have known from babyhood, has been summoned home. I say *home*, because there was no doubt about where he was going when he died. He had reached his twelfth year, the time when boys are so full of bright hope as to the future, when the school books would soon be closed, and the lessons he had learned were to be put in practice—when the thought of going to business, and doing his best to shew that all the loving care and careful godly training had not been spent in vain. But our gracious Lord had other thoughts concerning him—and though he was debarred from taking a share in the pursuits of this life, he has been also spared from the trials and temptations of the world. So that while saying, Thy will be done, we know that God is all too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. I do

not want to make you sad by a recital of his sufferings, long and painful as they were. Through grace, prayer had been heard on his behalf, and his parents were perfectly happy about him. He gave the happiest assurance that he was resting on the blood of Christ—so that amid our sorrow, you see we have cause for rejoicing. To me it has caused a thrill of joyful thanksgiving that a dear boy of twelve should be found nestling in the arms of that loving Saviour who came to seek and save that which was lost. There is a vacant place in the family circle, but his nine brothers and sisters love to think of the loved one in heaven. It is a broken chain—and the first break in the family—but I trust that every link will yet be gathered up in Christ. Happy thought! for all to meet again, "where partings are unknown." You see, I make you the sharers of my sorrows as well as my joys. I thought you would be glad to hear of the happy departure of one of your own age. I feel quite sure there *must* be numbers of you who would be able to say with my dear little friend, "I am not afraid, I know my sins are forgiven," and so fall quietly asleep, to wake up with Christ, who gave His precious life in order to redeem you, and make you the sharers of His own home of eternal bliss. May He who knows all our hearts, and the peculiar temptations that beset each of us, watch over you and win your young hearts and affections to Himself. For I am sure where the affections are set upon Christ, we make better children, and parents, and companions, because higher motives and higher aims than have sway than we knew before. No doubt some of you are mourning the loss of brothers and sisters who have gone on before, so that we can sympathise with each other.

Affectionately yours, Dor.

NOTICE.

Our readers will please remember that next month is issued the usual Coloured Picture. The subject chosen is one we hope you will all like; it is called BLACKBERRYING. Two little girls are busy plucking the ripe fruit, and eating it too.

Please give your orders early, or ask your teacher to get it for you. The price will be ONE PENNY.

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"Please, Annie, give me another text."

ANNIE WESTON, OR THE PATIENT
SUFFERER.

"Ye are not your own, Ye are bought with a price."

LITTLE Annie Weston was a great sufferer, and lived in a poor back street in London. Her mother kept a greengrocer's shop, if such it could be called, for it consisted generally of a few potatoes, a cabbage or two, and a heap of coals up in one corner; her father was a labourer, and his wages were barely sufficient for the support of six children.

Annie Weston was in my district, so I had an opportunity of knowing much of her life. She attended regularly at Sunday school, until she became too weak and crippled even to move.

The room in which she remained night and day led into the shop, so Mrs. Weston would often sit by her child's bed until perceiving a customer (through the glass window, which was cut in the door, over which hung two little muslin curtains tied up with pink ribbons), when she would rise and go into the shop, and return with perhaps a penny, having sold a few greens. Annie had a bright face, but her knees were drawn nearly up to her chin, so that she was not able to lie down, and her hands were partly crippled; sometimes she could hold a needle when in less pain, and at these intervals would dress dolls for her former school companions. She generally sat on her little iron bed, with a loose dressing gown on; the bed was placed against the window, so that she could see what was going on in the street, and when she had finished dressing a doll, she would stand it up by the window, so that her little friend might call for Dolly.

One day, Annie had a new sixpence given to her, and oh! so many things came into her mind that she wished to buy with it, but after a great deal of thought she decided she would ask her brother to buy her a little packet of scripture texts, which he did, and tried to get as many as he possibly could for the money; these she gave to the shabby little passers by, and often you would hear a tapping at the window, with the request, "Please, Annie, give me another text, I have

learned my last," and then Annie having made sure that the girl or boy knew the last one given perfectly, would hand another out of the window.

If there was a quarrel, off they rushed to Annie's window that the dispute might be settled; so you see the poor crippled girl was not a useless being after all; she was a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. By the foot of her bed hung a book called "Daily Portions," which was turned daily; and often, in the long weary nights when she could not turn or lie down to sleep, she would repeat the portion of scripture she learned in the day. God did not suffer her to be a cripple many years, for at the age of fourteen He took her to Himself to be with Jesus, and to that home where there is no sin or suffering, but where God does wipe away all tears from off all faces. Let me ask, dear reader, "Are you one of God's children?" "If so, are you working for Him?" Remember, for your time and opportunities you must one day give an account." Even a child is known by his doings. E. L. G.

ENTER NOW.

A DEAR girl, thirteen years of age, *who* had yielded herself to Christ, *who*, she came to understand, claimed her "for his own possession" (Titus ii. 14), was not satisfied with the ending of the hymn, the first two lines of which are—

"Knocking, knocking; who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!"

She therefore composed the following additional verse:

"Enter, enter, heavenly Guest,
Welcome, welcome to my breast!
I had long withstood Thy knocking,
For my heart was full of sin;
But Thy love has overcome me:
Blessed Jesus! oh, come in!"

If this is not the language of *your* heart, young reader, whether boy or girl, why should it not be?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man [or *any one*] hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. iii. 20.)

Does not Jesus speak to *you* in these words?
R. H. W.

"WHITE AS SNOW."

DEAR children, I am going to write to you again. Perhaps you do not like it so well as talking; but children do not always care to listen to talking, particularly when they do not quite understand what is said.

I want to tell you about One who lived in this world of ours, many years ago. He was as gentle as a lamb.

He is called "the Lamb of God." Is not that a sweet name? Shall I tell you a little of what it means? Such a beautiful name must have a very beautiful meaning.

Do you remember the story out of the Bible, how God chose to save His people Israel out of the slavery of Egypt? He did many things to shew how strong He was, but He only chose one way by which to save them.

He said a lamb was to be killed and its blood sprinkled over the door and side-posts of the doors where His people were, and He would pass through the land of Egypt at night, and slay the eldest child of each house; but wherever He saw the blood of the lamb sprinkled, where He said it was to be sprinkled, He would "pass over" that house and not slay the eldest child.

You know that it was so. There was a great cry that night, for in every house there was one dead—only in the blood-sprinkled houses were there none dead.

It was God's way of deliverance. There was no other way. If an Israelite did not do as God had said, he must have suffered like all the Egyptians.

So it is now, dear children. God has His way of salvation, and He has no other way.

God, the great and blessed God, is ready to deliver poor sinful men, women, and children out of this wicked world, which is soon going to be destroyed by fire.

The only way He can deliver them is by blood sprinkled for them; nothing else could or can shelter them from destruction, only blood. God has said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Why did He thus speak? because He had told them Himself to kill the lamb and to

sprinkle the blood. If He had told them, surely He would be satisfied if they did so?

Now God has given His Lamb, Jesus Christ, a sacrifice for sin. He has been slain upon the cross, and His blood has been accepted by God. Therefore God has raised His beloved Son from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand in heaven, never to die any more, but to be "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Any poor sinner who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ now as the Lamb of God, can say, "In whom [God's Lamb] we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," for He "bare our sins in his own body on the tree."

Have you ever come to the Lord Jesus Christ as a poor lost sinful child, who longs to be clean and pure, fit for God's holy eye to look upon? If you have, the Bible says, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

If you have not, oh, do not delay to come just as you are, for you are still under the judgment of God, and are not amongst the blood-washed ones. Jesus has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

A way to the Father is found;
The blood of atonement is shed;
And He who once lay in the grave
Is risen again from the dead.

He has taken His seat on the throne,
And proved that His work was complete,
The heavens have open'd with joy
To give Him His glorious seat.

There thousands of thousands unite
To tell His unspeakable worth,
Proclaiming again and again
The work He accomplish'd on earth.

LITTLE TOMMY.

LITTLE Tommy loves to linger
Near the garden gate,
To gather flowers—pretty flowers,
And for father wait.

Fido ever his companion
When from school away,
Frisking, barking, jumping, playing
All that livelong day.



NEAR THE GARDEN GATE.

A SHARK! A SHARK!

WHO would not be interested in a shark story? I think there is always a charm in such stories which cannot fail to interest the dull, and at the same time enliven the mind of the most active.

The incident which I am going to relate, took place about ten years ago, on a beautiful sunny evening, after the scorching ray of the southern sun had sunk below the horizon and the splendour of eventide lay upon the calm water of the vast Atlantic.

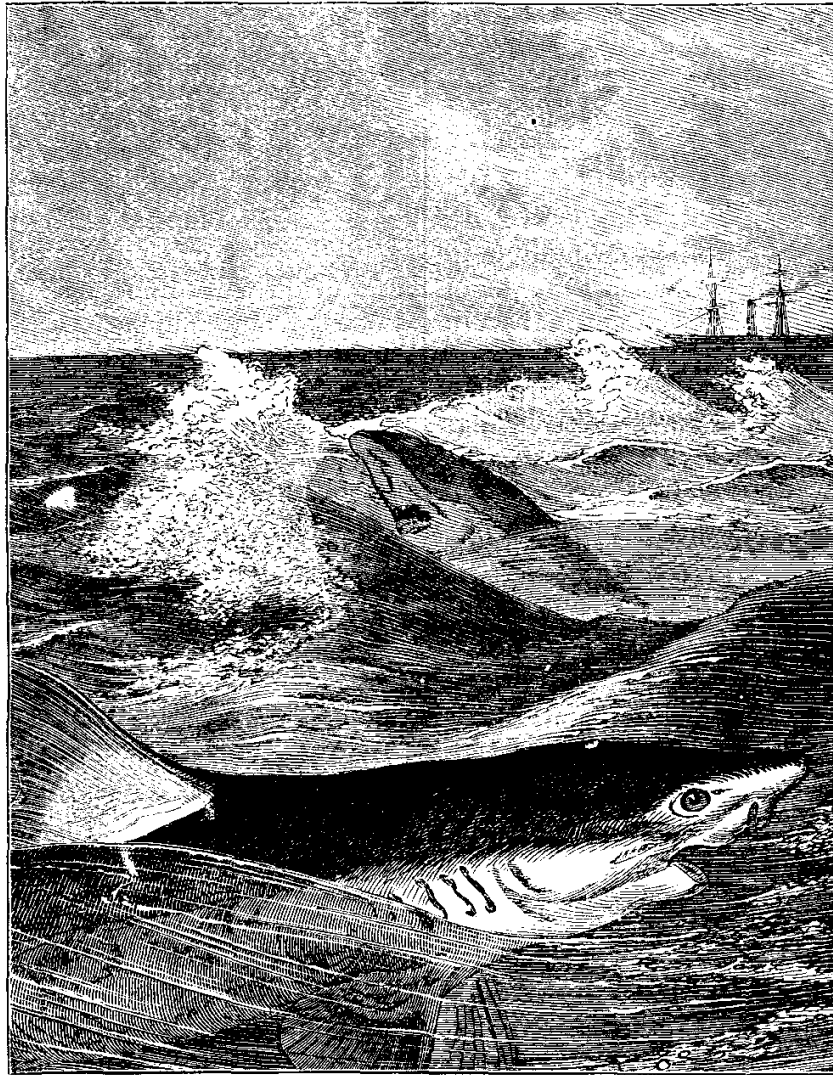
I well remember that night. The squadron that I belonged to was sailing along in two lines, just using sufficient steam to keep at a proper distance, we expected the customary evening drill, when the flags were hoisted as usual for all ships to commence at once, and all hands were in readiness to obey. As soon as the Bunting was spread in the breeze the signalman reported its meaning, which was "Hands to bathe."

The order was at once given to the boatswain's mate, and the shrill pipe sounded around the deck, "Hands to bathe," accompanied with the order to square the mainyard, and to man and lower the lifeboat.

Oh, what a scramble and a rush! Here was a treat we did not often get while cruising; but the sea being quite calm and the wind light, we had this favour from the admiral.

In a few moments two or three hundred men and boys were ready to leap and dive off the ship's side; the large lower boom was got out and lowered into the water, so that the most timid might venture to have a good duck

and climb on board again. Soon the bugle sounded the advance, and immediately all appearance of order ceased; for pell mell over the side went every one who had a mind, some taking a header, some jumping off one of the lower yards and taking the water feet first, others creeping down the ladders and gently slipping in, then striking off for a swim; each one having his own particular way of enjoying the refreshing bath. Now the water is all alive with human heads, and at two or three hundred



A most formidable enemy.

yards from the ship the lifeboat is being gently pulled in a half circle, which is to be the bounds of swimming, also they are on the look out for any who might catch the cramp or otherwise be unable to get back to the ship. Oh what fun, and how delightfully smooth is the water, with the great swell of sea gently sweeping along; all are delighted, when suddenly "a cry" was heard, causing every

one, none excepted, to give one hasty glance around, and then to strike out for dear life to the ship.

The look-out man aloft had spied a dark fin skimming up and down just outside the bounds of the bathers, and that fin belonged to a most formidable enemy—a shark! so he called out at the top of his voice—

“A shark! a shark!”

And at once the order was given to the bugler to sound the retreat. Never did men obey more quickly; and the lifeboatmen splashed with their oars, following the last man till all had gained the ship safely; not one dared remain behind; most knew the power of such a creature over a man in the water, and in answer to the warning cry before the bugle sounded, all were fast swimming to the vessel's side. There was no thought of putting it off, not even for a moment; all were in earnest, the place of refuge was near at hand, with ropes, and ladders, and friends, waiting for them, and great was the rejoicing on board that not a man or boy was lost.

O dear young readers, I have penned these lines, trusting through the blessing of God to warn you of an enemy far more dangerous, far more crafty and subtle than this fish; his name is Satan and the devil, he is a liar, and the father of lies; he has whispered often in your ears, that you might still go on enjoying the pleasures of the world, not heeding the warnings, yea, the entreaties of those who love you most, who know the danger you are in by giving your ear to the deceiver.

O, listen now, and be wise in time. There is One more able than the lifeboat to shield you, One who will take you up, and make you part of Himself. This friend is “Jesus.” O, how sweetly His name sounds upon my ear! “It is written, thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins,” and again, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.” The way is all made plain, the plan all marked out, and Jesus did it all. God has sent forth the cry to warn you of danger, that you may flee to Jesus—the only Saviour. O, what love is His, He died to save you! His blood cleanseth from all sin,—then come to Him at once—delay is dangerous—the enemy is going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may

devour. Jesus says, come. Will you obey? He will make you unspeakably happy, He will fill you with joy, and put a new song into your mouth, and cause your lips to speak pleasant things, yea, words of gratitude and praise, even praise to our God. Your heart overflowing will rejoice in singing:

“Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.”

YOU MAY COME. WILL YOU?



SUPPOSE a very rich man, who had a fine house and large rooms, were to order a great feast to be prepared, in which everything that was nice to eat and drink was to be spread on the long, broad tables; and suppose that he gave public notice that any would be welcome to come and partake of it—would you not think it very strange if no one went? Suppose that some kind person were to offer warm blankets and clothing to any one, who, without having any money to pay, would come to his shop to fetch them—would you not think it very strange if no one went? Or, suppose that a clever doctor were willing to give advice and medicine free to any people who were suffering from a particular complaint, of which many in the place were dying—would you not think it very strange if no one went?

Now the conduct of those men, women, or children, who refuse to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus lose the heaven which He offers to them through His blood, is ten times more mad than that of those who do not care to accept any earthly good which is presented to them. God made the world in which we live, and placed Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, in the lovely garden of Eden. They were created good; but, listening to the wicked words of Satan, THEY SINNED, and were turned out of their home. When their children were born, they were sinners like their parents, and since that time up to this very moment, sin has been in the heart of every one who has inhabited this earth except the blessed Lord Jesus.

Now sinners, as such, cannot dwell in heaven; yet God is not willing that one soul

should perish, and be lost in hell, and therefore, in His infinite love and mercy, He gave His dear Son, that most precious gift, to die on the cross, that, by His blood-shedding, guilt and sin might be washed away. THE ONLY WAY, THEN, FOR SINNERS TO BE SAVED, IS BY AND THROUGH JESUS.

"BLACKBERRYING."

(See Coloured Picture.)

I SUPPOSE nearly every little one knows the meaning of this long word; if not, will you please look at once at the pretty coloured picture which you have this month, and you will see in a moment; also, I think you will see a beautiful text brought out as well. It is pleasant indeed to see how these dear children are enjoying themselves: the youngest one, Florry, is eating the best ripe berries, gathered by her kind sister Lizzie, and if you look at Lizzie's face I think you will say she is pleased and happy in making her darling Florry as happy as possible. Lizzie has been taught by her dear mother, that love turns labour into wages, and repays itself with the pleasure of pleasing; besides, she often hears in the infant class at Sunday school, that sweet text, "Little children, love one another."

But I am afraid I hear a little boy saying, Oh that is a girl's story. Don't put the book down just yet. I remember, when I was quite a little boy, my dear mother used to take my sister (now don't be impatient because I said, my sister) and myself into the green meadows, and around the shady lanes, to help to pick the blackberries, to make jam or preserve for the winter. This was a great time with us. We used to carry a little mug, and when we had gathered it full, we ran off to mother to empty them into the large basket, which she carried on her arm; and mother would often call out to us, "Come, children, 'tis most time your mugs were full," when we would run to her, and, ah, often our left hand would be held over the top of the mug, and only a few berries at the bottom, for we had been eating nearly all we had gathered. One day, mother caught one of us acting thus deceitfully, but she only kindly chided us for being so selfish, saying, "If you eat all up

now, you will have none when the winter comes;" and we would hang our heads in shame, because we had been found out in such naughty ways. I often think, even now, how easy to deceive my mother: her loving heart never thought that we could do such a thing.

But this brings me to another question, "Are my little readers, at this present time, 'deceiving themselves'?" Perhaps there are some who have christian fathers and mothers, and may be brothers and sisters too, and you go regularly to Sunday school with well-learned lessons, and you would not be naughty during school, oh no, not for anything; you can remember the address, and tell your parents the text, also a great deal of what your teacher said. Yet, oh yet, if you are taken by the hand and asked the question, "What think ye of Christ!" you hang down your head. Ah, you have thought about everything else but Jesus. He who loves you more than all human loves put together, He has been neglected. My dear children, God is waiting to hear what you will say about Jesus, God sees you through and through. You cannot deceive God, then cease to deceive yourself, and do not *pretend* to love Him any longer—but come and talk to this precious Saviour. He will hear you, and be delighted at your coming, for He loves little children, and God His Father loves the children, and gave His only Child, His only Son, to die on the cross, to be cruelly put to death, to take away and hide from God's sight for ever the sins of every child who loves Jesus. Then come to this precious Jesus at once, who is the chief delight of the heart of God the Father; who is also the One who adorns the throne of God; and you may come now, just as you are, in all your deceitfulness and sin, and Jesus will receive you—oh with such a glad welcome, and He will never let you go. If these few lines be the means of drawing one little one to bow the heart to Jesus, the picture of "Blackberrying" will not have been in vain, and there will be such a joy in heaven, and (would you think it?) God will have the greatest joy in receiving you, alive from the dead.

J. D.

DOR'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I want to have a little quiet talk with you; but more especially with those who have not only written to me, but who have thought much and meditated upon what we have considered together. I was one day very much struck with a text in the course of my reading, and I have often pondered over it. It is this, "The sluggish man roasteth not that which he has taken in hunting." You will find it in the book of Proverbs. I will not tell you the chapter and verse, because I want *you* to hunt it out, and use it afterwards, or as it says, *roast it*, which means, prepare it for food. Now, you and I have during the last six years conversed upon some of the most precious portions of the word of God, but having done so, have we used for our souls' food and growth, that which we have gathered?

In early years, long ago, when I was first brought to the Lord, I felt desirous to be acquainted with the precious truths I had so often heard while listening to preachers of the gospel. So I sat down to a search of the scriptures at every possible opportunity, and as I did so I seemed as one who had suddenly awakened to a new life. I remember how diligently I hunted out truth after truth—which seemed to establish my heart in grace, and strengthened my faith in the Lord. I made it a practice when I read any books on Bible subjects, to constantly refer to the scriptures, to see if they and the statements agreed. Of course, when they gave the chapter and verse it was not difficult, but when this was not done I set myself to hunt for it, and then, in the language of the proverb,—to roast it, or quietly think it out, and weigh it well. Thus I found the memory stored up for future use what the heart wanted, and it has been a blessing through life in many ways; because if the mind is stored with the glorious truths of scripture, in times of trial and temptation God will graciously use the store.

We should consider a man very foolish who, after the keen excitement of hunting, laid aside as useless what he had captured, or

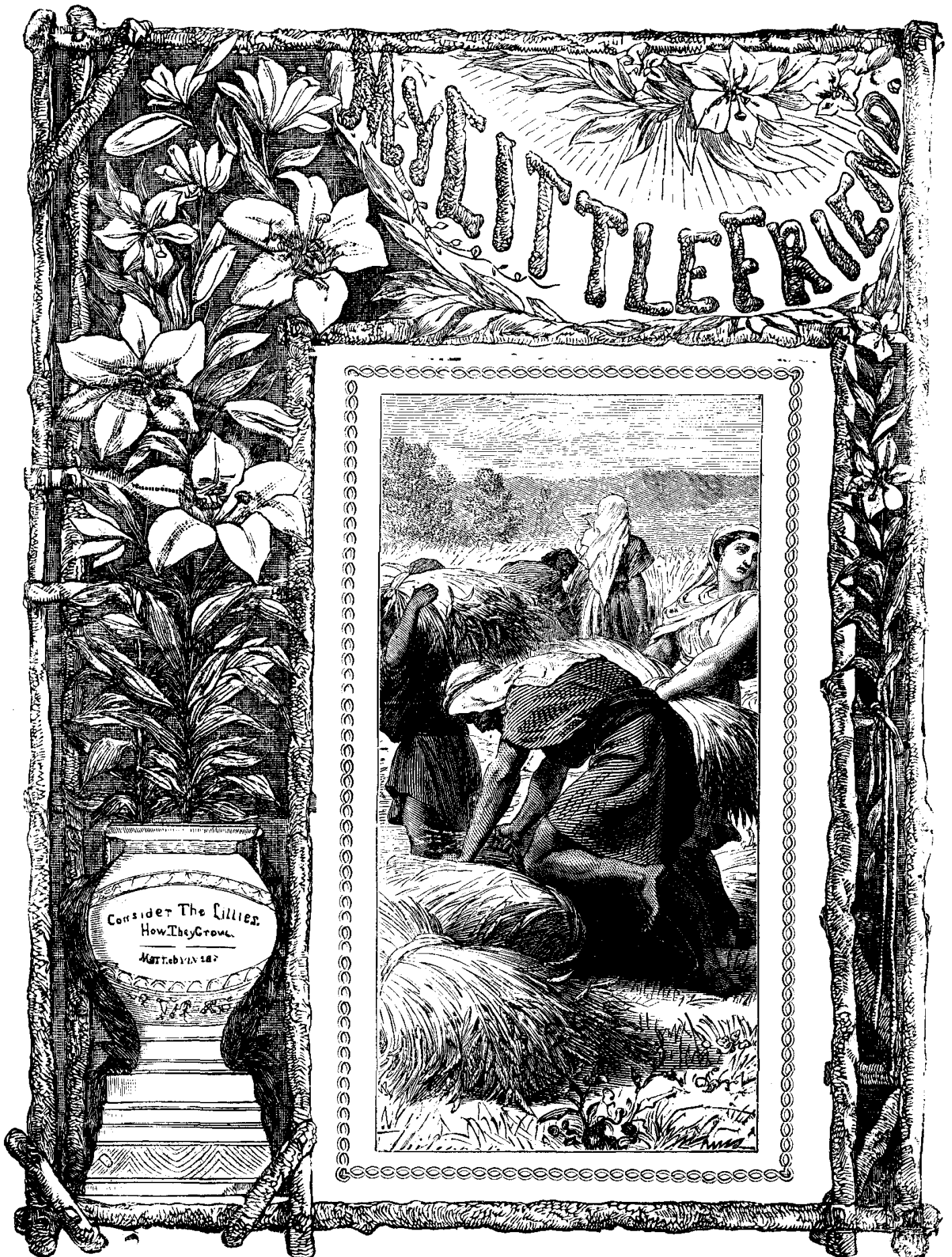
negligently failed to use it. But how much more so are we if we do not *use* the fruits of our research in the boundless fields of scripture? As I am speaking to those who in a few years perhaps will be busy workers in the great hive of industry, let me remind you that "life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." You will find, I trust, that you have a heart whose longings can never be really satisfied till it finds its deep and unchanging satisfaction in Christ. And I pray you may early gather up the treasures that are alone to be found in Him.

Our corner is but a humble spot, but I trust that in the coming day our mutual researches will bear precious fruit. In some soils it is difficult to get the seed sown, but in the apparently most hopeless paths a few wee crevices are found, in which a tiny grain of wheat can be dropped, then faith says in its own quiet way, "It is God who giveth the increase." Every loving labourer of the Lord is desirous of being able to lay a weighty sheaf at the feet of the Lord of the harvest when He shall gather up all that belongs to Him. We often have to sow in tears, but we shall reap in joy. I often think of this text when I see the difficult labours of teachers in our Sunday schools, and how quietly and patiently they use the seed basket to scatter the precious grain; but it *must* be fruitful, for the Lord declares it shall be so, though in a manner not to our thinking, at times. I for one am not discouraged, when I think that out of the many thousands who look into my corner every month, I shall at least have some (I hope, many, many), who are not sluggards to hunt, and who will also value and use the fruits of the chase. May God graciously draw your young hearts to find in His word that which is above all price, and which, unlike the wealth of time, no one can rob you of. With kind love to you all,

Affectionately yours, Dor.

I think my next letter must be to *such little folks* as I see in the Blackberrying picture. They seem to be wonderfully enjoying themselves.

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Gathering up the Sheaves.

HERE we are at harvest time again. The sun with its bright warm rays has ripened the corn, and how thankfully does the farmer gather in the fruits of his fields!

It should be, and generally is, a time of rejoicing, for when once the golden grain is safely stowed away in the barn or granary, there is a feeling of satisfaction, that ample provision is made for the coming winter. The reward of months of care and toil has been secured.

While the corn is growing, the farmer may well be anxious as he looks out on his fields. He wonders if the harvest will be good, he hopes and longs that it may be so, but when the harvest time comes, then he knows the worst, or the best.

I have said that it should be a time of rejoicing, but sometimes all joy is taken away. If, for instance, the Arabs in Eastern countries come down in a body, and carry off the crops, or if from any other cause these are destroyed, there is no rejoicing for the poor farmer that year. After sowing his seed, and watching, and expecting, all his hopes are dashed to the ground, in a single day, perhaps.

There are some very interesting passages in the Bible, about harvest time and gleaning. I dare say you remember some. The book of Ruth is especially interesting, when the young maid went gleaning in the field to help provide for her aged mother-in-law, and how the rich man Boaz told his men to drop some ears of corn on purpose for her.

Then, in the New Testament, we have the solemn story of the man who had at one time such a splendid harvest that he did not know where to put all his fruit, and how he determined to build larger barns, and then live in luxury. But oh! he did not think to thank God for His goodness to him. He only thought of himself, and how he could enjoy his goods, and forgot all about God.

There is also the harvest spoken of in the end of the world, when the angels shall come forth and separate the tares from the wheat.

Have you ever thought, dear reader, whether God looks upon you as what belongs to Him,

like the corn, or what He will reject like the tares? Those that He owns in this present age are they who have seen Jesus with the eye of faith dying for them at Calvary. To those who are still strangers to His grace, He says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

IN MEMORY OF LUCY ROWING.

(A Scholar in a Ragged School.)

POOR Lucy is dead,
Her young spirit has fled,
For ever with Jesus to dwell;
Her pain is now o'er,
She will suffer no more.

Henceforth she is happy and well,
Then weep not for Lucy, her body's at rest,
And her spirit now dwelleth with Christ and the
bless'd.

No murmuring word
From her lips have we heard,
She said to us, "read," "sing," or "pray";
To her mother "Don't cry,"
Dying, "Where, where am I?"

"Jesus is coming," she then pass'd away.
Then weep not for Lucy, her body's at rest,
And her spirit now dwelleth with Christ and the
bless'd.

When leaves fall and fade
In the grave she was laid,
Loved teachers and scholars stood round,
We sung her choice hymn,*
Our eyes with tears dim,

Then sadly we left the cold ground.
Yet weep not for Lucy, her body's at rest,
And her spirit now dwelleth with Christ and the
bless'd.

*"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Put in a Word for Me.

DEAR little friends, in relating the following, I trust you will be enabled to rejoice with those who rejoice, which I am sure you will be capable of doing if you follow the same course as Tommy did. I was quite taken by surprise one evening, some time ago, when Tommy stopped me (we were down on the lower deck of an ironclad ship), he had such an anxious face, and his great strong hand laid hold of me as he said, "Jimmy, do you ever pray when you go to bed?" I was more than surprised by such a question, and from such a person, for he was a terribly open wicked man; but God had touched his heart; the light had, in some measure, shone in that

dark place and revealed to him that he was a sinner! He was very serious after this, for he had heard, too, that those who die in their sins should have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

The fear of hell got hold of him, so he came to one he had often heard speak of Jesus, with the words, "Do you ever pray?" I assured him that I often prayed, and I knew that God heard, for He had sent answers to my prayers, then with an earnest expression, he said, "Put in a word for me, will you?" This I readily promised to do, telling him also that God had a great interest in him, and had implanted the desire in his heart even to be prayed for. Dear little ones, this prayer was answered, and bold reckless Tommy became a meek and loving child of God through faith in Jesus Christ. Oh how he did rejoice! he used to say, No love is like His, for

"He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
He found me in my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh how great!"

The last I heard of Tommy, he was enjoying peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Many of his friends had left him, but he found that his cup of blessing was made up to him, yea, full to overflowing, and even *he* could say, from the depth of his soul,

"Jesus! thou art enough,
The mind and heart to fill,
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul,
Thy love—its fear dispel."

Just one word in conclusion. I am sure your teachers at Sunday school will be glad to hear you asking them to put in a word for you in their prayers, and rejoice to see you in earnest about your soul's salvation; then let me beseech you to take Tommy's course AT ONCE, not to-morrow, but "Now," for God's word declares, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

J. D.

LOVE WITHOUT FAITH.



GENTLEMAN was once riding in a railway train, when at one of the stations a lady and her little boy got into the compartment where he was.

As the train moved off again with the whistle of the guard, and the shrill response of the engine driver, the little boy took his place at the window to look out on the fields and houses, which were being passed so quickly that they all seemed to be in motion as well as the train.

But he had not stood there long before he turned round and said, "Mother, you won't get out of the train, and leave me behind, will you?"

"Oh! no," replied his mother. The little boy turned again to the window. Presently he looked round again, and said, "You won't leave me in the train, will you, mother?"

"Oh no, Charlie," she replied. And again he was satisfied for the moment, but to the gentleman's surprise, he looked round and said for the third time, "Mother, *you won't leave me behind in the train, will you?*" and this time he put out his hand, and took hold of his mother's dress, to be sure that while he was occupied in the objects out of window, his mother could not move away without taking him with her.

The gentleman was much surprised at the incident, because it seemed as if the boy did not trust his mother, or believe that she spoke the truth when she told him the first time that she would not leave him.

However, as he saw the lady and her boy get out at one of the stations, and walk away hand in hand, he had this happy thought, that although there was an evident want of faith on the part of the child in the love of his dear mother, yet he was but a little fellow, and the gentleman was pleased to see how anxious he was to be close to his mother's side; he must have loved her, he must have had some confidence in her, it was like a mixture of love and fear.

This is the way, I think, with some of us who are Christians: we believe that God loved us so much as to give His Son to die for us, we delight to be close to Him, and yet there are some things we are so slow to trust Him about. Well, let us remember that as the love of this mother was no doubt perfect in its way, so God's love is most assuredly perfect towards us, not only when we most feel it, but when we least feel it too.

E. & J.

A STORY OF A DOLL.

DOLLY had a long journey to take before she could reach the little girl who was to be her mamma.

She had to spend more than a whole day and a whole night on the deep sea. It was a stormy passage too, for the wind had been blowing very hard all the day before she sailed. The sea had risen in great waves, which tossed the vessel up and down, and rocked it to and fro, till it seemed as though Dolly and all the rest of the passengers would be tumbled into the water and drowned. But Dolly did not mind this a bit, she was carefully wrapped up, with thin cardboard round her head to prevent her face from being spoiled by the knocking about. Her little mamma was not at all anxious about her, for she had no idea that Dolly was coming over the sea to be her baby. And the gentleman who took care of her on the voyage, did not mind it either. He had lived on the sea a great deal, and when on board ship he was quite at home.

Besides, he had a great many things to make him happy. He knew that God, who made the mighty ocean, and who hath



"Doo 'll never see sister Maggie."

measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, was his loving Father. He knew that he was now going in obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ to work for Him. And he knew that a warm welcome awaited him when he should reach his journey's end. He had been in that place before, preaching the good news of salvation, and many heard, and believed the glad tidings. Many children had heard of Jesus from his lips and would be so glad to see him again.

Little Janie was only three years old. She had lost her father before she could remember. But her sister had died only a few weeks before this time, and that was all still fresh in her mind. When Dolly arrived, Janie was very much surprised, but at once named it after the person who had sent it. I don't know that it was a very beautiful doll, but Janie was very pleased to have it, and was a very kind, loving mamma. Sitting by the fire nursing it, and talking to it, she went on: "Now, Baby S——, Doo'll never see sister Maggie till she's better. She's gone to heaven. She was very ill. But doo'll never see her, for doo is no de kind, baby S——."



Janie was very much surprised.

It was but a baby's thought that Dolly was not "the kind" to go to heaven, and be with Jesus. But my little friend have you ever thought whether you are "the kind"? Have you ever felt that you are not fit for that bright and holy place? There is but one thing that can fit a sinful child to enter there. It is the blood of Jesus. And the brightest light of the glory of God will never shew one spot on a soul that has been washed in that precious blood. If you can say what a dear little girl, who went to be with Jesus a

few weeks ago, wrote with her poor weak fingers in an old note-book—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin"—you will wish to be "the kind" to please Him now. You will wish to live to Him who died for you.

Janie's mother, when writing to tell her friend the little story I have now told you, adds, "It struck me much as a very important lesson. The child had her own undefined thoughts, but for myself, I could not but ask are all my ways, and walk, and conversation, just 'the kind' to please Jesus? There is but one kind of eye, one kind of heart, one kind of will. Indeed, we trust in all things to be just 'the kind,' He will reveal Himself to and dwell with."

"If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." (John xii. 26.)

O. A.



BABY.

ANOTHER proof of heavenly love,
Another life is given,
Another mind to point above
And train for God and heaven.

Another drop to life's full sea,
Another lamb to fold,
Another voice that is to me
A tale of love retold.

Another soul of priceless worth
To need God's grace divine,
Another link 'twixt heaven and earth
In this dear babe of mine.

W. B.

Shadowy Days in France.

VI.

WHEN M. Clément went upstairs he found his wife rather uneasy. She had heard the noise, but did not like to go down, for fear of awakening baby Léon. The other children had all come into their mother's room.

M. Clément quietly and calmly told his wife what had happened. "And now," said he, "we must think what is to be done with Louise and Eugène, it is no longer safe for them to remain in the house."



"But where can we send them?" asked their mother.

"We must try to send them to England," replied M. Clément, "anywhere away from this unhappy land of ours."

He was right in calling it an unhappy land, for all children over seven years of age were allowed to give up the faith of their parents, and declare themselves Roman Catholics whether they understood or not. M. Clément did not once murmur against the orders of the king. "Fear God, honour the king," was their motto, and the Huguenots were so well known for their honest dealing with all men, that the words "as honest as a Huguenot" became a proverb in France.

Marguerite quietly took her baby brother from her mother's arms, and began to dress him while Louise and Eugène sat in a corner wondering what had happened. When the baby was dressed, the children asked if they might go down to breakfast. "I am so hungry, surely Jeannette has forgotten us this morning," said Eugène in a piteous voice, "Hush, Eugène," said Marguerite, "you shall have breakfast soon, dear one, have a little more patience."

"Papa, who is downstairs?" he asked.

"Only some men who want a home, my boy."

"And may we not see them, are they soldiers?" he again asked.

"Ah, here comes our good Jeannette with some breakfast," exclaimed the mother brightly. Now that her first terror had passed away, she did all she could to soothe her little ones. Clever old Jeanne had, with wonderful thought for her, brought the breakfast up to a little room which the children used for a playroom. She coaxed her master and mistress to sit down and eat some breakfast with the children, and then went down to the men.

Oh, what an earnest prayer for guidance the father sent up, as he knelt down in that little room with his family around him, and then he made them all repeat the text for the day, for each day they learnt a verse. To-day it was "Considère-le dans toutes tes voies et il dirigera tes sentiers." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Prov. iii. 6.)

L. C.

"I will never leave Thee, nor forsake Thee."

(HEBREWS XIII. 5.)

MY Lord will ne'er forsake me,
Oh, this is sweet indeed;
To know I have a Helper
In every time of need.

Though now my path seems dreary,
Yet He is always near,
In every time of trial
My fainting heart to cheer.

My friends may all despise me,
Yet still I need not fear;
Though scorn'd by those around me,
Still, Lord, Thou wilt be near.

Lord, may I then ne'er murmur,
Whate'er my lot may be,
But oh, may I prove faithful,
Faithful, dear Lord, to Thee.

DO WHAT IS JUST.

PEOPLE often say "a bargain is a bargain," and though one who has made one may be dissatisfied, he must let it stand. But if the bargain is *unfair*, must it stand then? I will illustrate what I mean by something that occurred in the life of William Penn.

When he went many years ago to America he did not take guns and swords, that he could *take* the Indians' land by force; but he used to *buy* the land by giving the Indians any goods they might like to choose. Now, after buying a good deal of land, Penn found that there was a large plot of land that he wanted, but which he had not bought, so he told the Indians and asked them if they would sell it. They did not want to sell it, but to "please their father, Onas," as they called Mr. Penn, they would sell a portion of it. A lot of goods were selected by the Indians, and they said, if Mr. Penn gave them these goods he might have as much land as a young man could walk round in one day.

This was the Indians' own proposition, for they did not know anything about measuring land as we do, and calling it acres. Well, a young Englishman began his walk, and being a good walker he walked round a very large piece of land. But at the close of the day, when the Indians saw how large the piece of

land was, they were very much dissatisfied, and began to look very angry, and at last said, "The walker has cheated us."

The companions of Mr. Penn said, that as the terms of the bargain were made by the Indians themselves, Mr. Penn ought to insist upon its standing. But he would not fight for it, and besides he wanted what was just, and not to take advantage of these poor Indians. Still, he reminded them that they ought not to complain, as it was their own proposition to have the land measured in that way. "True," they said, "but white brother made a big walk." Penn then asked them how much more they wanted for the land, and they selected more cloth and fish-hooks, and the Indians were satisfied, and shook hands with Mr. Penn. When they had gone, he said, "Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity!"

God blessed the actions of Penn, for the Indians became great friends; and when the colony—called to this day Pennsylvania, from Mr. Penn—suffered from the want of food, the Indians assisted them by what they took in hunting.

The lesson to be learnt is, that if we make a bargain which for any cause is *unjust*, if we have the best of it, let us not insist upon its being carried out, but rather do that which is just.

THE STORY OF BARTHOLOMEW MILON. III.

I HAVE already told you that France was a Roman Catholic country, and the Lutherans were very much disliked. Yet those who, like Luther, had read their Bibles, and discovered that the religion of the Roman Catholics was not according to God's word, were very desirous that all in France should hear of the way of salvation as taught in the Bible. The Reformers as the Lutherans were called, were not allowed to preach publicly, nor read the Bible at that time, yet they thought it was their duty to take some means to let all France know what was the true way of salvation. So they had some bills printed, and on a certain night these were posted up in all parts of Paris, and other cities and towns of France.

In the morning there was a great stir. Who had stuck up these bills? Whoever did so must be arrested, and officers were sent all over Paris to seize any one suspected of doing this bold thing.

Now strange to say, among other places, the chief officer made his way to the shoemaker's shop. He might be sure the poor cripple could not have posted up any of the bills: never mind, he was suspected of having something to do with them and he must be seized. Berthelot was in his usual seat in the shop. "Come, get up," cried the officer.

The cripple answered mildly, "Alas, sir, it needs a greater master than you to make me rise"—the poor young man had not the power to rise.

"Take this fellow away," was the order, and the poor cripple was carried away, together with a desk in which he kept his papers.

The trial was only a mockery. There were six besides Berthelot chosen out as the worst. At least Berthelot could not have posted up the bills: no, but some of them were found at his father's shop—that was quite enough. The seven were all condemned to death—to be burnt alive indeed.

Now came the trial of the faith of the poor cripple, but he was *cheerful and happy*. Yes, more than that, he was the comfort of others. He knew what a Saviour he had found; was it not an honour to die for such a master? Thus was he enabled to encourage those that were cast down by the fear of death, and he shewed them an example how to suffer.

At length the day for his death arrived. It was thought that it would have more effect if the prisoners were burnt in different parts of Paris, and on different days. The 13th of November, 1534, was appointed for the burning of poor Berthelot—poor, did I say? no, he was rich now, for he had eternal life in Christ Jesus, and they were going to send him to the One he loved.

He had to be carried out of the cell and placed in a sort of cart. He passed by his father's house, where he had spent many a happy hour notwithstanding his bodily pain.

The stake was already prepared, and the fire alight. But oh, the cruelty of man, even when under the name of religion! "Lower the flames," cried the officer, "the sentence

says he is to be burnt at a *slow fire*." Berthelot regarded it not. He was enabled to pray and praise his Saviour amid the flames. His fellow Christians had gathered round to see the death of their friend, and they bear witness to the fact that he died rejoicing.

Thus this account of Berthelot with his poor deformed body, shews that he had no sooner found the Saviour—or rather had been found of Him—than he devoted all his powers to serve that Saviour, and to prove to all that it needs not wealth or station in life in order to be a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. May all our young readers who are believers in the Lord Jesus learn this important lesson, if they have not already learnt it.

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I promised to write a letter to my *very young readers* this month.

Well, suppose you are for a short time in my corner, you would like to have a story of course; and it shall be one of long, long ago, when I was a very little 'dot.' We lived in a quiet country town, one of those pretty English spots surrounded by meadows and orchards, and on the margin of which was a great moor, through which ran two little streams, and whose windings, as they travelled on to the great river which flowed on the borders of our quiet town, seemed like silver threads among the grassy moorland. Here the summer evenings and the half-holidays were mostly passed.

At the corner of the quiet spot where stood our cottage, lived an old gentleman; he was getting very aged at the time of which I write. He generally had a kind word for us little folks when we saw him. He was very fond of children, and what seemed to give him great pleasure was to invite ten or twelve boys and girls into his kitchen to tea, and then teach them hymns to sing. Being little, I suppose he overlooked me, or thought me too young to be invited, still, I used on these occasions to stand under the window outside, listening to the singing, and I remember feeling a little hurt at being slighted. I am afraid the loss of the good things on the kitchen table had perhaps as much to do with it as the singing, especially when my elder companions gave such a glowing account of eatables and drinkables afterwards.

However, the next time the old gentleman had his tea meeting, I was accidentally (now, master Six-years-old, *was it* accidentally for the purpose?) standing very near the door; what, do you think

I had a treacherous little heart at that age? I very much fear it is too true. However, there I was, when the bigger ones were going in. Perhaps there was something about my face, which seemed to say to the old gentleman as he looked out of the door, when all were gone in, "*Please ask me in*," which he seemed to read. Would I like to come in? Certainly I would. And there was just room for a little one at the table.

You may be sure I was happy to be an *invited* guest. Was not I invited? Did not the old gentleman persuade me to come in? Ah! tell-tale face did not you ask as plainly as *looks* could ask?

Well, there I was, and a rare feast we had—of bread and butter, good thick pieces, and plenty of them, and currant cake too. Bread was dear in those days, and a liberal supply was a feast of itself. When tea was over, the old gentleman brought out his hymn books, and then for an hour or so we were singing some of his favourite hymns, with a few words between each hymn. To me that was a well-remembered time, for there I had for the first time sung some of the hymns that have been sung by millions since then. I believe that night, by those hymns, the first tiny seeds of love to Jesus were sown in my young heart. I do not know how the others felt, or whether the others were brought to Jesus; perhaps it was the little one outside the door God had specially thought about that night, and now after those many years again I thank Him for putting in His aged servant's heart to ask a little boy into his kitchen, to learn his hymns. Now let me take you, many years afterwards, to a bedside. There is an aged woman just quietly waiting for the Lord to take her home. Turning to her son, she asks him to sing one of her favourite hymns. He sings quietly the one she loves,

"The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild:
The object of that love I am,
And carried like a child."

And he who sang it was once the little boy who stood outside the kitchen door waiting to be called in. Mother and son happy and rejoicing in the love of Christ! Perhaps both saved through that little seed planted in early days through the loving kindness of a dear old Christian who cared for little children.

Good-bye, dear little folks, for the present; try and make *home* as sunny as you can by cheerful obedience, and gentle ways—very real and very true,

With much love to you all,
Affectionately yours, Dot.

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AUTUMN.

THE Autumn has come, and the beautiful
roses
Are gradually falling and fading away;
And the leaves and the blossoms, now fall-
ing, discloses
That all that is beautiful sinks to decay.

The birds of the woodlands, whose songs have
so gladden'd
Our hearts as we wander'd thro' meadow and
lane,
Will soon take to flight—but while we are
sadden'd,
We know that in Spring they are coming
again.

'Mid all that is changing—in gladness and
sorrow—
Believers in Him who is now on the throne,
Wait joyfully still for that precious to-morrow,
That moment when Jesus returns for His own.

AN UNEXPECTED BATH.

IT'S a very dangerous practice, but I
suppose on that account it is so
attractive. Little boys' running behind
carts and waggons is so full of danger,
that I often in my street travels have to raise
my voice in anger. Sometimes the driver's
whip inflicts a severe punishment upon them,
and this I do not approve of, as the whip
might, and not unlikely would, strike the eye,
and perhaps not only cause severe pain, but
actual blindness.

One little fellow I saw punished the
other day in a very peculiar fashion, and while
it did not inflict pain, it taught him a lesson.

The heavy water-cart was apparently being
taken home after its day's work. At least,
that was my thought as I saw the ponderous
horse slowly and sluggishly drawing its un-
wieldily burden after it, and I suppose that
was the thought of a boy, some six or seven
years old, who watched its progress. What a
fine chance for a ride! The driver sat upon
his seat in a sleepy sort of manner, as if he
too thought it time to go home. So Master
Venturesome no sooner jumped to the con-
clusion, than he jumped to the idle-looking
pipes, from which a few drops were slowly
running here and there. Yes, it was a capital
ride, and what a happy thought, but what an

ending! Just when he was enjoying it most,
the driver's foot was on the spring, and oh,
what consternation! From the way in which
the water gushed from its hiding-place the cart
must have been nearly full. You can imagine
the boy's surprise better than I can describe
it. The merciless jets of spray seemed to
take a mischievous pleasure in forcing their
way up to the openings of his knickerbockers.
You may imagine what Master Venturesome
felt at this unexpected bath. For a minute
he seemed to be weighing in his mind which
was the safer course—to cling to his rail or
jump off. However, just then the driver drew
away his foot, and the fountains ceased;
without any hesitation the boy jumped from
his unpleasant bathing-place, and, from the
wry face I saw as he crossed the road,
I judge he will be sure not to trespass again
in any such way.

A NOTE OF PRAISE.

OH! how shall I the wonders tell,
Of how the notes of praise will swell,
When I shall go with Christ to dwell,
And see my Lord and Saviour?

To gaze upon His wounded side,
From whence the crimson healing tide
Flow'd down when He was crucified,
And won for us the glory!

Oh, when I join the ransom'd throng,
The praises that to Him belong
Will be this one eternal song,
That He alone is worthy.

My Saviour, now Thy name is dear,
And sounds like music in mine ear,
But what when I am ever near
Thyself in yonder glory!

My Saviour, do not longer stay,
But haste that bright and cloudless day,
When Thou shalt call Thy bride away
To dwell with Thee for ever.

W. B.

Jesus will open the Door.

I WANT to tell you a little incident which
happened a short time ago, a few miles
from here. It is about two little girls
whose parents are very dear Christians,
but whose name I shall not mention here,
although it is known to many readers of My
LITTLE FRIEND.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

67

Emily is about six years and Sophie five years old, two sisters. Emily, the eldest, dearly loved Jesus. She would often say to the nurse, "Tell me something about Jesus, or read me some story about Jesus. Oh! I do love Jesus!" and the following incident will prove that they were not mere empty words, but the heart went with them, or, to speak plainly, she knew Jesus as her Saviour.

But Sophie did not love Jesus the same as Emily, she was not so fond of hearing or reading about Him as her sister, but rather the reverse; but we could not say she did not know Jesus, for she, as well as Emily, sought Him in time of trouble.

Well, one day when father and mother were away from home, when little baby sister Ethel, eighteen months old, and nurse, were playing together, little Ethel ran into the nursery and shutting to the door, somehow caught the bolt and fastened the door so that they could not get in to her. Well, what was to be done? Baby screamed, nurse tried to open the door, Emily and Sophie cried. The other two servants ran off to get a hammer and chisel. At that time Emily, remembering that Jesus was not only the Saviour of her sins but her Friend in the time of trouble, burst out and said,

"I am sure Jesus will open the door for my dear little sister Ethel if I go and ask Him."

And off she ran into her room, to ask Jesus to open the door for baby. And coming back she met Sophie, who said,

"I am sure we shall never get the door open for baby."

But Emily, being disappointed at her sister's unbelief, said,

"Oh, Sophie, I shall have to ask Jesus again now, for He won't do it if we don't believe."

The nurse, who I may tell you is also a Christian, hearing Emily, said,

"Yes, dears, both go and ask Jesus, and I will bring baby to you in a minute."

Both went to ask Him, and while they were telling Jesus about baby, nurse went and threw herself against the door, it flew open, and so the little prisoner was liberated.

Nurse telling a friend about it said,

"The door was not opened by hammer and chisel, but by prayer."

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Emily was also looking for the Lord Jesus to come for His saints, to meet Him in the air. As when a young person was leaving their house, wishing her good-bye, Emily said,

"We shall meet again, because you love Jesus, and when Jesus comes we shall go with Him, and we shall meet one another again."

Now, dear children, do you know Jesus as your Saviour, as Emily did, or are you a stranger to Him? A few days after the nurse arrived at their house, while out with her, she said, "Are you a Christian, Elizabeth? Do you love Jesus?" Oh, what questions from a baby! May every child that reads this receive these questions as to itself, and answer them. Now little Emily says to each one of you, "Are you a Christian?"

Do you love Jesus? If not, go now and ask Him to reveal Himself to you as He has done to Emily. Do not delay; your hearts will only get harder, and the name of Jesus will not be as precious to you another time as now. Jesus still says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Do not delay. Come now.

W. W.

WHAT WE SHOULD BE.



I KE a lovely opening flower
Born to cheer a gloomy day,
May we in our native bower
Shed a fragrance by the way.

As an ever gliding river
Sheds refreshment in its flow,
May we flow as free, and ever
Cheer and comfort where we go.

Though a cloud may hide the shining,
Throw a shadow o'er our way,
May its bright and silver lining
Cheer us with its hopeful ray.

W. B.



Blackberrying.

YES, I was *very* fond of blackberrying, and as we lived in a real country place, where hedges were in abundance, I had plenty of opportunities of indulging in that particular taste. My sister and I often rambled out in the fields in search of our favourite delicacy, and a rare time we had of it, you may be sure. But it was not an unmixed pleasure. I often hear that the sweetest rose has the sharpest thorn, which is meant, I suppose, by those who write pretty morals in poetry, to shew that there is a little pain connected with the flowery part of pleasure. Be this as it may, I am quite sure—and I speak from experience—that in getting a good handful of blackberries, one does not fail to get a fair supply of little sharp prickles that have a peculiar way of finding out the soft parts of wee fingers; and the question often was, whether the pain did not last longer than the pleasure. Of one thing I am very sure, that the thorns had a way of lingering longer in the fingers than did the juicy berry remain in the mouth. Another thing I particularly remember, that the reception at home

after our rambles was anything but pleasant; no doubt it was anything but pleasant for mother, who had spent all a mother's pains in the adjustment of frocks and pinafores—to say nothing of the rosy cheeks that follow a free application of soap and water, and towel—to see us return what artists call a pair of pictures in “black and white.” Besides, our very efforts to remove the stains that had dyed lips and chin only served to make matters worse, and to spread the inky fluid over a wider space, to say nothing of the tell-tale pinafores. It seemed so very provoking that one could not indulge in a feast of blackberries without such after unpleasantnesses. But chastisement and love were happily blended together, and the dear mother who, long, long ago has gone to be with Jesus, knew how to meet childhood's waywardness in her own loving way, and soon put matters right.

But years came and went, and, like others, I sought pleasure, and found the thorn and the stains—stains of a deeper dye—you know what I mean—but which, I am thankful to say, have been washed away in the blood of Jesus.



Caught in a storm.

A LONG JOURNEY FOR A GOOD PURPOSE.

A YOUNG lady was sitting on a couch in a gentleman's drawing room one evening, listening to the conversation of the friends around, when a gentleman left his seat on the opposite side of the room, and sat beside her.

He was a tall Scotchman, a kind and loving man, who spent most of his time in travelling

"Is it true that you are happier than when you first came?"

"Oh, yes, I've found —"

"You've found the pearl of great price?"

"Yes," said she; "I've found the Saviour since I've been in London."

"I'm very pleased to hear that, so you came over a hundred miles to get the greatest of all blessings! Well, it was very much the same with me."

"My home was in Scotland, and although I had my Bible there, and heard it spoken of, yet



"I had a little time with some of you in the hay-fields." (See Dot's Corner.)

about the country, bearing good news wherever he went. It was the love of this same good news that caused him to speak to the young lady, notwithstanding that she was nearly a stranger to him.

I cannot attempt to give you the exact words he spoke, but they were somewhat as follows:

"I understand you are on a visit to your friends in London?"

"Yes, I have been here for nearly three weeks, but I expect soon to return to the country."

it was not till I had gone all the way to India that I found Him, of whom it is my delight to speak. I found Jesus as my Saviour."

For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Shadowy Days in France.

VII.

IT seemed such a long dreary day for the little Cléments, for they had to remain indoors all day, that the soldiers might not see them. It was necessary to keep them very quiet too, so Marguerite had plenty to do to amuse them; but she managed as only a sister could by telling them stories, and inventing quiet games to keep them occupied till evening came.

Their father and mother were very much perplexed to know how to get Louise and Eugène away, for it was quite necessary for them to leave the house that night. But they were helped more quickly than they expected.

That afternoon, a woman who brought butter and vegetables from the farm came, bringing with her one of the little peasant girls who used to help on the farm. Madame Clément spoke to her a long time, and the woman, whose name was Susette, agreed to her proposal. It was that Louise and Eugène should go back to the farm with her, and then be put on board a ship bound for England, where a cousin of Madame Clément lived.

The children were delighted, for like most children the novelty and excitement of the moment kept away all the more serious thoughts. Louise was dressed in the little peasant's large hooded cloak, which quite disguised her, for no one would notice that her face was not quite so brown as the others. Eugène was not quite so easy to manage, he had to be rolled up in a large bundle to look like the dirty linen Susette generally took away with her to be washed at the farm. When he was well done up, leaving place however for him to breathe, Jeanne and Susette carried him down and laid him on the straw at the bottom of the cart. He was a big fat boy, and rather heavy to carry rolled up as he was.

A soldier who was standing by watched the two women as they carried him out to the cart. "How strong you women are!" he said, laughing; "one would think you had something heavier than linen there."

"Then why don't you come and help us?" retorted Susette.

"Bah!" said the soldier, "I might make my arms ache," and turned away with a laugh.

Louise sat down in a corner of the cart beside Susette's stool, and Susette shaking the reins, the old cart rattled and bumped over the stones towards the farm leaving behind a mother with a heart as heavy as lead. They reached the farm late at night and went to bed, and here we must leave them till the next chapter.

L. C.

A Word to the Thirsty.

THE following fact will, I trust, interest most of my little readers, and lead some of them to think of whom I am about to tell them. A large steam yacht, to which I belonged at the time, was lying in the harbour of Alexandria when news came on board from the British Consul, telling us that a barque-rigged steamer had got on shore in Aboukir Bay, some miles distant, which would perhaps be in danger of going to pieces if the wind began to blow hard, as the ship had a heavy cargo of railway materials and cattle on board. Our Captain soon gave the orders, steam was got up, the anchor weighed; and the yacht was quickly steaming out of the harbour. In a few hours we came up to where the steamer lay; the tide having gone down had left her on the shore nearly high and dry. We were soon able to understand her circumstances and what was needed to be done, and made preparations to pull her off when the tide came up again. Meanwhile we learnt that they were quite out of fresh water (plenty of sea water—but you must not drink it). Fresh water is necessary to sustain life, without it one would die (the sea water reminds me of religion without Jesus). *Jesus only* saves the sinner; *Jesus only* gives eternal life, the privilege to be with Him in glory. Now, does any of my little readers know what this means—not a drop of water to drink on a very hot day, with the cows and oxen crying for a drink of water below the decks, coupled with the silence of the sailors who were unable to quench their thirst? On our ship we had plenty of water and some to spare, so we filled some small

casks and put them into a boat, and a number of sailors was told off to take this load of water to the steamer. I was glad of the opportunity to pay the ship a visit on such an errand, and we quickly rowed down to her in the long swell of the sea. The officer in charge of our boat called out loudly when we got alongside (evening was coming on), but the crew had gone down below to follow their own inclinations; so we hailed again, but no answer came. Our patience was getting well nigh exhausted, when a man looked over the stern of the barque and told us the crew would not come to take the water, they were drinking spirits down below, and he could not prevail on them to take the water we had brought them; so we held on by a rope he had given us while he himself pulled up a cask or two to give to the cattle, then we returned to our own ship.

I should like you to turn to your bibles, John vii. 37, 38, and read the words spoken by the Lord Jesus, who could not make a mistake, and who in the deep love of His heart pleads with and entreats the sinner to partake of the water of life now. But I think I hear some young reader saying, "What stupid things they were not to take the water when brought so near to them! Stop; not so hasty. Dear reader, think again before you blame them so harshly. Has not One brought living water down to your very feet, and called unto you repeatedly, "Come unto Me and drink"? How have you listened to this call? What response has gone out from you to this loving gracious Saviour? If you are not satisfied with being a rejecter still of His mercy, then LISTEN NOW to His call once more, and be in earnest. Come, draw of the stream of which all who drink shall live for ever. Hear these words of Jesus: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." He has promised, that if we drink of the water which He gives we shall never thirst: oh, will you be more foolish than those sailors who refused to take the water brought to them, by refusing the water of life? No, no; believe the love that the Lord Jesus has for you, He will supply all your need, and send you away to tell your friends and relations what great things the Lord has done for you; and this overflow of His love in your heart, by His Spirit will attract others to come

and drink, and live, and your happy song will be

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

How Far can You See?

THREE gentlemen were travelling in the same railway carriage. All of them had taken their tickets at the station from which the train started. All were going to places on the same line. Each of them, too, had a Master. I am quite sure as to this, though I only knew one of the three.

Do you wonder, dear little reader, how I came to be certain about it? Because God's word tells me about two masters and their servants.

One of the travellers had, some years before the time I am writing about, changed his master. Once he served a hard and cruel master, Satan, but light, the light of the Holy Spirit shone into his heart, and he began to wonder what kind of wages his master would pay when his work was done. He found very solemn words in Romans vi. 23, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." And so he believed what God said about His Son, and he took Him as his Saviour, as his Master.

Do you think he ever wanted to return to the service of the Old Master?

Oh, no; he found it made his life a bright and happy one, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and he felt sorry for those who had not given up the old hard service, and longed to tell them about the good kind Master he served.

He sat in a corner seat of the railway carriage, on the bright spring day I am telling you about, thinking of the joy of trying to work for Christ now, and of the deeper joy that would soon be his, of being for ever with the Saviour he loved; not taking very much notice of the conversation of the other two. They were trying to find out which of them had the strongest sight. One said that he had seen the white cliffs of Dover when he was many miles out at sea. The other said he could see a greater distance on a clear day. Turning to our friend, he asked—

"How far can you see, Sir?" He was not

kept long waiting for an answer, though I don't think it was such a one as he expected.

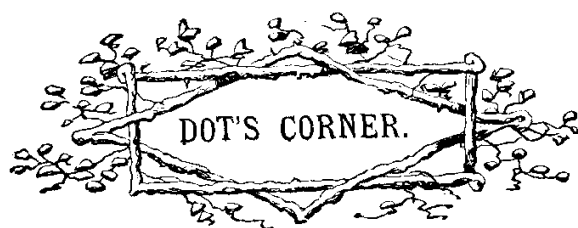
"But we see Jesus who for the suffering of death was made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honour, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." (Heb. ii. 9.)

I do not know, dear young friend, the colour of your eyes. They may be black or brown, blue or grey, but I know they will not do to see Jesus with. Other eyes are needed. Paul, who as you know was a very faithful servant of the Lord, tells us about such eyes in the beautiful letter he wrote to some Christians who lived in a city called Ephesus. Just look for a moment at Ephesians i. 18, and you will read how he prayed for them, that "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened," they might see the wonderful things God will give as freely to the boys and girls who truly believe on the Lord Jesus as to the grown-up people.

Would you not like to see Jesus, even now? There is only one way in which you can? By faith. And faith in the Lord Jesus is just trusting Him, letting Him save you.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

C. J. L.



DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I suppose most of you are now enjoying your holidays, and will have hardly time to look in my corner. Well, I trust it is a time of real enjoyment. Some of you, no doubt, will be among the meadows, where the hay-makers are loading their waggons with the sweet-scented hay, clearing the fields of the precious treasure of the ground which has brought forth plentifully. I had a little time with some of you in the hayfields, and as I saw the perfumed loads being borne away, I thought of that little word, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of men as the flower

of grass: the grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Another day, I was with some little folks in the corn-fields. Ah, what a joyous scene is that when the golden ears seem too heavy for the slender stalks, when the whole land seems to speak of plenty, and to tell of the goodness of the Lord! And these corn-fields had a voice for me, perhaps also they have spoken to you. It was this, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Most of you, no doubt, know that Jesus when speaking thus, referred to His own death and resurrection, and that by that death He has done so much for us that believe in Him. Every tiny grain of *true wheat* is most precious to Him; in other words, every little one that knows Him as a Saviour, has His special care.

All creation speaks His praise, from the tiny wild flower that claims the shelter of the hedgerow to the mighty oak that can withstand the storm in its strength. And wherever we go we can see His handiwork, the wonders of His power, but if we want to know His love, we can alone find it in Christ, where the heart can rest. When the flowers that to-day is but to-morrow is cast into the oven—when the golden corn that has beautified our fields has been gathered into the granary, leaving nothing but the hard stubble, and everything that delights the eye and the ear has passed, we shall find in Him, the unchanging One, the true and lasting source of all joy.

Remember, while God has given us all things richly to enjoy, He would draw our hearts to Himself, the Giver and Blessor of them all.

Good-bye, for the present. I hope your holidays have been a gladsome time. I trust none of *my readers* will have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." No! I have better hopes of you than that.

I think our kind Editor must have been in the hay-fields too, for he has given us a picture of just such a scene as I was enjoying.

Your affectionate Friend,

Dot.

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WATERFALLS.

HAVE you ever seen a waterfall? I have seen several and think they are very pretty. If it happens to be a windy day, the spray is blown about and falls upon you as you approach the spot like very fine rain.

There are some waterfalls in this country, but many more in other parts of the world. The largest of all is in America, and is called, the "Falls of Niagara." This is a very dangerous one, the rush of the water being so great, that any boat getting into the current would be swept over in a moment, and never seen again. It is said that the roar it makes can be heard miles away.

A TRUE POET.

In happy mood he wanders o'er,
The grassy mead or sandy shore,
In converse with his mind;
Now gladden'd by some songster's note,
Or sharing with a kindred thought,
The sighing of the wind.

To him no voice is heard in vain;
The falling leaf, the rushing main,
Alike receive his ear;
Nor is it deaf to tales of woe,
A childish grief may cause to flow
The sympathetic tear.

Like some high hill that tips the sky,
Unscaled by every passer by,
He towers beyond our view;
Of men and things both great and small,
He lives as understanding all,
Yet understood by few.

W. B.

"WHERE IS WE NOW."

(For the Little Ones.)

SUCH was the question put to me by my little girl, as we were going by train on a journey towards home.

I held a map in my hand, with all the way marked out in plain lines, shewing the places we were to stop at, also many places we should not go near, and the great point to which we were all looking, HOME! Much oftener than the train stopped, she would look up into my face with all confidence and say, as she laid her hands on the map, "Where is we now?"

I continued to shew her the different towns as they were marked on the map, telling her the distance was getting much shorter each time we looked at the marked out way.

She was quite concerned about the way and the long distance, and more than once left off looking at the map, which was our true guide, and would heave a deep sigh and say, "Isn't we nearly home now?" and at each of the three stations we stopped at after this, and before we arrived home, she asked, "Is we going to get out here?"

At last the journey came to an end. We had arrived at the very last station. The train stopped, and ALL had to get out. Are my little readers as *ready* to look at Jesus as the travellers were to get out of the train? We had safely arrived, and were truly thankful.

Now as I think over the journey, and the oft repeated question, I frequently ask myself the question, as *now* I ask my little readers, "Where are we now?" Stop, before you attempt to answer, and look at the map. Do you know what I mean? I think I can see the glad smile on many little faces as they say, "Oh, I know, 'tis the Bible, that is the map that will guide us all the way home."

Yes, you are right; but now I ask you, "Where are you now?" Ah! many different answers, I expect, will be given; but **WHAT DOES THE MAP SAY?** Let us look at it together: turn to John xiv. 6, Jesus says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Let us mark first who the speaker is—'tis Jesus. He says, "I am the way," Let these words search us well, and let us ask ourselves, am I in the way, have I come to Jesus; do I believe in Him; am I going home to heaven to be with Him? If you have come to Him, He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." If you have believed in Him, His precious blood has cleansed you from all sin; and oh, what joy it is to know that, as the sweet hymn says:—

" 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.
We will praise Him for all that is past.
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Oh what a happy portion is ours who believe in Jesus! To be able to take the map God has marked out, and speak to Him about it in the happy confidence of children, trusting Him

for every step of the way, and singing His praises all the day long. If any little readers have not come to Jesus yet, "*Now is the accepted time.*" Come just as you are—Jesus calls, Jesus waits your answer. Arise, He calls for you. Precious Saviour, may He be your portion through time and eternity, is the prayer of one who would seek to bring you to His blessed feet, and truthfully to say,

Where are we now? going to heaven.

How are we now? all sins forgiven.

Where are we now? at Jesus' feet.

How are we now? in Him complete.

J. D.

Three Little Texts.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. vii. 7.)

THIS verse has three texts in it. The first tells us to *ask*, the second *says*, *seek*, and the third, *knock*.

Very simple, is it not? Even a little child can understand what it is to ask for anything. If a little boy is hungry he asks mother for something to eat; indeed, all day long little ones are asking for many things. Well, this verse wants you to ask God for something, perhaps you will find out presently what it is.

Seek, and ye shall find. Ah! who does not know what it is to seek. We are always seeking; from the girl who loses her needle or thimble, to the man who has mislaid some important paper or book and has to seek for it, perhaps for a long time before he finds it. Yes, this text says we must seek, and we shall find. Have you guessed yet what we are to ask for, and seek?

Lastly, the word is knock, and it shall be opened to you. That must be at a door then, if we knock and it is opened, like father knocks when he comes home at night. Is it difficult to knock? Oh, no, it's very easy; many little children knock at their mother's door every day. But what can the text mean by knocking, can you tell me?

Here is the whole verse

Ask, and it shall be given you,

Seek, and ye shall find,

Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Now do you see that the first letters of the three lines make the word, "Ask?" And that

so beautifully links the three together. So, I hear a boy or girl with earnest tones, saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus, do save me! and make me Thine own"—I should say that boy is asking for salvation, he is seeking salvation, yea, he is knocking at the very door of heaven. The texts mean the same, but are put in three different ways, that all may understand and see their importance. But stay, there are also three promises:—

Shall be given,

Shall find,

Shall be opened.

Is not that encouraging for any one who wants salvation? Oh, reader, if you have not yet got it, think of the threefold text, and also of the threefold promise, for when God says Shall, He means it.

"I WAS TINKING, SAR."

SOME years ago, in a very large ship, the officers sat at breakfast, being waited on by one of their faithful attendants, "a black"—I shall call him Sambo. I think he had been picked up in the West Indies, and kept as an officer's servant at this time.

There happened to be some sailors on board who had heard the good news of Jesus dying to save sinners; and about a dozen of these rough hard-looking sailors had believed the report they had heard, and had turned out the bottom of their bags to get the Bible that mother so lovingly put in before they left home (neglected up till now); but roused to life by the words they had heard, they searched the scriptures daily to see if these things were so.

The ever good and gracious Lord led them into His truth in a remarkable manner, causing them to rejoice, and their hearts to overflow in praise. Oh how good it was to see these men going among their fellow sailors, relating with loving words what great things the Lord had done for them!

Some one thought of Sambo; but he had never heard of the precious name of Jesus, only in oaths and cursing, and when told of His LOVE in dying for sinners, he was broken down, and after a time was able through faith to say, "Jesus loved me, and gave Himself for me." Dear boys and girls, this young black

could not read, but he heard the words of truth, and believed, and was saved ; and he too was desirous to tell others of this great and loving Saviour, and wondered very much that others did not love Him too.

Once, while talking with a brother who had a large Bible (he only having a small one), he said, " Me know why you so berry happy always, you hab big Bible, so much in it; me only hab little one, me get big one some day."

But the Lord soon taught this redeemed one precious truths concerning Himself; almost the first was doing the word of God as well as

breakfast the chaplain called to get the chess board (gambling being often indulged in). Sambo stood still; being called again to be quick, he still lingered; at last the minister stamped and said, " What are you doing there—why don't you bring me the chess board?"

Sambo said, as he looked around, " I was tinkin, sar."

In louder tones he was asked, " What are you thinking about, sir?"

Sambo's eyes lighted up with heavenly fire as he answered, " I was tinkin dat you ought to set sample, sar."



"I WAS TINKING, SAR."

believing it. He earnestly desired to live up to what he had learned, and if wanted to do anything he thought the Lord would not have him do, he would refuse it at once. For instance, an officer having an Opera ticket he did not want, tempted him with it to go to the Opera, but Sambo would not touch it. His own words were, " Me no go Opera."

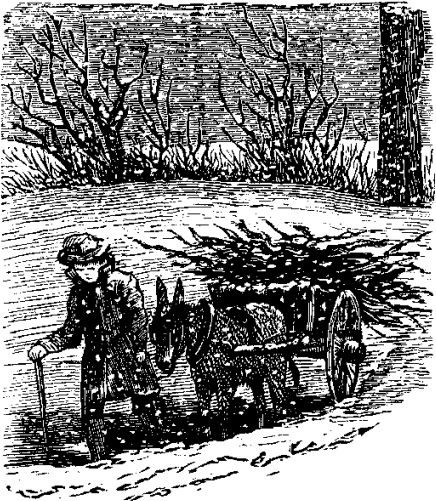
On being told that Dr.— (the Chaplain) went, he at once said, " Ah, Dr.— lub dis world, me no lub dis world."

At another time, as I mentioned above, after

Let me drop the curtain here, dear young believers, and let this poor black's reproof sink into our hearts. It was the advice of Paul to his beloved Timothy. " Be thou an example of the believers." (1 Tim. iv. 12.) May our gracious God keep us true to Jesus, who left us an example that we should follow His steps, who always did those things which pleased the Father. Yea, He could say, " I delight to do thy will, O my God." Young believers, let us ask ourselves one question, " Do we?"

J. D.

THE RIVER NILE.



GIVE you this month a picture of that country about which we have heard so much lately, as being the seat of the present war.

Egypt was a most wonderful country in past ages, and many volumes have been writ-

ten about it, some of which you may be able to read when you get older.

The name Egypt always seems familiar to us because we read so much about it in the Bible, indeed it is one of the most ancient countries about which we know anything.

Although there have been no written histories of Egypt handed down to us, yet, strange to say, we know a great deal of the ways and customs of the people for ages past. We get our knowledge from the many monuments, tombs, &c., which are covered with paintings or pictures cut in the solid stone. These have stood the wear of many hundreds of years, some dating back as far as the time of Abraham.

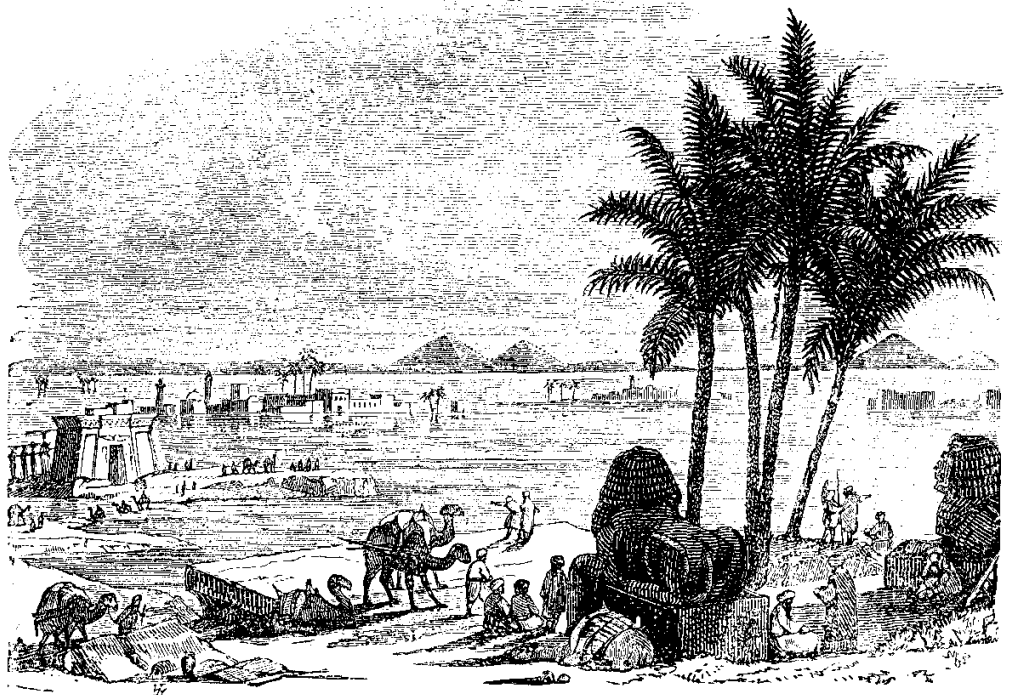
Now we can all understand a picture although it may be drawn or engraved by a man whose words cannot be understood, and these pictures give us all the details of their daily lives, so that you and I, by looking at them, can tell how the people employed their time so long ago as three thousand years.

These are the most ancient monuments that we know of in any part of the world, and the Bible is the oldest book. How interesting to find both the monuments and the book agree so exactly, that we know the Bible could not have been written by any one without God's help.

The picture shews us their favourite river, the Nile. This river is to them of great value, as they get little or no rain. It not only supplies them with water, but by overflowing at a certain time of the year, prepares the ground for growing the various crops, wheat, barley, rye, &c.

So dependent are they on the Nile to secure a good harvest, that they have been known to worship the river itself instead of the good God, who has given it to them. Perhaps this is why God turned all the water into blood, as we read in Exodus, when Pharaoh would not let His people leave Egypt, to teach them that He was all powerful, and that the river was nothing in itself except as a gift from God. They were very slow to learn how foolish it was to fight against God, and the death of the king and so many of his followers in the Red Sea, is indeed a warning to any one who in his heart thinks to fight against God.

The famous pyramids may be seen in the



THE RIVER NILE.

distance. These have been built at some remote period by the kings of Egypt, as burying places for themselves. Strange to say, they look upon this life as being only a short stay; therefore, their houses are often very plain and simple, but the tombs, say they, are our everlasting dwellings.

In many cases they were thinking of and preparing their tombs all their lifetime; but how foolish to suppose that where the body is placed is the everlasting dwelling, especially when they may see in the graves so many bodies of people who have lived in past ages all going to dust.

But we who live in a time when true knowledge of the future is so spread abroad, must not be more foolish than the Egyptians were, by turning our thoughts away from so important a matter. There is indeed a place for us in the very presence of God, if we are resting on the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and what He has done for us.

Shadowy Days in France.

VIII.

IT was a cold rainy night, the wind was howling dismally, not a star to be seen in the sky, only heavy black clouds all around.

A lady and gentleman, wrapped in dark cloaks, were walking up and down the quay of a small seaport of France. "Is it not almost time they were here?" asked the lady.

"Patience, dear," said her husband, "the ship does not sail till 11 o'clock, and the captain wished them to stay on shore till it is almost time to start."

"I feel almost afraid to let them go alone; suppose any harm should happen to them, what should I do?"

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," was the low reply. "Hark! here they are."

A man came along with two little muffled figures, who were, as you will guess, our little friends Louise and Eugène. Mme. Clément sprang forward to meet them with a cry of joy, but M. Clément said they must go on board the boat now, as it would be ready to start in a quarter of an hour. They met the captain at the top of the ladder, and all went

on board together. The ship did not carry passengers, and there was not a woman on board. Mme. Clément felt as if she was only letting them go out of one danger into another.

When the children had been comfortably settled in their berths the father and mother came away; they thanked the good-natured captain again and again for his kindness, for he was running a great risk, and if he were discovered he was liable to severe punishment. Many, many children were separated from their parents in this way, and sometimes it was months or even years before they met again.

The boat with our little friends on board began its journey, and the dashing of the waves, the creaking of the ropes, and the shouting of the sailors frightened poor little Louise and Eugène so much that it was a long time before they fell asleep. The morning broke fine and lovely, and the children's spirits rose considerably when the captain took them up on deck, for now that they were out in the open sea there was no more need of hiding. The wind continued fair, and in two days they could see the shores of that happy land of freedom, England. Many hundreds of poor people driven from their homes found a home in this more favoured country.

L. C.

THE FIRST GARDEN AND PROMISE.

BUT what a door of sorrow did that kiss open for Jesus! He who gave it had for a long time pretended to care for Jesus, in supplying his daily need—although Jesus had often shewn him, by His gracious miracles, that he could not do without Him.

But now the real object of his heart's desire was made known. He loved money, and it was that he sought after, even to the selling of his gracious Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

Dear children, beware, it may not be always money that turns the heart aside from following hard after Jesus, it may be some little doll, or top, or trifle of some kind that first opens the door, and then how wide it often gets before the little one is aware!

But then there were also others who made

the same profession of obedience to God, as *this lover of money*; and who said they were looking out for their Messiah to appear, as many of their children say to-day. But He, for whom they had offered thirty pieces of silver, had over and over again proved by His words and by His ways, that he was truly the very and "only One" that God had promised them.

Dear children, take care that with the word of God in your hand Satan does not deceive you as he did them.

As soon as their sabbath came they were to be seen in the temple or in the synagogue repeating their prayers, listening to the scriptures, or it may be joining in singing a hymn or psalm, priding themselves upon their regular attendance, so deceiving themselves as though all was right within. God was looking right down into their hearts from His throne on high.

Jesus had before done so, and spoken plainly to them about it, and compared their ways, which shewed the workings of their hearts, to whitened sepulchres or beautiful graves, which my dear little ones are pleased to see, when they take a walk into the cemetery, but they do not often pause and consider that those are but houses of the dead, which contain corruption.

Let this figure which was so often used by Jesus, remind my dear little ones, that as it was true of those wicked Jews, so is it also of all those who have not received Jesus as their Saviour, although outwardly they may appear religious.

But now the "promised One" was about to leave them for ever. Yes, dear children, leave them with all their sins upon them, and waiting for the day of judgment to overtake them.

There was no way of escape; they were now ready to murder their Messiah. The One who came to bless, deliver, and to die for them, they took with wicked hands, did nail to a cross of wood, and shewed by their wicked ways what their hearts were, how ignorant and blinded they were concerning that blessed *precious* Lord Jesus, and how little they cared for God, and His *precious* word so often upon their lips.

But, oh! dear children, Jesus knew who it was that moved them in all this. It was the

same one who blinds the eyes, and hardens the heart now, even Satan. So that Jesus when He was on the cross, cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Your affectionate friend,

UNCLE CHARLEY.

Charming the Crocodiles.

IN Madagascar the people used to worship the crocodile, and they said it was wrong to shake a spear over the river, lest their god should be offended. They said however that they knew a *charm* that would make the crocodile to be friendly with them.

Now it happened one day that a merchant was taking a lot of cattle from one part of the country to another, and as he travelled he came to a river. He did not believe in the *charms* of the natives, so he began to drive his cattle into the river to go to the other side. But to his surprise the cattle one by one began to disappear, being dragged down by the crocodiles. He called hastily to the natives to use their charm and save his cattle. This they did, and all or nearly all his cattle were saved from the crocodiles and got over safely.

You will be curious to know what sort of charm this was that could have such an effect upon such strong creatures. Well it was *noise*. The natives shouted at the top of their voices and beat the water with branches of trees, and thus frightened the crocodiles away. And this they thought was some mysterious charm that wrought a miracle!

SAVED BY A WALL OF SNOW.

MANY years ago there was a war raging between Germany and Russia. A truce had been concluded which was to end at midnight of January 5th.

A truce is when both parties agree for a time to cease to fight; if before the time expires they can come to terms the war may be at an end; but if not, directly the time arrives the war re-commences.

Well, on the 5th of January there seemed to be no prospect of peace, and the quiet inhabitants were afraid that the cruel soldiers would be coming to steal their property, if not indeed to kill them.

Now at the town of Sleswick in Germany,

there lived a pious old woman who used to pray in the words of an old German hymn that God would *raise up a wall* to protect them from their enemies. There lived with her a married daughter—now a widow—and her grandson.

Her grandson asked the old lady if she really expected that God would build a wall to keep out the Cossacks. Well, not exactly. She meant that God would protect them in some way, as if a wall were built around the house. But she reminded her grandson that nothing was impossible with God.

Well, the 5th of January came, and as the dreaded night approached a dreadful storm arose and the snow fell very fast. To go to bed was out of the question. Their house lay near the road, and would be one of the first that the soldiers would pass. At length the clock struck twelve, and they listened and prayed, and listened and prayed. But they soon heard the tramping of the horses, the firing of guns, and the shouting of the soldiers, and expected every moment to have their house attacked. But hour after hour passed, and no one came to the house. Still they watched and prayed.

But when the morning light came the mystery was solved. The snow had drifted against that solitary house and almost hidden it from view; no one could approach it but through a bank of snow.

The pious woman called her grandson to shew him the wall that God had built around their house. What praises now went up to God for His protecting care! I hope that little boy never forgot that wall of snow, and let us all learn the lesson that none can harm whom God intends to keep.

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I was thinking the other day as I remembered the time for my monthly letter was approaching, what an important thing it was—but a blessed position as well—to be directing others in a path that should lead to present peace, and future and lasting joy and glory. I remember scripture says “his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace.” So that to direct others, we have to be quite

sure we are on the right road ourselves, so there may be no doubt about it. Well, through grace, I know the road I am travelling is the right one, because the light of God's word makes it perfectly clear, and trusting this, there is neither doubt about the way, nor fear as to the end. Look to Him who is “the way,” and He will guide you safely all the journey through. You see you can easily test what is told you by your own Bibles, you need not be like a traveller of whom I heard, who went the wrong road for a considerable distance, through the mischief of some one who took pleasure in mis-directing the traveller ignorant of the right road. The man was in a strange part of the country, on his journey to a distant town where he had business; presently he came to where two roads met, and naturally consulted the finger-post, when seeing which pointed to the town he wanted, he went on his way. But after some time, meeting a man, to make sure he asked if he was in the right road. You may suppose he was surprised to find he was in the wrong road, and had to go back to the spot where the finger-post was—the other journeying the same way. There it was found that some one, out of a love of mischief, had altered the finger-posts, so that they pointed to an opposite direction. This was not only aggravating, but to him a serious loss of time. But this anecdote reminds me that too often those who should be finger-posts to point out the way to heaven, sadly confuse travellers. I trust you will all consult the divine finger-post, which points clearly enough the way to everlasting life.

Remember who it is that says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” Seek Him for counsel and guidance in all your early troubles and difficulties; trust Him wholly, and gladness of heart will be yours.

Affectionately yours,
Dot.

NOTICE.

We hope to have “My Little Friend Almanac for 1883” ready for sale early in October. Will all our readers secure their copies as soon as possible, that we may know how many to print for a second edition.

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The Little Boy that was afraid of God.

WHEN Charlie was a little boy, he did not like to be alone in the dark. When he was put to bed he would generally begin to sing hymns, because, he said, they put the fear away. One day he said to Eliza, "Do you know what makes me afraid to be in the dark?" "No," she replied. "Well," said he, "it is my wickedness." "How do you know that, Charlie?" "Why, my auntie taught me a text when I was staying there, and I know what it means."

"What is the text?"

"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

"What do you think it means?"

"When I am doing anything naughty, I think God is looking at me, and that He will punish me, then I get so frightened I try to hide myself. Now if I were doing and thinking good I should not run away from God, but be as bold as a lion."

Eliza did not know how to comfort Charlie, for she felt she was just as much afraid of God as he.

Years have passed away, and Charlie and Eliza are grown up. They are not afraid of God now, for they have learned that "perfect love casteth out fear." (1 John iv. 18.) They know also that when they were yet sinners Christ died for them, and they love to tell little boys and girls that God is light, and God is love. Though God does shew us how naughty and unfit for His presence we are, He tells us to believe on His Son, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. E. E. S.

Shadowy Days in France.

IX.

Mx and Mde. Clément returned home the day after Eugène and Louise had left. How dreary the home seemed! In place of the merry play of the children was heard the loud laughter and coarse shouting of the soldiers. It is true they were very much better than many of the soldiers at that time, but it was very uncomfortable to have them there.

M. Clément had hoped to leave with the rest of his family, and go and live in Holland or England, but he was prevented by a law passed in 1685.

This law decreed that ministers of the Protestant religion were to leave the country; if they stayed, they would be put in prison, or put to death. It also said, that all other people were forbidden to leave the country on pain of imprisonment; this was done to separate all the teachers from the people. They thought if the Huguenot churches were shut up, and the ministers sent away, that the people would forget all about the simple story of salvation by just believing in Jesus, and that they would return to the old form of worship, praying to saints, and going on long pilgrimages; for that is what the priests told them must be done if they wanted their sins forgiven.

M. Clément determined to try and get away with his wife and Claude, Marguerite and baby. They had to wait many long weary months before they could do this, but one morning the following spring they left their home. Claude and his father dressed like peasants. Marguerite was dressed like a boy, her long hair was cut short, and her face stained brown. They looked like a party of gipsies searching for a place to sell some wooden toys which they took with them. They had to sleep in the woods and often beg for bread to eat. Many people were very kind to them, and the farmers and servants in some of the large houses would give them food, and sometimes money, without taking the toys in return.

One night in a dreadful thunder-storm, a poor widow woman who lived in a cottage in a lonely little village, took them all in, dried their clothes, and let them stay all night. Perhaps she had heard that verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

L. C.

AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS.

DOUBTLESS many of my little readers have often read the words written in Matthew xiv. 12, where it mentions the disciples in their trouble went and told Jesus. It brings a circumstance to my remembrance when two lads were in trouble, not knowing what to do or where to go; their names were

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

83

Tommy and Jimmy, they had made acquaintance in a foreign land far away from home.

Now Tommy had serious thoughts about his soul, and desired to walk as a Christian, although he could ONLY SAY he hoped he was a Christian; but Jimmy desired to live for this world, his heart had not yet been touched by divine grace.

One evening they met at a jovial tea-party; merriment and jests were the chief attractions thought of, and Tommy had a sad, sad face; he could not enter into the amusement—his heart was longing after better things, but there were only husks there. Jimmy tried to cheer him with good-natured jokes and fun, but all failed to rally him.

The evening passed, and as they were about to start for their separate ships (they were both sailors) with two friends, they went towards the landing-place, when Tommy called Jimmy on one side and asked him a most solemn question; putting his hands on his shoulders he said earnestly, "Jimmy, do you love the Lord Jesus?"

Getting but a shake of the body and some off-handed reply, he pressed the question, and seeing how matters stood, he said, "If you do not love the Lord Jesus HE LOVES YOU, and His love was so great that He died for you on the cross, and if you come to Him just as you are, He will wash you from all your sins in His own blood," and many other loving entreaties did he use to win Jimmy's heart for Jesus; then, with a shake of the hand, and hopes soon to meet again, they parted.

With a heavy heart Jimmy went his way, the words would not leave him night or day, "If you do not love the Lord Jesus HE LOVES YOU:" but they brought no joy with them. In his trouble he read his Bible without fearing the laughs of his comrades, because he was in earnest. He could not sleep at night, he tried to pray, but could not—his sins were weighing him down; at last he gave in and cried out to himself, "I am lost! I am lost!" Tommy by this time was getting more light, and seemed pleased to see his friend's despair, and with much loving tenderness he pointed him to Jesus who came to seek and to save that which was lost. God's love soon shewed Jimmy that He was a God who delighted in mercy, so that he could say with real joy and gladness—

"When first I saw the blood,
And look'd on Him who shed it,
My right to peace at once was made,
And I with transport read it;
I saw myself to God brought nigh,
And victory became my cry."

How these two did rejoice together! Now they could not go to the various so-called religious amusements; no, they had something better. They had life now, and desired to walk and live

in the power and enjoyment of it; but, oh, the troubles that were in the way, and the various advices offered! One dear man told Jimmy to mix with the world in their pleasure and let them see that the Christian could enjoy himself as well as the world; some said this and some said the other, so Tommy and Jimmy being both of one mind about it, they found a quiet spot out on the ramparts of the island, and there they fell on their knees and TOLD JESUS.

With joy they told Him of the blessing they had received through faith in His name. And they told Him of the troubles of the way, how the pathway looked dark and uncertain, the difficulties that presented themselves, so they prayed for guidance, they called upon Him in their trouble and He delivered them.

Oh, with what tenderness did He lead these two lads! He spoke to them out of their own pocket Bibles, and taught them many things concerning Himself, and this they found to be both joy and strength; it was of Jesus, and Jesus only, and the place He had in this poor world—"They cast him out."

This settled the question with Tommy and Jimmy as to their pathway here, in separation from the world who would NOT HAVE HIM. They soon met with others who loved the name of Jesus the Holy Son of God, and they often were together to sing praises to Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them. Many a night after the inhabitants had retired, they would go out into the country, finding a solitary place and then, looking up to the Lord, praise Him out of full hearts for all the grace He had shewn towards them. One hymn they often sang—

"O draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
So may I run and never tire,
With gracious words still comfort me,
Be Thou my hope, my soul's desire;
On Thee I'd roll each weight and fear,
Calm in the thought that Thou art near."

Now, dear readers, I have penned these lines in the hope that you may be constrained to do likewise. It is that same Jesus, and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Tommy and Jimmy have not seen each other now for a very long time, but they often remember each other in their prayers, and GOD HEARS and ANSWERS. (Read Psalm l. 15.) "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

J. D.

"Now I suppose I shall have to be very good, Grandma," said a little boy, "because we have got this baby; for mother don't want her to be naughty, and she will be if I am."

IN THE LIBRARY.

MANY years ago, a friar might have been seen eagerly scanning the pages of a large volume, in the library of a monastery.

He was a thoughtful man, and not content with spending his time in the idle and waste-

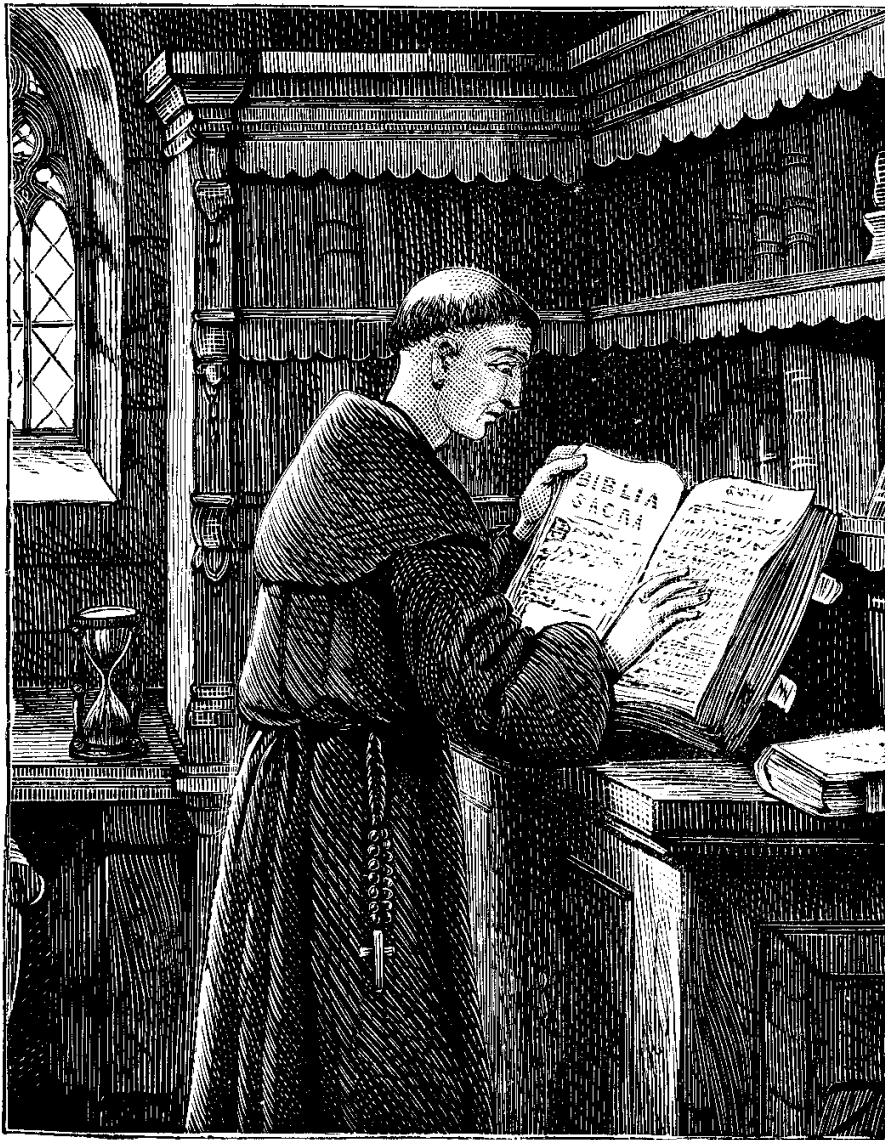
notions of the way of salvation gradually gave way to a more perfect knowledge, like the sunshine in early morn, as it appears over the hills and disperses the mists and darkness.

Well, he found what his soul longed for, even the certain knowledge that Christ having died for such sinners as he was, now he could be brought near to God through faith in Christ Jesus.

The dear man having once tasted the love of God for himself, he now wanted to tell others about it, but how could he, within the bare walls of his cell, make known his thoughts to any one outside? It was impossible.

Instead, therefore, of telling any one what was in his heart, he wrote it down on a small piece of parchment, and putting this in a box, placed the box in a hole in his cell. There it lay for hundreds of years, but at last some workmen, engaged to pull down part of the old monastery, came upon the box containing the confession of the poor friar, who had long since passed away, and thus the desire of his heart was attained, though so many years after, of telling others what a dear Saviour he had found.

“But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved

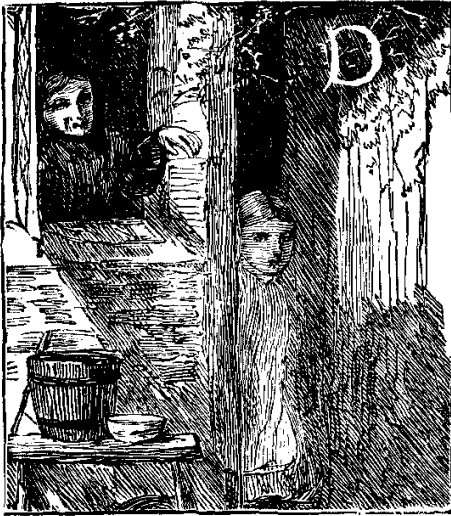


full way that many of his companions did. This man had chosen the monastic life, that he might shut out entirely from his thoughts all things connected with this world, and occupy himself with better things, that related to his eternal welfare.

See him then poring over a Latin copy of the scriptures. As he reads the simple words of that Book, his former dim and ignorant

us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us through Christ Jesus. For by grace ye are saved through faith.”

The Story of a Shipwreck.



DEAR children, I want to tell you a story, a true story—such a sad one.

A gentleman, many years ago, along with his wife and little boy, went on a long voyage to a distant land, called

Australia. The little boy was named Joseph, and on the voyage another little child was born. They were to land at a city called Sydney, and were looking forward with the hope of reaching it very soon, when, by some accident or by some mistake, suddenly, in the night, they were roused from their sleep by the striking of the ship on a rock. The ship was broken, and the water slowly coming in; besides which it stuck fast upon the rock. The night was dark, but the water was calm, and the sailors found that although they were among rocks, still it was possible to get on shore, by taking a few at a time in the ship's boats. However, the captain and passengers agreed that it would be best to wait for daylight, lest in the darkness any one should fall into the

sea, and be drowned. So they waited, anxiously watching for the morning.

But what will you say when I tell you, that, just as the faintest gleam of light appeared in the east, the wind began to blow, the heavy dark clouds gathered overhead and beneath, the sea began to swell, and the big waves rose up on all sides, dashing with fury against the poor disabled ship, and threatening to wash every one overboard.

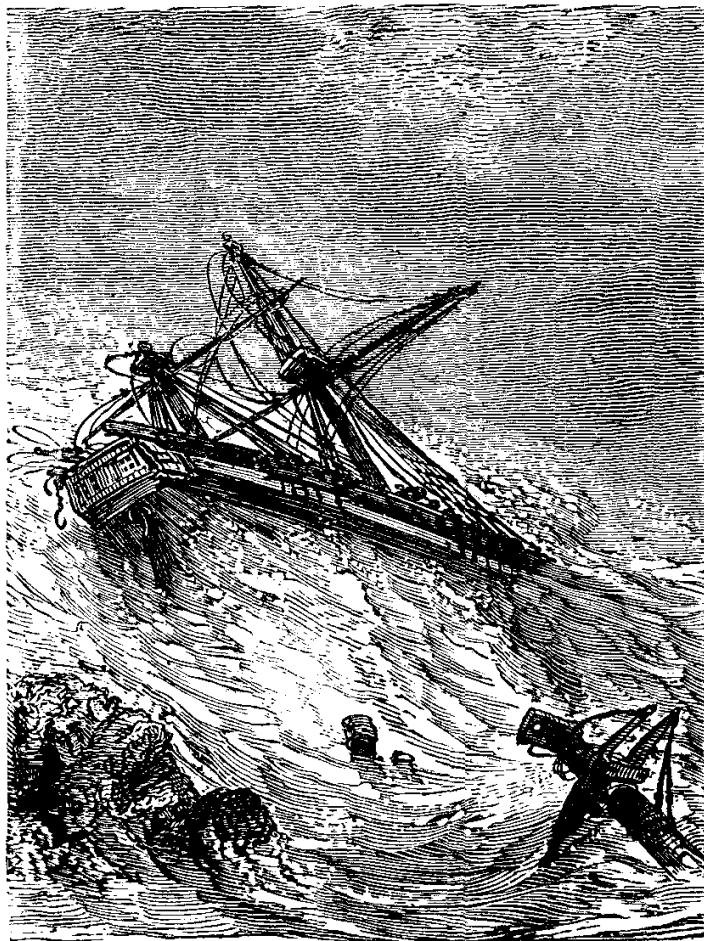
What could these people do? They had lost the calm hours of the night, when they might have reached the land; and now death stared them in the face, and a watery grave.

No boat could be launched on those angry waters, but the sailors thought of a way of escape. One bold man fastened a rope round his waist, and committing himself to the sea, swam off from the ship, fighting for his very life, as wave after wave rose before him—sometimes buried him in their depths, and then bore him aloft on their crests. But exhausted, half dead, yet with the rope round

his waist, he at last reached a low rock, on which he climbed, and from thence to another, until he was able to fasten the rope securely, beyond the reach of the water.

Now, then, there was a way of escape for any who would trust themselves to that rope. One after another of the sailors, putting the rope under his shoulder, or holding on to it as he swam, passed along by its help—swimming when he could, and holding on to it when a big wave washed over him—and so all the sailors got safely to land. One passenger did the same, and lived to tell the tale.

But what became



"The big waves dashed against the poor ship."

of the gentleman, with his wife and children ? He was a strong, brave man, and surely could have saved himself as the sailors did : for life is very dear to all of us. But there are some things dearer than life, and he loved his wife and children. He could not save himself and leave them to perish ! A very strong man could only just hold on to the rope by himself, and it was impossible to take his wife and little ones through the foaming sea. Besides, his wife was very weak, and the baby only a few days old. So he perished with them !

Did he perish ? His body, with that of his wife and children, was buried in the deep, deep sea, but their spirits went to be with Christ, whom on earth even little Joseph had known and loved. The one passenger who was saved, said that he last saw them standing on the wreck, calm and peaceful amongst the confusion, commending themselves, I feel sure, to Him who rules the waves, and who counts the hairs of our heads.

I often think of that sad scene ; and you will not wonder, when I tell you that that gentleman was my own brother. And it reminds me of another tale, quite as true, and far more wonderful. You will perhaps guess what I mean when I repeat these words, " Love is stronger than death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And again, those beautiful words, " Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." You know He was the Son of God, as well as the Son of Mary ; and all the time He lived down here, He did always the things that pleased God. Would He not have been welcome in heaven at any moment, if He had pleased to leave this bad world, and go up to the bosom of His Father ? And when Judas betrayed Him, and the chief priests and Pilate got Him into their hands, to nail Him to the tree, could He not have asked for more than twelve legions of angels to put all His enemies to flight ?

The Hindoos' Appeal.

LITTLE ones, our souls are longing
Now to taste the living bread,
We are hungering for a portion
Of the feast which Christ has spread.

'Tis not much we know about Him,
But that little makes us long
More to understand His goodness,
And to know the right from wrong.

Though I know we once were heathen,
Driving off the friends you sent ;
Though we treated them unkindly,
Any way our spite to vent.

Yet when once we'd calmly listen'd,
Low before the Lord we knelt,
And forsook our useless idols,
When His saving power we felt.

What we're wanting now are teachers,
And the Bibles they convey ;
Won't you try and send them to us—
Try and shed one gladdening ray ?

THE DESERTER.

WHAT are the people looking at, I wonder ! Shopkeepers come to their doors and gaze earnestly down the street ; the man of business, who is hurrying along, stops a minute and turns round ; the coachmen and drivers of cabs point with their whips to something ahead, and make observations to those who are sitting beside them on the box ; and even the errand boy seems interested in what is going on, and forgets for the moment to look in at the many tempting sights that the shop windows of this great city afford, in his anxiety to know all about it.

I am riding in an omnibus, and of course can only see that there is something of unusual interest that takes the gaze of everybody in one direction, and the omnibus is provokingly slow, so that I must patiently wait. Now we are starting again, the crowd has gone down a side street, and I see the reason of all the anxious looks.

Two soldiers, with their rifles over their shoulders and bayonets fixed, have a prisoner between them. He is a deserter, and is being taken to the barracks, where he will soon hear the sentence of punishment awarded to deserters from the army. When he entered the army he did it of his own voluntary will, and having professed his willingness to serve his Queen and country, and if needs be, to

fight for them, he cannot leave the ranks without incurring punishment.

And has not this a voice? To me it speaks loudly, as I in memory mark many young ones, who in early days confessed Christ as their Saviour, and professed to follow Him as good soldiers, and even to fight for Him, or to uphold the banner of His grace, who in their young hearts thought it a pleasure to speak of Him to others, walking happily in company with others, till circumstances found them alone, as sentinels, which called for increased watchfulness, but when through lack of that and prayer they fell an easy prey to the enemy. Great is the mercy of God when He again brings back the deserter; and we know that while the hand punishes, the heart yearns in love over His own child. He is the God of all grace—not only seeks but finds the poor runaway. Some I can remember who have deserted, and got apparently far away—yet not hidden from His eye—and through what depths of anguish they have had to pass ere they have rejoined the ranks of the loyal-hearted, but to find in Him a God who delighteth in mercy! What a depth there is in these words of the Psalmist, “There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.”

Young soldiers of Christ! be true to Him, add to your faith courage! in child-like dependence on Him. E. R.

THE 103rd PSALM.

AT a Children's Meeting one evening last summer, at Worthing, I was asked to speak to a dear boy of 15, who had remained with some others after the greater number had left the room.

After speaking to him a little while, I asked him if he could use the first four verses of the 103rd Psalm as the language of his own heart, while I quoted them: “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.”

He told me he knew the whole Psalm by

heart. “But did you ever use that part of it to praise and thank God for saving your soul?” “I never thought of it in that way,” he replied.

I then urged him to ponder the words well, and he would no doubt be able to adopt them, and he would also be able to appropriate to himself those precious words that form the core of Isaiah's wonderful prophecy, commencing with chapter xl. and ending with chapter lxvi. “He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.” As I dwelt upon the sufferings of our dear Lord, and added, “Can you not say, He was wounded for *my* transgressions, bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and by His stripes am *I* healed?” I was pleased to see a tear in his eye. We may never meet again till we join the ransomed above, who will form the white-robed throng, surrounding the throne.

Dear young reader, have you ever asked yourself the question, “Shall I be there?” Here is a beautiful prayer for you, *if you have come to Jesus*, it is the chorus of a well-known hymn, with the last line altered—

“Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
I shall be, Lord, with Thee.”

See Matthew x. 32; Luke ix. 26; Revelation ii. 10, iii. 21. R. H. W.

A Word Portrait.

LAUGHING eyes,
Dimpled cheek,
Looking wise,
Tries to speak.

Dirty face,
Dirty frock,
Naughty ways,
Such a stock!
Chubby fist,
Eyes of blue,
Getting kiss'd
All day through.

Crying out,
Tears of pain;
Then a shout,
Laughs again.

Toys and eyes
Have a battle,
Then she cries,
Oh, that rattle!

Into twenty
Moods a day;
"That is plenty,"
So I say.

Safe in bed,
Fast asleep;
Round her head
Shadows creep.

She's delicious,
All that may be;
That's our precious
Little baby.

W. B.

A YOUNG THIEF.

I WAS going one day to pay a visit to a friend in a distant part of the city, and in order to save time I thought I would go by tram-car.

One was just ready to leave the starting-point, and I quickly took a seat on the outside of it. The driver loosened the break, and off started the horses at their accustomed trot.

We went along the wide streets, a busy throng crowding the pavement on either side. From my elevated seat on the car I could observe all that passed in the street below. There were a number of barrows standing by the side of the kerb loaded with various articles for sale; some contained earthenware, others boots and shoes.

But one particularly attracted my attention, it was filled with shell-fish of different kinds, and just as our tram passed opposite that particular barrow, my eyes fell on three boys; they had nearly passed the barrow when the one nearest to it looked round at the man, and seeing his back turned, he put out his hand and quickly took a fish off the barrow and put it in his pocket. It was done in a moment, and the boys walked on, indeed the other two boys did not even see him do it. As far as I could tell, no one had detected the young thief.

He walked on and probably thought no one knew anything about it, his eyes never once looked in my direction, but I had seen him, and I have since thought about that boy. He escaped punishment that time, but if he goes on in the same course he is sure to be found out; for if not detected by his fellow

creatures, there is One whose eye never sleeps who saw his act as well as I, and he will be unable to escape from Him. God is rich in mercy, but angry with the wicked every day.

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—A peep at our Almanack for next year reminds me that we are close upon the end of our volume—that twelve months have nearly fled away. But it also brings to my mind another precious and solemn truth, that while the Almanack speaks of days, weeks, and months to come—how many of us will live to see its close, or even its beginning. But I know that as believers we have nothing to do with "times and seasons," and that the bright hope of our hearts is the Lord's coming to take us away to be with Himself for ever. For many, many years that has been the uppermost joy to my heart, not as a doctrine, but as a living hope. Have you ever thought much of this? Far from its being a gloomy subject, I think, nay, I am sure you will find it a truth of much joy. Only think of seeing Him and being with Him for ever, who said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." You are not too young to understand this; I should have been thankful to have learned this precious truth in early days. Those who in youth learn of Jesus and of His grace in dying for our salvation, and of His coming again, will find it no difficulty to walk with Him as years go on. These are weighty truths for young hearts. If He tarry, may you not only be found waiting for Him, but seeking others, watching His return with joy.

What a happy place *home* is when Christ is known and loved! May each of your homes be thus happy, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,
Dot.

MY LITTLE FRIEND ALMANACK

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MY GREY PAIR OF BOOTS.

I AM going to tell you, little readers, of a very naughty little girl, who disobeyed her mother, and got herself into trouble. It is never very pleasant to write about naughty children, but I want you to hear about this one, and as she is now grown up to be a woman, and is very sorry for her early bad conduct, she hopes that this story of her childhood may be a warning to children when inclined to do wrong.

Have you guessed that this naughty girl was myself? Indeed it was, and though what I am going to tell you happened twenty-five years ago, still it is a black spot on my memory.

I lived in a busy part of a large town, lying on the river Thames.

There was no garden to my father's house, so my play-time was usually spent at the river's side.

It was a real treat to me to have a country walk, or to play in a friend's garden.

One day my uncle and aunt, who lived about a mile from us in the suburbs of the town, sent for me to go there to tea. I was very glad to go, and more so as my cousin Jane was on a visit at our house, and I was anxious for her to see my uncle's garden. My mother had just bought me a pair of light grey cashmere boots, and I begged to be allowed to wear them. This was readily granted, "but be careful," said my mother, "keep on the paths, for the roads are very dirty, and be sure and not go through Eel-brook meadow." "Very well, mother," said I. And off we started in high glee.

"What sort of a place is Eel-brook meadow?" enquired Jane as we went along. "Oh such a pretty place, I'm so sorry I cannot take you there, but mother said I was not to go that way." "But aunt will not know," said naughty Jane. "Not unless you tell her," said I. "Well, I'm sure you may trust me." So I yielded, dear little readers, to the tempter's voice, and took the path to Eel-brook meadow. But still a voice seemed to say within me, "You're doing wrong, you know you are. Be sure your sin will find you out; and Thou God seest me."

But I wouldn't listen, and on we went in the path of disobedience. It was a similar path that Eve took in the garden of Eden so many years before. Alas, what a sad story of going away from God.

We crossed the stile: my promise to my mother, the thought of God's eye upon me, all forgotten in the pleasure of the moment. We went merrily along for some time, till turning a bend in the meadow we saw a number of cows peacefully grazing before us. Now, I was much afraid of cows, and according to the true saying—

sin makes cowards of us all, I became very cowardly, and declared that I would rather go back again than pass among these cows. Jane laughed heartily, and ran among them, safely reaching beyond them, leaving me trembling and undecided. I determined to go round the slope of the meadow, leading towards the brook that lay at one side, and meet Jane at the other side of the path.

Though it was a fine summer day, there had been heavy rains, which had caused the brook to overflow. I was ignorant of this, and seeing the grass look fresh and green, little thought of the mud that lay beneath. As I tripped lightly along I began to feel my feet giving way beneath me, and the further I went the deeper I sank. My pretty boots became thickly imbedded in the soft mud. I called loudly for help, but no one was near but my cousin, who at length came to my assistance, but not without getting into the same plight as myself.

I do not attempt to describe the difficulty we had to get out of our uncomfortable situation. When at last we did, deplorable objects we were indeed. In vain I rubbed my boots with the soft grass and my handkerchief. All my efforts only made them look worse. There was no help for it, my naughtiness was manifest to every one I met, and it was with a tear-stained face, and feeling very miserable, that I entered my uncle's house.

The kindness of my uncle and aunt only made me feel more wretched, for they saw only my outward appearance, which they said could be easily remedied, and knew not of my wilful disobedience. I took my cousin into the pretty garden, and shewed her the rabbits, the linnet in its cage, and played with my old pet the large black cat, and Rover the dog, but all had lost their charm for me. Home I must go, and meet the disclosure that would follow!

Of course I was justly punished, and beside all, the grey boots, when washed, had to be worn by me till they were worn out. I never looked down at my stained boots without remembering my disobedience.

Ah, dear children, it is a dark spot on my memory. I wish it was not there, but I can't rub it out. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard."

I trust you will think of the dreadfulness of disobedience. Bad enough, surely, to disobey a kind parent, but how much worse to disobey a kind and loving God! I am sure you know well the story of Genesis iii., but I want you to read it again, and remember that through the sin of Adam and Eve, every one is a disobedient one; but there is one obedient One who died for sinners, and if you truly believe on Him, and seek to please God, He will call you His obedient children.



A SAGACIOUS DOG.

MR. SMELLIE relates that a grocer in Edinburgh had a dog who was quite a favourite in the neighbourhood. Now there was a man who used to go round with a small bell, selling pies, and one day this man gave a pie to the dog. The dog was so pleased with his pie, that the next time he heard the bell he ran to the man, seized him by the coat, and would not let him proceed. The pieman, who could not afford to give the dog a pie every day, took a penny from his pocket, shewed it to the dog, and then pointed the dog to his master, who was standing at the door at the time. The dog seemed to understand what was meant, for he ran to his master, and made signs and looks as if he expected something. His master gave the dog a penny, which he carried in his mouth to the pieman, paid his penny, and received his pie. And this he continued to do daily for several months—always getting his penny when he heard the bell, and he then ran and bought his pie.

A LITTLE blind girl who was dying, as her friends were weeping around her, said, "Christ will open my eyes now, mother, and I shall see Him."

The Saviour's Appeal.

"My little lambs," the Saviour says,
 "I've wash'd your sins away,
 I've saved your souls from death and hell,
 And put you in the way.
 And since I've done so much for you,
 Will you not shew your love,
 By sending to the perishing
 My message from above?
 I did not think it was too much
 To leave My throne on high,
 To come and hang upon the cross,
 And in the grave to lie.
 For more than thirty years I bore
 A painful lingering life,
 Amidst a thoughtless ruined world
 All full of sin and strife.
 It is not long you'll have to work,
 Since I've atoned for sin,
 And soon I'll come and take you home,
 Away from this world's din.
 There are thousands o'er the ocean
 Who have never heard of Me,

Never heard My invitation
 Bidding them to come and see.
 Every day they rob each other,
 Stealing, cheating, all around;
 How it grieves Me when I see it,
 How I wish the lost were found.
 They do not know that it is wrong
 To cheat, and steal, and fight;
 Their evil deeds have not been brought
 Into My glorious light.
 If you cannot go and teach them,
 You can pray for them at home,
 All your prayers by Me are carried
 To your heavenly Father's throne."
 Every kind and loving action,
 Every sympathising word,
 All are noticed by our Saviour,
 And will have their own reward.
 Let us use each chance of working,
 And of speaking for the Lord,
 For His word can pierce the conscience
 By the Spirit's two-edged sword. E. A. C.

Willie's Idea of Power.

WE were living in a quiet country hamlet, for a change of air, and rest to body and mind for a short season. And after a long residence in one of the busiest thoroughfares of London, where quiet is pretty much unknown, it was pleasant to ramble with the little ones among the sweet-scented meadows, whose verdure was ripe for the sweeping stroke of the scythe, or wander among the lanes whose hedges were heavy with the wild honeysuckle, and whose bosom hid many a tiny nest, or when the little ones had been safely hidden in their small cots to saunter forth amid the solitudes of the woods and by-ways and find undisturbed a little time for contemplation—reminding one of Isaac of old, who was in the fields at even-tide; or yet more so of Jesus, who amid the solitudes of Olivet was apart from all in prayer.

During our stay, a friend called in his trap and proposed a ride yet farther in the country.

That was a treat for my boy Willie—a sort of red-letter day in his short experience, and much he enjoyed it I can assure you. During the drive, my friend and I naturally conversed on what lay nearest to our own hearts, and during the conversation he often spoke of the *power* of God, and the *power* of His grace in us, enabling us to live for Him.

He had used the word so often that my little son at last exclaimed, "Pa, what does Mr. — mean by *power*?"

We found ourselves fault how to explain to the tiny questioner its meaning, but the driver presently said, "Look, Willie, this is *power*," and thereupon gave the horse a slight touch with the whip, who accordingly quickened his pace. That was a clear explanation, for Willie perceived its force—that the horse needed to be driven by the whip; he saw the driver had *power* in his hands.

Again and again he wanted an exhibition of *power*, which the horse, I expect, would not have cared for. Still it gave rise to thoughts in my own mind as to what the Lord says in Psalm xxxiii., "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which need bit and bridle. I will guide thee with mine eye." And how near we have to walk to Him to watch the guidance of His eye who desires to lead on in the paths of holiness and peace. If we in the strength of our own wills go astray, we have need of the restraining hand, and perhaps the whip. If you look at the first chapter of John's Gospel you will see it says, "To as many as received him, to them gave he *power* to



become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Remember *power* belongeth unto God, as Jude so precious puts it, "Unto him who is able to keep you from falling . . . be glory and majesty, dominion and *power*, both now and for ever, Amen."

In vale and mountain, sea and sky,
I see God's *power* engraved;
In *love* He gave His Son to die,
In *grace* my soul He saved.

AND righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion



shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.— (Is. xi. 5-9.)



A FRIEND IN NEED.

THROUGH the neighbourhood in which I live runs a little river as it is called, though in reality it is but a channel which supplies us with water for our daily wants. But it has to be brought a long distance from its source ere it reaches the gigantic reservoir, and so it pursues a winding and serpent-like course, watering and beautifying numberless gardens and lawns of the many villas that lie in its way. Sometimes it forms the boundary of a path, and at other points it skirts the humble homesteads of suburban villas. Now and then stealing away under dark arches, flowing lazily under the hard roads tunnelled for its passage, it then again comes into the sunlight, kissing the drooping willows with its bright face as they hang lovingly over its side. Here and there it is close to the roadway, and has therefore to be kept from the busy throng of boys who live on its margin, and who conclude that a stream cannot exist without the necessary hungry little fishes, who are constantly on the watch for the tit-bits in the way of baits that boys somehow know are particularly attractive to their taste. The owners are also aware of what seems to them a conspiracy between boys and fishes, and to defeat one or both of the parties—either the fish to get the



baits or the boys to get the fish—have a watchman at certain points, whose duty it is to watch the youthful depredators. But of course there are many points to be guarded, and the man cannot be at all the spots at once. The very fact that the boys are forbidden to fish in the little river only strengthens the desire to do so. So a company of boys, intent on breaking the laws, soon find out a way of accomplishing their design. One part railed off is a specially attractive point, from the fact that it is crowded with fish—small ones, but still fish—and that is all in all to them. Well, as good generals do when they try to out-manoeuvre an enemy, certain ones are sent out as scouts to discover if the watchman is near, while the others rob the stream of its finny prize. But also like some generals they find that they at times are outflanked themselves, a sound caning being the result.

On one such occasion the above scene was being

enacted. Some half-a-dozen boys had climbed the railings, and were busy on the other side, intent on catching the fish, when a signal was given, and it was found that the guardian of the river was close at hand. A hasty rush at the iron railings, which by some were easily climbed, and nimble feet were hurrying away out of reach of that dreaded rod of office. But two little boys, more hasty than prudent, and losing presence of mind, both fell into the river. They could not swim, and added to

this the fright of capture, with the consciousness that they were doing wrong, they were helplessly drowning. One who was near the edge was dragged back by the other who held him tight, and both were struggling in the stream.

On the opposite bank, a servant in one of the villas, on hearing the shouts saw the boys drowning, and with haste ran to the yard and unchained the great Newfoundland dog belonging to her master, and pointed to the boys in the stream. His instinct soon told him how matters stood, and with a few bounds he was in the water, and seizing one boy by the arm drew him to the bank, and from the fact that the other boy was grasping his companion, both were soon drawn out of the water by the crowd that assembled.

Thus the noble dog came in at the right moment as a friend in need, for otherwise the boys must have lost their lives.

I don't want to say much about the punishment they received from their parents after recovery for their wrong doing. But it may be a way in which God would speak to their consciences and hearts. He has His own way in speaking to us, as the poet says:—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

The boys may forget the event, and perhaps it may lie hidden as a thing of the past, but memory is faithful, and God often uses it to bring home the truth to the heart. The dog only followed its instinct, but Jesus followed the love of His heart in dying to save us from death. Think of the love wherewith He has loved us! and what He has done to rescue us!

Two little girls were overheard talking. One said, “I've got no father, he's dead.” The other said, “I've got two fathers, one down in High Street, and one is my heavenly Father,” said her companion.

HOW FAR IS THE EAST FROM THE WEST.

HOW far is the east from the west, mother?
For I heard father read to-day,
How thus far the sin of His people,
The Lord He has put away.

I know he was reading the Bible,
For his face was glad though calm,
And they seem'd like a strain of music,
The words of the grand old psalm.

It was but the other day, mother,

When our class was call'd to read,
That the master kindly told us
Of things that are strange indeed.

He said how the sun in its brightness,
From our earth is so far away,
That the foot of man never could reach it,
Though travelling many a day.

And yet that great distance is measured
By the speed of its glorious light!
He told us how fast it can travel,
Unwearied from morning till night.

He told us each star so tiny,
Though it looks but a spark of light,
Is upheld in the broad blue heavens,
By the God who keeps it bright.

I cannot answer your question, Bertie,
Though men who were wise and grave
Have tried to measure the mercy
Of the One who came to save,

Away in space they cannot measure,
Hidden in deeps they cannot sound,
Far off in the measureless distance,
The east and the west are found.

So the soul that is resting in Jesus,
Is by God fully set free,
To love and to wonder and worship,
His grace and His beauty to see.

Why gather'd thick darkness round Jesus?
What meant His deep anguish and pain?
It was that the light of God's favour
Might shine out, like the sun after rain.

Shadowy Days in France.

X.

ON a very fine September morning, a boat arrived at Plymouth with about fifty people in it. Such a weak-looking boat to cross the stormy waters, and so small, it looked as if it must sink every time a large wave came, but He who once said “Peace, be still,” to the sea of Galilee, had said “Peace, be still,” to the English Channel, and the little band of exiles had arrived in safety at the much longed-for shore. For three days and nights they had been on the sea, but now their troubles were over.

Among them are our friends the Cléments. It is a year and a half since Louise and Eugène left them, and they had passed through many dangers and trials since they left the cottage of the poor widow. But oh, the joy of being safe and free! Kind friends are there to meet them and take them to their new home, a very humble little home, but still it is a home.

Waiting in that home are two little people whom we have left for a long time. Oh, how excited they are! "Louise, will they really be here to-day?" asked Eugène impatiently. "Won't baby be pleased to see us?" "I am afraid he won't remember us," replied Louise; "you forget how little he was when we came away."

It was getting quite dark, and Eugène had almost given up hope, when a little group came in at the door. For a moment the two children stood quite still, half frightened. Surely that old-looking man and woman were not their father and mother, and that girl with her short hair and brown face could not be their own Marguerite; but it was only for a moment, and then they rushed forward with such a cry of gladness.

I cannot describe the meeting, it was too full of joy and sorrow for any pen to describe. They were never separated again, nor did they ever leave the land where they had found such a happy resting-place.

When the little Cléments grew up and had children of their own, they used to tell them the story of how they had to leave their home in France, and they would always finish with reminding them of that beautiful verse in the wonderful words of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Verily I say unto you there is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come *eternal life*." (Mark x. 29, 30.)

Do you not feel thankful, dear little friends, that you did not live in the time of such Shadowy Days in France? L. C.



MY MONEY BOX.

WHEN a little boy, like most, if not every boy, I used to think those happy days when aunts and uncles visited us; but I suspect self-interest had a little to do with it, because their comings were generally attended with various little gifts. I particularly remember one aunt generally contrived to bring new pennies as a love gift—which were amazingly prized on account of their bright appearance, and which, no doubt, accounted for their being in our possession so long. On one occasion she gave me a new silver threepenny piece which I cherished as a valuable gift, and having a small box, I began a little hoard, adding the farthings and half-pennies that fell to my share, as a weekly allowance of pocket money. This was a great sacrifice, and I remember passing the shops where were displayed the tempting rows of rosy apples, and gorgeous boxes of sweets, with quite heroic fortitude. You may be sure I again and again had a peep at my treasure, and I fear I felt quite a little miser who had a hoard. I cannot tell you the fine castles in the air I built, as I thought how I should spend this accumulated wealth! But alas! the beautiful visions I indulged in, suddenly disappeared. One day I went as usual to count over the precious pieces, I believe half imagining they had increased, though how this was to be brought about I did not think, but the box was empty—all my hoarded treasure was gone; the thief had been there, and left me not even a bright new penny to console myself with. This was a cruel blow, and I must confess, tears of regret, and I fear worse than that—flowed pretty copiously.

I had been a Sunday scholar from early boyhood, and was of course fairly well acquainted with a good deal of the New Testament, so that Luke xii. came very forcibly to my mind, about the heart being where the treasure is, and I fear mine was very much in the money box.

Ah! many a time since then have I had to learn the same lesson, that there is no building on things below. I thank God for many years past He has weaned my heart

from all this ; that while thankful for all His mercies, He has given me a treasure in the heavens, where the moth doth not corrupt, and where the thief cannot break through and steal. Is *your* treasure there ?

WINTER.

IN the parlour snug and cozy,
By the fire-light's genial glow,
Stands a maiden, fair and rosy,
Gazing at the falling snow,

As the flakes with feath'ry lightness
Settle on the frozen ground,
Robing all the trees in whiteness.
And brooks in icy fetters bound.

" Oh, how pretty ! " says the maiden,
" How I like to see the snow,
" And the trees so heavy laden
" With the hoar-frost's crystal glow."

Thus enraptured, does she ponder,
Clad in garments thick and warm,—
What is that she sees out yonder ?
Can it be a human form ?

Underneath a ruin'd shanty,
Stands a child of nine years old,
Seeking shelter, rude and scanty,
From the biting gusts of cold.

Shrinking from it still she lingers,—
Does she love the frosts and snows ?
Ask the child's poor cold-numb'd fingers,
And the little shoeless toes !

Are *you* thankful, little maiden,
For the comforts of your home ?
See the child with sorrow laden,
Houseless she—and forced to roam.

While you think the snow so pretty,
From the parlour snug and warm,
Let the heart be touch'd with pity
For that little crouching form.

Loving-kindness soon discovers
How to act in times of need ;
Love finds out where sorrow hovers,
How to comfort, clothe, or feed.

Every little son and daughter
May some kindly aid afford ;
E'en a tiny cup of water
Will not fail its sure reward.

G. C.

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

This number closes our seventh volume. I am thankful, as I think of the past, for the happy times we have had together in our corner ; I trust not only happy seasons, but seasons of blessing, while we have talked of Him who is precious to every one that believeth. But every year brings us new readers, so I remember that what is familiar to some is quite new to others.

Should the Lord tarry, we propose next year to have another series of papers on Scriptural subjects, for all who are under twelve years of age, and we intend giving two prizes each month for the two best papers. So please remember, that by the 14th of January I shall be expecting to hear from you who would like to write. I do not want long papers, but short thoughtful ones. Of course, I do not expect great things from young ones under twelve, but just write after thinking over what you have read, and suppose we begin with the story of Rebekah at the well. (Gen. xxiv.) This is an interesting subject for you to ponder over, just that part of the subject that strikes you most.

Affectionately yours,

Dot.

*All letters to be addressed to
DOT, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C.*

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