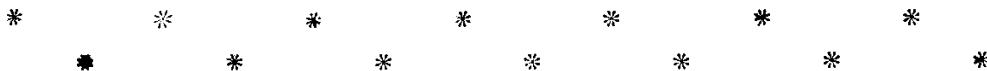




OUR BROOD OF CHICKS.

# MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL.



L O N D O N :  
OFFICE OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND," 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

## P R E F A C E .

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GAIN, dear readers, has twelve months rolled away, and we have the pleasure of addressing a few words to you while presenting our new volume. We trust it may be equally welcome as the past ones have been, and be widely read by the dear young ones of our land. Our earnest desire is, that as our Magazine appears from time to time, it may not only please and attract the bright eyes that are cast upon its pages, but that it may have a voice of no uncertain sound, and really u        abroad the true glad tidings.

We are brought near to the time of year when over eighteen hundred years ago, a wonderful scene took place, that surprised the shepherds by night, as they saw the heavenly light, and heard those blessed words, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to man;" and we desire to catch up this strain, that so touched the shepherds' hearts, and led them into the city to behold the salvation of God, and thus spread abroad the knowledge of His will and the way of His salvation.

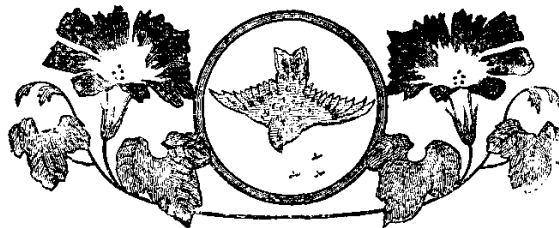
To God then do we commend our volume, that He may deign to use and bless it to His own praise and glory. We ask also the help of all our readers to make our monthly paper known, and so increase the circle of readers.

Our hearty thanks are due to those who have helped us during the year, and we still count on their support and prayers in this work of faith and labour of love.

THE EDITOR.

20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,  
LONDON, E.C.

*December, 1889.*







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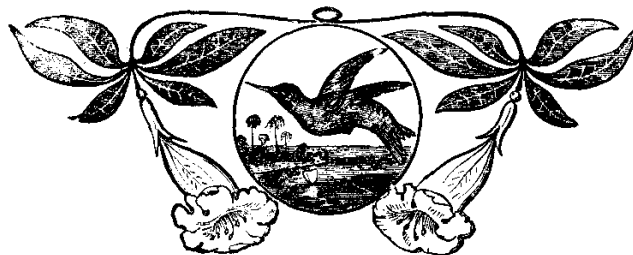
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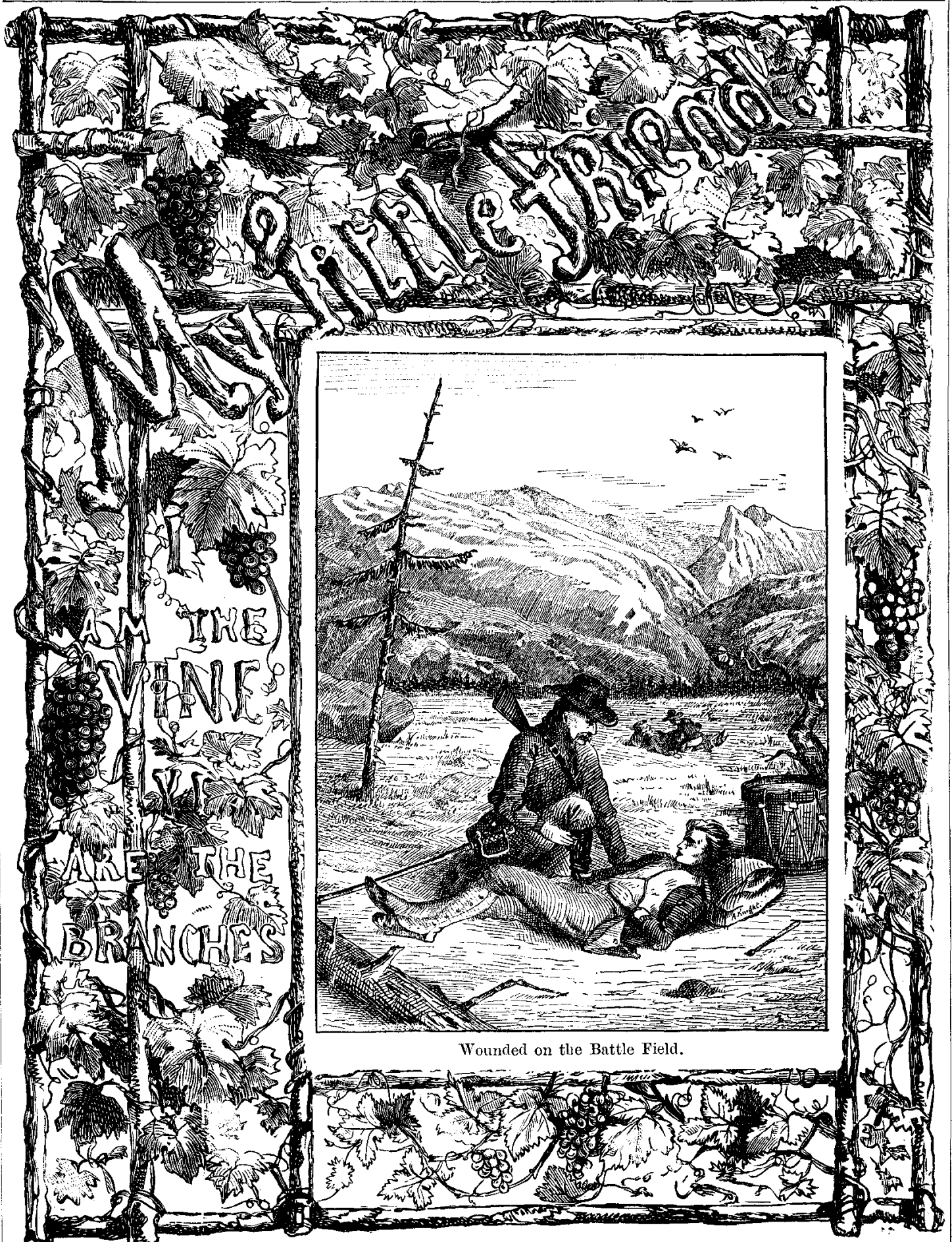
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Wounded on the Battle Field.

## The Dying Drummer Boy.

**D**URING the American war I was surgeon in the army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many wounded soldiers in my hospital, some whose arms had to be amputated, and others both their arm and leg. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service, and being too young for a soldier, had enlisted as a drummer.

When my assistant surgeon wished to give him chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and refused to receive it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me." I came to his bedside and said, "You have lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, you had better let me give you some." He laid his hand on mine, and looking me in the face, said, "Doctor, one Sunday afternoon, in school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then; I have been trusting Him ever since, and I know I can trust Him now. He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked Him if he wished to see his chaplain. "Oh yes, sir," was the answer.

When Chaplain R—— came he said, "Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition." "Oh, I am all right, sir," he answered, and "if my Saviour calls me, I can go to Him." "You may not die, Charlie," said the chaplain; "but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you when you have gone?" "Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible; in it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her, and write a letter to tell her that

since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother; no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital." "Is there anything else I can do for you, my lad?" asked the chaplain. "Yes, please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sunday School, and tell him that the kind words, many prayers, and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now in my dying hour, I ask my Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

Turning towards me, he said, "Now, doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg."

While cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter was "Oh Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise, and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep, for the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now," kept ringing in my ears.

Five days after I had amputated the dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon. "Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sun rise, but, thank God, I am ready to go, and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew; you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die, trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life?" I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room.

About twenty minutes later, a steward, who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said, "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you." "I have just seen him," I answered, "and I cannot see him again." "But, doctor, he

says he must see you once more before he dies. I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word, and let him die, but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least so far as His Jesus was concerned. When I entered the hospital I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said, "Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best Friend I have found in this world was a Jew." I asked him who that was. He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die; and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say you will never forget?"

I promised; and he said, "Five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

\*\*\* The above story can be had in little book form, price 6d. per dozen, at the Office of this Magazine.

ONCE read of a dear little girl who was seen walking holding her hands behind her back. She was asked why she did so, when she said, "Because I love the flowers so dearly, that my hands feel tempted to pluck them; and they are not mine." Thus she was seeking to keep from doing what she knew was wrong.

## A LOVING MESSAGE.

*(After parting from dear friends.)*



LITTLE letter came from friends,  
That did affection shew:  
That loving note, still kept, thus ends—  
"We do miss Laura so!"

She's pleased with this kind thought express'd,  
By partners in her play,  
The dear companions she possess'd,  
In Beatrice and May.

As ivy leaves with freshness gleam,  
Cheering the wintry scene,  
So vivid do their mem'ries seem,  
Of bright days that have been.  
They all may never meet again,  
Till, like the angels, they  
Are where there'll be no parting pain,  
But one sweet endless day.  
Now may they look to One for joy,  
Who is the truest Friend;  
The pleasures pure without alloy,  
Be theirs, when earth's shall end.

R. H. W.

## One Advantage in being Blind.



LITTLE blind girl, who I hoped loved the Saviour, brought as much as thirty shillings, and wished them to be given to the work of the Lord. This was thought to be a great sum for a blind girl to give, and her teacher asked her if she was sure she could afford to give so much, as she was blind and had to work for her living.

She said she could afford to give it, and begged it would be accepted. She made baskets, and could work as well in the dark as in the light, and for this reason she said she could afford to give more than many girls who had eyes, for she never had to spend money for candles, and that saved a good deal during the longer winter nights. This she was quite willing should be spent for the Lord, instead of upon her own comforts.

## The Story of Little Lucy.

IN writing this story for you, dear children, I wish to encourage your parents, as well as interest you. It is not many months since little Lucy was born, so she is still a baby, and the youngest of a large family, but I think all in the house were very pleased and thankful for this new treasure, this little baby girl. They called her Lucy. I wonder if any of you can tell me what Lucy means? It means *light*.

Lucy seemed to be a healthy baby, and you can think with what pleasure her mother watched her growth from day to day. But a great sorrow was in store for that

mother; as the baby grew older, and reached the age when babies begin to "take notice," Mrs. G. soon discovered that the little one did not "take notice" as the other children had at the same age, she did not look and smile at her mother as she bent over her cot. A great dread seized the mother. Could it be that Lucy was blind? Would she never see the light in this world? The thought made her very sad.

She said nothing to her husband for some few weeks, hoping perhaps, that her suspicions were wrong, or at any rate, that something could be done to give little Lucy light. But, alas, it was only too true, the doctor who had examined Lucy's eyes could discover no sight whatever. Lucy was then taken by her mother to two other doctors, one of them, the best oculist in the large city in which she lived, but they could give her no comfort, they all agreed the baby was quite blind, and never would see. Lucy's mother was greatly distressed, but she did not despair.

When Mrs. G. returned home from her last visit to the oculist, she began to pray most earnestly that the much valued sense of sight might be given to Lucy, and she quite expected the answer to her prayer. As the days passed by, she often looked at

the dear little one, expecting her to return the look, as babies do.

On the fifth day the baby's nurse came to the house. "To think," said she, "that the dear child will never see me." Ah! that nurse little thought how soon God was going to work for the little one. God had

only to say, "Let there be light." If He made all the light that is in the world, could He not give light to little Lucy's eyes? Yes, and about an hour after the nurse left, Mrs. G. had been again in prayer, and then went to the cot, and oh, what joy! For the first time in its little life, the dear babe looked up at her; the answer had really come. The mother was filled with thankfulness that the Lord had so graciously answered her request, and given the blind child sight. Do you not see, dear children, what a real thing prayer is, when a child can go to God about everything? Very many knew of Lucy's blindness, and all were astonished to hear that she



Dora Hilton—(See page 6.)

could see. Some did not believe it, but one look at the child shewed them what God had done for her.

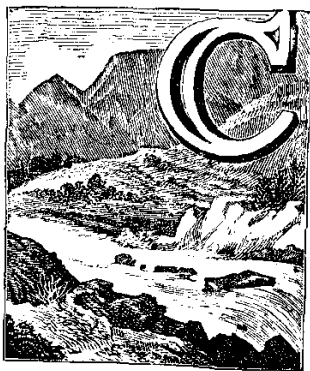
This is a great mercy, and to Him be all the praise.

R. S. E.





Wonderful but True,  
OR  
Talks with the wee ones.  
SNOWDROPS.



LAP your hands, baby dear, you can't say, 'pretty, pretty,' yet, but I am sure you would if you could, for when your blue eyes first opened, green leaves and spring flowers were round us everywhere, and

this is the first snow you have seen.

"But I wonder what sister Bessie is thinking of, mother's little girl is not often so quiet," and Mrs. Brown turned to the window at which her six year old Bessie had been standing quite still for some minutes, with her nose pressed almost flat against one of the panes.

"Looking at the snow mamma," Bessie answered, as she turned to Mrs. Brown. "Oh mamma, I have thought of something so nice. Please will you play at keeping school? You are to be the teacher, and Daisy and I will be scholars, and then you can give us a lesson all about the snow. I want to know how the snow is made and where it comes from?"

Mrs. Brown loved her little girls dearly, and was seldom too busy to tell Bessie anything it might be of use to her to know, so she sat down and drawing Bessie to her side, said, "Listen, Bessie darling, and mamma will try to tell the story of the snow flakes in such easy words that one at least of her little scholars may be able to understand and remember it.

"Look at the snowflakes again, Bessie dear. How fast they are falling. Try to count

them. One, two, three. Ah! you cannot, there are so many. Not very long ago every flake of snow was a little drop of rain water. But as the air through which it had to pass was very very cold, the rain-drop became frozen and fell to the earth, not as a drop of water, but as a flake of fine, light snow."

"Do you think the snowflakes are having a game of play, mamma? They seem to be trying to catch each other."

"They look very much like it, Bessie, but even flakes of snow have some real work to do. You remember how one fine day not very long ago, we sowed some seeds in the garden. In many gardens besides ours, and in the fields too, a great number of seeds are at work sending tiny roots down into the earth, and pushing small blades upward, ready to peep above ground as soon as the cold, dark days of winter are past. Now many of the snowflakes will help to cover up the seeds, and so keep them warm and safe till the frosts are over. In a country called Lapland, where it is very cold in the winter that even the boys and girls cannot go out of doors to play without being wrapped up in cloaks or dresses made of fur,



Looking out of the Window.

the flakes of snow are so small that they look just like fine white dust or the powder sugar you see on cakes sometimes.

"But baby seems to think our lesson is a very long one, so mother will only tell her little Bessie one thing more about the snow.

"King David, about whom you are always so pleased to hear, once said to God, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' (Ps. li. 7.)

I think the king must have been in sad trouble when he prayed that prayer, for he had done something very wrong, but he was sorry, and though he knew his sin was like a black mark upon his soul, he asked God to wash it all away. And the prayer of David was one that God loves to hear, and is always ready to answer.

The precious blood of the Lord Jesus can make our souls pure and clean, whiter than even the new fallen snow.

C. J. L.


## THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, old year, with all thy pains and sorrows,

Thy priceless blessings, and thy many joys ;  
But faith looks onward for the cloudless morrow,  
And God's true blessedness that never cloy!

## BIBLE PICTURES.

### I.

 MEETING between friends, who had parted under peculiar and sorrowful circumstances. Some time must have passed since they said farewell to each other, one having remained at the court of a king to whom he was nearly related ; while the other, who was practically an exile and an outlaw, had been compelled to hide himself in the woods, or seek shelter in rocky strongholds.

Both feared the God of Israel, and the heart of the wanderer must have been cheered as his friend bade him be of good courage.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Name the friends, and state in what

relationship each of them stood to the then reigning monarch ?

2. Give a short account of the circumstances under which the parting referred to had taken place ?

3. What persons mentioned in the gospels seem to have been in a special way honoured with the friendship of Christ ?

## TO THE READER.

We now through God's mercy, commence another year with our Magazine, and as the **BIBLE PICTURES** were so heartily responded to during the year that has just closed, we feel constrained to continue the Series for another twelve months, if the Lord will. When we think of the hundreds of dear ones who have spent their spare time again and again, to write out answers to these word pictures, we long to see their bright smiling faces and make their acquaintance, but this of course cannot be. It gave us great pleasure to award the forty-four prizes, and forward them to the winners, and doubtless these were equally delighted to have them, if we may judge from the letters of those who acknowledged the receipt of their volumes. We would now ask all our dear readers to be diligent in the new year, and search their Bibles, which in itself will bring them a reward, even should they be unsuccessful in our Prize Competition.

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

### A STORY FOR GIRLS.

## CHAPTER I.

### SATURDAY EVENING.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." (Prov. xxxi. 27.)



T was a fair scene on which Mrs. Hilton's eyes rested as she lingered for a few moments at the open window of her small but pleasant sitting-room. The neatly-kept garden in front of Myrtle Cottage was rich in sweet flowers. The perfume of June roses floated softly on the cool breeze that had sprung up scarcely an hour before the time of which I am writing.

The evening shadows were already gathering over the pine woods that formed the Eastern boundary of Mead Park, though the gold and crimson of a glorious sunset still lingered in the western sky.

All through the long summer's day Mrs. Hilton had been busy with household cares, and the rest and quiet of that brief respite from pressing duties seemed to her, grateful and soothing to both mind and body,

Gifted with a quick perception of the beautiful



in form and colour, I think she would have found much to admire in the beauty of the prospect before her, even if her gladness had been only admiration for the wonders and beauties of creation.

But Mrs. Hilton was a Christian, one who, even in her girlhood, had, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, been made wise unto salvation; one who, through living faith in a living Saviour, had learnt to call God, Abba Father. She had known sorrow; one look at her pale face, as well as the plain black dress and widow's cap she wore, and you might be sure of that. But Mrs. Hilton had known comfort too, the comfort with which God comforts those who trust in His never changing love.

And in that still hour, very truly it might have been said of her, that she was leaning on Him whom having not seen she loved. Softly, and in almost a whisper, she was singing—

“The toils of the day are over,  
And heart and hand are free,  
And so with a child's glad trusting,  
I turn to my rest in Thee.”

When the garden gate opened, and a smile of rare sweetness lit up the mother's face, as her daughter Dora, a tall fair girl of fourteen came with a quick, light step up the gravel path, bordered, on either side, by rows of red and white daisies.

A few moments more and Dora was in her favourite seat, a low footstool near her mother. Mrs. Hilton kissed her affectionately, saying, as her hand rested fondly on Dora's waves of dark hair, “I think you have had a pleasant visit, Dora.”

“Oh, yes, mother, a real good time. It was kind of you to let me go, I only hope you are not very tired doing all the work yourself,” and Dora gave one anxious questioning look to the pale face of her mother.

Perhaps it was only the deepening shadows of the twilight, but Dora thought it looked a shade thinner and paler than usual. But without waiting for an answer Dora continued, “Now I am going to tell you all about it, Grace Bell came to meet me at the end of Meadow Lane, and we went through the fields into Mead Park. The Park is lovely, mother, I wished you could have been with us. We sat down to rest under the shade of a grand old elm-tree. The birds were singing overhead. Such a cunning little squirrel cracked his nuts among the branches, and more than once a whole herd of deer came very near us; I could not help thinking of a verse of the psalm we read together this morning, ‘O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.’ (Psa. civ. 24.)

“Grace put her arm round me and told

me all her secrets just as if we had been friends for years, though we have only known each other three weeks. She is a dear girl, mother; I loved her the very first time I saw her at Miss Laing's Bible Class, I am glad she has come to live at Riversdale. You know her father is steward to Lord W. Grace told me all about it. Her father has been steward to his lordship for several years, ever since Grace was quite a little girl. But he used to have the care of some property belonging to Lord W. in one of the mining districts, where even the trees looked as if they were always covered with coal dust, and at night the glow of furnaces shone out brightly against the dark sky. A fever broke out among the miners; Grace's little brother Henry took it and died, and her mother who has never been strong, was so worn out with the fatigue of nursing him, that she was ill for many weeks, and when she began to get better, the doctor said she ought to have entire change of air and scene; so Mr. Bell wrote to Lord W. telling him that on account of his wife's health, he wished to resign his situation.

“But his lordship sent Mr. Bell such a kind letter, saying that as he did not wish to part with a steward who had served him so long and faithfully he had made arrangements for him to manage his estates at Riversdale. And Lady W. added a note to Mrs. Bell, telling her she hoped that with the blessing of the Lord on the pure air and pleasant scenes among which her new home was to be, she would soon get strong and well again.

“When we went into the house, Mr. and Mrs. Bell were very kind to me. Mr. Bell is a tall, grave man, I think I should have been almost afraid of him, only he has such a pleasant smile, and his voice made me think of my own dear papa.

“And Grace's mother is such a sweet gentle little creature, I felt I longed to put my arms round her and kiss her, as soon as I saw her, and they said they were glad Grace had met with a companion about her own age, and hoped we should be true friends, and help each other in the right way.

“After tea, Grace took me into her father's office. It is quite a large room, with bookshelves on three sides of it, but a glass case is fixed in a recess near the window, and Mr. Bell opened it and showed me quite a fine collection of fossils. Some of them were found in blocks of coal deep down in the mine, and Mr. Bell explained everything so clearly that it did not seem so hard to understand as when I read about it. How the coalfields were once waving forests, where tall trees grew, and graceful ferns uncured their feathery fronds. But I have not told you one thing that surprised me a

little; Grace said that some time ago, her father was obliged to leave home, as Lord W. wished him to attend to some business in Scotland.

"Mr. Bell was away almost three months, and during the whole time Mrs. Bell kept his books, wrote his letters, and managed everything so nicely, that on his return, he had to do little more than take up his every-day work, just as if he had not been absent so long.

"Now I am sure it was very clever of her, and must have been a great help to her husband. But it seems strange for a woman to be a steward. Don't you think so, mother? Why, you are smiling at my question. I am sure of it, for the moonlight is on your face, though it is quite dark in the corners of the room. Please do tell me what you are thinking," and Dora nestled closer to her mother's side.

"Before I reply Dora, I should like you to tell me what you mean by the word steward."

"It is too dark to look for its meaning in my English Dictionary just at present, but I think it means 'One who is put in trust with the property of another.' You know Lord and Lady W. have been abroad for more than a year; but his lordship wishes the estate to be managed, and the cottages of the poor people kept in repair, just as if they were living at Mead Hall. Mr. Bell writes to him very often, but when he returns he will go over all the accounts with him, and so know exactly how his money has been spent. Is that what you mean, mother?"

"Yes, Dora, I find you have a right idea of the duties and responsibilities of stewardship. While you were talking, my mind went over some ways in which most, perhaps it would not be too much to say all, women are stewards, put in trust by God, with certain things for which they must one day give account."

"I don't think I quite understand yet, mother. Please tell me more about it?"

"Think a moment, Dora, and I am almost sure you will remember how most of the little children and sick people in the world are nursed and cared for by women."

"Yes, mother, but I suppose it is really mothers and nurses who have to take care of them, and I am only a schoolgirl yet, you know."

"You are only a schoolgirl now, dear, but don't forget, the nurses and mothers to whom you are so willing to leave the care of the sick and the young, were schoolgirls themselves, some of them, not very long ago, and the circle of caretakers is far wider than you seem to have any idea of, for

'Mid the haunts of savage men,  
In the forest's leafy glen,  
On every league of peopled ground,  
Little children may be found.'

And if we even try to count the number of women and girls, who, as sisters, teachers, nurse-maids, toy-makers, or writers of children's books, are helping the mothers, I think we should be surprised. Loving hands and wise thoughtful heads, as well as patient hearts, are sorely needed by the sick, and every woman ought to learn how to be of real use in the sick-room, she is almost sure to have an opportunity sooner or later of turning her knowledge to account.

"But there is just one other kind of stewardship I should like to remind you of. Almost all the food products of the world pass through the hands of women, who are responsible for their proper use, and must be careful not to waste or spoil them by improper cooking."

"Oh, mother, Miss Allan said something very like that, when she gave us a few lessons on the 'Chemistry of Food.' I thought it was quite an interesting subject, indeed, I think most of the girls liked it, all but Augusta Lee, who said 'she did not know we went to school to learn cooking.'"

"Poor Augusta, I am always so sorry for her; you know, Dora, her mother died when Augusta was very young, and though she has been indulged and petted, I fear she has not been rightly trained, and is growing up without any knowledge of how honourable, as well as important, it is, that a christian woman should know how to guide the house.

"But it is getting late, and I think we must not talk any more now. Do you expect Grace will be at the Bible Class to-morrow?"

"Yes, mother, I asked her to call here for me, because I want you to know her, then I am sure you will love her almost as much as I do. But I will go now and lay the cloth for supper."

C. J. L.

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Gathering Flowers in the Woods.

## Every-day Life.



WISH to give you a leaf out of the every-day life of a little girl named Louie. Every morning her first business was to repeat a verse of scripture, and with the verse, she had to say the day of the week, the day of the month, and the date of the year.

Then her hands and eyes did service again in filling her slate with o's, or little words; it needed very close looking to make every letter stand in its place along the line, and to join every o so neatly that the place where it ended could not be seen. But sometimes Louie forgot this, and would let her eyes wander out through the long window, down the lawn, and over the fields on the other side to the blue hills that could be seen in the distance. And when Louie grew tired of writing the slate full of o's, she would wait quite a long time thinking of the hills, and wondering if anybody lived in so lovely a place, and wished that she had wings like a little bird, so that she might just fly over and see. But generally these dreams were cut short by Auntie reminding Louie of her business; and so with perhaps a tiny sum the morning lessons would be finished, and she could go upstairs to be dressed for a walk.

Not far from the house was a very pleasant wood, and the children were often called to make expeditions through the village or into this wood. There were broad green walks, and at all times abundance of whatever flowers or fruits were in season.

The children therefore often filled their baskets with violets or wood anemones, and sometimes a few wild strawberries, which were thought a great deal of, though never enough to fill a basket. Blackberries, when their time came, made a much greater show, being often found by the roadside or in field hedges, more so than in the wood.

Thus the weeks and months passed by in little Louie's life. But one Saturday morning, when all in the house were gathered together in the dining-room for morning reading, some very solemn words fell upon her ears, and entered into her heart.

These words were part of Matthew v. 22; they were such very plain words that even

Louie was able to understand something of their meaning. The words were only five, but they were enough to fill Louie's mind. They were these, "In danger of the judgment."

No wisdom of man could ever find an answer to those words; but there is a blessed answer to them, which is: "Even Jesus who delivered us from the wrath to come."

What sweet peace might have filled Louie's heart if she had heard and received by faith that blessed answer! The heart that trusts in Jesus need feel no fear even at the thought of judgment; for Jesus has said, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

Louie did learn it in after years, but not at this time; she received the blessing, but it was delayed a long while.

## The Good Shepherd.

SEE the tender Shepherd treading,  
O'er the rough and thorny way,  
Down into the awful chasm,  
Where the wandering sheep doth lay.

Thorns and stones His path do cover,  
Wounding Him at every step;  
But the Shepherd's heart is yearning  
O'er His naughty, erring sheep.

Though deep sorrows weigh His spirit,  
Yet His heart with love abounds;  
Love which cannot be contented,  
Till its object it has found.

Onward in His course He presses,  
Over mountains steep and drear—  
Then a feeble cry of anguish  
Falls upon His list'ning ear.

Now behold His glad rejoicing,  
"I have found my long-lost sheep;"  
On His shoulder strong He bears it,  
And the Shepherd's joy's complete.

Oh, what love it was that brought Him  
Down from heaven's eternal bliss;  
Shame and death for us to suffer!  
Was there ever love like this?

Each to his own way has turned,  
We like sheep from Him have stray'd;  
But the Lord upon that Shepherd  
Our iniquity has laid.

Nails His hands and feet have pierced,  
Wounded, too, His holy side:

Tell me, reader, do you know Him,  
He who thus for you has died? G. R. C.

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## II.

## DROPS OF WATER.

"**R**AIN, rain, go away, come again another day." A child's voice so full of trouble that it sounded almost like a cry, half singing, half saying the words with which my story opens, reached the ear of Alfred Mayfield, as he crossed the hall of his father's house one rainy day last February. He stood for a few moments with one hand on the handle of the street door, as if about to open it, then said, almost in a whisper, as if speaking to himself, "Poor little Amy, it must have been quite a disappointment for her not being able to go to M—— to-day. I wonder if I could cheer her up." In less time than it takes to write it, his waterproof and umbrella were returned to their places, and recrossing the hall he entered the family sitting-room in search of his little sister.

He had not far to seek, for Amy stood at the window, looking out with a very blank face into the damp, cheerless street.

So absorbed indeed the child had been that she did not seem to hear the approach of her brother. Bending over the little girl, he lifted her gently down from the high stool on which she had perched herself, then drawing a cosy arm-chair up to the fire, seated himself with Amy on his knee.

Amy smiled through tears into her brother's face, then laying her small, thin hand on his arm, said softly, "Oh, Bertie, this is nice; but I thought you wanted to go out?"

"So I did, little sister," Alfred answered in a very cheerful tone. "I wanted to go and see a poor sick boy, who is in my Sunday-school class, but I think I wanted still more to stay at home and comfort a lonely little girl."

"Yes, Bertie, I am lonely. You don't know how dull it is, now dear mamma is in heaven. Papa has to stay so late at the office, and Mrs. Green is always busy, and says I must amuse myself and not worry her; and you know I must not talk to you when you

are at your books. Oh, dear, how I do wish the Doctor would say I was strong, and let me go to school again. And, please Bertie, if it is not very naughty to ask, why do you think God let the rain come to-day, so that I can't even go into the garden?"

"Because He loves you, little sister. He knows how glad you are to welcome the spring flowers. You cannot see them yet, though, perhaps, after the rain is over we may find a few snowdrops in the garden border, just like messengers sent to tell us that the spring is coming; that crocuses, violets, and primroses will soon be here, but the raindrops are needed."

"A very long time ago God said to Noah, 'Seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.' (Gen. viii. 22.) And resting on His word we know that sunshine and showers, bright days and dark ones alike tell us of the wisdom and the love of our heavenly Father."

"You have often heard about the Lord Jesus and His love to little children; but have you trusted in Him as your very own Saviour? Do you know Him as your Friend? One who loves you? Yes, dear Amy, His love can comfort a lonely little girl, and turn even a dull and rainy day into a bright and happy time. Shall we kneel down together and speak to the Lord in prayer?"

Amy knelt by her brother's side, and I am sure her heart went with her brother's words, as he prayed that the Good Shepherd Jesus might bless and keep His little lamb.

C. J. L.

## THE STORK.

**S**OME scholars in a Bible Class had been looking out a list of birds named in the Bible, and a glance at the neatly written papers was enough to shew that our young searchers had done their work well and carefully.

On this occasion Florence Ray sat at the head of the class, so I asked her to read the first scripture reference on her paper. It was Psalm civ. 16, 17, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars



of Lebanon, which he hath planted ; where the birds make their nests ; as for the stork the fir trees are her house."

"Have you ever seen a stork?"

"No, Miss W., I cannot remember having done so, but I have seen a picture of one in my brother's book of Natural History. I think the stork is very much like a crane—a tall, long-legged bird."

"It is like a crane, too, in being a bird of passage, always going south to spend the winter in some warm country."

"You are right, Florence, and I am glad to find you remember so well what you read. As our interest in the stork to-day is on account of its being named in the Bible, have you found any other passage in which it is mentioned?"

"Yes, teacher, I have found a verse almost all about birds," and Annie Miller read, "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times ; and the turtle and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgments of the Lord." (Jer. viii. 7.)

The wonderful instinct of birds of passage never makes a mistake as to the right time for leaving the pleasant homes where their

nests were built, and their young reared for winter quarters. We are told that the stork is now very seldom to be seen in the British Isles, though there is some ground for believing it once to have been a frequent visitor ; but while it spends the winter in Africa or Egypt, the children of Holland and

Denmark watch for the return of the stork, and welcome it with songs, for they know its coming tells them that the cold dark days of winter are past, and that spring has come again.

The stork almost always builds its nest on some high place, often on the roof of a house. The people of Holland often place old cart-wheels on the flat roofs of their houses, and so encourage the stork to make itself quite at home with them.

The stork is said to be very kind to its parents, always supplying them with food when they are old or lame.

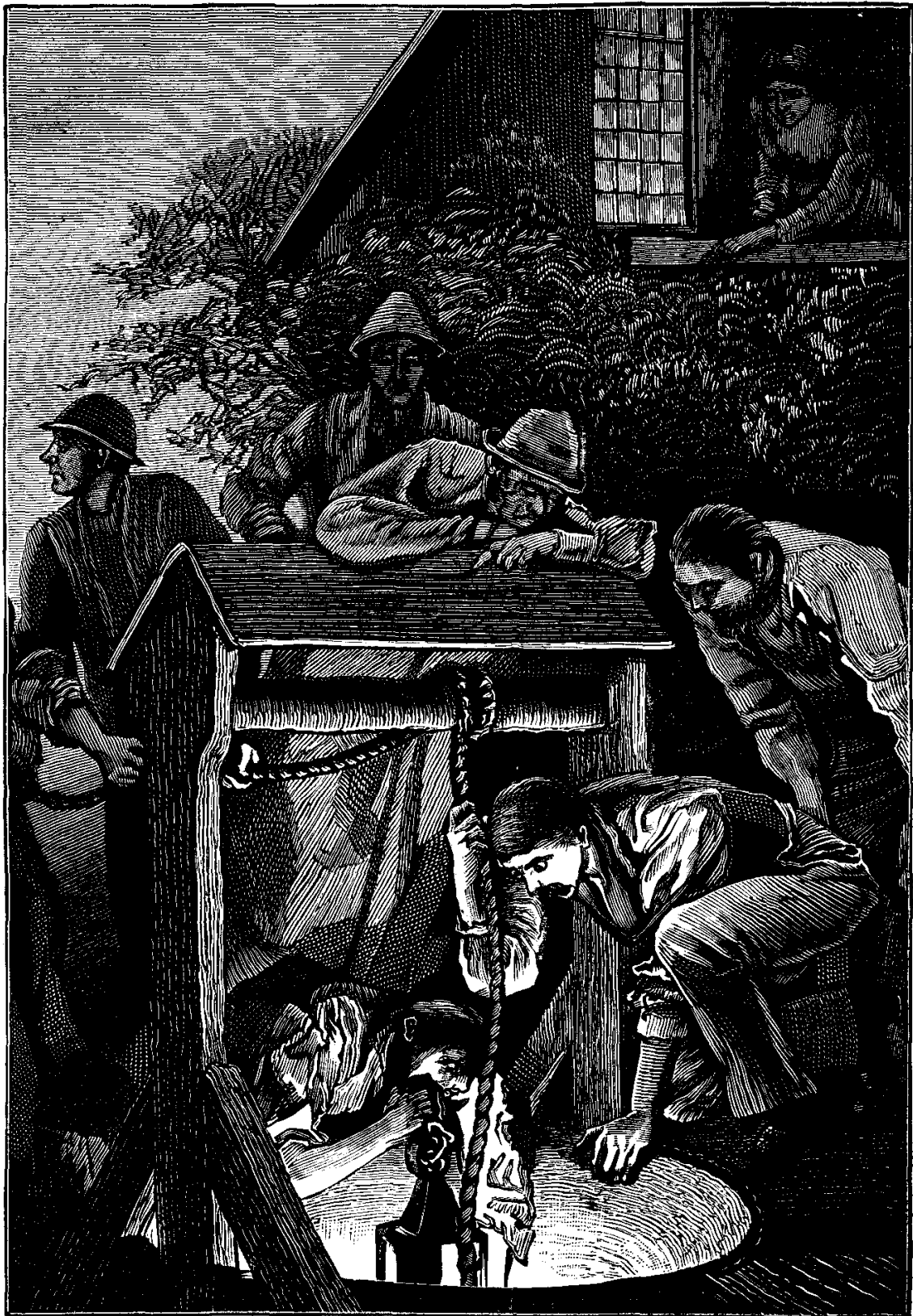
We find another mention of this bird in the vision of the prophet Zechariah. (Chap. v. 9.) It is named

also in Leviticus xi. as one of the unclean birds which the Jews were forbidden to eat.



● Storks and their Nests.





“JOHN TAKE HOLD OF THE ROPE!”

## A Boy in the Well!



BOY in the well! This was the cry which sounded through the streets on a bright summer's evening. The day's work was done, the sun had gone down in purple and gold, the busy workmen rested after their day's labour. Some asked "whose boy it was," others "whether the lid had not been laid over the well opening," or "whether it had been taken off."

But a young man sprang quickly forward, threw off his coat, and asked help of the bystanders in these words: "Never a word about the cause of the mishap, but let us see how we can save the child. That is the question?" "That's it" was the answer of a dozen voices, while the well winch was set going, and many pale faces peeped over the edge of the well. One after another called out to the child; some asked if he was frightened; but to all the advices and questions no answer was heard, not a sound came forth.

"The weather has been dry, and there is little or no water in the well," said one.

"Oh dear," said the boy's mother, "it was only yesterday that I grumbled because there was so little water."

"Let us have a lantern," said the first man, and a lantern was lighted and brought there, but in the same moment the boy's father was seen pushing his way through the crowd. A way was made for him. He had been at work at a neighbouring farm, and returning at dusk to his home, was surprised to find the room empty, the street deserted, and all the people gathered round the well.

When he heard what had taken place, and saw his wife wring her hands, he turned very pale. But recovering himself as much as possible he said: "Stand back, leave the child to me." Then he carefully examined the winch and the rope, and tied to the latter a couple of sacks rolled up hard. Having done this he let it down till he felt it touch the bottom of the well.

"Now be quite still," he said, looking around. And lying down, with his face to the well opening, he called out softly and distinctly: "John, take hold of the rope!"

This time a faint pull was felt on the rope.

"Pull up, men," said the man, "steady, mates, steady."

And again leaning over the well, he said down into the dark: "Hold fast, my child."

All the time the winch was wound, but the well was deep, and it seemed a very long while.

At last there sounded forth a right good cheer.

"He is saved," said the crowd. "Thank you, mates," cried the father, as he lifted the boy in his arms, and carried him down the street.

The child was saved. The father's voice had reached him. He had learnt to obey, and when the well-known voice had told him to take hold of the rope, the child understood and did it. The command was a plain one, and brought salvation to the child.

Our heavenly Father has sent His only begotten Son down to this dark world. He has given a Way of salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This is *His* command. If you obey, you are saved. Will you do as the little boy in the well? Will you take hold of the rope "to-day"?

## Closer than a Brother.



HAVE a Friend, a loving Friend,

He's not like any other;

This Friend I've tried and proved Him oft,  
He's closer than a brother.

He never disappoints my hopes,

He never has deceived me,

I know He never will forsake,

He says He'll never leave me.

I want you all to know this Friend,

And in Him to find favour;

To yield your hearts and lives to Him;

And let Him be your Saviour.

And then whate'er your pathway be;

Through trial or temptation,

In danger or perplexity,

You'll find in Him salvation.

He'll save you from the guilt of sin,

He'll save you from its power;

And having Jesus for your Friend,

You nothing then need fear.

S. A. M.



## BIBLE PICTURES.

## II.

**T**HE initial letters of the following words spell the name of a lonely, sorrowful woman, from whose brief history we learn that she was strong alike to love and to suffer.

A King of Israel who chose young and unwise counsellors ?

One of Abraham's sons, but not the child of promise ?

A King's servant who acted in a dishonourable manner toward a grandson of his master ?

A title borne by a long line of Egyptian Kings ?

A city in which believers were first known as Christians ?

One of Noah's sons whose descendants peopled Africa ?

## QUESTIONS.

1. Give the name of the woman, and shew from scripture how she proved her constancy and affection.

2. How did an account of her conduct influence the King of Israel.

3. Give instances from the Gospels in which the power and sympathy of Christ were shewn to the lonely and sorrowful.

*\*\* The answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

## PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY.

T. M.—Norwood.	A. R.—Yarmouth.
R. A. S.—Newry.	A. C.—Norh Row.

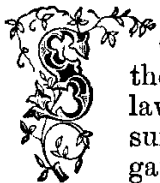
## Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

### A STORY FOR GIRLS.

## CHAPTER II.

## MISS LANG'S BIBLE CLASS.

*"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." (John vi. 12.)*



SCARCELY a breath of air stirred the leaves of the poplar-trees on the lawn in front of Grove House; but the sun blinds that shaded the open windows gave a pleasant sense of coolness to the dining-room, where the young people who attended Miss Lang's Bible Class were in the habit of assembling.

Dora Hilton and Grace Bell were among the first arrivals, and so enjoyed the pleasure, as Dora told her mother on her return home, "of having Miss Lang all to themselves for a few minutes before it was time for the Class to begin."

The room was almost full when the marble time-piece struck the hour of three, and Miss Lang took her seat. In a moment every voice was hushed, and a deep feeling of solemnity seemed to come over the Class as Miss Lang prayed in a very simple, but earnest, manner that the blessing of the Lord might rest on their Bible reading, so that every soul that loved the precious Saviour might behold new beauty in Him; that anxious ones might be led into peace, and careless ones, if any such were present, aroused to see clearly their personal need of salvation.

Then Bibles were opened at the sixth chapter of the Gospel by John, and Miss Lang read the account of Christ feeding the five thousand. (John vi. 1-14.) Then she said, "I do not think it will be very difficult for those of our number who live in the country to picture for themselves the scene of which we have been reading. Let us look at it for a moment.

"Far and wide through the pleasant land of Judea the fame of the great Teacher had gone forth. While few, perhaps very few, really knew the Lord Jesus as the Son of God, many must have seen His wonderful works, and still larger numbers have heard how He had healed the sick, cleansed the leper, given sight to the blind, raised the dead.

"A crowd had collected, some from their houses on lonely hill-sides, others from the villages, and perhaps a few from the towns. A common object had drawn them together: they all wanted to see the Lord perform some miracle, as well as to listen to His words. And may we not believe that some weary hearts really longed to drink of the living waters of which Christ had spoken to Samaria's daughter?

"The people followed the Lord to the hill country, near the Sea or Lake of Galilee. Will some one kindly point it out on the map of Palestine? Thank you, Grace. There it is, you see; it is one of the lakes through which the river Jordan passes, and you will all remember that in the gospels it is sometimes called the Sea of Tiberias, at others the Lake of Gennesaret. Much of our Lord's public life was passed in the neighbourhood of this lake.

"On the occasion of which we are speaking, they could not have been far from the fishing village of Bethsaida. The heart of Christ was full of compassion for all those tired, hungry people. We are told by John that the number of men was about five thousand; and we can hardly be wrong in thinking that it was considerably added to by women and children.

"The Lord knew just how He was going to feed all those hungry people. His resources were more than equal to their need; but He wanted His disciples to be in fellowship with Himself. So He turned to Philip with the question, 'Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?'"

"Now, if you look at the first chapter and the forty-fourth verse, you will see that Philip came from Bethsaida, so, of course, he would know just what was to be had in the place.

"His answer shews plainly he thought the outlook was anything but a bright one. 'Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.' Two hundred pennyworth would have cost about £6 5s. in English money, and would indeed have been a large sum to have been possessed by that little company.

"Another Bethsaida man, Andrew, then told the Lord how small a stock of food was at His disposal, saying, 'There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes.' We almost seem to hear the sadness of his tone in the words that follow, 'but what are they among so many?'"

"We are not told the name of the boy who brought the food, or where his home was. But we know the customs in Bible lands do not change very quickly, and those who have visited them tell us that little boys are often sent out by their parents to sell food: sometimes a kind of sweet-cake made with honey and flour, and much liked by the grown-up people as well as the children. Sometimes their stock-in-trade, which they carry in large flat baskets made from the bark of the palm-tree, consists only of bread and fish.

"You must not think the loaves were such as we see in the bakers' shops and on our tables. Loaves in Bible lands are what we should call rolls, or small flat cakes of barley meal, rolled out very thin, and often baked among the hot ashes on the hearth. So it is easy for us to understand why such bread was always broken; it would have been impossible to cut it.

"We are told by some who read the gospels in Greek, the language in which they were written, that the word translated 'fishes' is one used only when a very small fish is intended to be eaten as a relish, as we eat a sprat or sardine.

"We should not think two such fish enough for one person, so we cannot wonder at the question asked by Andrew, 'What are they among so many?'"

"But the One who said, 'Give ye them to eat' (Luke ix. 13), was the One who could also say, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.' (Matt. xxviii. 18.) As Son of God, the Lord Jesus used His power for those weary, fainting ones. In His hands the five barley loaves and two small fishes became enough and

to spare. When all were satisfied, the Giver of the feast said, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost;' and obedient to His word, 'They gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves which remained over and above unto them that had eaten.' (Ver. 13.) And it seems to me that the Saviour's words, 'Gather up the fragments,' are words alike of counsel and encouragement to the young Christians in our Class.

"'I love the Lord Jesus, and I wish, oh so much, I could do something that would please Him,' a dear girl said to me not very long ago. 'But,' she continued sadly, 'I have so little time. I go to business, and sometimes it is so late before I get home, and I am so tired, it is almost more than I can do just to read a few verses in my Bible; and very often I am so sleepy I can't understand or remember what I have read.'

"But you own you have a little time, Annie, I answered brightly, 'Gather up the fragments;' and I think you will soon be surprised to find how rich in opportunities of doing little kindnesses, of speaking words that cheer and comfort your life has grown. Have you ever noticed we are told to 'Let our light shine' (Matt. v. 16)? Not to *make* it shine: the Lord Himself must do that. One cold, dark day, last winter, I stood to watch a lamplighter going his rounds. Everything looked cheerless and uncomfortable; but as he came down the street he seemed just to touch the burner of first one lamp and then another with the lighted wand he carried, and clear and star-like the lamps shone out.

"And when the Lord in His grace puts light into our dark hearts, the light must shine out if we don't hinder it by our pride or self-will.

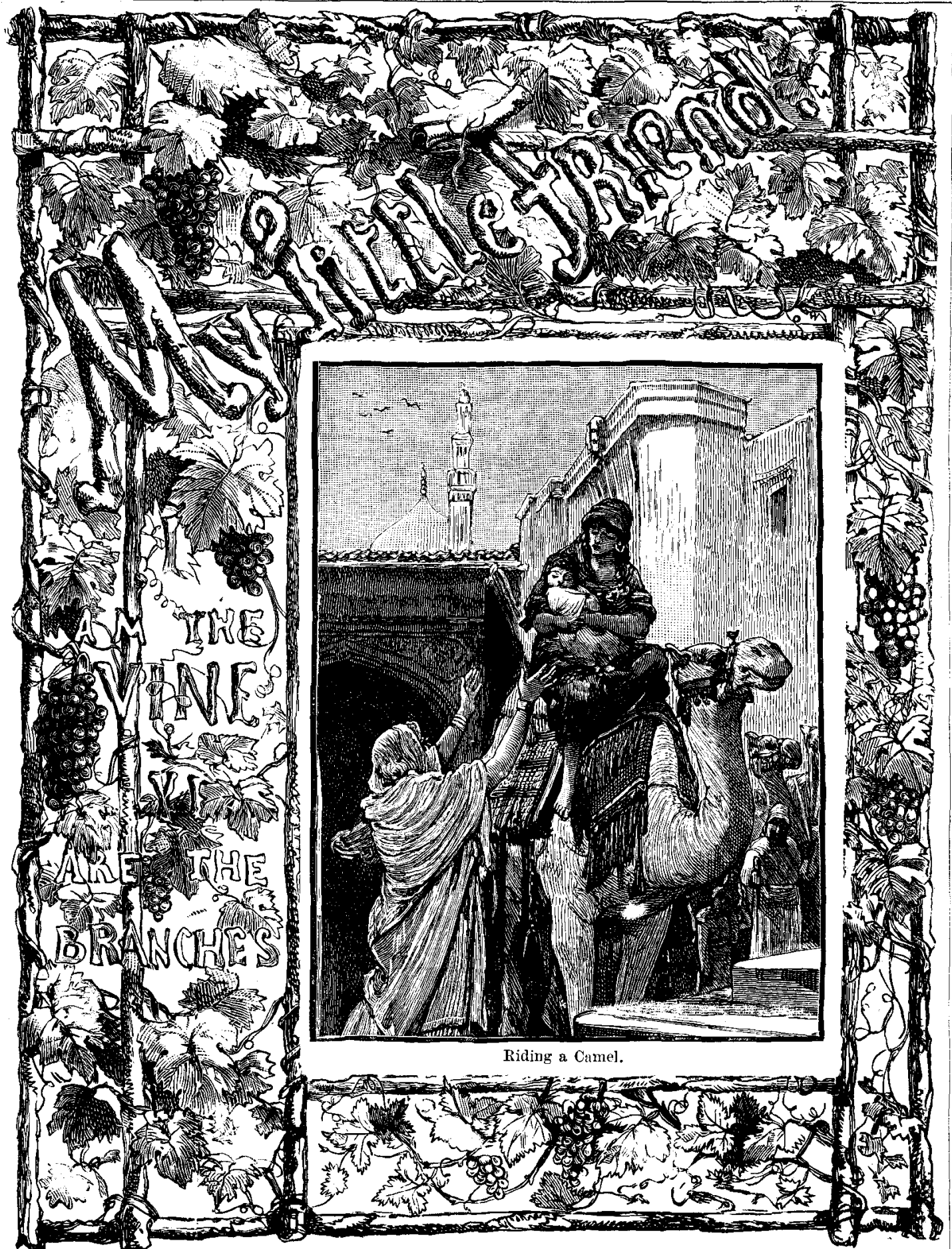
"We all have what we often call odd minutes; and it is really wonderful how many Bible verses may be learnt in them; how many garments for our poor friends made; or how many letters written, if we are only careful to use them well and wisely, and not to let them slip away. Once gone they never come again.

"He who is our Great Example  
Let no moment run to loss;  
Not one precious hour He wasted  
From the manger to the cross."

"But I am sure it is only by keeping the eye fixed on Christ, and the heart ever turning to Him with the question, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' that we learn how to use our time for Him."

C. J. L.

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Riding a Camel.

### Riding a Camel.



LITTLE girl has been having a ride on a camel, and her kind mother is just about to lift her down from the high seat where she is perched.

In order to mount and dismount, a ladder would almost be necessary, were it not for the fact that the animal is generally made to lie down while the riders get on, or while the burden is bound in its place.

You will remember that some camels have two bunches on their backs, while others, called dromedaries, have but one. The former are chiefly used as beasts of burden, for which purpose they are admirably adapted. A camel will easily carry a weight of 500 lbs. a distance of twenty-four miles a day. The dromedaries are more swift in traveling, though not so suited to carry heavy loads. These therefore are used for sending despatches or important messages and letters, when speed is an important item. They will travel nearly a hundred miles in twenty-four hours when necessary. Some of the letters sent out by order of the Persian king, mentioned in Esther viii. 10, were taken by men on camels and young dromedaries. And when David smote the Amalekites who had burned his city Ziklag, there were four hundred young men who rode on camels, and thus escaped his avenging hand.

It appears that though the camel is generally obedient to the word of his master, and will lie down to be loaded and rise when told to do so, yet his temper is considered to be sulky and quarrelsome.

A traveller states how surprised he was to hear the almost savage complaints of a camel when trying to rise after being loaded, as if it thought that the usual limit as to weight had been exceeded.

The camel was not a clean animal to an Israelite, for, though it chews the cud like a sheep or a cow, yet it does not divide the hoof or only partly, and those were the two marks God gave the people, to know the clean from unclean beasts, to separate those that were good for food from others that were to be strictly avoided.

Job must have been a very wealthy man, for he had three thousand camels beside sheep and cattle, and in the end of his brief history, when God blessed him so abundantly, we read that he had six thousand camels.

A coarse kind of cloth was made from the hair of camels, and thus we find that John the baptist was clothed in a garment of this material.

### My Little Friends.

EVELINE, Ida, and Willie,  
Are dear little friends of mine,  
From whom I'm expecting a visit,  
In the holiday summer-time.

Eveline's a dear little daughter,  
So patient and good and grave,  
To Ida she's quite a mother,  
Whom from trouble she tries to save.

Willie is bright, quick, and clever,  
Eveline is thoughtful and quiet;  
Ida's the pet of the household,  
Delighting in romping and riot.

What makes them so bright and happy,  
Although they are not very old?  
They know that whatever happens  
They've a place in the Shepherd's fold.

For they gave their hearts to Jesus,  
Not a very long time ago,  
They know that He loves little children,  
And this makes them love Him so.

S. A. M.

### A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A MAN named Alexander M'Govan engaged in the Wellington Harbour Improvement Works (N. Z.), has had a remarkable encounter with an octopus. He went down in his diving dress for the purpose of setting some large blocks under the water, in which piles had been previously fixed. As M'Govan was in the act of placing one of the blocks, he was seized by an immense octopus.


The monster fastened itself to the pile at the same time. M'Govan at first made an attempt to get clear, but the more he struggled with the animal, the more he found it was useless, as its grip became

stronger. He then wisely desisted, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of knowing that the monster had released its grasp of the pile. This was no sooner done than M'Govan gave the signal to be hauled up. His signals were quickly responded to, and up went the diver with the monster on his back. Its limbs measured nine feet long. M'Govan certainly had a narrow escape, and it was only by his discreet quietness that he had the advantage over the octopus. It is said that there are a number of this particular kind of fish in the harbour of Wellington.

What a suitable prayer under such circumstances of extreme peril and utter helplessness would be that of the Psalmist, once in a great extremity: "Help me, O Lord my God; O save me according to thy mercy;" and at the moment of deliverance, well might his expressive words, uttered on another occasion, be used by the suppliant as a grateful acknowledgment that his prayer was heard: "I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore: for great is thy mercy towards me." This would be looking rightly beyond all secondary causes to the Author and Preserver of life.

R. H. W.

### Found after Many Days.

NE morning while engaged with my pupils, I was informed that a young man wished to see me. I went to the door and found a well-dressed person waiting there.

As soon as he saw me he smiled, and addressed me in a very familiar manner, calling me by name, offered me his hand, and inquired of my welfare.

Seeing that I did not recognise him, he said, "You do not know me, sir?" I replied, "No, I do not." He said, "I am one of your old pupils; my name is Joseph Hart."

I then knew him immediately, took him into my sitting room, and had some conversation with him.

I soon found to my great joy that he was a Christian, and that my labours had not

been in vain with him, though while under my tuition there was not the slightest appearance of such a result. No! he was verily a misbehaved, tiresome boy.

He often grieved me by his misconduct, and nothing seemed to move him, so callous did he appear to be. Hence I was somewhat glad when he left my school, and when he quitted the town to enter the world for a living, I never expected to see him again, or to hear of him. But God's ways are not as ours, neither are His thoughts "He moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." What He pleases that He does; when He pleases, how He pleases; and when He works, no one can prevent Him.

In conversation J. H. referred to his behaviour when at school, and expressed deep sorrow for it, greatly lamenting that he had given me so much trouble. He also told me that often he and a companion, after they left school in the evening, had gone into a field and sat down under the hedge, and cried because they had given me so much trouble and behaved so badly.

After he had left the town, and was a little settled, much which I had said in the Bible lesson was, by the Holy Spirit, brought home to his mind, by which he was convinced that he was a lost, ruined, helpless sinner, and for months he was so deeply affected and distressed that he often despaired of salvation, so much so that one morning he determined to take his own life, but was prevented by the person he was lodging with.

Soon after this the Lord was pleased to manifest Himself to him, and shewed him that He had lived and died for him, and that His blood had washed away his sins, that he was clothed in righteousness, and accepted in Him, and gave him the joy thereof; so that he was able to rejoice in Christ and His salvation. And now for a few years he was living the life of faith, was a Sunday-school teacher, and was adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour. Therefore I rejoiced greatly with him; we had a blessed time together and parted believing that we shall meet again in the presence of God.

Z. R.







THE CAPTAIN HEALED.—(Page 22.)

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## III.

## MABEL'S LESSON.



ONLY two verses to learn, see, mother! Miss Linwood marked them in my own little Bible, so that I might not forget. Shall I read them to you?" So Mabel Evans read in a clear distinct voice, "Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling his word." (Psa. cxlviii. 7, 8.)

Mabel gave quite a deep sigh as she stopped reading; then said, "I can learn my verses, but I think they are very hard to understand. I would much rather learn easy verses in the Gospel by John, all about the kind things the Lord Jesus used to do, don't you think they are the best, mother?"

Mrs. Evans smiled, as she answered, "My little girl must not expect to have easy lessons always, but must just learn to trust her teachers, and believe they know what is really best.

"Still I think mother can help to make your hard lesson seem more easy to you. Tell me what you cannot understand."

"Oh, the last part, 'Stormy wind fulfilling his word' Can you think of a true story about the wind, please, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, you have often heard the wind blow round the house when you lie at night warm and snug in your little bed. Sometimes the wind shakes the doors and windows, as if it wanted to say, 'Please let me come in.' One day last week you laughed very

much when you came in from school, and said you and Louie had run all the way down the road after her straw hat which had been blown off by the wind.

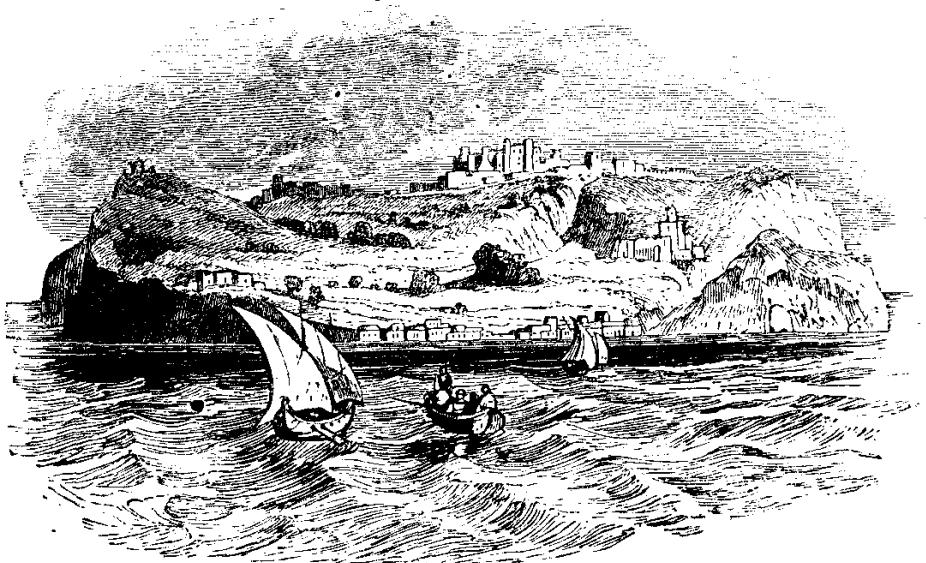
"Do you remember one day when we were at Brighton last year, the sea was so rough that the small boats could not go out?"

"Oh yes, mamma, and you were talking to one of the boatmen, and he told you he thought they were having very bad weather out at sea. He said he had been a sailor, and knew what it was to be on the sea in storms. I think he said, too, God had been very good to him, and since he had known the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour, he knew that he was as safe on the sea in a storm, as on the land in the sunshine."

"Yes, Mabel, you have remembered the words of our sailor friend very well indeed. Now I am going to tell you about a storm at sea that took place many, many years ago.

"All through the busy day the Lord Jesus had been making poor sick people well, saying kind words to those who were in any trouble; not one who really wanted His help had been sent away. At last the time came when the Lord wanted to sail across the Sea of Galilee. Shall we look for it on the map? Yes, there it is, a piece of water, with hills all round it. The Lord and His disciples got into a fishing boat, and very soon sailed away from the shore.

"I think the Lord Jesus must have been



very tired, for we read in the gospels that He went to sleep, and while he slept, a great storm arose. The wind blew, and large waves began to dash over the ship, almost filling it with water. The poor disciples were in sad trouble; in their fear they forgot the One who was with them was quite able to take care of them, so they awoke Him, saying, 'Master, master, we perish.' (Luke viii. 24)

"But Jesus spoke to the wind and waves, saying 'Peace be still,' just telling them to be quiet, and they knew His voice—the voice of the Son of God, and they obeyed Him, and in a moment they were calm and still."

"Oh, mamma, how glad the poor disciples must have been, don't you think they were?"

"Yes, Mabel, I have no doubt of it. But I think the Lord would have been more pleased with them if they had quietly trusted Him, feeling sure they could not perish as long as He was with them."

"Some day, God willing, I will tell you another true story about the wind, but you may run and play now, as I have some letters to write, and shall be glad to be alone till I have finished them."

### The Captain Healed.

**W**HAT a strange position this little girl found herself in, stolen away, as she had been, from her own home and friends and taken a prisoner to a distant country, there to attend the wife of the very man (Naaman) who had been the means of thus breaking up her happy home. Yet in spite of this she learned to love her master and mistress, and could even mourn over the sad affliction of the former.

But as a tiny match can light the largest fire, so even a child can give the information where healing and blessing may be had. Thus we find that the voice of the little captive maid prevailed, and the noble captain soon enters his chariot to prove the statement as to the prophet's power to meet his need.

But Naaman had to learn that, though he

might be a "great man with his master," yet when he comes to the prophet of Israel, he must give up his own thoughts, and accept the blessing which he so much coveted in exactly the way directed by the man of God.

Two things were necessary for Naaman to have: first, faith in God or His servant Elisha, and then a perfect cleansing. The number seven was the perfect number, so he must dip or wash himself seven times in the waters of the Jordan. How perfect the answer to his faith and washing; for he is no longer Naaman the leper, but the healed and cleansed one, whose heart is filled with sweet praise and thanksgiving.

In this way he is the picture of any one who gives up his own thoughts and simply trusts in the work and Person of another, and that One the blessed Lord Himself, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

### Lines sung by a Boy at Canterbury in 1797.

**A**BOUT me oft I hear men sing,  
Some mighty hero's fame;  
Or victory of some foreign king,  
But never Jesu's name.

In every place and house they praise  
The things they most admire;  
Some female's beauty, dress, or ways,  
Set all their souls on fire.

Another sings, how happy's he  
O'er bowls of sparkling wine;  
And join'd with merry company,  
Who bless the fruitful vine.

But Christ, the most renown'd and good,  
Is very rarely sung;  
Men seldom make the Saviour's blood  
The music of their tongue.

But did they know His worth like me,  
Nought but His righteous praise  
Would fill their lips; His praise would be  
The theme of all their lays.

O mighty Hero! Glorious King!  
More than ten thousand fair!  
Thy praise let me for ever sing,  
The while I tarry here.



## BIBLE PICTURES.

## III.

**I**T must have been a strange and sorrowful journey undertaken by a woman who, as far as we know, was alone and unattended. Early in the day she might have set out with hope and fear strangely mingled in her heart. But before she turned her face homewards, the hope had all died out, and much as the mother must have longed to embrace once more the child she had left dangerously ill, she dared not quicken her steps, because she knew that as her feet entered the city in which she lived, the soul of her child would pass from earth into the presence of God.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Give the names of the child, his father, and the prophet to whom God had made known His mind with regard to both ?
2. Quote any words used by the prophet which you think would give comfort to the mother in her sorrow ?
3. Mention instances in the gospel in which the sympathy and help of Christ were sought (*a*) by a mother, (*b*) by a father, on behalf of afflicted children ?

*\*\* The answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

## PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

H. V.—Highbury. | J. L. K.—Newcastle.  
I. J. D.—Taunton. | R. E.—Croydon.

## Gone to be with the Lord.

**F**AREWELL, dear wife! 'twill not be long  
Ere I shall meet with yon bless'd throng,  
And bow at Jesus' feet;  
The Man despised and crucified,  
Yea, evermore with Him abide;  
And we again shall meet.  
  
The Lord His own will glorify,  
In bodies there, no more to die,  
We shall behold His face!  
With Him and saints and angels dwell.  
What tongue the joys of heaven can tell?  
That blessed, happy place!

J. T.

Dora Hilton's Stewardship.  
A STORY FOR GIRLS.

## CHAPTER III.

CLARA WILSON.

*"He hath done all things well."* (Mark vii. 37.)

AS soon as Dora and Grace found themselves alone in a shady lane, Grace, passing her arm through Dora's, said, "I have something to tell you, Dora; you know, dear, our holidays begin on the 24th, and mother has given me permission to invite a dear friend from B. to spend the vacation with me." A slight shadow seemed to pass over Dora's face, and for a few moments she remained silent. Her companion noticed her changed manner, and drawing her closer to her side, said tenderly, "Why, Dora, darling Dora, please do not be vexed with me; I would have told you all about it yesterday, only I was not quite sure."

"But, Dora, is it possible you are jealous? Do you think my heart is so very small it can only hold one person at a time? I am sure you will be interested in Clara Wilson when I tell you that she is deaf and dumb."

The clouds had all gone from Dora's face, though tears were in her eyes, as she answered, "Please forgive me, Grace, I know I am selfish; but I had hoped we were going to have so many pleasant times together during the vacation, and I must own I felt a little disappointed to find you would not be free for all the rambles in woods and fields I had planned. I am sorry, very sorry, for your friend; it must be so dreadful to be deaf and dumb. But I cannot quite understand her being a companion for you. It must be very dull. I once saw two deaf mutes moving their fingers about very quickly, and mamma said they were talking to each other. But I could not understand them at all."

"That was only because you had not learnt their language, Dora," Grace replied with a smile; "I think I must give you a few lessons before Clara arrives, then you will be able to join in our conversations. You know B., where we used to live, is a large town, and we have quite a number of deaf and dumb friends there. Mother takes a great interest in them, and used to invite them to the gospel preaching and other meetings, and she was always so pleased to interpret for them. Sometimes they would sit round her like a class in Sunday school, and watch her fingers while she repeated to them what was being said."

"Several times in the year mother used to have them at our house to tea, and you have no idea how interesting it was to be with them. After tea we always had a short Bible reading."

Father can talk on his fingers, but not so quickly as mother, so he used to ask her to interpret what he said. Sometimes the deaf and dumb would ask questions. Once I remember a young man asking mother to tell him the meaning of the word 'propitiation.' Not a very easy one to explain on one's fingers, is it? Mother told him its real meaning was mercy-seat, or meeting-place. But she saw he did not understand, so she went on to tell him how the Jews were commanded by God to offer many lambs, always one in the morning and another in the evening, and how those lambs were types or shadows of the Lord Jesus and His death upon the cross; and then she shewed him a verse, I think it is in the ninth chapter of Hebrews, but I cannot remember the exact words, only I know it says the blood of Christ is of more value than the blood of bulls and goats. And he seemed so interested, and asked quite a number of questions.

"I think it is about six years since Clara came with her widowed mother to live with a married sister, not far from B. She had brought the address of our meeting with her, and found her way to it the very first Sunday she spent in her new home.

"We were all so sorry for her, and mother who had learnt the finger-alphabet when she was quite young, began to interpret for her at once. She was not able to tell her much the first time, and one day when we were talking about it she told me she felt almost afraid to begin. But as soon as she looked to the Lord for help, such a beautiful verse came into her mind. It was, 'And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.' (Matt. xxviii. 18.) Mother said it seemed almost as if the voice of a risen, loving Christ really spoke to her. For all fear was gone in a moment, and she felt so glad and thankful that the Lord had given her a little service for Himself.

"Of course I wanted to learn to talk to Clara too, and as we became great friends, though she is several years older than I am, I soon began to make progress. Sometimes I made a great many mistakes, and one day—I remember it quite well—I felt as if I could almost give up trying; but Clara said to me on her fingers: 'Only love can give patience. You must persevere, for there are many deaf and dumb, and some of them have very dark, sad lives, for they do not know Christ, and the Lord may use your fingers to tell some of them about His love.'

"One afternoon Clara came to our house, and told mother she wished very much she would go with her to see some deaf mutes who were living at B. Mother went with Clara, and they invited all the deaf and dumb they found to come and have tea with us, and father wrote to ask an old friend of his, Mr. M., if he would come and preach the gospel to them.

"Mr. M. wrote such a kind letter in answer, saying how much he should enjoy being with us, only he feared his coming would be of very little use as he did not know how to talk on his fingers, and there would not be time for him to learn, as it only wanted a few days to the time fixed for the meeting. So it was arranged that he should come and speak just as he would to people who could hear, and mother would interpret for the deaf and dumb, telling them on her fingers just what he said. And I cannot tell you what a happy evening we spent together."

"I have been so interested in hearing about your deaf and dumb friends, dear; but please tell me about Clara now. I should like to know her story, then I shall not feel as if she were quite a stranger when I meet her for the first time."

"Clara was not deaf from her birth, but when she was about four years old she took scarlet fever. After her recovery her mother noticed that she did not seem to take any notice of what was said to her. At first her friends thought that her deafness might have been caused by a severe cold, but as weeks passed on, and her hearing did not improve, they became anxious, and took her to see a doctor, who made a careful examination of her ears and gave as his opinion that poor Clara was quite deaf, and he said he could not hold out any hope of cure.

"It must have been a great trial to her mother, who had always seemed so fond and even proud of her bright, merry little daughter. I do not think she really meant to be unkind to Clara, but from that time she always treated her afflicted child with far less tenderness than her sisters. So that Clara's childhood was far from being a happy one.

"But though Clara could not hear, she was quick to observe and understand, and got on so well at school that there was some thought of educating her as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. But, as she had repeated attacks of severe illness, it was decided that she was not strong enough to follow teaching as an occupation by which she might support herself; so, after leaving school, she lived sometimes with her mother, sometimes with one of her married sisters.

"When she comes I will ask her to tell you how it was that the Lord brought her to Himself. You know we break up on Thursday, and as father has kindly promised to take me as far as T. Junction, on Friday afternoon, to meet Clara, you may expect an early visit from us.

"But we must say good-bye now."

"Good-bye, Grace; I shall be quite ready to take your first lesson after school to-morrow."

C. J. L.


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### Little Tommy Lost and Found.

NE day a group of passengers were seen round a little boy of four years old, who was sobbing and crying very much because he was lost. 'Tommy Ambler' was his name, and he had just arrived by a train from Bradford.

He had been with his parents in the crowd, where they were all waiting for the train to take them to Morecambe, and somehow had entered a wrong train. Little could be got out of Tommy except, "I'm lost, and want to go to Morecambe with my mother;" but while he was saying this to one of the railway officials, a telegram arrived from his father, to say if a little boy was found answering the description of lost Tommy, he was to be sent by the first train to Morecambe.

This good news was at once made known to the lost but now found boy, who believed it, and was only too glad to take his seat in the train soon going to the best place on earth for him, because his best friend was there. So he was accordingly sent off, with the address 'Tommy Ambler, passenger to Morecambe,' tied to his button-hole, and with his face changed from crying and tears to joy and smiles.

Now, dear one, can you see nothing in all this to remind you of your *lost* state in God's sight? Just mark well one or two points in little Tommy's case. He strayed away; he was lost, and felt it; which made him very unhappy. He owned his helpless condition. Then when the good news arrived he believed it—was thereby made happy, and went on his way rejoicing to his mother and best friend on earth.

So it is now with souls away from God. "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned *every one* to his *own* way." And you know lambs as well as sheep go astray! but Jesus came to save that which was LOST. He left the bright and beautiful glory and, in His love for the *lost* ones, came all the way down to Calvary's cross to bleed and die for them, so that all who receive Him as their Saviour might be happy in that glory with Himself for ever.

Then, dear child, whatever *your* name may be, do you answer to the description LOST? If so, hear the good news: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and know yourself, for certain, on your way to your loving Saviour—your best Friend in heaven. Do not delay one moment, but at once enter the heavenly train ere it departs and leaves you behind in your sorrow and tears, which will be yours for ever.

"Joy and peace it is to know Him—

O how He loves !

Think, O think how much we owe Him—

O how He loves !

With His precious blood He bought us,


In the wilderness He sought us,

To His home He safely brought us—

O how He loves !"

J. N.

### The Story of Jezebel.

ESIDES the many interesting happy stories in the word of God, there are some that are very sad, and perhaps the life and deeds of the woman named Jezebel form one of the most striking.

She was not a Jewess by birth, but was daughter to the king of Sidon, and therefore ought never to have been linked up with the people of God; but Ahab took her to be his wife, and this act brought much dishonour to God, and sorrow to His earthly people, the Israelites. Jezebel, like her father, was a worshipper of a false god, Baal, and was thus a most unfitted person to be the companion of the king of Israel.

She led away the heart of Ahab, and he made an altar to Baal, and worshipped him. She also cut off the prophets of the Lord, so that many had to hide in caves to save their lives, and even Elijah had to fly for his life, for she determined to kill him; and in place of these she had four hundred prophets of Baal. Not only this, but she stirred up Ahab to act more wickedly than he otherwise would; she caused Naboth to be put to death that the king might take his vineyard. Indeed, the sacred writer says, "There were none like Ahab, who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

The end of this bad woman was even

as her life had been. God said that the dogs should eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel, and so it came to pass. He raised up another man—Jehu—to be king of Israel instead of Joram the son of Jezebel, and to avenge the blood of the prophets whom she had slain.

How very sad is this last scene in the life of Jezebel. She heard that Jehu had killed her son, and was coming to Jezreel, so she painted her face, and did up her hair, or as it is said, "tired her head," and then looked for Jehu out of the window. Perhaps she thought to attract his attention, and save her life by thus appearing to Jehu as gay as possible. But he was God's appointed servant to carry out His purpose, so that when he saw Jezebel at the window, he called to the men in the house to throw her down, and thus was she killed. And when, later on, Jehu sent to bury her body, it could not be found, for, according to the word of God, the dogs had been and devoured it, except her head, feet, and hands.

### NOT FORTY MEN.

**E**LLEN was the youngest child of christian parents, who were anxious for their little one to know Jesus as her Saviour. So one autumn evening, while staying at home with her mother reading the tenth chapter of John, Ellen said, "Mother, do you think Jesus would save me to-night if I were to ask Him?" "Yes, certainly," replied her mother. "Well, mother, it says here in this chapter, 'No man can pluck them out of my Father's hand.'" "No," replied her mother; "because if you believe in Jesus you are in His hand, and then the Father's hand is over His again, so that you are safe."

When Ellen went to bed, her mother said to her, "Ellen shall we ask Jesus to save you and make you one of His lambs?"

"Yes, mother," replied Ellen.

So mother and child knelt in prayer to Him whose ear is always listening, and who is ready and willing to save all who come to Him. Prayer ended, Ellen arose and said, "There, mother, I knew Jesus would save me to-night before I went to bed." Frank,

her only brother, being in bed, Ellen said to him: "Frank, dear, are *you* saved? if not, you are lost—only think, Frank, that I was saved to-night, Alice was saved on Sunday night, and if you were to be saved now what a rejoicing there would be in heaven; but better to be saved any time than lost.

"Think, Frank, that I am in Jesus' hand, and then the Father's hand is over that again. It is not like you taking my hand; no, Frank, you cannot feel it, but it is by believing it, and no man can pluck me out of that hand—no, not forty men. Frank, are you gone to sleep? remember, if you lose this opportunity, you may never have another." Thus Ellen pleaded with her brother till twelve o'clock, so overcome with joy of being in her Father's hand that not forty men could pluck her out.

Dear little reader, this is my story, Ellen being my own sister, eight years old, and Frank is the only one of six of us unsaved. And now I want to ask you if you are in the Father's hand? You are not too young to come to Jesus. He bids you, young or old, rich or poor, now, if you have not already come to Jesus—come now, just as you are. Then you, like Ellen, will be able to say, "I am in the Father's hand, and not forty men can pluck me out."

A. M. P.

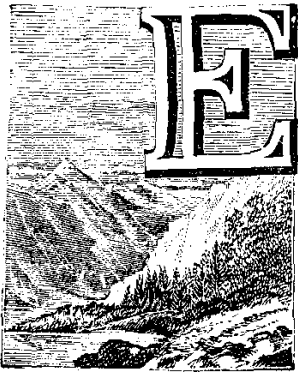
### Do You Love Jesus?

"**D**O you love Jesus?" I said to a dear little girl, five years of age. "Oh yes!" she replied brightly. "What makes you love Him?" "'Cos He loved me, and died for me on the cross."

What a sweet yet simple answer! I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus. Have you come to Him to receive pardon? If not, oh come to Him *now*; for He is waiting to receive you; do not put it off any longer, or think that you will be a Christian when you grow older, for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if He tarry, *you* may be called to die. Think of it *now*, dear little reader, before it be too late; take God at His word, and accept Christ as your own Saviour.

L. B.

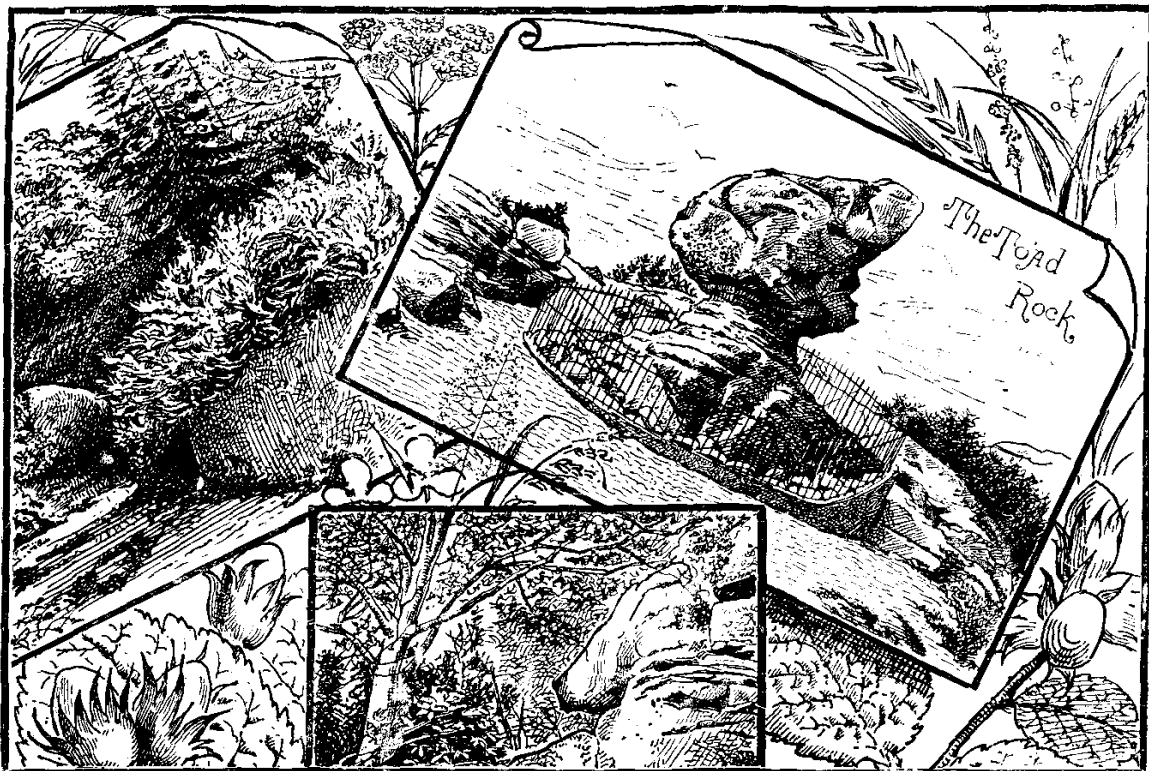
## THE FIGHT STOPPED.



**E**NTERING a village the other evening I saw a small group of boys, two of whom were fighting. I at once endeavoured to be a peacemaker between them, in which, I am happy to think, I was successful, for they at once gave up "fisty-cuffing," and made up the quarrel. Afterwards I overtook the same group of boys on the road, when I said how pleased I was to think that they had seen the folly and, I hoped, the sinfulness of fighting; and I told them the story of the quarrel that John, Patriarch of Alexandria, in the olden times, had with Nicetas, a chief man of that city, which was to be decided in a court of justice. It was about the payment of some amount to a poor person on the part of Nicetas, who refused to part with his money. A private meeting was held to see if the matter could be adjusted, but in vain; angry words prevailed, and both parties were so

obstinate that they separated more offended with each other than before. When Nicetas was gone, John began to reflect on his own pertinacity, and, although his cause was good, "yet," said he, "can I think that God will be pleased with this anger and stubbornness? The night draweth on, and shall I suffer the sun to go down upon my wrath? This is opposed to the apostle's advice." He therefore sent some respectable friends to Nicetas, and charged them to deliver this message to him, and no more: "O, sir, the sun is going down!" Nicetas was much affected, his eyes were filled with tears; he hastened to the patriarch, and, saluting him in the most gentle manner, exclaimed, "Father, I will be ruled by you in this or any other matter." They embraced each other affectionately, and settled the dispute instantly.

I trust my young readers, if they do not already know the text referred to by the good patriarch, will look for it in the Epistle to the Ephesians. There we learn that if stirred to anger we must be careful not to sin, but be quick in reconciliation. We are not to yield to the tempter in anything. Anger, or any other evil passion, when cherished, makes room for Satan. R. H. W.



A VISIT TO THE TOAD ROCK.—(Page 32.)



## Talks with the Little Ones.

## IV.

## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

“**L**OOK, mother, look at all my pretty flowers; Ruth Hardy gave them all to me. Some of the schoolgirls gathered them last evening, and when Ruth told them I had been ill a very long time, and could not

kind doctor, whom Lily had learnt to think of quite as a friend, said “he thought with God’s blessing she would get well again. Getting strong seemed very slow work to Lily.

“And now, mother dear, will you please put my flowers in water? for it is almost time for Dr. Cole to be here, and I want to shew them to him.”

Mrs. King placed the flowers in a large, old-fashioned glass, half filled with water, on a small table that stood near Lily’s bed, then



Ruth Hardy bringing Flowers.

run about and gather flowers for myself, they asked her if I would like to have some of theirs, and when she told them how fond of flowers I am, they sent me this nice bunch.”

And as Lily King held up her flowers for mother to see, Mrs. King thought the face of her sick child looked brighter than it had done for many weeks; for all through the cold dark days of winter, Lily had been very ill, often in great pain, and though the

hastened to the door in answer to Dr. Cole’s knock.

After a short talk about his little patient with her mother, the doctor turned to Lily and said to her in the bright cheerful way all the sick boys and girls, and most of the grown up people too, liked so much,

“‘Buttercups and daisies,  
Oh, the pretty flowers!’

“Do you know, Lily, they are very old

friends of mine? I have known and loved them ever since I was a very little boy, more than twenty years ago. I used to gather them in fields and hedgerows many, many miles from here. I am glad they have come to talk to you while mother is busy about the house."

"Oh, doctor, flowers cannot talk, and I am sure you know that as well as I do. I love them, and it makes me feel glad just to look at them, but they never say one word to me; how could they?"

"I am not so sure as you seem to be that flowers never speak, Lily; indeed, I think that they have told me many things. I do not mean that they have a real voice or can say words as you and I can, yet the spring flowers often seem to whisper sweet thoughts to my heart of the goodness and the love of God.

"Shall I tell you what I think even one small flower may say to us?" and as the doctor spoke he took a very fine long-stalked daisy out of the glass.

Lily clapped her hands with delight. "Oh yes, if you please, Doctor."

"Very well, Lily; then the daisy shall begin at once by telling us about its name. Daisy, or as I believe it used to be spelt a long time ago, 'Day's eye,' got its pretty name because it always seems to be looking up with a smile of welcome for the sun. But if you go in the evening to look for daisies it is not very easy to find them, though the field may be almost covered with them, for every tiny flower is closed up and its head hangs down just as if it were asleep.

"But when the sun rises it will uncloset its golden cup set round with white petals, and look up.

"French children are all very fond of the daisy; but they call it '*la Marguerite*,' after a queen of France whose name was Marguerite, and who loved the little, modest flower so well that she chose to have some always near her.

"But I think the very prettiest name the daisy bears is its German one, which means 'Child of light.'"

"Oh, how pretty! I think there is a text in the Bible very much like that."

"Yes, Lily; in the fifth chapter of a letter written by the apostle Paul to the Christians who lived at a place called Ephesus, and the eighth verse, we read: 'For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light.'

"But other sick people will be looking out for me, so all I shall have time to tell you about the buttercup is, that although it has no clock or watch, its yellow cup always opens at six o'clock in the morning." The doctor then rose and said good-bye to his little patient.

### A Child's Prayer.

GRACIOUS God, how good Thou art!  
Let Thy goodness fill my heart;  
Let Thy wisdom me engage,  
Now in this my childish age.


Let Thy power my mind perceive;  
In Thy Son may I believe—  
In His love may I abide,  
Cleaving closely to His side.

May His blood my conscience know,  
As that which makes me white as snow  
Through faith in Jesus by God's word,  
Through faith in Christ the coming Lord.

H. H. L.

### BIBLE PICTURES.

#### IV.

HE kingdom was in a state of confusion and disorder. The king must seek safety in flight, attended only by a small company of faithful friends and loyal servants; when a stranger sought and obtained an interview with the monarch.

His errand was not to obtain royal favour, to be used as a stepping-stone to riches or worldly honours. All he asked was permission to share exile, rejection, danger, with one whom he had learnt to love and value. Permission to accompany the king was given in few words, but they must have sent joy to the devoted heart of the one to whom they were addressed.



## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

31

## QUESTIONS.

1. Give the name of the king, also of the man who so proved his loyalty? State as briefly as you can the conversation that took place?

2. Was it the first time the monarch had been an exile? If you answer "No," give a short account of the circumstances in each case.

3. Quote any passages from the Gospels in which the words of the Lord Jesus shew how much He valued affection for Himself.

*\*\* The answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

## PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

L. G.—Banbury.      R. H. K.—Newcastle.  
J. P. K.—Belfast.      B. J. C.—Longhope.

There were also several nice papers received from those who were over Twelve years of age, and so not eligible for a prize. We are glad to see the interest they take in our Magazine, even if unable to have a reward themselves.

## Jesus' Love for Little Children.

**E**VEN unto little children,  
Jesus Christ said, Come to Me;  
And He spoke to them so kindly,  
Took the babes upon His knee.  
Still He loves the little children,  
Still He says, Come unto Me;  
Beckons them to come and trust Him,  
Trust His dying on the tree.

ERNEST CLEALL.

Dora Hilton's Stewardship.  
A STORY FOR GIRLS.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TOAD ROCK.

*"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." (Ps. civ. 24.)*



TEA was on the table; the snowy cloth and bright teapot did one good to look at them; while a vase of fresh flowers, gathered from Dora's own garden, lent the charm of their own brightness and beauty to the simply, almost plainly, furnished room, where Mrs. Hilton and Dora were waiting to receive some guests.

Dora had arranged and re-arranged the tea-table for at least the tenth time, till at length she seemed satisfied with the results of her work,

then going to the open window from which she could see for some distance down the road, said eagerly, "Oh, mother, how I wish the time would go faster; I really believe our clock is too slow. Will you please tell me the time by your watch?"

Mrs. Hilton drew out her watch, a relic of richer days, compared it with the clock on the mantel-shelf, and answered: "The clock is quite right, Dora, and it still wants almost half an hour to the time you fixed for the arrival of your friends, so you cannot accuse them of being unpunctual. As I see you are quite ready to receive them, will you hold a skein of cotton for me to wind?"

"Yes, mother," Dora replied; and then, thinking again of her deaf and dumb friend, said, "I have quite made up my mind to accept thankfully the services of an interpreter. I wonder what Clara will be like. Grace told me she is not tall, but has a bright, pleasant face, with dark eyes and hair. Still I cannot help thinking that one who is deaf and dumb must be in some way different from those who can hear and speak. I wish I could do something to shew the poor girl how sorry I am for her."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," was Mrs. Hilton's answer. As she ceased speaking, Dora caught sight of two figures coming towards Myrtle Cottage, so without another word she ran to open the garden gate for her friends.

Tea was a very pleasant meal. At first Dora felt a little shy of her guest; but as she watched the ease and rapidity with which Grace told Clara what was said by her mother and herself, or translated her silent language into words, she soon regained courage and confidence.

Before leaving, Grace said, addressing Mrs. Hilton, "Clara has just reminded me I must not forget my message, though I do not think there is much fear of my doing that," she added, laughing.

"Now, Dora, I will not be unkind enough to keep you waiting, but tell you at once that mother desired me to say with her love, that as father has so arranged his work as to be free to take a holiday, he has promised, all being well, to drive us over to the Toad Rock, on Tuesday, and we shall be very glad if Dora and yourself will join our party. Indeed, it will be a real kindness if you will consent to be our guides, for, as we are newcomers to Riversdale, it will be our first visit to Rust-hall."

Tuesday morning proved to be all that the most sanguine holiday-makers could possibly wish for.

The party had arranged to start early, so as to have ample time to rest or ramble among the rocks. When they were fairly off, Mrs. Bell asked, "Why does the place to which we are going bear such a singular name as the Toad Rock?"

"It is so called, I believe," replied Mrs. Hilton, "from its real or fancied resemblance to a toad. But Rusthall is a lane of rocks, and Dora who knows their names better than I do, will be able to point out to you not only our old friend the Toad, but also the Table, the Hen and Chickens, and the Lion Rocks."

"We have much to learn, I find," Mrs. Bell replied with a smile; "but is there not something unusual in the fact of rocks being found at all so far from the sea coast?"

It was Mr. Bell who this time replied to his wife's question by saying, "Although I have not visited these remarkable rocks, yet some time ago I heard a very interesting account of the districts in which they are found."

"It is supposed that long ago in those far away times, which, for want of a better name, we call pre-historic, a large sheet of water covered much of what is now known as the county of Kent. It is thought to have been a fresh-water lake, from the soft sandstone of which these rocks are composed, and the absence of such fossils as are commonly met with in places known to have been once washed by the sea."

"But," Mr. Bell continued, after looking for a moment at his pocket map, "I think we cannot be very far from what is marked on the map as Crowborough Beacon?"

"We are as near to it as we shall get," Dora answered, as she pointed out a green hill, which rose at a distance of about three miles from the road they were taking.

Mr. Bell drew rein, and looked with deep interest in the direction in which Dora pointed. "How quiet and peaceful everything looks."

But I am afraid we are almost forgetting Clara.

Mrs. Bell, who had noticed Clara had been for some time seemingly much interested in looking at a mass of soft white clouds, asked her what she was thinking of.

Clara's face lighted up with a smile, and her fingers moved quickly, too quickly for Mrs. Hilton and Dora to understand a word, so Mrs. Bell interpreted her silent language into words for them. "Clara," she said, "tells me she was thinking of the time when God led His chosen people Israel through the wilderness, His own presence going before them as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

"Please tell her," Mrs. Hilton replied, "that I too was thinking about the clouds; but it was of another scene. How when a risen Saviour led His loved ones out as far as Bethany, even while He blessed them, a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Clara asked, "Is there not a verse in one of the epistles that says, 'When the Lord Jesus comes for His own, they will meet Him in the clouds'?"

Mrs. Bell took a Testament from her pocket, and pointed her young friend to two verses in the first Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians; they were: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (Chap. iv. 16, 17.)

Pleasant as the drive had been, every one seemed pleased when Dora told her friends they were almost within sight of the Toad Rock. At Mrs. Hilton's suggestion the whole party dismounted, and as soon as Mr. Bell had made arrangements that would ensure the horse being well fed and cared for, Dora acted as guide, and led them by a winding footpath to a spot where, as she laughingly told them, "the very best view of the rocks was to be had." The scene was one of never-to-be-forgotten beauty, and was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Hilton, who felt a deep interest in Clara, was anxious to know more of her history, and also to learn how she had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ.

Clara seemed to understand Mrs. Hilton's wish, and seating herself on the grass near her, drew a small book-slate from her pocket, and made signs that they could converse by means of writing.

Mrs. Hilton took the slate and wrote, "Do not you feel lonely sometimes?"

The question seemed almost a surprise to Clara, but after holding the pencil for a few moments as if in thought, she wrote in a clear round hand: "No, I am not lonely now, for I know the Lord Jesus, who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' is always near me: and I speak in my heart to Him."

Mrs. Hilton then asked, "Can you remember when it was different with you?"

Clara's answer was quickly given, "Yes, before I knew the Lord I was very sad and lonely; you know I was deaf and dumb, and a child who is deaf and dumb is always alone and always afraid—afraid of the dark, afraid of death, afraid of judgment, but most of all, afraid of God."

"But now you know the love that casts out fear?" Mrs. Hilton wrote; and Clara answered, "Yes, thanks be unto God, for now I know the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

Thus in happy conversation the afternoon passed quickly away, and our friends then had to prepare for the return journey.

C. J. L.

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### Saved by a Negro.

**I** WANT to tell you a story about the wonderful escape from death of a young man named Alfred, whom you can see in the picture being carried by a Hottentot, a native of South Africa.

Alfred was staying with his father and brother Henry at Cape Town, waiting for a steamer to take them to Ceylon, and one day it was proposed that they should ascend the Table Mountain.

The two boys were only too glad to start on what promised to be a very pleasant climb, though perhaps a tiring one, and soon they were all on their way with sandwiches in their pockets, &c. After a good walk they reached the top of the mountain, and were delighted with the prospect which lay stretched out before them. After taking rest and refreshment, they were walking about on the level ground when Alfred caught sight of some curious moss, and leaving the beaten path he went to get it, just then he saw a rabbit in the rocks, he crept closer that he might take aim and shoot it with the gun which he carried.

His aim was good and the rabbit rolled over down the steep incline. Alfred then went down to fetch it, and as he reached the spot and secured the rabbit, a deep mist, such as are very common in mountain districts, seemed in a moment to come over the mountain, and seeking to get back, he fell some distance among the rocks.

Here he might have lain a long while, and life be gone long before his friends could have found him, but God was watching over Alfred, and while friends were praying for his safety, God led the steps of a poor Hottentot named Daisy near the spot where he lay insensible. Not knowing what to do with the injured boy he carried him across the torrent by a bridge formed by a fallen tree, and took him to a cave where he himself was living.

With care on the part of Daisy he gradually recovered, and at length was strong enough to return home to his friends.

Judge then their surprise to see him once more alive. How thankful they were to God for thus preserving him !

### ACROSTIC.

I am the bread of life. (John vi. 35.)

W on't you come to Jesus

I n your youthful days ?

L et not Satan hinder,

L ove none of his ways.

G ive your heart to Jesus

I n the morning fair ;

V oices, pure and childlike,

E ver meet His ear.

Y ou may speak to Jesus

O f your every care ;

U nto Him that loved us, come without a fear.

R est to all the weary

E vermore He gives ;

S ing ye then His praises,

'T is for thee " He lives."

R. S.

### Something to love that will never Die.

**O** NCE on a time, no matter when or where,  
A little girl, warm-hearted, bright and fair,

Got from her kind papa a living pet,  
A beautiful canary ; never yet

Was happier girl, she fairly jump'd for joy,

For hers was happiness without alloy.

No man of wealth, no monarch of his crown,

Poet of fame, or warrior of renown,

No beauty gazing in her looking glass,

Was half so happy as this little lass.

She doted on her pet, and all day long

Would sit beside it, list'ning to its song ;

Her little birdie fill'd her child-like mind

By night and day, and care was cast behind.

But all too soon these raptures pass'd away,

For the poor birdie died. Ah ! woe the day.

And now, as great the joy, so great the grief,

Tears flow'd amain, yet brought her no relief,

And so with aching heart, beneath the mould,

Slowly and sad she laid the wings of gold.

But soon, mamma, to her exceeding joy,

Brought her another pet—a baby boy !

Oh, 'twas a darling ! for let it be known

This baby brother was her very own.

'Twas hers to look upon, 'twas hers to kiss,

'Twas hers to handle sometimes—priceless bliss.

Oh how she loved to see her mother lave

The little darling in the crystal wave.

And when it crow'd, her merry rippling laugh

Thrill'd through the air, and she would freely quaff

Great draughts of childish happiness and joy,

For who so lovely as her baby boy ?

Alas, that dreadful death should interfere,

And mar with ruthless hand these joys so dear.

Alas, that death so terrible and strong,  
 Should smite a baby who could do no wrong.  
 But so it happened, and this little flower  
 So fair, so lovely, wither'd in an hour.  
 In vain they strove, in vain all means were tried,  
 For, like the little birdie, baby died.  
 And now the house is desolate, the moan  
 Tells of the burden'd heart, all mirth is gone,  
 And loudly rose the sister's bitter wail,  
 When all their efforts proved of no avail.  
 She choked with sobs, she wept in wild despair,  
 With clothes disorder'd and dishevell'd hair,  
 Throwing her arms around her mother's neck,  
 She wildly cried as if her heart would break,  
 "Oh, give me"—such her agonising cry—  
 "*Something to cherish that never will die.*  
 That is the very thing that God has done,  
 That is the blessing He for us hath won,  
 For now there lives above the bright blue sky,  
 An object for our hearts which ne'er can die.  
 In this poor world, this scene of death and woe,  
 Man walketh, in a vain and empty show,  
 Seeking for what on earth he ne'er can find—  
 True happiness, and perfect peace of mind.  
 For surely not by aught beneath the sun,  
 Can such a priceless blessing e'er be won.  
 But say, where can we find it? In the land  
 Where God's dear Son now sits at God's right  
 hand.  
 And where God sets before us, throned on high,  
 An object fit our hearts to satisfy,  
 And fill them fully with a pure delight,  
 An object on which death has spent its might,  
 One who has satisfied the loving heart  
 Of God Himself, who ne'er from them will part,  
 A living, deathless object, Christ the Lord,  
 The First, the Last—on earth, in heaven adored.  
 H. M.

### Under the Old Tree.

**T**HE children are sometimes weary of running about at play, and then it is that their elder sister invites them to sit and rest awhile under the shade of a large old tree that grows in the garden. She loves to gather them thus, and as her memory is well stored with incidents from the scriptures, she finds no difficulty in fixing their attention while she speaks of the wonderful ways in which God has shewn His love both in ages past, and down to the present time. But of all His ways of goodness, there is one that is far beyond all others, that was when He spared from His side His own dear Son that He might come to do a special work in this world, even to die on the cross for you and me.

### Talks with the Little Ones.

#### V.

#### CROWNS AND CROWN WEARERS

“**L**OOK at my primroses, please do, Harold, I think they are just lovely, and I have thought of a new game. It is too hot to run races, so let us make some of my pretty flowers into crowns, and play I am a queen; you can be a king too if you like.” And as May Cooper held up her pinafore half filled with the sweet pale blossoms, she looked pleadingly at her brother Harold, who was lounging, book in hand, under a hawthorn tree, already white with flowers.

But Harold, who was two years older than May, and as he had just begun to attend a boys' school, thought himself much wiser than his little sister, answered in no very gentle tone, “Girls are so stupid, they never do understand things. I suppose you think that Queen Victoria's crown is one of flowers, but it is not. Don't you remember how last year, when I was in London with Uncle Charles, he took me into the Tower, and I saw what he told me are called the crown jewels; and the crown and sceptre are made of gold, inlaid with diamonds and precious stones, and they cost, I don't know how much money.”

Tears were filling the eyes of the little girl, as she said, “I don't think crowns are always made of gold, Harold. You know we read in the Bible of one that was made of thorns, I mean the one that wicked men put on the Head of the Lord Jesus, just before He was nailed to the cross. I am sure the sharp thorns must have hurt Him very much. Mother says it was because He loved us that He was willing to wear it, and I think I have heard or read something about crowns made of leaves; but here is mother, she will tell us all she knows about crowns, won't you, please, mother dear?”

Mrs. Cooper smiled. “Ah, little May, you do not know how long a story you have asked for, but mother will tell you a few things about crowns and those who wear them.



"Many, many years ago, the people in Greece and Rome were very fond of playing at games. Indeed, I think the grown-up men took more interest than the boys in the games I am going to tell you about.

"Sometimes the most learned men of a city would decide in public who among them could write the best composition, or compose the most beautiful verses. At other times the games were only trials of strength or swiftness. In one of these games a number of young men, sons of rich and noble families, were chosen to run a race, and the swiftest runner received a prize, one that I do not think Harold would very highly value, as it was a crown, or wreath, made of grass or parsley. The poets' crown was one made of bay leaves, yet it was thought a very great honour to obtain one of these wreaths, and kings are said to have placed them in golden boxes, and to have counted them among their greatest treasures."

"I don't think such crowns were worth taking so very much trouble, either to win or to keep, do you, mother?" asked Harold, who had become as much interested as May.

"Perhaps not, my son, for we know that all that would remain of these crowns even in a few days, would be dried grass or faded leaves. But we are told by the Apostle Paul, how we may learn a lesson even from those quickly fading crowns.

"In one of his letters written to Christians

living at a place called Corinth, he reminds them of the earnest effort put forth by the men who took part in these races to obtain one of these crowns; and then reminds them of the fadeless crowns the Lord Jesus will one day give to those who love Him."

"Please, mamma, may Harold and I look out all the verses about crowns we can find in our Bibles; and will you talk to us about them on Sunday evening?"

"Yes, May, I think your choice of a Bible lesson will prove a very interesting one."

"Can you tell us when kings first began to wear crowns?"

"No, Harold, I am not able to give you the date, but the custom is a very old one. The crown at first was only a sign or mark by which the king was to be known. The Chinese are fond of saying, that Noah was the first king of China, so we may be sure that soon after, if not before the Flood, there were kings, and I have no doubt crowns were worn by them."

"Thank you, mother, for telling us about crowns; and now I am going to help May to twine some of the primroses into a wreath. I am sorry I spoke so crossly to her just now. I said girls were stupid, but I forgot that boys are sometimes rude and unkind."

THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM (JESUS)  
THE INIQUITY OF US ALL.



Under the Old Tree—(See pp. 35.)





THE CHILDHOOD OF TIMOTHY.

## A NEGRO'S DELIGHT.

**A**N evangelist, preaching in the West Indies, said he would like to draw attention to a passage in the apostle Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, and proceeded to read—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance (worthy to be received by *all* without any hesitation), that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A poor Negro in the congregation, who had but lately felt the power of the truth, was so affected by the reading of this text, that he requested the preacher to read it again. The preacher did so. "Be so good, massa, read dat again." He did so. "Do, massa," said the Negro, "read dat again; it make my soul feel so glad."

There we see the value of the message which Paul wrote to Timothy when he had grown to be a man, while in our picture we have Timothy by his mother's side reading precious words from the parchment roll which was the Bible in those days. Happy Timothy, to have so wise a mother as to teach her boy the way of salvation while young.  
R. H. W.

## THE TWO COMPANIONS.

**S**OME years ago I knew two boys who were very loving companions, and dearly did they enjoy each other's company. They lived close together in the same street, played together daily, and went to the same school. Hence, they were very much together, and though they were very different in disposition, I do not think they ever disagreed, for they were very fond of each other.

Samuel was the son of the captain of a trading vessel, while Thomas was the son of a tradesman; the parents of both were respectable, but they were not godly, therefore cared nothing about the welfare of the souls of their dear children. In this they were left to choose their own ways. Thomas, however, often had thoughts about God, of heaven and hell, and his never-dying soul. He had a great desire to know God, and to go to heaven when he died; and therefore, he

often tried to be a good boy, not knowing God's way of salvation.

Samuel was a very different boy, he cared for none of these things, he was careless and unconcerned about the future. Nothing seemed to trouble him; play and roving about was his element. When old enough he went to sea, and in time, he became the captain of a vessel like his father; but he was too fond of strong drink, and one day after drinking hard, he fell into the sea and was drowned.

Alas! how sad was his end! But Thomas's thoughts about eternity never left him, and he was always wishing to be good, and tried to be so, but the more he tried, the more he failed. He had no one to tell him of Jesus, therefore he grieved in secret, sometimes he tried to pray, and made vows, he read the Bible, and grieved because he did not understand it, and all seemed to be in vain.

When about fourteen years of age, while he was lamenting his sad state, a thought was suggested to him, which seemed to say, "How foolish you are to throw away yourself in this manner; be happy like other boys. This for a time seemed to comfort him, he tried to banish his thoughts about eternity, and to be as other boys, but he could not, God would not let him be so, and again he was very unhappy, for he felt he was not fit for heaven.

When about sixteen, some one put a tract in his way, entitled, "Do you want a Friend?" It spoke of Jesus, and of His finished work. This he read with many tears, and his heart was won. The love of Christ constrained him, he loved and embraced Him as his Saviour indeed. He now really prayed, read the Bible in secret, and prayed over it, early and late, for it was precious to him. The Holy Spirit took of the precious things of Christ, and revealed them to him, and enabled him to say, "Abba, Father": so that he now was a happy boy, indeed. After a while, he became a Sunday school teacher, and God blest his labours to the scholars. He was loved by them, and his fellow-teachers. He also visited the aged, the sick and afflicted; for souls were precious to him. He had much forgiven him, therefore he loved them much.

The last time I heard of him, I found he was still adorning the doctrine of Christ, and living it out, by the grace of God, and grieving on account of the errors of the age. I have often heard him sing—

“O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I’m constrain’d to be.”

Oft he thinks of the sad end of his companion, and blesses God for keeping him from such a sin, and the evils of the world. He has blessedly experienced that “Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.”

## BIBLE PICTURES.

### V.

**S**LOWLY and sorrowfully the commander of an army set out (at the bidding of his king) to accomplish a mission which he felt certain would be followed by deep national sorrow.

Respectfully, though faithfully, he had tried to persuade his royal master to abandon his purpose, but in vain; and knowing, as he did, that both as a soldier and a subject his duty was to obey orders, no other course remained open to him. The result proved the command to have been given from wrong motives, and the chastening hand of God was felt not only by the individual, but the nation.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Name the king, the general, and the prophet who was employed by God as His messenger to the first named.
2. How was the message received? and how did the king prove by his conduct that his repentance was real?
3. What New Testament scriptures enjoin obedience on us as children, as servants, and as subjects?

\*\*\* The answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.

On account of going to press earlier this month than usual, we are unable to mention the names of prize winners, but the prizes will be forwarded as usual at the beginning of May.

## Dora Hilton’s Stewardship. A STORY FOR GIRLS.

### CHAPTER V.

#### UNCLE EDWARD.

*“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”*  
(Prov. iii. 5, 6.)



HE midsummer holidays were over; Clara Wilson had returned to her home, and Dora and Grace each found ample interest and occupation in home and school duties; when Dora, returning a little later than usual one afternoon, found her mother waiting tea. Traces of recent tears were on the widow’s face, and Dora was quick to perceive them and anxious to know their cause. Glancing at the postmark of an open letter that lay on the table, she exclaimed: “Oh, mother you have had a letter from uncle Edward, and I am almost sure he is in trouble, I can read it in your face. Is aunt Lucy very ill, or have my little cousins taken a fever? Please tell me all about it.”

Mrs. Hilton smiled as she answered: “You are looking on the dark side again, Dora; your cousins are, through mercy, quite well, and your aunt Lucy who has, as you know, been in very feeble health for some years, is not any worse than usual; and indeed I do not know,” Mrs. Hilton continued, “that I have any real cause for tears; but our life at Myrtle Cottage has been such a calm and happy one, that the thought even of a short parting is painful to me.”

Dora left her seat, and kneeling down at her mother’s side, in a voice unsteady with deep feeling, “Oh, mother, dear mother! I do not think I could bear to be parted from you; surely uncle Edward does not, cannot want you to go and live with him and aunt Lucy at N., and leave me here?”

“No, Dora; the loneliness will be mine, not yours. Your uncle has written to ask if I can spare you to them for a few months. Your aunt feels her need of such help in the management of her house and the care of her children as he thinks you would be able and willing to give.”

“Poor aunt Lucy, how glad I should be to be of use to her,” Dora replied; “and my cousins too. I know all their names—Constance, Harry, and Eva. But do you really think it would be best for me to go, Mother?”

Mrs. Hilton did not answer for a few moments, then said: “To-day when I laid your uncle’s

letter before the Lord, praying that in this matter we might both have grace to do what would be most for His glory, the scripture that came to my mind was just one very short verse in the Epistle of Paul to the Romans: 'For even Christ pleased not himself.' (Rom. xv. 3.)

"You are no longer a child, Dora, and I should like the choice as to whether you go to your uncle and aunt, or remain at home, to be really your own. As I do not think of writing to my brother for a day or two, you will have time to think and pray over his proposal before you decide."

Dora sat quietly thinking for a few moments, then said, "Mother, I cannot remember much about aunt Lucy, though I know uncle Edward so well through his coming to Riversdale, I do not think I have seen her since I was quite a little girl, and you very seldom tell me much about her. Please, mother dear, do not be vexed, but I wish you would tell me if aunt Lucy is a Christian?"

"I am not vexed or surprised at your question, Dora, and am glad to be able to tell you that I believe your aunt Lucy is really a saved soul—one who is sheltered by the precious blood of Christ. And while I often long to see her shine more brightly for Him, I think sometimes she is much to be pitied. Perhaps if I tell you a little about her early life, it may help you to be more patient and gentle with her if ever you become an inmate of her home.

"Your aunt Lucy was an only child. I think she must have been a very pretty little girl. Her parents petted and indulged her in every possible way, and, as her father, Mr. Norman, who, at the time of which I am telling you, was rich in this world's goods, lived in a large house, and kept several servants, there were many visitors all ready to admire the dark eyes and flowing curls, or to be amused by the clever, witty sayings of the little lady who held her court there, and who ruled her numerous subjects in a somewhat imperious way.

"But Lucy was not really happy. I remember once when talking to me about her girlhood, tears filled her large eyes as she said, 'Oh, Helen, I cannot tell you how unsatisfying it all was. Pleasure and excitement do not, cannot give real happiness. I went to balls and parties, I was admired by many, and some I could not help knowing envied the rich and fashionable Miss Norman, and none ever guessed the secret that I was often very miserable, and I did not know how or where to find rest and peace.'

"I think Lucy was about nineteen, when through God's blessing on some gospel meetings a young friend had induced her to attend, she was led to feel and own her need of salvation.

"Mr. and Mrs. Norman had made no objection to their daughter attending the meetings; but when they found Lucy no longer took any pleasure in the gay scenes they loved so well, they became very angry, and tried in various ways to drive away serious thoughts from her mind. But the love of Christ triumphed, and, in the midst of much opposition, she had grace and strength given to confess Him as her Saviour and Lord.

"From the time she first shewed an interest in divine things, your uncle Edward had taken a deep interest in her, and when after two or three years he asked Lucy to be his wife, she accepted his offer thankfully, and I have not the shadow of a doubt, entered on the new relationship with a sincere desire to be really and truly a helpmeet to her husband.

"For a time all went on well; but as at the time of his marriage your uncle, who was then only junior clerk in the firm where he is now one of the managers, did not receive a large salary, and your aunt knew very little about how to keep house, you will not be surprised to hear there was not much comfort in their home. You may judge for yourself how she must have felt on one occasion, when her husband had been obliged to be away from home a day or two, she wished on his return to surprise him with an apple pie, a dish of which she knew he was very fond. After purchasing all the ingredients she found to her surprise and mortification that the one young servant they kept was as ignorant as herself of the art of pie-making.

"But as aunt Lucy really loved and wanted to help her husband, she set to work with a will, and with the help of a cookery-book, soon made good progress. I think she would in time have become quite a clever housekeeper, had not a long and serious illness, soon after the birth of her little daughter Constance, left her quite an invalid. The doctor's opinion is that her weak health is caused almost entirely by derangement of the nervous system, and that complete rest and quiet are what she most needs.

"She is often too ill even to see her children for days together, and as your uncle is, as you know, obliged to be away from home very often, the children are left almost entirely to the care of servants.

"But we have talked quite long enough for the present. When you have finished your home lessons, I think we shall both enjoy a short walk, and as I want to know how Widow Price's sick child is getting on, we will call at her cottage."

C. J. L.

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"The noise brought Mrs Grange on the scene." (Page 48.)



## Flowers for the Sick.

**I**N a small village not 30 miles from London, there was a little gathering one evening towards the end of April, for the purpose of collecting bunches of flowers that had been plucked by the young, to be sent to some of the city hospitals. Among these was one remarkably fine bunch, composed principally of scarlet, crimson, and white flowers, with this very suitable text, nicely written on cardboard, attached: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Is. i. 18.)

Another was a very humble looking offering, composed of wild flowers, including the white flowering nettle, with the becoming and touching text: "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." (Ps. xl. 17.) Answers came from the different hospitals, expressing gratitude and saying how much the lovely flowers gave a cheerful appearance to the wards and greatly pleased the patients. Let us hope that many may have looked upon them, as—what a woman in the north of London once called some sweet flowers that were given to her,—“God’s smiles.” R. H. W.

## “Let the Earth be Glad.”

Psalm xvi. 11.

Why do the birds sing, mother dear,  
When you and I are sad?  
Why do the flowers now look so gay,  
And all the world seem glad?  
Oh stop them! tell them, mother,  
That sister is not here;  
That the clouds above may gather  
On earth to drop a tear.  
The shadows on yon lonely hill  
Still play their merry game,  
Chasing each other o’er and o’er,  
As if sorrow never came.  
Nay—my child, *they* do not know  
What griefs we have to bear,  
*They* cannot tell when our hearts are  
Or when we shed a tear. [sad,  
The birds will sing as merrily,  
The earth look just as glad,

For they know not,—save in winter,  
What it is to thus feel sad.  
But, above the realms of nature,  
Above the clouds and sky,  
(For all the trees and flow’rs down here,  
Bud and blossom but to die.)  
There’s a loving Friend that ever  
Knows each sorrow that we bear,  
And who, in all our joys and griefs,  
Ready is, to take a share.  
And well He knows when we are sad,  
He knows our every grief,  
And by the brightness of the earth  
He sometimes sends relief.  
For if He made the sun look dark,  
And the world a dreary place,  
’Twould give a look of gloom as well  
To many a cheerful face.  
And many a heart might lonely be,  
Though not a load it bore,  
If for *us* all creation wept,  
Just because *our* hearts are sore.  
M. C.

## LITTLE NELLIE.

**L**ITTLE Nellie was a little girl in my class at the Sunday school at H—, a bright happy child about nine years of age, with such pretty little ways that one could not help loving her.

One Sunday afternoon when I had been telling the children of the love of Jesus in coming right down from His Father in heaven, to die that we might live, and how He lives again and leads to Himself all who put their trust in Him, she suddenly asked me, where is Jesus now?

What would you say if you were asked where Jesus is, where is He now?

If you get your Bibles and turn to Mark xvi. 19 you will read, “So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them [His disciples,] he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.”

Then turn to Acts i. 11 and you will know where Jesus is, and where He is soon coming from.

When I had told little Nellie what you have just read, it pleased her very much, and about three weeks afterwards, she said, “I should so like to be with Jesus, because He loved me and gave Himself for me.”

Little did we think that very soon she was



to have her desire and go to be with the One she loved so much, but it pleased the Lord to take her to be with Himself, as a trophy of His grace, as one who had learnt to love Him and longed to be with Him.

There are many little girls like Nellie, we are happy to say, but there are many too, who cannot say what she said, who are not happy when we speak to them about Jesus, because they know how grieved He is at their naughty ways, they don't like to think that soon He is coming again, to take all who are His, all who love Him, and know their sins are washed away by His precious blood to be for ever with Him, they are afraid they would be left behind.

Oh, dear boy or girl, if these are your thoughts, do come to Jesus now, He is bidding you come to Himself now, for only those who come now will go with Him then. You may come at once by faith to Him, and know Him as your own precious loving Saviour, then you will learn to love Him, to wait for Him to come, and be able to say as little Nellie did, "I should so like to be with Jesus, because He loved me and gave Himself for me."

E. E. S.

## Talks with the Little Ones.

### VI.

#### A PRETTY BUTTERFLY.

"**W**HAT a splendid butterfly! Oh, Elsie, I really must catch it. It is a prize not to be had every day, I can tell you."

And cap in hand Arnold Wood set off running towards a rose-bush on which a fine large butterfly had just alighted, when a hand was laid on his shoulder and a gentle voice pleaded, "Please don't catch the pretty butterfly, Arnold; you know you don't really want it, why not let it enjoy its short life?"

Arnold did not try to free himself from the hand of his sister; but only said in a half-vexed tone, as he saw the butterfly flutter off to a honeysuckle in a neighbour's garden, "I never saw such a girl as you are, Elsie; a month ago you made me promise I would not take bird's nests, and now I must not catch even a butterfly."

Elsie smiled and said, "Did you ever hear of a butterfly telling its own story?"

"Now, Elsie, you are only laughing at me. How could a butterfly speak, or anybody understand even if it could? But as you are so fond of reading natural history, I have no doubt you know all about it. Now I gave up my chance of making it a prisoner to please you, I think it is only fair you should tell me all about it. But as it is holiday time and I am not inclined for lessons, you are to tell the story just as if you were a butterfly."

#### STORY OF THE BUTTERFLY,

#### SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY ITSELF.

The first thing I can remember about myself is being a very tiny caterpillar, so small indeed that your eyes, Master Arnold, quick and bright as they are, might very easily have overlooked me. I had a great many brothers and sisters; each of us had just crept out from an egg not larger than a grain of sand, which the butterfly who was our mother, had gummed with great care on the under side of the leaves of a very fine nettle.

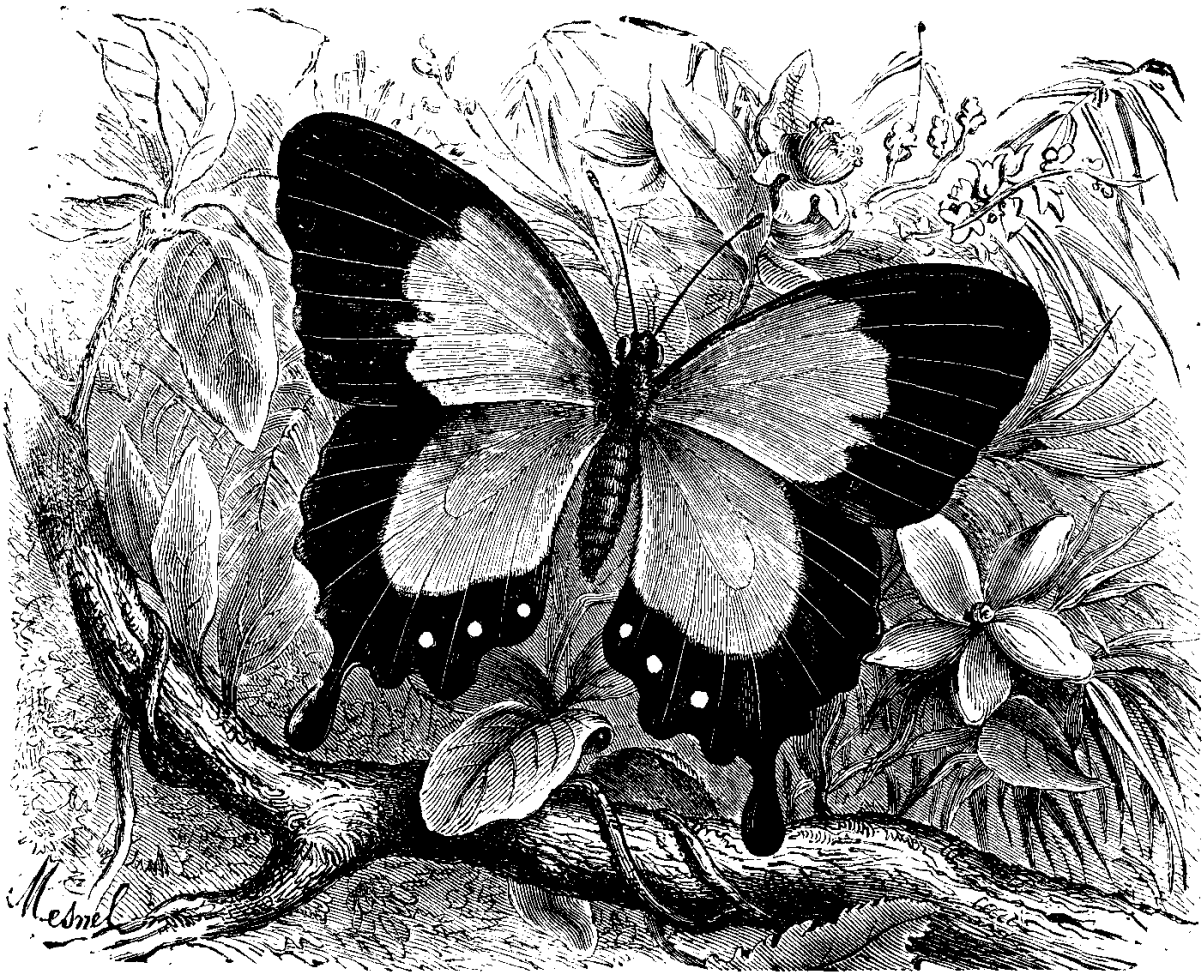
We were all very hungry, so tasted one of the leaves and finding it good to eat soon made a hearty meal.

Mothers and nurses, I am told, say that babies grow fast, and if they mean caterpillar babies I am sure the remark is a true one, for I throve so fast that in a few days my skin was too small for me. Rather uncomfortable you may be sure, but one day I had no appetite for my dinner, all I cared for was to be quiet, and after resting for some time I found I was able to slip my body out of my skin. I soon felt quite well again and began to eat faster than before, as if to make up for lost time; in about a week I again required a change of skin, so made myself as comfortable as I could on the under side of a leaf and waited for my new coat—only in a short time to be cast off like my old one. Five times the change of which I have told you took place and as my appetite increased with my size, I was soon a very fine full-grown caterpillar and quite ready to pass

into what is called the pupa or chrysalis state. I now found out that I was able to spin, not a web-like the spider's, but a silken thread strong enough to bear the weight of my body, and with this I made myself fast, head downwards, to a twig not far from the nettle bed that had been my nursery.

I don't think I was at all pretty to look at, for my skin was all dried up and soon began to crack. Getting out of it was very hard work, I can assure you, but I took "Try,

tell you, but when I awoke the sun was shining brightly. I burst the walls of my prison and came forth as you see a gorgeous butterfly, my wings covered with a great number of tiny feathers. They carry me lightly from flower to flower. My tongue is long and, being formed something like a corkscrew, is just suited for dipping in search of the honey that is now my food. I do not lay up a store for winter use, like the industrious bees. But as few of my race will



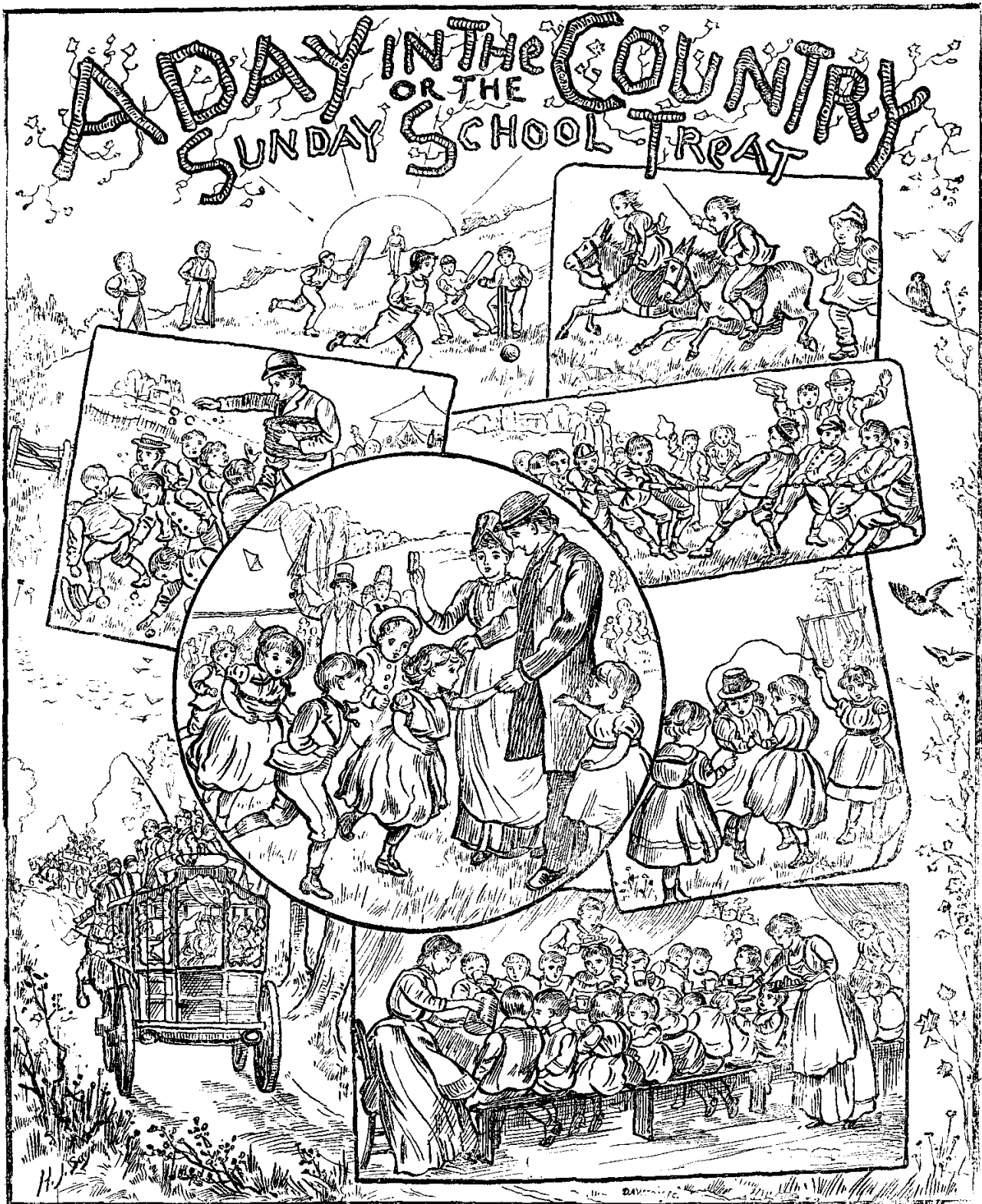
THE BUTTERFLY.

try again" for my motto, and at last I was free from the now useless skin. My old stomach was gone too, I had no longer any desire to feed on nettles; I was now a winged creature, but my wings were too small and weak to be of any use to me, and while I wondered what was going to happen next a sticky fluid that covered my whole body became dry and hard enough to form a kind of case or shell, and I fell asleep.

How long the sleep lasted I really cannot

survive the first frosts, I do not expect to need any. Now my story is told; but before I say Good-bye, let me remind you that you, little boy, have a soul that will live for ever, and you have a Book too, the Holy Bible, in which you are told how by faith in the Lord Jesus, you may receive a new and everlasting life.





## IN THE COUNTRY.

**D**URING the months of April and May we often hear inquiries from the scholars in our Sunday Schools as to the expected treat which generally takes place in the summer. "Where shall we go this year?" or, "When will it be, teacher, in June or July?" These and many other questions are often asked, but teachers generally give an evasive answer, as it is thought to come as a more welcome surprise if nothing is known as to time or place.

When, however, the day arrives, it is usually a very happy time that teachers and scholars spend together in the fields or park, whichever it may be. On Sunday at the School, we only seem to see one side of each other's character, and it is nice to get a peep at the other side for once.

Well do I remember looking on with surprise at a game of cricket that was being played, to see a boy, who was batsman, send the ball hither and thither in fine style, shewing that he was well accustomed to the game, and would not fail to do his share towards gaining the innings. But why was I surprised, you will ask?

Simply because that particular boy was looked upon as one of the dullest of our number; but on that day I learned, that although dull with his books, he could excel in other things. And it may be that children are sometimes equally surprised to find that their teacher can play so heartily at ball, or romp with the little ones. Yet it should be so, dear reader, for the Gospel which is taught in our Schools was never intended to make us dull or unhappy. On the contrary, it should make us better boys and better girls, more hearty at play, more earnest when in school, indeed brighter and more happy altogether than we should be without it.

In our picture the artist has given us capital sketches of the various ways we are occupied on a treat day, from the time of starting in the coach, till the day is all but over, not the least of which is the one at the foot of the page, where the boys and girls are seen busy with tea and bread and butter.

There is only one wanting to complete the happy scene, and that is when we all gather at the close to sing a few hymns and hear the address usually given by some of God's loving servants, who delight to interest the young ones with stories from the good old Book, of the love of God, whose goodness we all prove by His mercies to us in the field.

Some of us have been to many a similar gathering, and hope to go again if the Lord will, for it leaves a happy sense in our hearts to enjoy God's fresh air, the flowers and other beauties He has scattered around, together with the young ones whom He has bound to our hearts with the ties of love, and placed in our care to lead them to Himself.

But let us not forget, though drawing near to the time, that we can never count on the morrow, and long ere the treat day arrives, teacher and scholar may be separated, never more to meet down here. This being so, how needful that each dear scholar should know, without a doubt, that they will meet their teacher in yon' blest world, where parting cannot come. This should be our earnest desire, and it is only unbelief that leaves any doubt about it.

## BIBLE PICTURES.

## VI.



**A**N excited, angry concourse of people, with threatening looks and words, surround two men, who, though they were accused of no crime, seem to have caused that strange and unseemly tumult. Some even talked of stoning them to death.

But though their garments bear marks of Eastern mourning, they do not attempt to escape, or even to offer any defence. Conscious of having only told the truth, they cannot retract or apologise for any statements they have made. Their conduct is publicly vindicated by God, and one of the faithful witnesses, after an interval of forty-five years, receives a rich inheritance as his reward.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Give the names of the men, and in

your own words a short account of the circumstances in which they were placed.

2. Name as many instances as you can of the number two being connected in the scriptures with witness or testimony.

3. Quote any passages from the teachings of Christ or His apostles, that shew our motives for doing right should be higher than merely to get the praise of men.

#### PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY.

F. G. B.—Weymouth.	J. T.—Ventnor.
H. E. F.—Bourne-mouth.	R.G.—Gateshead-on-Tyne.

*\*\*\* The Answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

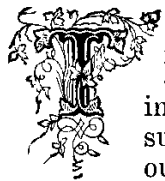
### Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

#### A STORY FOR GIRLS

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### A NEW HOME.

*"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." (Prov. xv. 1.)*



HE railway station at N. was a large and busy one, and as the train in which Dora was a passenger drew sufficiently near to allow her to look out of the carriage window, her first impressions were of noise, bustle, and hurry.

But such thoughts were only for a moment. Uncle Edward had written to say he would meet her, and she felt sure only some very unforeseen event would hinder him from keeping his promise, and almost before the train stopped she caught sight of his tall form on the platform, and in a few moments was affectionately welcomed by Mr. Grange.

When the first questions about her mother's health and her journey had been asked and answered, Dora said, "How is Aunt Lucy to-day, Uncle?"

There was a shade of sadness on the face of Mr. Grange as he answered, "Your aunt has been, I think, weaker and in more pain than usual for some days past."

"Your mother," he continued after a pause, "was, even as a girl, very gentle and patient, and now that she has been for many years a learner in the school of Christ, is in a rare degree a woman of 'a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' (1 Pet. iii. 4.) But I have not forgotten a letter received from yourself nearly two years ago, in which you

told me you had accepted the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour, so it is a comfort and joy to me to feel sure that you will know to whom to go for daily strength, and where you can 'find grace to help in time of need.' (Heb. iv. 16.) But here we are at home."

As the last words were spoken, the cab drew up before a house that seemed to Dora large when compared with the modest size of Myrtle Cottage. A servant opened the door, and at the same moment Constance, Harry, and Eva rushed into the hall and gave their cousin a very noisy greeting, while Mr. Grange opened the door of the dining-room. He then led Dora forward to the couch where his wife reclined. Aunt Lucy received Dora kindly, though the young girl felt, she hardly knew why, chilled and repelled by the want of warmth in her manner.

Mrs. Grange told Constance to shew her cousin to the room that had been got ready for her. Harry and Eva said they wanted to go too, and as their mamma made no objection, Dora was led away in triumph.

Dora found it no easy task to answer all the questions asked by Constance and Harry. It was quite a relief to her to be told that tea was waiting in the dining-room.

During the meal Dora had for the first time leisure to observe her cousins.

Constance, who having reached the mature age of ten, considered herself almost grown up, had her mother's dark eyes and rich waving hair, but Dora could not help noticing that her face wore an expression of habitual peevish discontent. Harry was very like his father, and Dora felt at once they would be friends, even though he should prove as she felt he was, quite capable of being 'a regular tease.'

Eva, though almost six years old, was considered almost as a baby by both Mr. and Mrs. Grange. She was really a very pretty child, with large blue eyes and long flaxen hair; and Dora who had often wished for a little sister of her own, thought how pleasant it would be to dress dolls for Eva, tell her stories, and try in many ways to win her love and confidence.

But long before the children's bedtime, Dora felt the task that lay before her would prove far from an easy one. Anxious to do all in her power to please her cousins, she went with them into the nursery, where a young servant, who was, as Dora soon learnt, the children's nurse-maid Ann, sat darning stockings. She rose and curtsied respectfully as Dora entered the room.

Constance proposed they should shew Dora her doll's house. But Harry objected, saying he did not care for dolls or their houses, they were only fit for girls. His silkworms were, he told Dora, "worth looking at." Constance pouted,

shrugged her shoulders, and told Harry he was "a nasty disagreeable boy, and she was sure cousin Dora never would like him," to which Harry retorted by saying "he would rather be a nasty disagreeable boy than a proud stuck-up girl," while Eva added to the general confusion by beginning to cry.

Dora stood for a few moments uncertain what to say or do, then remembering having heard her mother say "that to give children some occupation was one of the very best ways to ensure their being happy," she said, "My mother, your aunt Helen, sent each of you a small present. Who will help to unpack my box, then I can give them to you?"

To Dora's great delight, the storm of angry voices was hushed in a moment, and the children were all ready and willing to offer their services; indeed, so eager that it needed all the tact and patience she possessed to prevent the presents being torn before she could remove their paper wrappings.

After the children were in bed a message from Mrs. Granger recalled Dora to the sitting-room, where she was much pleased by hearing her uncle say, "As Dora and her cousins seem on such good terms, I think we may ask her to be of some real use to-morrow; what do you say, Lucy?"

Mrs. Grange replied to her husband's question by saying, "It is such early days, Dora, that I really do not like the idea of setting you to work. But I have been too ill to spare Ann to go for her usual monthly holiday for some time, and as I know she is very anxious to see her father, who is ill, I think, if you are not afraid to take the entire charge of the children for a few hours, of letting her go to-morrow. Harry goes to school, that will be some comfort. But Constance has her holiday later than usual this year, so will be at home."

Dora crossed the room, and kneeling down by her aunt's couch, said, "I left mother and Riversdale to be a help and comfort to you, Aunt Lucy, and I think it is very kind of you to let me begin so soon. Need I tell you, I will do my best to fill Ann's place."

The next morning passed off better than Dora had even dared to hope. Dora had succeeded in keeping Constance busy in helping her to dress a doll for Eva, and all went on smoothly, till some time after Harry's return from school, when Dora, who had been busy in another part of the room, was startled by the sound of a fall, followed by loud cries, and looking up saw Harry had fallen on the sharp edge of the fender, and was bleeding from a cut in his face.

As to Constance, who stood near holding a torn page of her scrap album, she said in a loud

angry voice, "I am not a bit sorry if you have hurt yourself, you had no right to touch my album."

The noise brought Mrs. Grange on the scene. Harry and Constance each blamed the other as the cause of the quarrel; Harry saying that the album would not have been torn if Constance had not taken it from him so roughly that he fell down, and Constance declaring that Harry was a naughty boy, and always tore her books.

Mrs. Grange having assured herself that Harry's cut was by no means a deep one, turned to Dora and said in a fretful complaining tone, "Only just what I expected, indeed, I told your uncle that I did not see how a girl who has no young brothers or sisters of her own could be of much use in helping me with the children."

Poor Dora! She could not trust herself to say one word in answer. It seemed so unjust, so unkind to blame her as if she had been the cause of all the trouble, when she had really tried to keep peace. Glad to escape from the room she took refuge in her own, and having locked the door threw herself on the bed sobbing as if her heart would break. How she wished she had never left her mother and her happy home. Should she tell Uncle Edward that Aunt Lucy thought her coming had been a mistake, and ask his permission to return to Riversdale?

But other thoughts followed quickly. Was it an echo of far-off music or a whisper of peace that seemed to come with wondrous power to soothe and calm the wounded spirit? No, only two lines of a well-known hymn that came into her mind as she lay there, feeling as if all the sunshine had faded out of her life and she could not be happy any more.

"What a privilege to carry,  
Everything to God in prayer."

Yes, she knew to Whom to go for the strength and comfort she so much needed, and rising from the bed she knelt down, and though at first tears came faster than words, as she prayed she seemed to grow calm and almost happy.

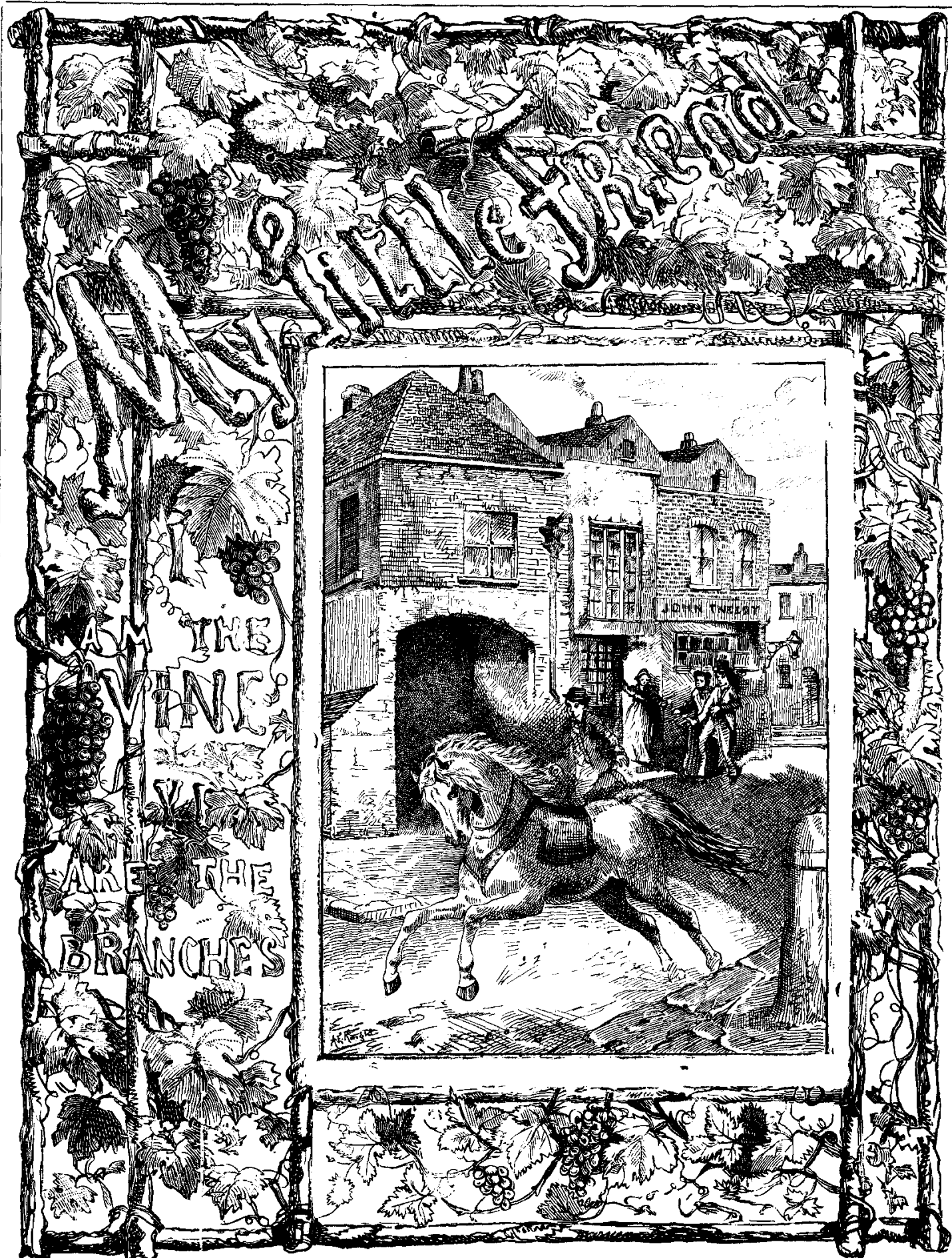
When she rose from her knees, after trying to wash the tear stains from her face, she returned to the nursery and said, "I am really very sorry for what has happened, but please, Aunt Lucy, do shew you are not angry with me by letting me try again."

Aunt Lucy answered by a kiss, and Dora felt she was sorry for the pain her sharp words had given.

C. J. L.

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## A Horse without its Rider.

**R**ECENTLY I met a horse galloping furiously down the street without its rider.

Following to see whether it ran over any children, I saw it rush into a cab proprietor's yard, where it stood trembling at the stable-door, waiting to be admitted to its stall.

Feeling sure an accident had happened, I hastened in the direction from which the horse came, and met a youth limping very much and crying. He told me the horse took fright, had thrown him on to the road and hurt him badly. After expressing sympathy, and rendering what assistance I could, I inquired, "Where would your soul have gone had the accident caused your death?"

"To heaven, sir," he replied.

I asked him how he knew it.

He said, "Because I have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and am saved; for all who are saved go to heaven when they die."

Our young reader may not have had an accident like that, nor have been so near death's door as this boy was; but let us ask, "Do *you* know you would go to heaven were you to die?" Because, remember, the wages of sin is *death*, and after death the judgment. Then not far beyond the great white throne of judgment is the eternal lake of fire, where all the unsaved go. That youth knew he was going to heaven, and his horse knew the way home to its stall. God said to His people of old, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth *not* know." (Isa. i. 3.) Dear one, never rest till you can truly say,

"We have a home above,  
From all defilement free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Prepared our rest to be."

"Remember NOW thy Creator in the days of thy *youth*, while the *evil days* come not, nor the *years* draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have *no pleasure* in them." (Ecc. xii. 1.)

"Be ye also ready" like that youth; for we know not what a day may bring forth.

J. N.

## OUR TINY CHICKS.

(See Coloured Picture.)

**I**DO not intend to say much about our Coloured Picture this month, as I am sure even our youngest readers can take in its meaning at a glance. The dear old hen with her brood of ten chicks, are all so tame that they come into the kitchen to have their morning meal.

Little Sidney is delighted with them as they gather round to pick up the scraps that are thrown to them, all the while making that pretty little noise, 'Peep, peep,' in such a contented way. He very much wishes to have one in his hand that he may feel their downy coats, but this would frighten them too much, and make the hen anxious for the safety of her young, and if she gets ruffled, is very apt to tread on the little ones in the very attempt to protect them from danger.

She is a very careful hen, and quickly calls the chicks around her if there is any sign of danger; but it is seldom we are able to bring up a whole brood, for if the sly cats do not manage to get one or two when they stray away from the hen, yet we seem to lose them in other ways—sometimes by the cold or damp, sometimes killed by accident, or stolen by a rat—so if we can succeed in rearing eight out of the ten that will be very fortunate.

This reminds me of the way in which Jesus alludes to them. He says, when lamenting over the Jews and their rejection of His love, "How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." The result of which is that their house is left unto them desolate.

## Vine and Branches.

**T**AKING this subject in a Sunday-school class, a teacher was trying to shew the dependence of the branches upon the vine—for if the vine dies, the branch dies too—and said earnestly, "Jesus is the vine, we are the branches of the vine, and derive all our comfort and

happiness from Him." "Yes," said a bright little fellow of eight years, "Jesus is the vine, the grown-up people are the branches, and we—the children—are the little buds," shewing that he clearly understood the parable, and giving to the great truth a simplicity which the minds of the smaller children could hardly fail to comprehend.

There is one thing however that we must remember, it is only those that are followers of Jesus that can truly be called branches, and only those who abide in the vine, or keep close to Jesus, will be fruitful ones.

### "How shall we Escape?"

**E**VERY reader of "My Little Friend" has doubtless heard of the terrible calamity, which took place in America on the first of June, when so many thousands of people perished in such a very short space of time. The scene must have been most heart-rending to those who witnessed it, the more so because they were quite unable to render any help whatever to the sufferers.

But what must it have been to the sufferers themselves? with death—either from fire or water—staring them in the face, and all their piteous cries for help or deliverance entirely unavailing. No earthly way of escape for rich or poor, for old or young. It is not surprising that many had despair pictured on their faces; others it is stated appeared wonderfully calm. One account, which we thought particularly touching, we will copy for the benefit of the readers of this magazine, it is the following:—

"Two men on a tiny raft were seen drifting down the swiftest part of the current. Between them, dressed in white, and kneeling with face turned heavenward, was a little girl seven years old. She seemed stricken with paralysis until she came opposite to the observers, who stood on the shore. Then she turned her face to them, she was so close that one could see the big tears on her cheeks. The men on the shore shouted to her to keep up her courage, and she resumed her devout attitude, and disappeared under the trees which projected at a point a short distance below."

Sweet child, what a noble example she gave in that moment of peril. When no earthly friend was able to help her, she looked to heaven for refuge, and we may be quite sure she was not disappointed. For God's ear is ever open to the cry of His little ones, when they turn to him in their distress. Only a few moments more was she in the rough, cruel water, and then a happy landing with many of her companions on the "Golden shore" of eternity, to be for evermore, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

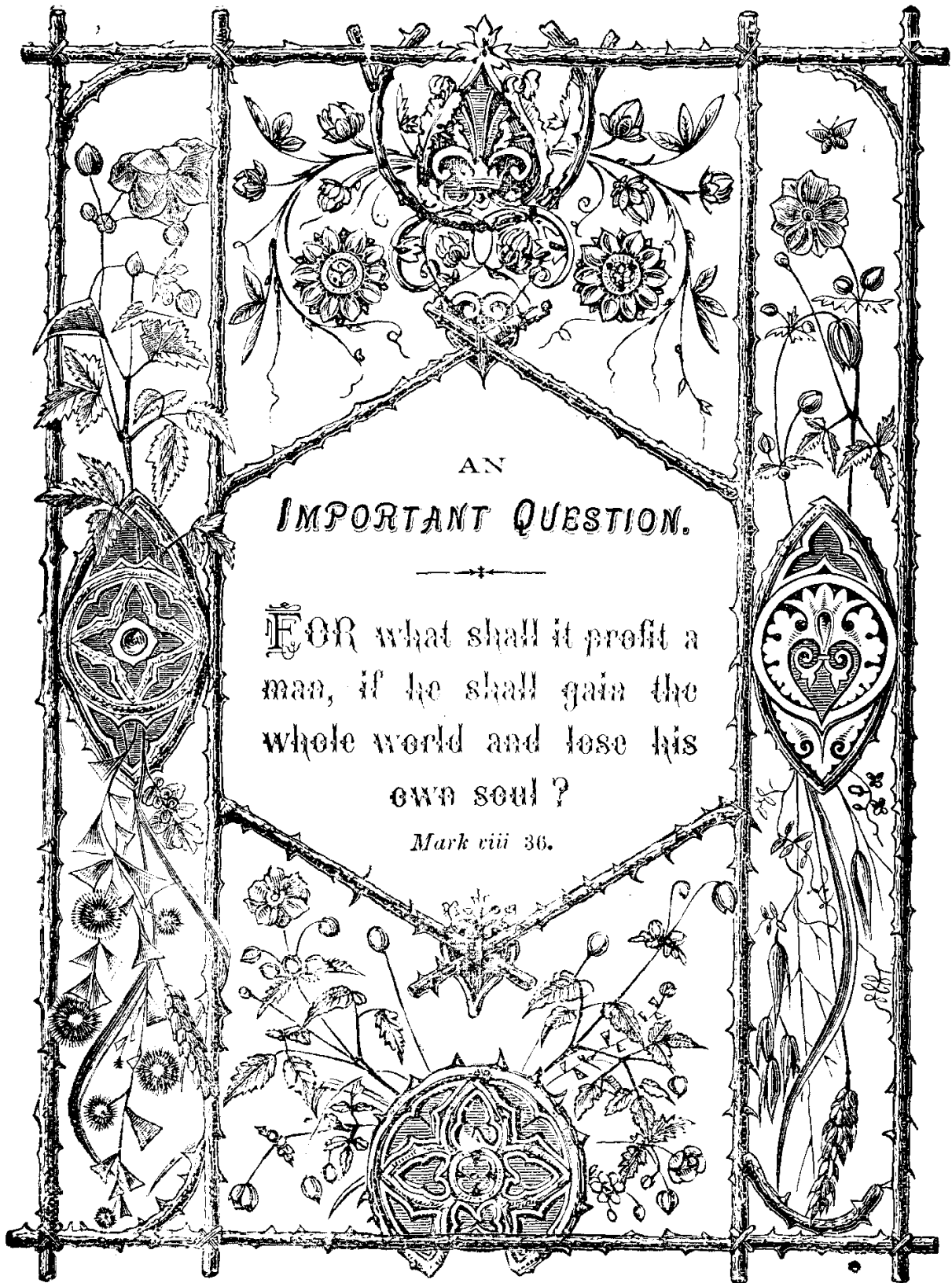
Dear young reader, we fancy that this sad event will be remembered by you as long as you live. But there is something connected with it which deserves special notice, as there is a solemn lesson to be learned from it. Report says that the people of Johnstown were, a year ago, warned that their town was not in a safe condition. Had this warning been regarded, the distressing calamity, in all probability, would not have occurred. But, alas! it was not regarded. So when sudden destruction came upon them, they were unprepared, and found no way of escape from it.

A fearfully sad picture here of what will happen to those who neglect the warnings so frequently given them, that their eternal happiness is in danger, unless they make sure of safety by fleeing at once to the Lord Jesus, who is the only sure refuge, and hope of salvation. We read much in God's word, of a great and terrible day that is coming on the **WHOLE WORLD**, it is called "The day of the Lord." And that day may be nearer than we suppose, then how vastly important it is to be prepared for it. Jesus says, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Dear reader, we entreat you to look to Jesus now, for pardon and salvation, then, whenever that day may come, you will be safe. But if you refuse to go to Him, think, oh! think, how great will be the danger, for "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

"Then, O my Lord prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away."

A. B. L.



## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

53

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## VII.

## HAYMAKING.



MERRY party was gathered in Farmer Gilpin's hay-field on the bright July afternoon, about which I am going to write. Indeed, so many little children were having a real good time, that I hardly know where my story ought to begin; but perhaps you will understand it best if I tell you that Farmer Gilpin, who was a great favourite with all the boys and girls who knew him, had told his youngest daughter, Alice, who was the much-loved teacher of the infant class in the Sunday School at Fern-dale, to invite all her little scholars to meet in his green field at two o'clock on Wednesday, when, he said, he would be glad of their help in haymaking.

I believe the children thought that Wednesday a very long time coming; but it came at last, and almost before the hands of the village clock pointed to the hour of two, Miss Alice, as the children called her, had welcomed nearly all her expected guests.

"Stand in a row just for a minute," she said pleasantly; "I want to count you, for I miss somebody, and I want to find out who it is."

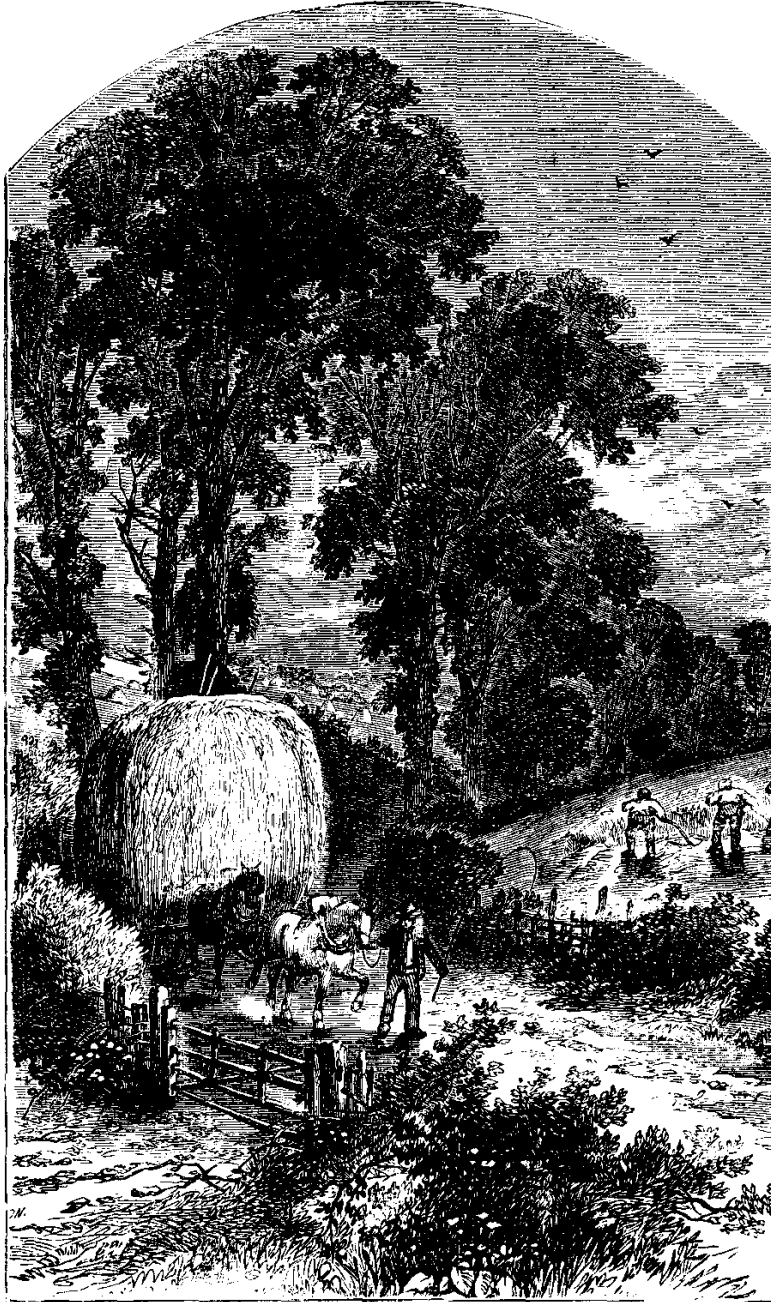
"All here but Maggie and Lizzie Brown," the teacher continued, "can any one tell me why they are not here?"

But the cottage in which the Browns lived with their widowed mother was almost

two miles out of the village, so Miss Alice did not get any answer to her question, and the young haymakers were soon at work or play, for I think as much of one as the other was going on. It was great fun to toss handfuls of the sweetscented hay at each other. Two or three of the very little ones were quite covered up, but as they knew it was all done in play of course they did not cry.

As soon as Miss Alice could get away from the small hands that held her, she returned to the gate, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the road. Three children were coming towards her, she felt almost sure, as far off as she

could see them, that the two girls were her scholars, Maggie and Lizzie Brown; but the third, a boy, who looked very pale, and walked on crutches, was a stranger to her.



Carrying the Hay.

As soon as they came near enough to speak, Maggie drew him forward, and, giving her teacher a very earnest look, said, "Please, Miss Alice, may George Day come too? We could not ask you when we were at school, because we did not know him then. He lives in London; but he had a bad fall and broke his leg, so he had to go to the hospital, and when he got better, a kind lady, who knows mother, sent him to stay at our cottage, so you see, teacher, he is a stranger, and we did not mean to be late, only George cannot walk fast, and we had to stop and let him rest, oh, I do not know how many times."

"Poor boy," Miss Alice said with a smile, "I am sure he cannot be expected to work after such a long walk, so he must come in and rest." And very soon "the stranger," as Maggie had called him, was comfortably seated on a heap of hay, feeling that he had quite a number of very kind friends.

At four o'clock, Farmer Gilpin told his young friends to take their seats, as tea was quite ready. When all were seated, he asked the blessing of the Lord on the food they were going to have. Then Miss Alice and her sisters carried round baskets of bread and butter, followed by a large tray filled with slices of cake; while Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin gave every child a large mug full of sweet fresh milk.

When all had been cleared away, Mr. Gilpin told them he should only ask them to sit still for a very little while, for he could remember that when he was a little boy he liked short addresses much better than long ones. He was only going to read one short verse from the Gospel by John. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." (John iii. 14.) Then he told them how the Lord Jesus, whose love for little children was so great that when He was a man on earth, He used to take them up in His arms and bless them, was lifted up upon the cross that He might be a Saviour, able to save not only grown-up men and women but little boys and girls who trust in Him. To trust in Him is just to believe in Him. The Bible says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,"

and not even a little child can truly say, "I am always good;" though a little girl once got very angry on being told she was a sinner, and began to kick her sister who had told her so.

But the Lord Jesus loves to save, He wants to save every little child old enough to read or hear of the love of Him who was once lifted up upon the cross, but is now a living Saviour at the right hand of God.

### Lines written by a Deaf and Dumb Boy, on the First day of the Year 1797.

**S**EVENTEEN hundred ninety six  
Is now for ever past,  
Seventeen hundred ninety seven  
Will fly away as fast.

But whether life's uncertain scene  
Shall hold an equal space;  
Or whether death shall come between,  
And end my mortal race;

Or whether sickness, pain, or health,  
My future lot shall be;  
Or whether poverty or wealth,  
Are all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis  
To watch with careful eye,  
Since ev'ry season spent amiss  
Is registered on high.

Too well I know what precious hours  
My wayward passions waste.  
And oh! I feel my mortal powers  
To dust and darkness haste.

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,  
To meet her final fire;  
But grace with glory shall be crown'd,  
When suns and stars expire.

What awful thought! what truth sublime!  
What useful lesson this!  
Oh! let me well improve my time;  
Oh! let me die in peace.

J. C. JUNIOR.

### BIBLE PICTURES.

#### VII.

**T**HE business of the day had begun though the hour was still an early one, when a small company might have been seen leaving a seaport on



the western coast of Palestine and proceeding in a northerly direction toward a city at that time the capital of the Roman Governor.

They were of different nationalities, and one at least of that little band would have positively refused to be seen in the company of those with whom he was holding friendly intercourse, had he not been in a remarkable manner prepared for the errand on which he had been sent.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Name the seaport, the city, and give a short account of the circumstances under which the journey was undertaken.
2. Give any instances you can find in the Old Testament of Gentiles who received blessing with or through the Jewish nation?
3. Prove from the writings of Paul that Jews and Gentiles are alike in need of salvation through Christ?

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE.

There were very few answers sent in for June, and we regret to say that of those received there were none that merited prizes. This is the first time that such a thing has occurred, and we trust our young readers will take care that it may not be so again.

*\*\*\* The Answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

### A STORY FOR GIRLS

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

*"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)*



MR. HILTON had said, on parting with Dora, the daily need of grace and patience to meet the demands made upon her at her uncle's house, would prove a valuable discipline for herself. And Dora soon saw her mother had judged rightly. Though at times she found her cousins very trying, Harry and herself were fast friends, for though, like most boys, he was often thoughtless, he had a kind heart, and was really sorry when by his conduct he had given pain to any one he really loved.

Dora told him stories, heard his lessons, proved

his sums, found his various schoolboy possessions, which, before her coming, had almost always been lost when most wanted by their owner.

Eva, too, loved her cousin, and though the spoilt child was often fretful and exacting, still Dora contrived to amuse and occupy her, and quarrels in Mrs. Grange's nursery were by no means so frequent as they had been when Dora entered it for the first time.

Constance gave by far the most trouble, but even her sullen temper at times gave signs that she felt the power of gentleness, and Dora was hopeful and thankful.

But was Dora herself always patient and gentle? Ah, no; truth compels me to say that she was not, and her saddest, darkest days were those on which she had been impatient with the children, or quick to take offence at some hasty word from her aunt. But at such times, as soon as she was able to get away to her room, her Bible seemed almost to open of its own accord at a verse marked by her mother before leaving home, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9); and, though the page was often wet with her tears, yet Christ, as a risen loving Saviour, became more precious to her soul as she tasted the sweetness of His pardoning and restoring grace.

Long, loving letters, too, from her mother and Miss Lang were a great comfort and help to her. Grace Bell, too, proved herself a good correspondent, and her letters not only kept Dora informed of what was going on among friends and neighbours at Riversdale, but sometimes as she read she almost fancied herself seated in her old place in the Bible Class, listening to the voice of her much-loved teacher.

The unvarying kindness of Mr. Grange, too, was a great help and comfort to Dora. When, on returning home in the evening, he noticed Dora was looking paler or more tired than usual, he would often propose taking her for a walk, and as his visits were always welcomed by the poor, Dora soon made several friends among the suffering and lonely ones to whom she was introduced by her uncle.

The weather toward the end of August became very sultry and oppressive. Mrs. Grange evidently suffered more than usual, and became so ill as to be unable to leave home, so the hope of being able to spend a short time in the country, about which the children had been thinking and talking for many weeks, had, much to their disappointment, to be given up, and as much of Ann's time was taken up in waiting upon her mistress, the children were by degrees left almost entirely to Dora's care, and though she often thought of the happy days she spent at Myrtle Cottage, and longed for,

a quiet talk with her mother, her life was far too busy an one to leave her much time for sadness, and she was learning the blessedness of seeking to make others happy.

One evening Mr. Grange returned from the counting-house earlier than usual, and after spending an hour in the room of his wife, entered the nursery with a smiling face, and asked Dora if she would like to go for a walk with him. Like to go out with uncle Edward! Indeed she would, for her head ached, and she felt that fresh air and change of scene would be a great treat to her; still she hesitated.

"Come, Dora, make haste," her uncle said kindly.

Dora looked wistfully out of the open window, then answered, "I really do not think I ought to go this evening, uncle, as Eva is not very well and likes to have me put her to bed, and I promised Harry I would help him to cut out a card-board model of a windmill, and—"

But Mr. Grange did not give Dora time to finish her list of reasons for remaining at home, by saying, "You must allow me to decide the question for you. Ann is coming to take your place. A walk will do you good, and your aunt and I both feel that in your loving care for us and ours you are in danger of neglecting yourself."

How glad and grateful Dora felt as she listened to her uncle's encouraging words. It did not take long to put on hat, jacket, and gloves; but before leaving her room she knelt for a few moments, and with a full heart thanked the Lord for this fresh proof of His loving kindness, then ran downstairs.

Mr. Grange was waiting for Dora at the hall door. A quarter of an hour's walking took them through the town into a suburb where the houses were small and poor-looking. Groups of ragged children were playing on the doorsteps, and untidy women lounged about and chatted with each other.

Dora and her uncle walked on for some time in silence. At last he said, "We are going to see a King's daughter, Dora."

She looked up quickly. The light that shone in her uncle's face helped her to understand his meaning, and she answered with a smile, "One of the Lord's hidden ones, as mother would say, I expect, uncle."

"Yes, Dora; my old friend, Ada Lee, is one of whom it may truly be said that, though poor in this world's goods, she is rich in faith. You will find in Miss Lee one who will prove, I am sure, not only a loving friend but a wise counsellor to you, Dora."

"I should not have been content for you to be with us so long without knowing one whom I

value so highly, were it not that Miss Lee only returned home last week from friends living at a distance from N.

As Mr. Grange ceased speaking, he stopped before a small but very neat-looking house. A little girl opened the door in answer to his knock, and Dora followed her uncle through a dark passage and up a narrow staircase. Their guide then opened a door, and in another moment Dora heard the cheery voice of her uncle saying, "Miss Lee, I have brought my niece, Dora Hilton, to see you; I expect you will soon be great friends, for both can say of the Lord Jesus, 'He loved me, and gave himself for me.'" (Gal. ii. 20.)

Miss Lee did not rise to receive her visitors, but her smile and the words of welcome as she greeted them were so bright and pleasant that Dora was quite at home with her at once. Perhaps she could not have told any one what it was about Miss Lee that attracted her so strongly but unconsciously to herself, Dora was learning how real and blessed are the bonds that unite the children of God to each other.

"It is always a great treat to me to have a visit from a young Christian," Miss Lee said in a low sweet voice. "Shall I tell you why, dear?" she added, turning to Dora. "Just because I know the lambs are very dear to the heart of the Lord Jesus, who, as the Good Shepherd, gave His life for the sheep. But sometimes I find a lamb of Christ's fold gets sick, or very very tired, or sometimes has wandered away from Him. And the Lord, who knows that though I cannot go out, I love Him and long to do something for Him, often sends one of His own here, and gives me the joy of serving Him in His little ones. And there really is a bright side in not being able to walk; I do not mean only because I know it is my Father's will for me to sit still, but because I am always at home, so that any of my young friends who may need a word of help or comfort know just where to find me."

The hour spent in Miss Lee's little room passed all too quickly for Dora, and when she said good-bye to her new friend it was with a promise of paying another visit at no very distant date.

C. J. L.

### TRUE STORIES IN VERSE.

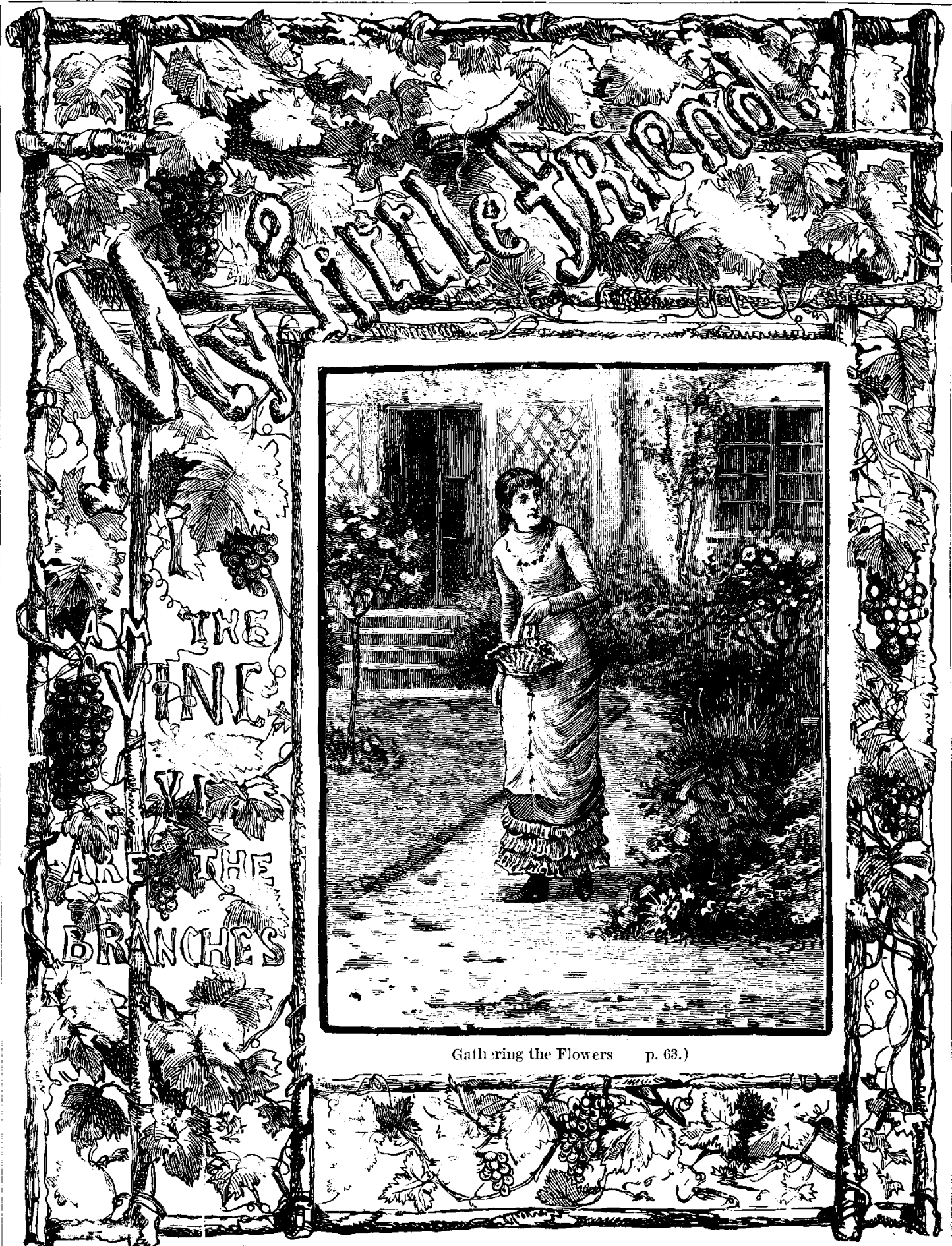
#### Contents of Packet I.:

The Little Pilgrim	Jamie and the Prince
Nellie's Birthday	Faithful Negro Boy
Thirty-two in packet, price 4d.	

#### Contents of Packet II.:

1 Papa's Letter	3 Mary's Prayer
2 Jesus Died for Me	4 Johnny and the Shark
Thirty-two in packet, price 4d.	

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### Jesus a Saviour for you.

**I**MAGINE to yourselves a poor little slave girl, whose owner was a hard, cruel man. Of course, poor child, she could never get away from him: he had paid a good sum of money for her, and just as you and I own what we buy in a shop, this master owned her. Just think how joyful she would be if one day a kind gentleman came and bought her, then turning to her said, "You are free now, my child, you need not serve any one unless you choose, but I bought you because I love you, and long for your love in return."

Do you not think she would love this kind gentleman, and say, "I will be your slave, sir, gladly and willingly, because you are so kind, and I love you?"

Well, children, you have heard from your Bible of some poor shepherds; one night, perhaps, these poor men had been thinking God did not care for them because they were so sinful, and wondering how it was, that although they had often tried and tried to be good and serve God, yet they had never seemed to get better, and so they could never hope to enter God's beautiful home.

Suddenly a messenger of God stood before them. "Fear not," said he, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto *you* is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." What a glorious message straight from God. "Let us go," said they, "and see." They came and found the Babe lying in a manger, and they made known abroad the saying concerning the Child, and they returned, glorifying and praising God.

You, children, know this story well, how this same Babe, for whom there was no room in the inn, grew up; how He was good and gentle and kind; how His whole life was spent in doing His Father's will; and at last how He, God's only Son, died on the cross.

But this is not all, dear children, for whom Christ died; the question is, Has the coming of Jesus made any difference in your lives? Perhaps you have tried and tried to be good and to love and serve God, but never get any better. Here is good news for you to-

day. "Unto *you* is born a Saviour" who can and will save you from your sins and make you a loving, obedient child of God, sure of a place in His beautiful home. Though you have often sinned against Him, Jesus has asked His Father if He might not be punished in your stead. God so loved you that He said Yes, and now Jesus has told the apostle John to write and say, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake."

He says also, that you are not to fear, for He has bought you, you are His. He is like the kind gentleman who bought the little slave, He tells you you are free; but oh, He does so long for you to love and serve Him. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." You belong to Jesus, just as that toy you bought the other day belongs to you. You do not say, "Oh, that belongs to anybody," you say, "It is mine, I bought it with my own money;" so Jesus says, "Child, you are mine, I bought you with my own blood." Will you not say, Yes, Lord Jesus, I know it and to-day I give myself to Thee? Then remember He wants also to be your helper. He likes His own to ask Him for anything they want, for help in lessons or work. Ask Him often to make you kind, gentle, loving, and obedient, and do not forget to praise and glorify Him as the shepherds did, telling others of the glad tidings that Jesus wants to be their Saviour too. S. W.

### A FAITHFUL DOG.

**T**HERE was lately a fire in a large hosiery establishment at Rochdale, when two young ladies had to jump from their bedroom windows into blankets which were held for them. Both sustained serious injury, one breaking several ribs and the other one of her legs. Two other persons escaped by rushing through the smoke, but two little boys who were sleeping in an attic, were only discovered by the action of a retriever, which led the firemen to the bedside. Their mother was away. The faithful dog refused to leave the house till the children were rescued, and so was suffocated.

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## VIII.

## MILLIE'S FRIGHT.

"**O**H, Mamma, I have had such a fright! What do you think it was? As Walter and I were playing in the summer-house, a horrid spider crawled over my hand, and Walter laughed at me and said I was a baby, because I was frightened and ran away."

Mrs. Hall stroked Millie's curly hair as she answered, "Poor little girl. It was not very polite of Walter to tease his sister; but I quite agree with him that a sensible little girl would not have run away from a spider."

"Oh, mamma, how can any one like spiders? I am sure they are ugly creatures. Sarah says so, and she always sweeps down their webs when she sees one on the wall or ceiling. And they are so cruel too, they catch and eat the poor little flies."

"I do not wish you to number tame spiders among your pets, Millie; but I have read a very interesting account of a gentleman who, during a long and weary imprisonment in a gloomy French prison, called the Bastille, made friends with a large spider, which became so tame that at his call it would go to him and eat out of his hand. Still I think a little knowledge about spiders and their ways will help you to overcome your fear of them."

"The spider family is a large one, nearly a hundred different kinds being found in England; but it would take too long to get acquainted with all of them, they are divided into five classes: hunting, wandering, prowling, solitary, and water spiders. These are known from each other by the shape of their webs, and also by the way in which they take their prey. But all spiders have eight long thin legs, which, as each one has seven joints, can be bent any way without danger of breaking. Eight bright eyes, placed in two rows on the top of its head, enable the spider, even when itself hidden from sight, to see when a fly or small insect gets caught in its web. But I have not told you yet of the wonderful way in which this web is made."

"On the under side of the spiders are several very small bags called spinnerets; from these a great number of very fine threads can be sent out by the spider. These are twisted together by the help of a very fine comb with which each leg is furnished, so as to form one thread, in much the same way in which threads of hemp are twisted into a rope."

"The threads of the web are placed at regular distances, and if any part of it gets broken or injured, the spider will repair it with great care and patience. Never was a soldier more fully armed than the spider, as it has two pairs of strong jaws, in each of which are a number of sharp, saw-like teeth."

"Sometimes a spider will hide itself among the leaves of a bush at some distance from its web, out of sight, but still quite ready to pounce upon its prey. If we look closely at the web we shall see two threads, stronger than those of which the web is formed, are fixed firmly down near the spider's hiding-place."

"Of what use do you think they are? You will smile when I tell you that we may call these threads the spider's telegraph, as when a fly gets into the web, of course, it wants to get out again, and in its efforts to free itself shakes the web very much; the movement passing along these threads gives notice to the spider of what is going on."

"The Bible has something to tell us about spiders and their ways. In Proverbs xxx. 28 we read, 'The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces.'

"King Solomon, by whom the words were written, must often have watched spiders busy at their work, and I have no doubt that, as he observed their curious ways, he learnt fresh lessons of the wisdom and goodness of God in His care that even the poor despised spider should be so fitted for the kind of work it has to do, as well as the place in which it is to live."

"Do you think of running away from the next spider you see, Millie?"

"No, mamma; I think I shall be brave enough to watch it at its work. I am so glad we have had this nice talk. I did not think there was so much to be learnt about spiders."

## A MINUTE TOO LATE.

**H**OW invaluable oftentimes is the brief space of one or two minutes. It may make all the difference between "in time" and "too late."

I was seated in a train one evening, going home, when I heard a scuffle just as we were moving from the platform. I looked out of window and saw a man who was in want of a single minute. He wished to go by the train in which I was seated, and so nearly had he attained his object that he was even standing on the footboard of the train.

But he had an umbrella and several parcels, and while attempting to open the carriage door he dropped one or two articles, and then in his confusion fell back on the platform, while the train went on its way without him. What a difference would one short minute have made to that man! It would have enabled him to take his seat in the train quietly, and he then would have been *IN TIME* as others were, but for want of a minute he was now *TOO LATE*, left behind.

Ah, well, you say, it was perhaps no great matter to the man.

Very likely not, he had but to wait half-an-hour, and another train would be going to the same destination. But had it been a thing of life or death, it would have been just the same, and oh, how it would then

torment the man to know that one minute more would have saved him.

Let me give another instance of the value of time. A gentleman entered a train at the last moment ere it started. He was puffing and blowing by reason of the exertion he had made to catch the train. By way of explanation to the other passengers, he said he had saved three hours by running so hard, "And," said he, "that's well worth running for." Ah! thought one of the

passengers, three hours he thinks is well worth a struggle to save, and yet so many trifle away the precious moments which God has given us to prepare for eternity.

We value three hours here on earth, but we forget that vast eternity which lies before us, and many fail to prepare for it, till they are found on a dying bed.

A large steamer was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and the little boats were all manned and put off from the vessel, but just as the last was leaving the steamer's side a lady came up from the cabin, where she had been busy arranging her things, and

seeing that she had lingered too long, and that all the boats had now left, she shouted after the one near at hand to come back and take her too, but the only answer was, No! *TOO LATE!* Again she cried, and offered a large sum of money, but the boat could not return, and the lady was left to perish!

Oh, dear readers, let me press you to think of your souls' welfare, and make sure of your salvation ere it be *TOO LATE!*



Too Late!



## A FAKIR.

"OH, look at this strange picture, mother! Why does that man hold up his arm in the air?"

"Ah, my dear, there is a long story connected with this picture, though it is but a small one."

"Will you tell me the story, please mother?"

"I can tell you what little I know of it, Ada, but I have never been to India to see such things with my own eyes, so I only know what I may happen to have read or heard from travellers who have lived in that country."

"Is it really an Indian picture, mother?"

"Oh, yes. I can tell that at a glance, especially by seeing the man's arm is held up. I have not heard that this is done in any other country but India."

"Why does he hold it up, then?"

"Well, the man is called a Fakir, which means, in other words, a religious beggar. He has given up his natural employment to become, as he professes to be, a holy man, and to shew disregard for his own comfort and to please the gods that he worships, he punishes himself by holding his arm above his head as you see."

"But if he always holds it so, does he not get dreadfully tired?"

"No, dear, not now. When a man first begins such a strange means of torture, I believe he has it fastened in some way, that he may not be tempted by the weariness and pain to put it down, but after a time the muscles of the arm get stiff and fixed, and

then it is no longer painful, though he loses the use of it as an arm, and cannot lower it any more."

"I am glad I do not live in that country, mother."

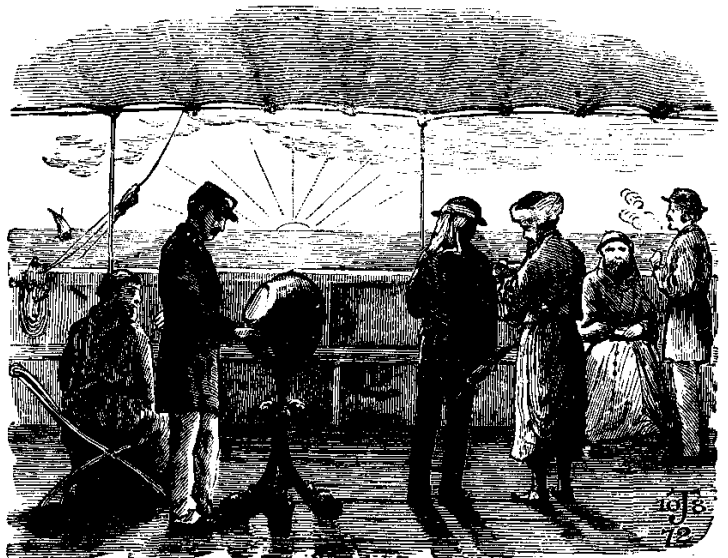
"No doubt of that, Ada, but there are many other modes of self-punishment there, and this is perhaps the least repulsive of any. And, sad to say, such men not only think themselves clever, but other people think so too; and instead of being pitied as a poor foolish fellow, he is looked upon with awe, and food and presents are given him by the passers by."

"But I think, Ada, that while we look at this picture, and in our hearts condemn this man for supposing that he will be better off hereafter by punishing himself now, it is well for us to look closer home and see if we do not do the same."

"I do not understand what you mean!"

"Why, I believe there are many boys and girls, and men and women too, who have a feeling in their hearts, even if they never say so, that they must do something for salvation, and many begin their 'doings,' some in one way, some in another."

"One may read his Bible, another give something to the poor, or a child may try to be good, as they say; all these things help us, like the Fakir, to think well of ourselves, but how much better to look to Jesus as the One who has done all for us when we could do nothing ourselves."



Setting his Watch.

### The Arab Setting his Watch.

**A** GENTLEMAN, known to the writer, and through whose kindness this illustration is inserted, was some years ago taking a journey to Palestine. He travelled by the rapid overland route to Brindisi, and thence by steamer to Alexandria, and on to Jaffa.

One evening, while on the steamer, the sun was just sinking below the horizon, when he noticed an Arab taking out his watch and setting it to the correct time. It was what we should call six o'clock in the evening, but not so to the Arab, for according to the eastern manner of reckoning time it was twelve o'clock, and that was how he set his watch.

This incident was very simple in itself, but it brought to mind the many references in scripture to the calculation of time, from the words in Genesis i. 5: "And the evening and the morning were the first day"; to those in Acts ii. 15, "These are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day." This would be about nine o'clock in the morning to us. In the next chapter also we get, "Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour," or equal to three in the afternoon with us.

All this is deeply interesting, indeed everything that brings back to our minds the circumstances through which the Lord Jesus passed when He was here on earth is worthy of our notice, from the time when the shepherds watching their flocks by night were directed to go to Bethlehem to see the young child, to that dark moment when on the cross, at the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, "It is finished, and gave up the ghost."

It is wonderful to think of Jesus, the Son of God, walking about on this earth as a man, and yet the Bible pictures of His ways and actions down here, are all so vivid that we can, in our minds, see Him passing through the scenes described, curing a blind man, raising the dead or taking up the children in his arms and blessing them.

But there is another wonderful event to

take place: Jesus is coming again, and scripture also says, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." That being so, may we all get ready to meet Him, that we be not taken by surprise. He has told us neither the day nor the hour, but says, "Behold I come quickly."

### "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Ecc. xii. 1.

**I**N these budding years of promise,  
While your heart is light,  
Oh, remember your Creator  
Now, while all is bright!

Prospects fair may be before you,  
But, oh, stay awhile!  
What is all the world can offer  
To the Saviour's smile?

While your heart is young and tender,  
Trust it to His care;  
In these days so bright with sunshine  
Live for Jesus here.

Yes, remember Him who made you,  
And by whom you live;  
Oh, remember your Creator,  
To Him glory give.

He who made you, oh, remember  
Made you for His praise.  
Made you for Himself, then render  
To Him all your days.

Now remember Him, and trust Him,  
Do not turn away;  
He is calling now, oh, listen!  
Think of Him to-day.


Now, oh, now His word repeats it,  
Now this very day,  
Come to Him e'en for salvation,  
Come in His own way.

Turn away from thoughts of pleasure  
And from self, from all;  
Think now only of the Saviour,  
Listen to His call.

Oh, remember and consider  
Him in all His love!  
In these days so full of sunshine  
Think of Him above.

## BIBLE PICTURES.

## VII.

NE of the largest meetings for prayer of which we have an account in the scripture narrative.

News of speedy invasion from enemies whose forces greatly outnumbered their own, had spread through the land, and men, women, and children came together, many from great distances, to seek help from God. Very simply, though in touching words, the king told out in prayer the whole story of his own and his people's weakness and need, and soon mourning was changed to rejoicing, the voice of prayer to the song of thanksgiving, for victory granted without the use of arms by the invaded.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Name the king, and give a short account of the way in which his prayer was answered.
2. Mention any other instances as shewing the care of God for His people, in which an army was dispersed or destroyed.
3. Quote passages from the New Testament shewing how, as Christians, we are to treat our enemies.

## PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE.

J. C. L.—Bervie. | F. M. M.—Raheny.

*\*\* The Answers to these questions should be addressed to C. J. L., 20, Paternoster Square, and be posted not later than the fifteenth of the month.*

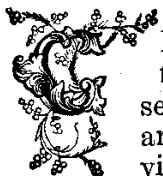
## Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

## A STORY FOR GIRLS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

*"Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious."*  
(1 Peter ii. 7.)



REATLY, as Dora wished to accept the invitation of her new friend, several weeks passed before she had an opportunity of paying a second visit to Miss Lee. Mrs. Grange, who had taken a severe cold, was confined to her room for several weeks, and it was quite late in October before Dora felt herself really free.

When quite ready for her walk, she lingered for a few moments to arrange some chrysanthemums she had gathered in a glass flower-holder near her Aunt's chair. Mrs. Grange asked with a smile, "Have you brought all the flowers out of the garden to my room, Dora?"

"Oh no, Aunt Ellen, only just a few of them for you to enjoy their beauty. I wish you could walk round, if only once, just to see the show of chrysanthemums; they are lovely. There are large white ones, I am not sure I know their proper name, but Willie and Eva call them snowballs, and yellow ones looking just like golden balls, while Lady Clair and Queen Mab have put on very beautiful autumn dresses; and there are dear little pompoms hardly larger than daisies, but wearing such bright liveries of orange and brown."

"Thank you, Dora, I almost seem to see the garden through your eyes; but I was going to propose that if it would not take you too long you might gather a large bunch of autumn flowers and take them with my christian love to Miss Lee."

"Oh that will be delightful, Aunt! How kind of you to think of it. It will not hinder me five minutes to gather the flowers, and I am sure they will give Miss Lee much pleasure."

Half an hour later, and Dora entered Miss Lee's little sitting-room. "I was expecting you, dear," were Miss Lee's first words, as she returned Dora's kiss.

"Expecting me, Miss Lee! why how did you know I was coming?" Dora asked, with a somewhat puzzled look.

"Well perhaps it was almost too much to say that I was quite sure it was you who were coming; but I felt so much better than usual this morning that I just asked the Lord, if I could be of use to any of His little ones, to please send the one to whom I was to give a word of cheer or comfort here this afternoon, and then you came before my mind. I felt I wanted to see you to know how you were getting on, so that I was really thinking of and praying for you when you knocked at the door."

"Do you pray about everything, Miss Lee?" Dora asked, almost in a whisper.

"Pray about everything! why yes, dear, of course I do. Is anything that can grieve or gladden a child of God too small a matter for the ear and heart of our heavenly Father?"

"Perhaps you have not begun yet to take the small worries, the every-day cares and duties to God in prayer; but you will find, as I have done, the strength and comfort of being very childlike and simple."

"But what lovely flowers! my favourite chrysanthemums, too."

"They are for you, dear Miss Lee, with Aunt

Ellen's christian love," Dora said, as she placed her flowers in the thin, white hand that was extended to receive them.

Miss Lee was silent for a few moments, but a flush of pleasure lent colour to her cheeks, and there was a glad light in her eyes as she bent almost lovingly over the blossoms, and seemed to drink in their faint but delicious perfume; then, turning to Dora, said brightly, "How kind of Mrs. Grange, and you too, dear. You do not know how I love chrysanthemums, the last flowers of the year; they always seem to whisper a sweet Bible promise to me. But I see you do not quite understand. Here is my Bible. If you turn to the fourteenth chapter of the prophet Zechariah, and look at the seventh verse, you will see some words underlined in lead pencil."

Dora found the place quickly, and read: "At evening time it shall be light."

"Thank you, dear. Though I know the words refer to a time when God's long-loved people Israel shall return to their own pleasant land, I cannot tell you how day by day the Lord is making the promise good to me now. For it is evening-time with me, Dora, the evening-time of my life. But it is light, and the light of a risen Saviour's love seems to grow brighter and clearer every step of the way. But we must have tea now. Will you kindly call Susan, my little maid?"

For months after, the memory of that pleasant visit seemed to cheer and help Dora in doing small duties, and bearing the common every-day trials, that often worry and fret the more, because they are so trifling, not worth, we think, speaking or writing about.

But in the few hours Dora had spent with Miss Lee, she had been reminded of the calm, restful faith of her own loved mother, and if now and then the thought would come in by the way, and it very often would come when Dora had the headache or was feeling more tired than usual, "Mother and Miss Lee would not always find it easy to be gentle and patient if they had to put up with Constance's trying temper or Willie's careless ways"—she would remember that with each the secret of strength lay in the fact that Mrs. Hilton and Miss Lee were learners in the school of Christ; and then Dora would open her Bible—not the one that she had used at Myrtle Cottage, but one that had been a parting gift from her mother, and on the fly-leaf of which, in that mother's handwriting, were words Dora often read and re-read: the words of One whom she knew as her precious Saviour: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. xi. 29, 30.) And as

she turned its pages, very often some inspired word of encouragement or promise would tell her that the daily grace and strength she so much needed might be hers through Christ.

Uncle Edward, too, was a great help and comfort to Dora, though she did not see much of him, as, owing to business engagements, he was obliged to leave home early in the morning, often returning late in the evening. She knew, too, that the long and severe illness of one of the partners in his firm made it necessary for him to undertake a large amount of extra work, and often Dora, young as she was, could not help noticing from his often weary face and languid step that he was feeling the strain a good deal; yet he never seemed to forget that his wife and Dora had trials, too, though of a different kind to his, and he was always patient and gentle with them.

Sometimes, but not so often as she could have wished, Dora was able to get a quiet talk with her uncle. One such talk was a great help to her.

Dora had been telling Mr. Grange how much she wished to be the means of leading her cousins to Christ. But tears filled her eyes as she continued in a low, grieved voice: "Oh, uncle, I am afraid they will never learn from me, for though Eva will often ask me to tell her Bible stories, and Willie, I believe, really wants to be a christian boy, sometimes I get so cross and ill-tempered, and though I am always very sorry afterwards and tell them so, I am sure they take notice of my unlovely ways; and how can I expect them to believe that I really do want to please the Lord Jesus?"

Mr. Grange drew his niece closer to him, and said gently, "I know, Dora, perhaps even better than yourself, how hard it is always to do right; indeed, I believe there is only one way. Shall I tell you what I think it is? BEING right; and the only way to be right is to keep very near Christ, our good, great Shepherd, that we may hear what He has to say to us. (John x. 27.)"

"If at times this seems hard and trying for us, it is always a comfort to remember we are only to take one step at a time. I have known some dark days, Dora; but never one in which I had not light enough to see the next step."

"Tell the Lord all about your desires, and how you fail. Do not keep anything back, or have any secrets from Him. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' (Ps. lv. 22.) And so resting, so trusting, there will be more glory for your Saviour, and more real joy and blessing filling your own soul."

C. J. L.

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## THE FINGER POST.

**T**HIS little boy, Teddie, is taking a long walk all by himself, in fact he is prepared for a long journey, having an umbrella in one hand and an apple in the other, besides a box slung over his shoulder containing odds and ends that are dear to a little boy's heart.

The sun is shining brightly, and the birds overhead are warbling their notes, so that Teddie promises himself a very pleasant stroll before tea time. Just now, however, he is occupied in looking at a tall post with an arm fastened on one side at the top. Of course my readers will know at once that this is an ordinary "finger post," as they are called, to direct any weary strangers who may pass that way, and prevent them taking a wrong road.

Teddie, however, is only a little boy, and cannot read the words on the post, so does not understand why it is there.

Let us leave him thus, looking at the post, while I tell you what I heard a friend of mine say about a finger post, which shews plainly the great use they are.

"I was taking a long walk," said he, "in the country from one village to another, and was making good speed on my way, when all at once I found that the road divided and I did not know which way to go. After considering the matter, I decided to look down on the road and see which shewed the signs of most traffic, and take that road, hoping it would prove to be right.

"On looking at the roads I found one was scarcely ever used, while the other had many marks of cart wheels and footprints. I at once, therefore, chose the latter and hastened that way

"Being a lonely road, I walked along it nearly two hours before meeting any one; but what was my dismay, on inquiring of the first person I met, to find that at the cross-roads I had taken the wrong turn, and been going all the time in a wrong direction.

"I was then told if I had looked up instead of looking down, I should have seen a finger post to direct me. It is placed where the roads divide; but I was so occupied look-

ing down on the road that I never noticed the post."

Now, dear reader, take care to look out for finger posts, especially those that are found in the word of God. Don't be like the traveller who looked down instead of up. Look up to the One who says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

Filled "with all joy and peace in believing."  
"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." (Rom. xv. 13; Eph. v. 19.)

**F**ROM the glorious heaven,  
Where the angels are,  
God looks down on children,  
Seeth them afar.

Hearth all they ask for,  
All the night and day,  
Watches like a father,  
All their work and play.

As a father giveth,  
So He gives them bread,  
Saves them out of danger,  
Watches by their bed.

Tell all little children  
Of God's constant care.  
That He loves and pities  
Children everywhere.

J. T.

## The Chinese Boy Teacher.

**I**HAVE been much interested in reading about a Chinese boy who was brought to an open confession of the Lord Jesus as his Saviour when about thirteen.

At the age of fourteen, he went from Wun-chau, in the seaboard province of Cheh-Kiang, where he lived, to a city forty miles away, to attend on a native preacher. He had been well instructed in the truth by a Scotch missionary, who has departed this life "to be at home with the Lord."

One day this lad strolled into a Buddhist temple, and there found an old man worshipping idols. He waited till the man had finished his devotions; then, seating himself by the side of the devotee, he said: "Venerable grandfather, do the idols see and hear you when you worship?"

"Yes."



"But you see they are made of clay; how can they answer your prayers?"

Said the man, "I do not worship the clay, but inside the idol there is a spirit that can see and hear."

The boy, who had often heard Mr. Stott answer such questions as these, said: "You say there is a spirit in the god: but look at this one—it has a dirty face; it has not been washed for ever so long. There is another whose nose is broken off; and it has not the sense to have it mended. This one has had part of the beard on its upper-lip taken away; yet it has not been able to protect itself. What is the use of a spirit inhabiting a body that cannot protect it better than this?"

"We have a spirit within our bodies, but rats do not run away with our beard. I can speak to you and you can hear, because of the spirit within. Let the spirit leave our bodies, and we are dead, like the idols, and cannot protect ourselves."

The old man was struck with the wisdom of the boy, and asked where he had learned such wonderful things. He replied, "In the school at Wun-Chau. But I can tell very little. If you go to the preacher, he can tell you more."

The old man went, and took his wife with him. They learned of the Saviour, and at last believed. That was the beginning of a good work in the city, where there are now about a hundred professed Christians.

Now what about *our* idols? What did the aged Apostle John mean, when he closed his First Epistle with the tender words, "My little children, guard yourselves from idols?" Should not our motto be, "Jesus only?" Having eternal life in Him, and being one with Him as to our position before God, surely He ought to be the object of our first affections. While we think of how the inspired writer warns all Christians, young and old, against "loving the world, and the things that are in the world" (chap. ii. 15-17), let the words of a well-known hymn be the language of each of our hearts:—

"Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?"

Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found its all in Thee.


"Lord, draw my heart from earth away,  
And make it only know Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
'I am thy Saviour, God, thine all!'  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice."

R. H. W.

## Talks with the Little Ones.

### IX.

#### HERMIT CRABS.

“OME here, Mamma, please do come this very minute. I never saw a shell-fish run so fast before. It came out of a hole in the rock and crossed over the patch of yellow sand where Nellie and I were digging, and now I think it is hiding away under that heap of seaweed.”

And as Bertie Smith, who, with his mother and sister Nellie, was enjoying an autumn holiday at the seaside, was, like many of my young friends, anxious to learn, not only the names, but the life histories of many curious and interesting objects to be found on the seashore, Mrs. Smith closed the book she had been reading, and, after stooping for a few minutes over the heap of seaweed Bertie had pointed out as the retreat of what I have no doubt some of my little readers have already guessed to be a hermit crab, said:

“Sit down by my side on this piece of rock, Bertie; and if we wait patiently a little while, perhaps we may see the hermit crab (for that is the name by which the little creature is best known), come out again.”

“Oh, please will you tell me why it is called a hermit crab? It seems such a strange name. Grandpa once shewed me a picture of an old man with long white hair, and told me that many years ago the old man, who was called a hermit, used to live all alone in a little hut he had built for himself of the boughs of trees.”

“I think the hermit crab, like the man in

the picture, generally chooses to live alone. French children call it Bernard, the hermit, while the fishermen in some parts of England and along the Irish coast, speak of it as the soldier crab. In shape, it is something like a lobster, its claws are cased in a covering of shell, but its soft body is covered only by a skin, and would often get badly hurt if God had not given it the kind of instinct that leads it to seek a home just suited to its wants.

"It is very amusing to watch one of these little crabs busily engaged in the search for a house. It crawls quickly over the beach, and when it finds an empty shell, turns it over and seems to say, 'How will this house suit me?' One shell may be too large, another too small, but at last one just right as to size and shape is found. It very often happens that two crabs fix upon the same shell, and when this is the case they fight till one is killed, or so seriously wounded it is obliged to crawl away, leaving the victor to take possession of the shell, which it does by walking backwards until it has quite twisted its soft body into the folds of the shell, and taken hold of it by means of a strong hook at the end of its tail. It is then able to walk about carrying its house upon its back.

"But as the tenant grows very quickly it has soon to look for a larger dwelling, and sometimes lives in quite a number of shells before it gets its full growth. The right claw is larger than the left. You had better not put your fingers too near it, for, like others of its kind, it knows how to punish an intruder, and will allow itself to be killed rather than give up its shell."

"I think we are having such a good time at the seaside, mamma; and yet it is almost like being at school, for Nellie and I are learning something new every day, and I shall know a hermit crab now; and perhaps, if I watch, I may even see one take possession of a new house. Do you think there are many of them on the beach?"

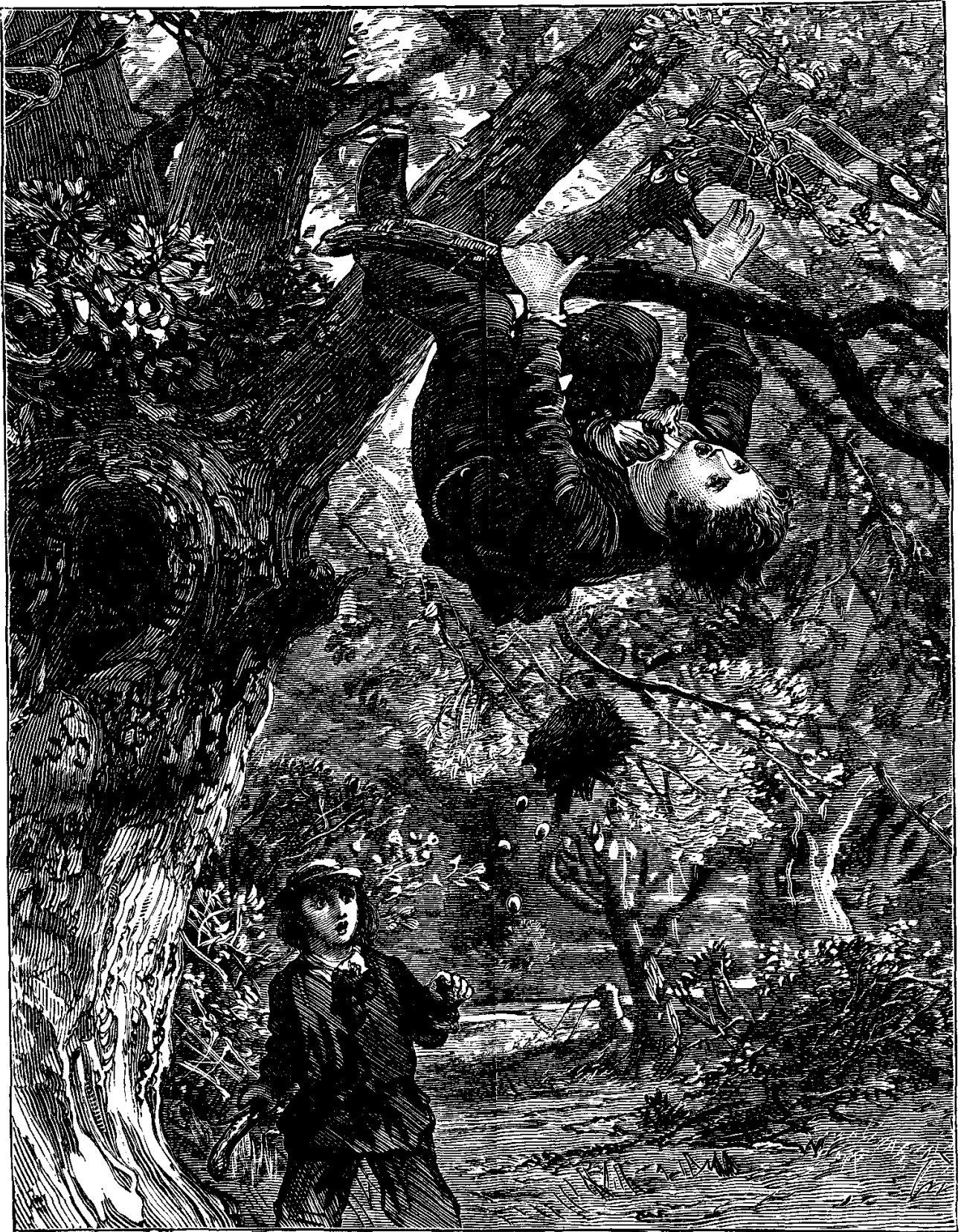
"Do not forget that the great whale and the small crab alike, tell us of the wisdom and goodness of God. But it is in the Bible we read of His love in the gift of His own Son, Jesus Christ. I often hear Nellie and yourself sing-

ing, 'Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.'

"But can you say, 'The Lord Jesus is my very own Saviour? I know He died to save me?'" and He has promised to fetch me to dwell with Himself.



Mr. Grange telling of the expected Holiday, page 72.



Alfred falling from the tree.

### Robbing the Poor Birds.

**T**WO lads were roaming through the woods one day, when they saw a bird's nest high up in the trees.

Now their parents had told them not to hunt for nests or to climb the trees for them, as it was cruel to take away their tiny houses ; and if Alfred and Frank had been obedient boys they would have remembered this, and left the nest where it was.

But Alfred was determined to get it almost as soon as he caught sight of the nest. With some difficulty he managed to climb the trunk and reach the upper branches, where the nest was lodged. He was pleased to find there were four pretty eggs in it, and at once began to pull the nest away from the twigs by which it was held.

While doing this, however, he did not notice that he had placed his foot on a dead and rotten branch ; and as his weight began to bear more directly upon it, a sudden crack was heard, and before Alfred could save himself, by grasping another and firmer branch, he dropped the nest and the eggs, which were all smashed on the path, and fell himself, nearly twenty feet, to the ground.

Poor Alfred ! this was a sad ending to his expected pleasure, but it was well earned by his disobedience ; and although Frank had not, like him, been up the tree, I think he was equally at fault, for he did not seek to help Alfred to do right, and looked on with equal interest while his brother sought to get the nest.

Alfred was not really injured, but was much bruised and shaken by his fall and unable to walk home, so that Frank had to do his best to carry him on his back. This was a slow way of returning, as Frank had often to stop and rest.

I think both boys will remember that day, especially as they could not hide from their dear parents what they had been doing ; and I trust, too, it will remind them that all wrong-doing will meet its due reward. The Bible says, Our sin "will find us out," and that "The soul that sinneth it shall die." This is the course of things ; the punishment may be withheld for a time, but will be sure to come

at last, unless there is confession of our sins, and the happy result of confession—forgiveness. Oh how sweet is forgiveness, and if my readers have not tasted it, I trust he may soon do so.

### A Desire to see Jesus.

IN the nineteenth chapter of Luke we read the interesting story of one who "sought to see Jesus, who he was." He was "chief" amongst the publicans and very rich. The "publicans" were a class of men who profited by their country's misfortune, because God had, on account of the sin of the Jews, allowed the Romans to conquer their country, and the Jews had, therefore, to pay tribute to the Roman emperor. Zaccheus was one of these tax-gatherers, who were despised by the scribes and Pharisees ; but although he was despised by his countrymen, yet it seems that he was an honourable man, for we read he was able to stand and say, "if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

Well, this very man "sought to see Jesus who he was ;" he may have *heard* about Jesus often (like many of my readers), but now had come his opportunity of *seeing* Jesus. His whole heart and mind was set upon seeing Jesus, and so he did not mind how he accomplished his object. You will remember that it tells us he "climbed up into a sycamore tree" because he was little of stature, and there was a great crowd round Jesus. Fancy a rich man climbing into a tree ! It is all very well for boys (and some girls like it too), they are just in their element, but for a rich man—whoever heard of such a thing ? Perhaps he thought he should not be seen, and that when the crowd had passed he could come down and no one know anything about it. Ah, he did not know the heart of the Lord Jesus ; He was interested in Zaccheus, and was taking notice of all he was doing. Jesus was so glad that Zaccheus wished to see Him, and was going to satisfy him. When Jesus got to the tree, He just called out, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down ; for to-day I

must *abide* at thy house." It was as though the Lord had said, You shall not only get a sight of Me, but I will come and stop with you, Zaccheus. And now listen to the words of the Lord when He is at home with him, "This day is salvation come to this house . . . for the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

What gracious, loving words were these; they came from the lips of the blessed Lord Jesus Himself, and just suited poor lost, guilty Zaccheus. We have to do with the same loving Saviour, who is as willing to meet our need as He was that of Zaccheus. Have you, dear reader, ever "sought to see Jesus."

## BIBLE PICTURES.

### VIII.



**A** TERRIBLE massacre had taken place, in which it was supposed all whose birth would have given them a right of succession to the throne had perished. But an infant, too young to understand the scenes of horror passing around him, was, at considerable risk to herself, rescued and concealed by a female relative, who, with the husband, looked forward to the time when he should occupy the throne of his father.

And at an age when most boys are engaged only with lessons and play, the crown was placed upon his head, for the same day the person by whom the kingdom had been usurped was put to death.

### QUESTIONS.

1. Name the child so remarkably preserved. Also the persons by whom he was watched over, and, as far as we know, educated.
2. Mention any children of scripture who were preserved in circumstances of great danger; and state an event in the history of the Lord Jesus of which you think the instances you have given may have been typical.
3. In what words, and on what occasions, did Christ express His interest in and love for children?

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

R. E. J.—Farnham.  
J. S.—Newry.

E. L.—Bonchurch.  
C. S.—Aberdeen.

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship. A STORY FOR GIRLS

### CHAPTER IX.

#### BY THE SEA.

*"The sea is his, and he made it: and his hand formed the dry land."* (Ps. xcv. 5.)



**D**LL through the cold, dark days of winter Dora's hands were filled with household cares too numerous to mention, yet all needing patience, care, and at least some degree of knowledge and skill.

My girl readers must not run away with the idea that I wish them to think of Dora as a model housekeeper.

More than once, however, the kind doctor who attended Mrs. Grange had said, "Dora only needed a little training to make a first-rate nurse: she was so quiet and orderly in a sick room."

Early in the New Year, Dora hoped for a visit from her mother, but to her great disappointment Mrs. Hilton was not free to accept the loving invitation of her brother and his wife to spend a few weeks under their roof, as for a time she had left Myrtle Cottage, and was taking care of a family of motherless children.

So the days went on till it only wanted a week of the time when Dora would have been for a year an inmate of her uncle's home.

Constance and Eva were in the garden, Willie in the sitting-room with his father and mother. Dora sat alone in the nursery, mending a frock Eva had torn in her play. As she worked her thoughts went back to the Saturday evening with which my story opened, when as the shadows deepened round them in the pleasant little parlour of Myrtle cottage her mother's words about Stewardship had been so lovingly spoken.

How many things had not the Lord put her in trust with since that well-remembered evening?

What account could she give of her stewardship?

These and similar questionings filled Dora's mind when she heard the sitting room door open and Willie came bounding upstairs three steps at a time.

"It's all settled Dora, and it's splendid, I tell you, it's just splendid."

"Now why don't you throw down your work and begin to jump about and say it's first-rate news?"

"But you have not told me the news yet Willie, and see, I am all attention, Dora said laughing."

"Why, we are all going to stay at Sandrock-

by-the-sea, you know, Dora, for a whole month. We are all going, you too, and father said I might come and tell you: indeed, I don't think we should get on very well without Cousin Dora.

"Father wrote to a friend of his there, to take lodgings for us, but he was not sure of being able to take his holiday till to-day, so only mamma knew a word about it. We are to go to-morrow week, father says, if the Lord will, the boy added in a reverent whisper. But I must be off now and tell the girls."

But Aunt Ellen was calling "Dora! Dora!" so she folded her work and went to join Mr. and Mrs. Grange.

"Well, Dora, what have you to say to our plan of a visit to Sandrock?" Mr. Grange asked.

"Oh, uncle, I think it will be delightful. You don't know how I have wished for a peep at the sea, ever since I was quite a little girl. When I used to read of ships sailing away over its blue waters, I used to shut my eyes, and try to picture out to myself what the sea must be like. I could only feel sure that it is very grand and glorious."

The week that followed was a busy, and it must be owned, rather a trying one to Dora, so many things had to be thought of, so much must be done. Mrs. Grange did not feel herself strong enough to undertake shopping, so employed Dora a good deal in going errands for her, while the children whose holiday had begun wanted a great deal of her advice and help in the disposal of their various possessions.

Eva's favourite doll had to be packed and unpacked at least a dozen times before the little girl could be persuaded it would travel safely. Willie, too, needed all her tact and patience to convince him it would be impossible to take his pet rabbits, book chest, and a variety of other schoolboy treasures to Sandrock.

But all was ready in good time, and on the last evening of their stay in town, Dora very gladly availed herself of a little free time and went to say goodbye to Miss Lee.

Very gladly Miss Lee welcomed her young friend, and entered with such real interest into all Dora told her of her uncle's plans for making their visit to the seaside a very pleasant one. That as the latter rose to go, she could not help saying,

"How I wish you were going to Sandrock too, dear Miss Lee. I shall feel as if it were almost wrong to enjoy my holiday when I think how lonely you will be in your quiet room."

"But you must not think of me as lonely or alone, Dora, for it would not be true," Miss Lee replied, and as she spoke a glad light seemed to break over her face. "No, dear," she continued after a pause, "I am never alone, for the Lord

Jesus has made His presence and love so very real to me, that I often find myself saying,

'Lonely, no not lonely,'  
While Jesus standeth by,  
His presence fills my chamber,  
I know that He is nigh.'

I know the Lord Jesus as the One who bore all my sins in His own body on the cross. I know too, that He has said, 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.' (John xiv. 3.) But sometimes, Dora, I think daily strength and comfort flow into my soul from the knowledge of what He is now doing for me.

"But I must not keep you any longer now, dear, for it is getting late, and I am sure you all must be tired, and will need a good rest if you are to be strong for your journey to-morrow."

Every one under Mr. Grange's roof seemed to awake early on the following morning, and though the children were in such high spirits, Dora was afraid their noise would make her aunt quite tired before they really set out on their journey. Mrs. Grange said she was feeling stronger than she had done for many weeks, and when they were all comfortably seated in the railway carriage, Dora found as much to amuse as any of the party in the different objects of interest kindly pointed out by her uncle.

Once they passed an old castle which Mr. Grange told them had been a Norman stronghold. It was almost a ruin, and sheep were feeding in what must have been part of the interior. But Dora, who was always interested in English history, found it easy to recall scenes that might have taken place there long ago. She thought she could almost hear the clang of steel and the tread of men clad in heavy suits of mail armour.

A favourite text of her mother's came into her mind, and looking up she said aloud, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower." (Prov. xviii. 10.)

Mr. Grange was about to answer when a cry of delight from Willie, who had been for some time standing at the carriage window, made the whole party look round. Yes, the sea, with its blue waves glittering in the sunshine, lay before them, and Dora looked on it with ever-deepening wonder and admiration.

The pretty station of Sandrock, bright with creepers and flowering plants, was soon reached. In half an hour our travellers were at their lodgings, all ready to do justice to the good tea they found had been prepared for them.

C. J. L.

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Picnic on the Beach.

## A Picnic on the Beach.

**W**HO does not enjoy a picnic, and what could be better than a picnic on the sea-shore? This is what our picture shews us, a number of boys and girls enjoying their meal in a sheltered nook on the beach.

Many, no doubt, have been to such treats during the past three months of summer, and perhaps some of our readers have been present at them too. We did not trouble to take things with us for our picnic, but called at a cottage near at hand and asked the woman to provide all for us that was necessary, and carry them down to the shore, where we were not slow in making ourselves comfortable and quickly ate up the good things spread out before us. Then, when all were satisfied and the remains cleared away, we still wished to rest longer, so drew a little nearer to each other, and taking out our pocket Testaments each read a verse and talked together about it in a free and loving way, to gather up the real meaning of the precious words.

This is a very happy way to study the Testament, for the difficulties of one young friend are often quickly cleared up by a brief word from another. But I cannot look at our picture without being reminded of a scene that took place on the shore, of which we read in the last chapter of John, when Jesus prepared the meal, and said to His disciples, "Come and dine."

There was a fire, and fish laid on it, and bread. When they had dined, some interesting conversation took place between Jesus and Peter. Jesus asked him three times over if he loved Him, and poor Peter felt so sorry, for he knew why Jesus asked him this question. He had denied his Lord three times, and now Jesus wants to restore his heart, and all was made right at this time, and Jesus trusted Peter again, for He said to him, "Feed my lambs." After this Peter was a faithful follower of Jesus and served Him in many ways by telling others of His love and the way of salvation.

## Epitaph on a Tomb in St. Ives' Churchyard.

**B**OLD infidelity, turn pale and die!  
Beneath this stone three infants' ashes lie.  
Say, Are they lost or saved?  
If death's by sin, they sinned, because they're here;  
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.  
Reason—ah! how depraved!  
Review the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied.  
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## X.

## GRANDMA BURNS.

**I** WONDER what grandma can be thinking about. Her knitting has fallen on to the hearthrug, and her eyes seem to be looking at something a long way off. I will run and pick up her sock, for if Carlo gets it to play with, all the stitches will be down."

And Helen Lee, suiting the action to the word, picked up the knitting and laid it on a work table near her grandma. Her light step roused the old lady, for turning to the little girl she said, "It is more than sixty years since I was your age, Helen, and yet I remember many things about my childhood as well as if they had happened only a few weeks ago."

"Please do tell me all about the time when you were a little girl, grandma. It will be almost like reading a story, only better, because I shall know all you are telling me is true. But please tell me first something about the house you lived in."

"Perhaps you would think, Helen, the Highland cottage in which I spent some of my early years only a poor place, but to me it was a very happy home, though it was little more than one large room with openings in its walls, something like cupboards, that served for bedrooms. A few out-buildings were at the back, while from the door we could see for miles over the moors, while in the distance a range of hills often looked in the sunset as if their tops were crowned with

purple and gold. I was a very wee lassie when I used to go with my mother to fill her pail with water, at a little brook, or as we called it a burn, not far from our cottage. One day my father, who had been to a town several miles off, brought home a small pail for me, and I cannot tell you what a proud and happy child I was, as walking very carefully by my mother's side I carried home my tiny pailful of water. My grandfather was a shepherd; he was always very kind to me; and I am sure you will like to hear about a present I once received from him. It was the evening of a bright May day, when he came to pay us a visit, carrying a lamb in his arms. Its fleece was quite white, and my aunt Agnes had tied a blue ribbon round its neck. I thought I had never seen anything so pretty; but when grandfather told me he was going to give it to me for my very own, I was almost wild with delight, and kissed and thanked him over and over again.

"Be kind to the wee lambie, Maggie, my lass," he said, with a nod and a smile, as he bade me Good-bye; and I, holding my new pet in my arms, stood to watch him cross the moor till he was lost to sight among the hills.

"All the candles we burnt were home made, and I used quite to enjoy what we called the dipping, and thought it was great fun. I must tell you how it was done.

"Mother always told us, that if we wanted our candles to burn well, they should be made when the snow was on the ground.

"When all was ready a large iron pot, half filled with tallow, was set over the fire. Into it the long cotton wicks, of which quite a number had been prepared the day before, were dipped. As each was lifted out of the boiling fat it had to be taken out of doors to harden in the clear frosty air, and as each wick had to be dipped several times before the candle was large enough to read or work by its light, you may be sure candle making in those days was quite a busy time.

"But when the work of the day was over, and while a bright fire burnt on the hearth, my mother, as she sat busy with her knitting or sewing, would often tell me stories of martyr times in Scotland, and in just such simple words as I could understand, explain to me how men and women too had found

such precious treasure in the Bible that they were made willing to be sent to prison, or even to be put to death, rather than give up that blessed book; and then father would take down our dear old family Bible from the high shelf where it lay, and read to us from its pages the glad tidings and good news of how by faith in the precious blood and finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ sin is put away for all who really believe on Him."

### Jesus—Saviour.

Jesus, He the Saviour is,  
Oh what a theme is this,  
Praise shall be for ever His  
Seated now in glory.

O Saviour, precious Lord,  
Worthy to be adored;  
Join now with glad accord,  
Give Him honour, glory.

Jesus—precious name to know,  
While pilgrims here below,  
By His blood made white as snow,  
Meet to dwell in glory.

Jesus—oh how sweet that name,  
For evermore the same,  
Worthy He of highest fame  
And of honour, glory.

Jesus, ever faithful Friend,  
His love will never end,  
He will all His own defend  
Till with Him in glory.

Jesus hath done all things well,  
Now let the tidings swell,  
Of His grace the story tell,  
Till the dawn of glory.

Jesus, oh, what love and grace,  
In all His ways we trace,  
Oh, what joy to see His face,  
In the brightest glory.

Jesus soon again will come  
And gather all His own,  
Ever then to be at home  
In His rest in glory.

Jesus when on earth was slain,  
Now lives on high again;  
He in righteousness will reign  
When He comes in glory.

J. D.

## Nellie on her way to School.



**O**UR little friend, Nellie, is on her way to school, and as her mother bade her good-bye she generally added, "Don't stop by the way, Nellie."

So off started the little girl. It was a bright summer's day, and as she tripped lightly along, the birds were singing over head, and the hum of passing bees fell distinctly on her ears. This made Nellie think that everything was at play except her, and she must go to school and learn lessons.

However, she did not mean to play about, although she lingered just a little on the bridge over the brook. Just then she saw a tiny fish trying to jump up the stream where it fell over some stones. Nellie stopped at once, and knelt down to be nearer the water, but in a moment the fish darted away, and as she rose to continue her road to school her bag with books and dinner fell into the brook.

Nellie was now in trouble, and cried out loudly, when a farmer's boy hearing her cry came near to see what was the matter, and being a kind lad, soon picked up the bag and handed it back to Nellie.

The tears now fell fast, for what could anyone do with wet books from which to learn lessons. All eyes were turned on Nellie as she entered school, and teacher

asked how it happened, when a kind girl spoke up for Nellie and said "She has to cross the little bridge, and I expect she dropped her books in the water." This was a great comfort to our little friend till she began to think that it was not an accident, and as she did not want to get out of disgrace by pretending it was not her fault, she went to her teacher and told her how it occurred and that it was all her own fault.

I need not say how pleased her teacher was, and she freely forgave the little girl and sent her to her seat more happy than if she had not confessed it. But mother had to know too, for when twelve o'clock came Nellie had to return for some more dinner, and I do not think she got much beside bread this time, but Nellie did not mind that so much. Oh, that all girls and boys were as wise as Nellie and get forgiveness whenever they do wrong. Let me quote a text in finishing my story. It is this. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."



The Bridge over the Brook.

### Inmates of the Bee-Hive.

**V**ERY wonderful are the many kinds of work that go on inside a bee-hive, from the time that the tiny eggs are laid in the wax cells till the bees are hatched and full grown, ready to take their share in the hard work. Indeed none are idle in the hive, with the exception of those bees called drones. When the eggs are first hatched they are little worms. These are fed on what is called bee-bread; it is the pollen from flowers mixed with a little honey. In a few days' time they are ready for a change, and the bees that act as nurses shut them up in wax cells by making a door of wax and sealing it up.

Then follows the cocoon state, and the worm has gradually changed into a fluffy bundle, but changes still go on till presently legs and wings grow on the insect and it forces its way out of the covering.

Now it is a grey young bee, but still shut up in its little wax cell. All bees, as you know, make a buzzing noise, and as soon as the nurse bees hear the little ones making the well-known sound, they scrape away a little of the wax till a hole is made in the door and give the captive a little honey every now and then till it has grown strong enough to come out and begin work.

In every hive there are two classes of bees, one called the workers, who gather the honey, and, indeed, do everything in the busy hive, except laying eggs, which is the work of the queen bee; the other class are the drones. The latter, however, form only a small proportion of the whole number, as for every drone there would probably be forty workers. But however many bees a hive may contain

there is never more than one queen bee. She reigns in the midst of her subjects and receives the utmost loyalty from them.

Several times during the season there is great excitement in the hive on account of another queen bee being hatched and coming out of her cell; then the two queens either fight till one is killed, or else the old queen with some thousands of the bees will swarm, that is, they leave the hive and look out for a new home.

The real work of the hive is to gather honey, and the workers have honey bags to

put it in and also pockets for the wax, besides which the dust of flowers or pollen, which clings to their legs, has to be taken home somehow, so it is first rubbed into rough balls or lumps and carried to the hive on the joints of their legs. These joints being very wide may almost be called pollen baskets.


Honey has always been valued from the earliest times, and in Palestine it was so abundant and of such good quality that the



land is spoken of as flowing with milk and honey. That is how God spoke of the land of promise when about to deliver the children of Israel from their cruel position in Egypt. Later on, too, we read that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness and his food was locusts and wild honey; that would be the honey stored by wild bees in the hollow trunks of trees and open spaces in rocks.

## BIBLE PICTURES.

### XXII.

 VICTORIOUS army returned from the field of battle loaded with spoils and accompanied by a great number of prisoners of war, principally women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been slain by the swords of the conquerors.

But before they could divide the spoil, or even enter their own city, a stern and solemn message had reached them, in consequence of which the captives were treated with great kindness and consideration, fed, clothed, set at liberty, and arrangements made by which even the weakest were enabled to return in comfort to relatives who might be living.


### QUESTIONS.

1. Give a list of the persons and places named in the above picture.
2. What command given to the Jews through Moses forbade them keeping their brethren in a state of slavery?
3. Quote New Testament passages showing the relative duties of masters and servants.

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

A. S.—Brighthouse.	E. V.—Burgess Hill.
L. C.—Hounslow.	F. S. M.—Peterboro.

### WILLIE'S PSALM.

ITTLE Willie was scarcely five years old when it pleased God to take his mother to heaven, to be with the dear Saviour, whom she had loved on earth. Willie saw how sad his father looked when he talked of the dear one who had gone from them, and who would never come back to them again; but he was too young to understand how great their loss was.

As Mr. — could not be much at home with his motherless child, he accepted an invitation for him to spend a few months with his aunt Maria.

On the first Sunday of his visit, he accompanied his aunt to chapel in the morning, and behaved very quietly during the service. In the afternoon his aunt Maria gave him a picture book, thinking it would amuse him while she read. Presently the little fellow laid down the book, and going to his aunt, and looking up into her face, he said, "Auntie, will you read to me, please? Mamma always used to read to me on Sunday afternoon."

"Yes, dear, certainly I will," was the reply. "If you give me that book, I will read one of those pretty stories for you."

"No, not that, auntie; please read to me out of the Bible."

In some surprise aunt Maria said, "Out of the Bible, Willie! Will you like that best?"

"Yes, please, auntie, I would like the Psalm which mamma liked to read to me."

"Which was it, do you know, Willie?"

"It was about a shepherd. I can say a little of it."

"I shall so much like to hear you say it. Will you tell me what you know?"

Willie repeated the words, "The Lord is my shepherd," he could get no farther than those first five words, but by these his aunt knew directly which Psalm her little nephew meant. But in order to try if he really knew the right one, she read some other verses in which the word shepherd occurs. At length, finding that he was not satisfied, she turned to the twenty-third Psalm and read, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." On hearing these words, Willie clapped his little hands, and with a very bright face, he exclaimed, "That's it, auntie, that's it; now will you read it all to me."

"Yes, darling, I will."

As she replied, aunt Maria kissed the child's sweet upturned face, and taking him on her knee, she read and talked to him about that beautiful Psalm which King David wrote, so many, many years ago.

Perhaps he wrote it when he was himself a shepherd, taking care of his father's sheep in the wilderness. This occupation made



him well acquainted with the habits of sheep. He knew how likely they were to stray from the fold; even the little lambs would sometimes wander away to the bleak barren mountains, where they could find no nice food, no cooling streams of water, but where they would be exposed to great danger, and perhaps to death. David knew too how sorry a kind shepherd would feel for the poor silly creature; how anxiously he would search for it. And when he found it wounded and bleeding, how tenderly he would carry it back to the fold, and care for it so lovingly, till it was quite healed; and ever afterwards take special care of it. In like manner David knew that God cared for him, so that he could truly say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

We hope that many of our young readers know this beautiful Psalm, and love it as little Willie did. It will be the greatest happiness to you, if you are able to say, "The LORD is MY Shepherd."

A. B. L.

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship.

### A STORY FOR GIRLS

#### CHAPTER X.

#### LITTLE BUT WISE.

*"My meditation of him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord."* (Ps. civ. 34.)



HE sun was shining brightly, when on the first morning of her visit to Sandrock, Dora found the family at breakfast. Willie, who had been out for an early stroll with his father, was

eager to tell how he had seen more than one fishing boat come in: while his sisters reminded Mr. Grange of a promise he had made to take them for a sail.

As the sea was calm, he said, if mamma had no objection, he was quite ready to fulfil the engagement. Mrs. Grange having, to the great delight of all, consented to make one of the party. A very pleasant morning was spent on the water, and all returned to their early dinner with bright faces and good appetites.

After dinner Mrs. Grange went to her room to rest till tea time. Dora offered to stay with her aunt, but finding her services were not needed, very gladly joined her uncle and cousins in an afternoon ramble on the shore.

It was quite low water when they got down to the beach, but Mr. Grange told them it was the best time to learn lessons of the wisdom and goodness of God by examining a few of the many objects of interest they were sure to find among the shingles or on the sands.

Small shells and seaweeds there were in plenty, but soon the whole party were gathered round Eva, who had found what she considered a prize, and was holding it up to be admired.

It was a strange-looking object: a soft, round, flat body, from which five arms or rays of almost equal length were reaching out from its sides.

What is it? asked the younger children at once, and Dora told them it was a starfish.

Yes, Eva had found a starfish, and a very curious little creature it is. "Shall I tell you its history?" Mr. Grange replied, holding out his hand for it as he spoke.

"But father," Willie exclaimed eagerly, "I don't think it can be a real fish. It has neither head nor tail, and I am almost sure it can't swim."

Constance and Dora laughed, but Mr. Grange said, "Willie is right. The starfish has neither head nor tail, eyes nor fins. It is not much of a swimmer, though I believe it can remain for a long time under water; yet it belongs to an order of soft-bodied marine animals which writers on natural history have classed among fishes.

"It has no bones, but very small lumps of lime form a kind of framework for its soft body. Look at its mouth on the under side of the body just in the centre.

"Sometimes the starfish will fold one or more of his long arms round a small crab, and draw it toward its mouth. We should say the crab was much too large to be swallowed whole; but the mouth of the starfish seems to grow larger, till at last the prize is comfortably disposed of, shell and all, in the stomach of the starfish. Then all the soft parts of the crab are sucked out by the hungry fish, after which the mouth again expands.

and the empty shell, often looking very little changed, is turned out.

"The starfish has a great number of feet, though we cannot see any of them just now, as they are all drawn in, and so out of sight. But look closely and you will see round the edge of each arm a double row of very small holes. Through each of these holes the starfish can at will push a tiny foot, hollow underneath. This hollow is of great use to our little friend, as by what is called exhausting the air, it gives a firm footing, and so enables it to walk, without danger of falling, up the steep sloping side of a rock.

"But I think you will be as much interested as I was in hearing of the clever way in which the starfish opens an oyster."

"Oh, papa, you must be laughing at us now. How could this soft little creature open an oyster? I tried once for a long time, but had to give it up, and I am sure my fingers are stronger than the arms of the starfish."

"No, I am quite in earnest, Constance. What the starfish lacks in strength it makes up in patience. When starfishes visit an oyster bed they often do great mischief, but their way of oyster dredging is really very curious.

"A starfish folds its rays round an oyster, and then puts its mouth quite close to the mouth of the oyster. Tiny white bladders then rise up round the mouth of the starfish. In this position the patient little creature will often remain for many hours, until the oyster opens its shell to take food. Then the starfish seems to drop into the mouth of the oyster a little of some fluid that has the effect of rendering the oyster unable to close its shell. It then becomes an easy prey to the starfish."

"That is very interesting, Uncle Edward. I had no idea so much was known about starfishes.

"But did you notice that one of the rays of our specimen is much shorter than the other four? I wonder what is the reason?"

"Nothing is more common, Dora, than to find starfish with one or more of their rays broken or nipped off; but as soon as the old ray is gone, a new one begins to grow, and in time becomes as large as the others. Ours is a very common kind of starfish, and has only five rays. Some have twelve or fourteen rays, but these kinds are not very often found on the sand at low water, but are brought up in the nets of fishermen.

"We cannot study even what we call the lowest forms of plant or animal life without having our hearts drawn out in grateful love and adoring praise to the Creator, for

"All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All that is wise and wonderful,  
The good Lord made them all."

"But I see Willie has found some new object of interest. What is it, my son?"

"Only a cockle, Father: a live cockle, I think. But one side of its shell is almost covered with what looks like small shells, though I must say they are not very pretty ones."

"You have got a fine group of acorn barnacles. I think we had better ask Eva to lend us her pail. We will fill it with sea water and put your cockle in. When we get indoors we can transfer it with some of the water to a thin drinking glass, and place it in the light. We shall then find that these strange-looking shells are the homes of living creatures. Acorn barnacles, as these are called from the shape of their shells, being in shape something like an acorn with the top cut off, pass through some very wonderful and interesting changes.

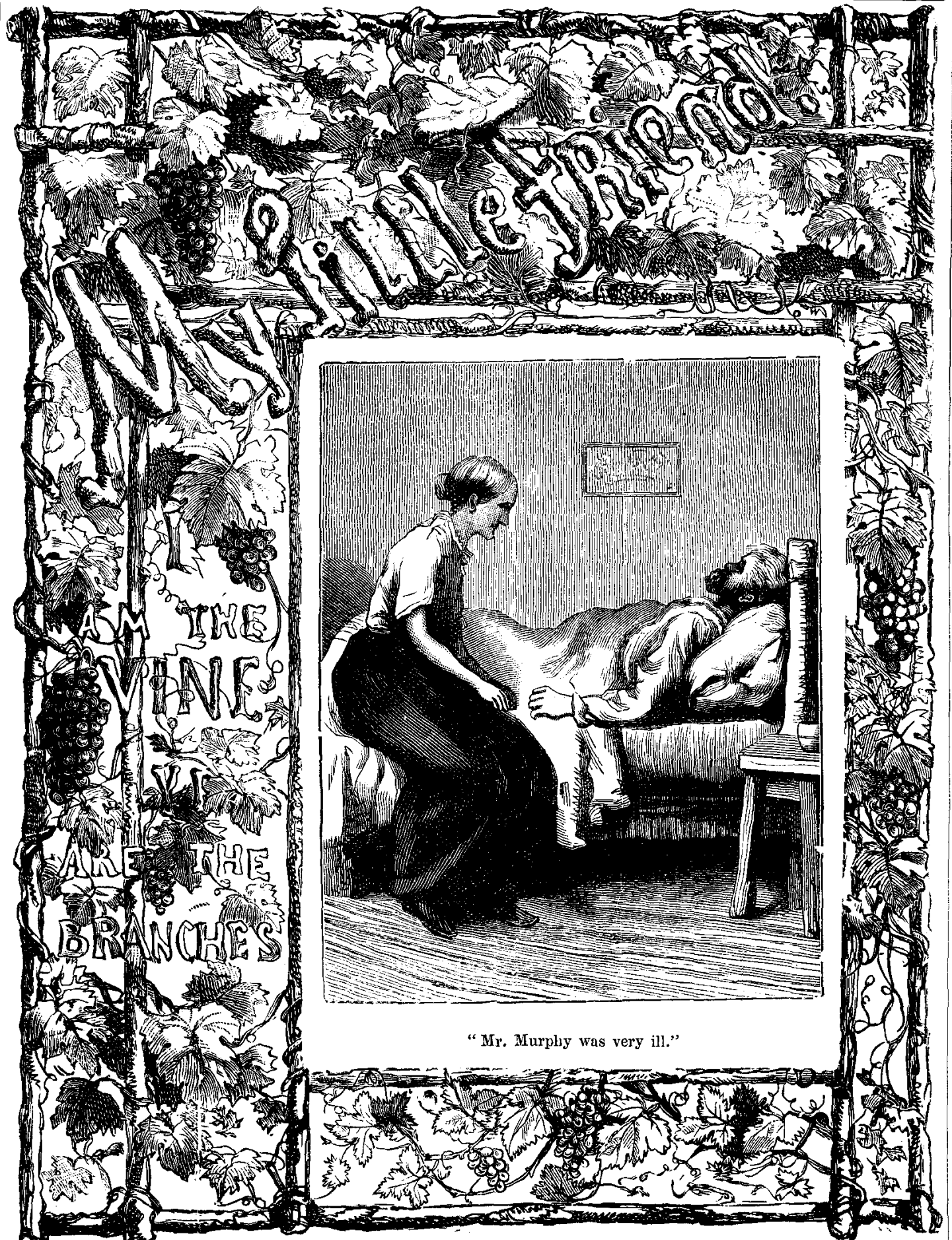
"A baby barnacle is what is called a free swimmer, able to move about from place to place; and a very lively little fellow it is, not at all unlike a large water flea, but provided with two pair of feelers, six legs, a forked tail, and one eye. Its soft body is covered with a thin shell. But you know all healthy babies grow, and in a few days the young sailor becomes too large for its shell, so casts it off just like an old suit of clothes. Another shell begins to grow, but larger than the old one; but as this too soon gets too small, it is thrown off in the same way. A third suit is quickly outgrown, then the barnacle is ready to settle down for the rest of its days.

"But how is this done? The barnacle fixes itself firmly to some shell or piece of rock; a kind of glue which soon becomes very hard comes from its mouth, its six legs are turned into what looks very much like a tiny plume of feathers. Away goes the one eye, and the shell we are now looking at soon forms something like a house with four doors at the top.

"But what is the use of these doors? When we get our barnacles in a good light we shall soon see, if we have a little patience, to watch. Two of the doors will open, and we shall see the tiny plume peep out. If we look closer we shall see that what we at first thought feathers are very much like fingers. We see them open and then close as if grasping something. What has the little creature caught? Something too small for our eyes to see, but not too small for that feather like hand to feel. It was something in the way of food, for the doors are closed again, and the tiny morsel finds its way to the stomach of the barnacle."

C. J. L.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND," 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.



"Mr. Murphy was very ill."

### From Darkness to Light.

**A**N old Irishman named Ned Murphy, who lived in a small village in Kent, was often found listening to the preacher's voice. But though he many times had heard the good news told forth, it seemed like a dead letter to him. It brought no joy or peace to his heart. Though he admitted that we poor things need a Saviour, yet he would not believe that any one could know till they are near death whether they were saved or lost.

Was not that an unhappy picture to draw, to say that we could not know anything for certain as to the future!

Time passed on and we missed the old man from the meetings, and no one knew what had become of him, till one Sunday a message was brought to the house where we were staying, to say that Mr. Murphy was very ill and would like to see me.

As soon as I heard this, I hastened to the house where he lived, for I felt that if he was very ill, and perhaps dying, no time must be lost. I soon, therefore, stood at the bedside of the old man. Disease had a firm hold of his body, and I felt sure he would not be here much longer, so I inquired the state of his soul; if he were ready to go if death should call him?

I was surprised to find that all his reasonings were gone, that the light of God's word had come into his soul, and now, instead of being filled with doubts and fears, he said, "God has pardoned all my sins, and if He should take me now I should go to be with Himself."

He still lived for some time, although confined to his bed, and at times he seemed to forget all that God had done for him, and gave place to doubts and fears again. So in order to help him, I used the following illustration: Suppose you were a wealthy man, and you went out into the street, and you found a boy in dirt and rags. You bring him home to your house, you have him washed, and put on new clothes, and make him your son. Presently, you find him sitting down, crying, "I am so dirty and ragged." Surely you would say, "Leave off

crying, I have brought you into my house with all its joys and pleasures, made you my son: all you have to do is to enjoy the place into which you are brought."

This seemed to settle the question—the darkness vanished, and with the light came joy and peace.

### The Three Fishermen.

**A**LONG while ago, God—who lives above the sky, where everything is beautiful, and every one is happy—looked down upon this earth, where you know things are not beautiful, and people are not always happy, and the desire of His heart was to find some people, and little children, who would be glad to come and live up there with Himself.

So God sent His dear Son. And when He came He went about telling God's kind message everywhere. Do you think that every one thronged around Him?

Do you think the little children said, Oh, take me, oh, do take me? No. It was not so. Scarcely any one would listen to Him. They did not believe that He could be God's Son. They thought He could only be a common ordinary man like themselves, and although He did things no one else ever did, and said things no one else ever said, yet after all they did not believe He could be God's Son; and besides, they did not want to be washed and made fit for God's home. They thought, after all, they would rather stay where they were.

But all were not like this. There were a few, oh so few, but there were a few that said that He could be no other than God's Son, for they had read in the Bible how God had promised to send Him, and they believed what God said.

Out of the few that believed Him were three fishermen, Peter, James and John were their names. There were four more fishermen, but what I am going to tell you is about the three I have mentioned.

Well, one day Jesus said to Peter, James and John, Come with Me. So He took them up a very high hill, and went to a part of it where they were all alone.

When they were all alone—all of a sudden they saw Him change into the most beautiful

being their eyes had ever rested on. They never had seen any one so lovely, and as for His dress, it was white like the beautiful snow when the sun makes it sparkle, and while they were full of wonder, they heard God's voice speaking to them and saying, "This is My beloved Son."

These three fishermen who had believed what He told them, now saw with their eyes how true it all was, and when they came down from the hill they could tell other people how certain they were He was God's dear Son.

But did people believe them? Ah, no! It takes much to make people believe anything but what is just under their eyes, and so they got weary at last of hearing the message, and presently they thought they would like to get rid of the messenger, for they began to hate the thought of having One so good always with them, and at last they put Him to death.

But where is He now? He has gone back to God. And where are those who received Him? They are gone to God. And will God have any more go to be with Him? Yes, God sent down another messenger, an invisible messenger, but as real a messenger as Christ. He is called the Holy Ghost. Peter has told us about Him, and John has told us about Him, and the message still is, that God will receive all who receive His Son.

### Does God Answer Prayer?

**O**f course He does. Several cases I could mention, when, in answer to prayer, I had relief from pain in illness, pleading those precious words at the end of the general epistle of James, "Is any among you suffering? let him pray."

Only the other day, visiting a cottage in a small hamlet, I noticed a little girl crying bitterly, and was told she was suffering from ear-ache. On asking the father if he could not take her to the doctor (who lived in the village two miles away), he said he would have to get a "permit" from a farmer living at a distance of two miles (in an opposite direction). He added, he could ill afford the time for walking these distances, while the

mother had a baby to nurse, and all the children were quite young.

I asked the parents if they would join with me in asking the Great Physician to cure their child, quoting to them the passage already mentioned and other sweet encouragements to prayer given by our dear Lord Himself.

They both nodded assent, and I hoped "the prayer of faith was offered by all three."

Calling again and finding the man and his wife at home, as before, I asked him if he had gone for the permit, when he said he had not.

"Did you go straight to the doctor, then?"

"No," he replied, "there was no necessity for it."

"How was that?"

"She lost the ear-ache after you left."

I trust we all "sang praise with the heart to the Lord," who had so graciously answered our prayer by granting complete relief to the little sufferer.

R. H. W.

### Talks with the Little Ones.

#### XI.

#### FALLING LEAVES.

**H**OW I wish the sun would shine again. I don't like these dull, dark days, and oh, the leaves are falling fast. I am getting tired of trying to keep even my own little garden tidy."

And with the complaint with which my story opens, Rose Howard, who, though she liked to see everything kept in order, had a habit of looking on the dark side of things, turned a very sad face to her mother.

Mrs. Howard was busy, and, like most busy people, had no time to be unhappy. Looking up from her work for a moment, she said brightly, "Run into the garden, Rose, and pick up two or three fallen leaves. I think we will keep school and use them for our lesson book."

Rose obeyed gladly; though she wondered very much what her mamma could be going to say about dead leaves, she felt sure it would be interesting.

She was soon at her mother's side again, and holding up an oak leaf, asked, "Why do the leaves come off the trees at all, mother? and I think the trees would look so much prettier if they were green all the year round, like your ivy, or the holly-bush in uncle Frank's garden."

"Do you remember, Rose, how pleased you were when, after the cold, dark days of last winter, the trees seemed in the early spring to wear dresses of soft pale green? I thought the beauty of the sight was worth waiting for. But I have not told you yet why the leaves fall."

"Partly because the work given them to do for the tree is done, and partly because they are pushed off."

"How strange; but I can't understand at all how they get pushed off."

"Look closely at the leaves in your hand, and at the end of the stalk you will see a tiny hollow. While the leaf was still on the tree a very small leaf-bud formed behind the stem, and as it needed room to grow it gave a gentle push to the old leaf till it became loose, then the wind shook the branch on which it grew, and the loose leaf fluttered down to the ground, where, with many others, it helped to form a soft carpet till, changed by rain and frost into mould, it becomes in another way of use to the tree."

"But you said, I think, that the leaves had work to do. Please tell me about it; I never thought leaves were of any use, except perhaps to look pretty."

"Tell me first, Rose, how it is that we have not had any grapes on the vine this year?"

"Oh mamma, what a strange question, you know it is dead. Father said he thought the long frost we had last winter got to its roots and killed it. The stems are all dry and withered, and there was not a single leaf on it in the spring."

"Now I shall be able to explain some of the uses of leaves. When you prick your finger a drop of bright red blood is often seen to follow. You know that blood is always moving to or from your heart through your whole body. If you cut the outer covering, or as it is

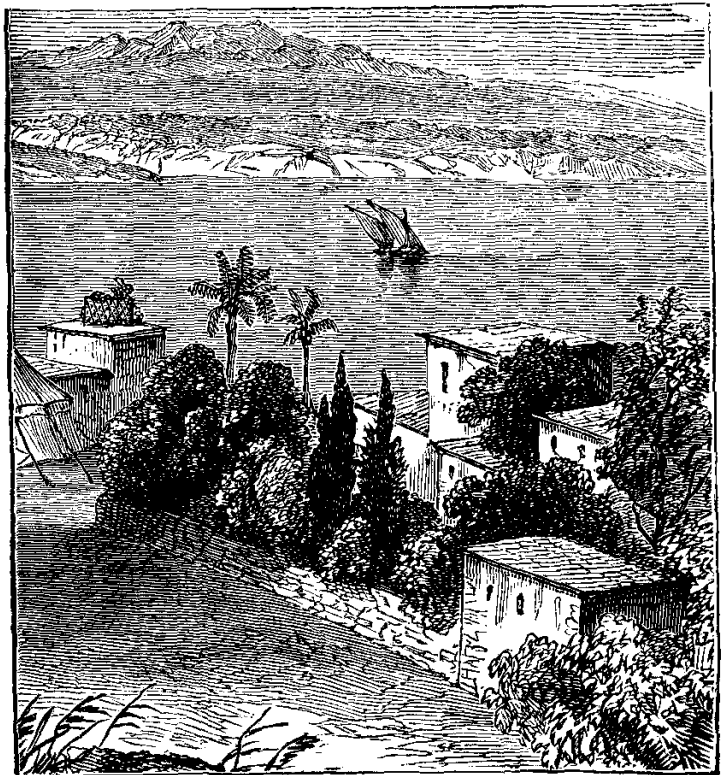
called the bark of the tree, a fluid called sap will be seen on the surface. Now this sap rises from the roots of trees and flows upwards; it moves more quickly in the early spring than at any other time. When the sap is doing its work properly, new wood is formed and green leaves appear."

"The leaves help to supply the tree with food by taking in air and moisture from the drops of rain that fall, or from dews that fall during the night. They are also of great use in throwing off gases which, if allowed to remain, would make the tree sickly and ruin its growth."

"Is there not a verse in the Bible, mamma, about fading leaves? I am sure I have read it, but cannot remember the exact words."

"Yes, Rose, it is in the sixty-fourth chapter of Isaiah and part of the sixth verse, 'We all do fade as a leaf.'

"The falling leaves have a message for us. They seem to tell us that 'the time is short,' that we, too, are passing away. But if we know that our sins have all been washed away by the Lord Jesus, we can look up in gladness and thank God that this world is not our home. For we are going to see the face of the Saviour who loved us, and gave Himself for us."



Galilee (See "Three Fishermen" pp. 82.)





The Brazen Serpent.

### The Fiery Serpents.

**W**HEN the children of Israel came out of Egypt they took with them some dough with their kneading troughs to make bread to eat. But they were not able to carry much with them, so it was soon eaten up, and they were not able to get any more, for they were in a desert place where no corn or food was to be obtained.

But there was one great blessing that was theirs. They had God as their friend, and He was well able to provide food for them. One morning after the dew was gone they looked forth on the wilderness and saw a small round thing. Moses had told them that God would send them bread to eat, so when they saw the small round thing lying on the ground, they said one to another, "It is manna," for they knew not what to call it. Then they gathered as much as they needed, some more and some less. After a time they journeyed near to the land of Edom, and I suppose it was a very rough and weary pathway, for we read that they were discouraged because of the way. They murmured against God, and said that they loathed or were tired of the light bread. Then God was angry with them, and as a punishment He sent among them some fiery serpents that bit the people, and many of them died. The people then saw that they had sinned, and they asked Moses to pray God to take away the serpents, lest they should all be bitten and die. Moses listened to the people and prayed for them, and God told Moses to make a serpent of brass and to put it upon a pole so that all could plainly see it, and whoever looked at the serpent that was raised on the pole was made quite well at once.

How glad they must have been to get such an easy remedy for the poisonous bite of the fiery serpents! It was but to look and live. A child could do this. The very weakest could turn his eyes to the brazen serpent, and the result was the same to all; when they looked they lived.

It cost them such a slight effort to look, that none would keep from so doing. Now there is a verse in the New Testament that

speaks of this scene. It says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

### BIBLE PICTURES.

#### XXIII.

**S**LOWLY, and in spite of many difficulties and discouragements, a great national work, in which every godly Jew must have taken a deep interest, had been completed. But while the voice of rejoicing and the song of praise echoed on every side, sounds of a quite different character mingled with the songs in such a manner that it was almost impossible for the ear to distinguish between expressions of grief and gladness.

To some present, that festive scene recalled memories of sadness; for while they rejoiced with their brethren, they could not forget how a building far more magnificent had been destroyed by the ruthless hands of invaders.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Name the occasion and give a short account of the various hindrances met with during the progress of the work?
2. What circumstances had rendered the work a necessary one, and what things gave encouragement to the workmen?
3. What passages from the New Testament connect the work completed with the ministry of Christ or His apostles?

\*\*\* We are unable to give names of prize winners for October and November, as we always have to print earlier towards the close of the year, but the prizes won will be forwarded as usual.

### From a Mission Station in India.

**C**OMES the very sad news of the sudden death, by falling into a deep well, of a bright, hardworking girl of 16 years. She one day went dancing up to the well, and while speaking to a companion, and looking back, she slipped, fell in, and was drowned before assistance could be obtained.

A lady missionary, sending the account home, says, she was a great favourite among all, but had not, it was feared, yielded her heart to the Lord. This is very solemn, for the lady writes: "Our people were getting into a condition of cold indifference, and day and night we warned them that the Lord would not always stretch out His hand if they did not humble themselves with confession of sin. Still they did not show contrition." But it would seem that many were solemnised by the painful event, for she adds: "It was a terrible sorrow to us, but we all hoped that her death would be the means of life to many others. And we trust it has been so."

"Since the evening of Chennie's death, a steady work of God has been going on, and even in our sadness we rejoice, for souls are daily being added to the church of such as are being saved."

R. H. W.

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship. A STORY FOR GIRLS

### CHAPTER XI. PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

*"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." (2 Tim. ii. 3.)*



ELIGHTFUL as rambles by the sea-shore were to our young friends, Willie Grange found almost equal attractions on Sandrock Common, though it could lay claim to but little of natural beauty.

A review was in progress one bright morning as our party were on their way to the beach, and at Willie's earnest request, Mr. Grange consented to stay for a short time, and so give them an opportunity of observing the movements of the troops.

Military bands were playing, regimental colours flying, and Willie thought he had never witnessed a more enchanting scene. But when, for a moment, the boy turned from what was passing before his eyes, he could not help noticing that his father's face wore a grave, almost troubled look. "Oh, father, I think it is splendid, but I see you don't care about it," Willie said in a somewhat disappointed tone.

Did Mr. Grange hear Willie, or was he speaking to himself? As slowly and impressively he repeated a Bible verse,

"And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." (Micah iv. 3.) Then seeing that Willie had not understood his words, he added, "A review may be in itself what many people would call a grand sight, but when we remember that these men are not playing at soldiers, but training for war, I cannot help feeling it is a solemn thing."

"But, Papa, if a war should break out, and these soldiers be obliged to do real fighting, you know that they will only kill their enemies," Constance said, as if anxious to take sides with her brother.

"Think for a moment, Connie, if you are quite sure that such a way of treating our enemies will bear the light of God's word?" Mr. Grange said gently.

Constance was silent, but Dora, who had taken out her pocket Testament, asked, "Is this the verse you mean, uncle Edward? 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'" (Matt. v. 44.)

"Thank you, Dora. You see we have plain directions from the life of the Lord Himself, about the way in which we are to treat our enemies. We know too, that when He was on the cross He prayed for His murderers, saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' (Luke xxiii. 34.) And if His law of love is written in our hearts we shall seek to follow in His steps who went about doing good."

"But Father, all the boys at my school are very fond of playing at soldiers; you don't think it is wrong, do you?"

"No, Willie, I do not object to you spending part of your play-time in marching erect, and it may surprise you a little, after what I have said, to know that my earnest desire and prayer for each one of you is, that you may be not only make-believe, but true and good soldiers."

"Oh Papa, we don't quite know what you mean," Constance interposed with a merry laugh. "I don't care much about even playing at soldiers, so I am sure I should not like to be a real one."

"I don't think girls would be much use for soldiers," Willie said in a very decided way.

"Why not, Willie?" Mr. Grange asked with a smile.

"You know, father, a real soldier has to learn to fire guns and dig trenches, and do lots of things girls are not a bit of good for. A boy at our school has a brother in the Army, and he told me all about it."

"A soldier, Willie, has to obey orders, simply

to do as he or she is told. I think you know that in the word of God Christians are spoken of under what are called figures—sometimes as running in a race, sometimes as fighting in a battle. Now soldiers need a captain or commander, and the Lord Jesus Christ is Himself said to be the captain of our salvation, and the apostle Paul, when writing to his son in the faith, Timothy, told him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

"Now the Ephesians must often have seen Roman soldiers wearing suits of armour, or coats and caps made of thin plates of iron or steel, so I do not think it would be very hard for them to understand what was in the mind of Paul when he wrote to them about armour."

"Yes, uncle, Willie seems to think that all the fighting ought to be done by the men and boys. But I remember some lines mother used often to repeat; I think I know them.

"And thou of gentle spirit,  
Formed not for earth's fierce fight,  
May yet be Christ's brave soldier,  
And honoured in His sight."

"Yes, Dora, your lines express just what I wanted to say to you. You and I fight under the same banner. We owe the prompt, loving obedience of good soldiers unto Him who loveth us and has washed us from our sins in His own precious blood.

"But I had no idea how late it was getting, so I must leave you to go down to the beach alone this morning as I have important letters to write. But if Dora will give up her shell collecting and return with me I shall be glad of her company."

"Oh, Papa, please don't take Dora away; we all want her, indeed we do. She is going to build me a castle on the sand, and dig a real moat all round it, and we are going to make the queen's garden quite gay with seaweeds, and Dora knows where to find the best," Eva pleaded with an appealing look at her father.

"Dora is quite free, Eva; I lay no commands upon her," Mr. Grange replied. Then turning to his niece asked, "How are you going to decide?"

For a few moments Dora stood irresolute, then turning to her uncle, said brightly, "You lay no command on me, uncle Edward, but I think from your manner that you wish me to return with you, though I cannot even guess your reason. I am glad to do what will please you. Eva darling, I won't forget your castle this afternoon, and I think too, that Willie is counting on my help in mending his fishing net. But I must not keep uncle waiting."

As Mr. Grange and Dora took a path across the Common leading to their lodging, the former

said, "I think you are having a happy holiday, Dora."

A glad smile lighted her face as she answered, "Oh yes, uncle Edward, I cannot tell how much I am enjoying it all. It was very kind of you and aunt Ellen to bring me. But please, dear uncle, don't think I am an ungrateful girl if I tell you there is just one thing I can't help wishing for sometimes: If dear mother could only be with us it would be delightful."

Mr. Grange smiled. "Yes, Dora, I think it would be delightful, and I think I should welcome my sister almost as gladly as you would your mother. And now I am going to tell you a secret, soon I hope to be one no longer. Ever since we came to Sandrook, your aunt and myself have been anxious that your mother should make one of the party. But difficulties, of which I need not speak now, stood in the way of her coming to us, and it was her wish that we should not say a word to you about our hope that she would be able to join us. It was a great comfort to me to remember a Bible word, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' So I was encouraged to make my desire known to Him in prayer. Only this morning the post brought a letter from your mother, telling how, one by one, difficulties had been cleared away, and we might look for her arrival by the 10.30 train this morning."

They were within sight of the house as Mr. Grange ceased speaking. Dora did not reply, but bounded forward with a cry of delight, for she had caught sight of her mother's face looking out from the open window of the sitting-room, and in another moment Mrs. Hilton and Dora, with hearts too full for words, were clasped in each other's arms.

C. J. L.

### NOW ON SALE.

**My Little Friend Almanac, for 1890.** An illustrated sheet for the wall, with many pictures, and short articles in poetry and prose. Price 1d.

\*\*\* The sale of this almanack increases every year, and we trust all our young friends will obtain a copy for 1890 to hang in their rooms, and to refer to the text day by day.

**Stories about School Boys.** Just published. By C. J. L. With Illustrations, price 1s.

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The poor boy was lifeless.



## A SAD STORY.

**S**IDNEY GREEVES was a Sunday scholar at one of the many schools in the suburbs of London. He was a strong healthy lad, full of life and spirits, and perhaps on this account his company was more sought for and eagerly welcomed by the other boys.

I do not wish to say that Sidney was by any means a wonderful boy, but merely that he seemed to carry a leading spirit, which others saw and naturally followed. Many such boys do we find in our schools, who, alas! like Sidney, are not the most attentive or eager to learn. His teacher's patience was much tried by this boy, for not only did he not care to listen much himself, but his influence was so felt in the class that often the lesson was interrupted or brought to an end because no one was listening, but watching the antics of Sidney.

Then came a time when his teacher had to call the attention of the superintendent, who called the boy aside and spoke to him kindly yet solemnly as to what his course would likely lead to if he did not take care. Sidney was sobered, and for a time tried to be more attentive, but after a while his old bad habits came back, and with much sorrow of heart the superintendent, one Sunday, had to tell Sidney that he must go home, but if he would make up his mind to be quiet and orderly he might come the next Sunday.

A week passed away, and being winter time, the snow lay thickly on the ground while the ponds and rivers were covered with ice, when the scholars were found once more at Sunday school.

All noticed that Sidney's place was vacant and the school was quieter than usual, especially that class of boys. After school was over teachers and scholars were passing out to go home, when they noticed a crowd of men and boys on a vacant piece of land, and on going nearer to see what was the matter, saw that some boys had been sliding on a frozen pond there, and two boys had fallen in.

Help was however near at hand, and the lads were soon rescued, but one look at the first boy taken from the icy water shewed

that he was dead, and that boy was Sidney Greeves. Oh, how solemn the teachers and scholars felt as they gazed upon the lifeless form of the poor boy, and one text particularly came to their minds, "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.)

"Set Your Affections on  
Things Above."

WHEN the heart's tendrils too closely have entwined

Around some much-prized object,  
As the ivy or the vine

Clings to a wall or oak,  
And death steals in with icy grip,

And severs with a stroke  
Those tendrils, leaving naught to cling to

But the sure and certain hope  
Of being re-united ;

It is that hearts that closely cling  
To any earthly toy,

May learn to cleave more close to Christ,  
And find in Him their joy,

That fruit may thus abound.

For as in Christ we do abide,  
From Him our fruit is found.

S. A. M.

Without any Light.

**A**LADY had a class of young boys in a Sunday School. After the lesson was over, one day, she laid her hand on the head of one of her scholars and said :

"Are you afraid to die, Johnnie?"

"Yes," he said sadly.

"Why, my child?"

"Oh, teacher," said he, in a low voice, "because it seems like going into a strange house at night without any light."

"Yet, Johnnie," she said, "there have been people who were not afraid to die. Do you understand how that could be?"

He shook his head. Then she told him of some who had lived in martyr times, when men, women, and children had been put to death ; but they departed joyfully because of the love they had for Jesus, and of the light which He caused to shine into their hearts.



## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

91

## Bethlehem's Star.

(Num. xxiv. 17. Matt. ii. 2.)

**B**RIGHTLY shone a beauteous star,  
In the firmament afar,  
Telling of God's love and power,  
In the very darkest hour.

Wise men watching saw its light,  
Hailed its advent with delight;  
For it heralded the birth  
Of the King of kings to earth.

Long His advent was foretold,  
In the prophecies of old;  
Now they haste as on the wing  
To behold the promised King.

To Jerusalem they came,  
Bringing with them, in their train,  
Costly treasures rich and rare;  
Thus His worth did they declare.

Where is He who's born thy King?  
We desire to worship Him;  
In the East we've seen His star,  
And for this have travelled far.

Then the guilty Herod feared,  
Asking when the star appeared;  
Go and search in Bethlehem,  
Come and bring me word again.

Then departing, lo, a sight  
Filled their hearts with great delight,  
For *that star* now led the way  
To the place where Jesus lay.

Over *Bethlehem* it stayed,  
O'er the *house* where He was laid;  
Faith discerns God's promised King.  
Falling down, they worshipp'd Him.

Opening out their treasured store,  
At His blessed feet they pour;  
*Gold and frankincense and myrrh,*  
What *prophetic* gifts they were.

For though glory was His sphere,  
He would be an outcast here;  
Yet His *life* to God how meet,  
Every step a *savour sweet*.

Unto *death* obedient still,  
He would do the Father's will;  
Stooping to a cross of shame,  
All God's glory to sustain.

\* \* \* \*

Now with *glory* He is crowned,  
And His praise the heavens resound;  
Soon the *earth will own Him King*,  
And with loud hosanna's ring.

For the Lord will come again,  
Every eye shall see Him then;

Every tongue *confess* Him Lord,  
Bow to Him with one accord.

\* \* \* \*

Still amidst the darkness here,  
There are watches far and near,  
Watching through the long dark night,  
For the *morning star* so bright.

For before that coming day,  
When the earth shall own His way;  
To the watchers near and far,  
He will give the *morning star*.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and  
the bright and morning star."

## Talks with the Little Ones.

## XII.

## UNCLE DAVIS.

**S**NOW had fallen thickly during the night, and a cold north wind blew keenly in the faces of Harold and Walter Moore, who, well wrapped in great coats and comforters, were carrying a large basket down the lane that lay between their home and the cottage where a sailor, who was an old friend of theirs, lived.

They had gone on for some time without a word, but as they set down their basket for a short rest, Walter said,

"I say, Harold, won't Uncle Davis have a real good time to-morrow? Mother said she wanted to send him over some things if we would run down the lane with them, so I went out to the wood-shed to look for you. Father was there, and when I told him where we were going he said we might take the poor old man as much wood as we could carry.

"I asked Mary to let us have her large basket, and we were soon off."

"I think Uncle Davis has lots of good times," Harold answered in a thoughtful manner. "He seems so happy, and I think he must know nearly all there is in the Bible, for he never seems to get tired of reading it. I like his stories too, all about ships and sailors. Shall we ask him to tell us that one you like so much, about the time when the ship he was in got among the icebergs, and they were obliged to spend a whole winter on the ice?"



"First rate; and Uncle Davis could not tell it at a better time. The snow is now so deep he will almost think he is there again. But we had better take up our basket and be off."

When they reached the cottage, the old sailor, who was called Uncle by everybody who knew him, was, as Harold expected, reading his well-worn Bible. A stick of wood from the basket soon made his small fire give out a cheerful light and warmth. He thanked his young friends warmly for their kindness, then said, "When you came in I was just reading a verse in the blessed book, and thinking how true I have found it. Here it is, 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.'" (Ps. cvii. 23, 24.)

"Tell us about the time when you were obliged to winter on the ice, please do, Uncle Davis," Walter, who always enjoyed reading or hearing of adventures by sea or on land, said, getting close to the old sailor as he spoke.

"That I will, my lad. It is a story I never get tired of telling. More than fifty years have passed since I first sailed over the Pola,

seas. Ships are built larger now-a-days than they were when I was a young man, and more is done for the comfort of the crews. Still our ship, 'The Lady Alice,' was a tight, trim little craft, and our captain a kind, God-fearing man, and never a better sailor trod a ship's deck.

"We had a pretty good season in the whale fisheries, but being under orders to sail as far north as we could, lost sight of all the other whalers, and were just about to set sail for home when we caught sight of an iceberg coming down upon us. It was like a mountain of ice, and we noticed that our captain looked very grave and shook his head.

"The first iceberg was quickly followed by others, and though, for a few days, we tried to run the ship clear of the icebergs, so as to get into the open water beyond, we had to give it up and steer for a small inlet on the coast. We were often in danger of having 'The Lady Alice' crushed by an iceberg, and very glad and thankful we were when she was at anchor.

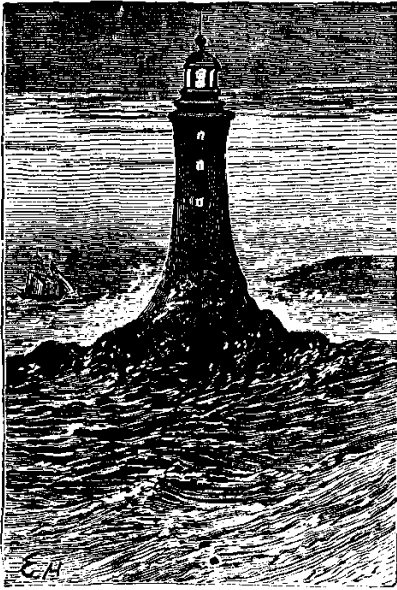
"Very soon the cold became so severe that we were obliged to leave the ship and build snow huts on the land. We were not very badly off for food, and were able to get water for drinking by melting the snow in an iron pot over the fire. Sometimes a party of us would go for some distance along the shore to pick up driftwood.

"White bears and foxes we saw in plenty, and once a party of Eskimos came to visit us in their strange-looking sledges, drawn by dogs. We could not understand a word they said, but we bought some dried reindeer from them, for which we paid in knives, glass beads, &c.

"I think the most trying part of the time was when the long night of an Arctic winter set in, and for many weeks together we never saw the sun, though even then the sky was often crimson with a beautiful light called the Aurora.

"We were often very sad when we thought of our loved ones at home, and remembered how much sorrow our long absence must give them; and I need hardly tell you it was a happy day for us when, through the mercy of God, we were able to leave our winter quarters and get out to sea."

## The Message from Heaven.



ONE day God opened heaven and called out these beautiful words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." (Matt. xvii. 5) Are they not beautiful words, children? They were spoken to some

fishermen, but about the Lord Jesus Christ.

You know that name very well—you have heard it very often, and have sung it in hymns perhaps. But do you know that God, who lives in heaven, loved Him so much that He called out of heaven to tell us so?

Three things God said that day about Him—He called Him "beloved"—He called Him "Son"—and that He (the blessed God) was well pleased with Him.

Children, do you know why God was well pleased with Him?

Because the Lord Jesus could say, "I do always those things that please him." "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Which do you like to do? your own will, or the will of some one else?

Do you not like to do your own will best very often?

But the Lord Jesus always did the will of His Father.

He even said once, when weary and hungry, to His disciples, when they wanted Him to eat, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He loved better to finish God's work than to stop and refresh Himself.

What was God's work, dear children, that kept His beloved Son so occupied, and gave Him no time to spare?

Listen! It was the salvation of sinners. God's great work was your salvation. Jesus Christ has done that great work for God. He said, "I *have* finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

It was God's work, and His servant Jesus accomplished it. Do you know what it cost Him to do that work?

The cost was His life.

No one can give more than his life, can he?—But the Lord Jesus gave Himself. He "offered himself without spot to God." And the blessed God "laid on him the iniquity of us all," so that all who believe on Him can say, "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24), and also that He suffered "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Was God satisfied with the work and also the way the work was done?

Yes—perfectly satisfied!

Has another voice called out of heaven to tell us so? No! A greater thing God has done, He has raised up the Lord Jesus Christ out from among the dead, and has put Him at His own right hand in heaven.

He is there now. The marks are in His hands and in His side, of that death upon the cross on which He died for sinners. He is



safe now out of all the cruel hatred of man against Him. He is seated at the right hand of the majesty in the heavens.

That is the proof that God is satisfied.

Do you know you never could be forgiven your sins or saved from judgment, unless Jesus had done God's work? for it is only the blood of Jesus Christ that can clean away sin. His blood can make you whiter than snow.


He is coming again to take those who will receive Him, to be with Him in glory, and all who receive Him not, will (terrible to say) be turned into hell, with "all the nations that forget God." The last words of the message are, "hear him."

No one can hear Him for you, dear child; you must hear Him yourself. Are you a sinner? He said, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Are you lost? He said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

He said also, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Are you weary of yourself and all your ways? He has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Listen once more to words so sweet and lovely, meant for you especially. He said Himself, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

### REJOICING.

 KNOW a little girl,  
Whose voice I often hear,  
As merrily she sings,  
With accents sweet and clear.

This dear child is assured  
Her sins are cover'd all,  
And that no vengeance can  
Upon her ever fall:

That Jesus on the cross,  
God's wondrous love to shew,  
For young and old did die,  
To save from endless woe.

If, children, ye believe  
He suffer'd thus for you,  
And liveth now to bless,  
Ye should be singing too.

R. H. W.

### BIBLE PICTURES.

#### XXIV.




TIME of general rejoicing, shared alike by young and old, rich and poor, while the flat roof of every house looked almost like a garden. Parties of men and boys having gone out into the well-wooded hill-country of Judea and returned laden with palm-branches, which, when intertwined with the graceful foliage of the myrtle and olive, formed leafy huts, serving to protect the family groups assembled in them from the burning rays of the sun, while the young listened with eager interest to the account given by their elders (many of whom had themselves been captives in a strange land) of the time when the feast was appointed by God, and how it was intended to serve as a remembrance of His goodness to them as a nation.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Give name of the feast, and mention the different occasions on which we read of its being observed.
2. State what events in the history of Israel were in any way associated with palm trees.
3. Quote two passages from the gospels from which we learn that the palm is an evergreen tree.

### What One Bible Can Do.

 MOST delightful news comes from Agen, an important town on the river Garonne, in the South of France.

In several villages round, persons have been converted by means of a Bible sold by an Evangelist some years ago, who has since gone to the fairs in and around Agen, distributing tracts and gospels, selling Bibles and New Testaments, and preaching Jesus as the only Saviour.

These dear Christians seem to realise their high position, as made by Him "priests unto his God and Father," and come together as such, acknowledging no Head but One, their High Priest in heaven, and putting themselves under one order and guidance, that of

the word and Holy Spirit. They just imitate the early Christians in gathering "upon the first day of the week to break bread," and in a spirit of love to edify one another. Surely this is pleasing to the Lord, who said to His first disciples: "Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."

R. H. W.

## Dora Hilton's Stewardship. A STORY FOR GIRLS.

### A STORY OF OLDEN TIME.

*"For we walk by faith, not by sight." (2 Cor. v. 7.)*



T was a very happy party that might have been seen forming a group on the sands, on the afternoon of the day that had been one of such glad surprise for Dora.

Mrs. Hilton was always a favourite with young people, and even Constance who, as a rule, was not easily pleased, found an opportunity of telling Dora, her mother was real kind. While Willie and Eva were agreed that auntie was a proper sort of aunt, and they were very glad she had come.

Eva's castle was built on a larger and grander scale than the little girl had even ventured to hope. A ground plan of the whole was first drawn by Mrs. Hilton, on a smooth space of fine yellow sand, in the centre of which a tower of considerable height was quickly raised. Willie then offered to dig a moat. When deep enough, with Eva's assistance, it was filled with water; a piece of wood, washed up by the tide, doing duty as a drawbridge; while Dora and Constance, who had gathered a quantity of shells and seaweed, laid out the grounds and gardens in such a way as to produce a very pleasing effect.

When all was done they sat down to rest a little, tired it must be owned, but quite ready for what Dora always called a real good talk.

A few rainy clouds were in the sky, and Willie looked at them from time to time, with something very like a shade of trouble on his bright young face. At last, turning to Mrs. Hilton, he said, "I shouldn't wonder if we have a wet day to-morrow, and I did so want it to be fine all the time we were at Sandrock. I do not want to see one drop of rain—Do you, aunt?"

Mrs. Hilton smiled as she answered gently, "I am not going to spoil the pleasure of to-day, Willie, by fretting because it may rain to-morrow. I shall be quite sure that each tiny raindrop is a

messenger sent by God on some errand of mercy, for the shower, and the sunshine come from the same wise and loving hand.

"But perhaps you would like to hear the true story of a man who had learnt to trust God so fully that, in very difficult and trying circumstances, he was able to look up in childlike faith and love and say, 'It is all for the best.'"

Willie forgot all about the clouds in an instant, and jumping up in great delight, he exclaimed, "A story! Oh, girls, aunt is going to tell us a story. Please begin just now, we will be all attention."

So Mrs. Hilton wisely forebore trying the patience of her young listeners, and began her story by saying,

"As Bernard Gilpin, about whom Willie wants so much to hear, lived more than two hundred years ago, I must try and explain to you a few of the ways in which England, at the time of which I am going to tell you, differed from England as we know and see it.

"People who wished to go from one place to another never thought of doing so by means of steamboats or railway carriage. Rich people took long journeys on horseback, or in strange-looking, uncomfortable carriages; while the poor seldom went further from their own homes than they were able to travel on foot. Schools, too, were few and far between, and though the sons of gentlemen were often well educated, the children of the poor, or even of what we now call the middle class, were left almost without books or teachers.

"But I have not told you the saddest thing of all yet. There were very few Bibles in the land, and so far from wishing her subjects to love and value the word of God, Queen Mary, who at that time reigned over England, did all in her power to prevent that blessed book from being in the homes and hands of English people.

"The day was indeed a dark and sorrowful one, yet there were gleams of gospel light. The Lord had not left Himself without witnesses. And few, perhaps, stood more firmly for Christ than Bernard Gilpin, the rector of a parish in Yorkshire called Houghton-le-Spring. His was no idle, aimless life. His one desire seemed to be to tell others of the Saviour he had found, and so he preached the gospel, visited the sick, taught the children, looked after orphan boys, receiving them into his own house; and not content with the work that lay so near to him, frequently rode long rough rides over the hills to far-away villages or thinly-peopled hamlets where, but for his loving, faithful work, the people might never have heard of Christ.

"More than once Gilpin had received a letter from one of his uncles, who was a bishop and

very often in London, telling him to be careful, or his long preaching journeys and simple Bible teaching would get him into trouble with the Queen. What was he to do? After earnest prayer he made up his mind to trust in God, and go quietly on with his work.

"His copy of the Bible was not quite the same as the one we use, called the Authorised Version, which was not printed till nearly fifty years after.

"Bernard Gilpin's favourite verse, Romans viii. 28, read thus in his Bible: 'All things work for the best to them that love God, which also are called of his purpose.'

"The storm, that had been long gathering, broke at last, when a party of soldiers, wearing the Queen's uniform, might have been seen on their way up the rough road that led to Mr. Gilpin's house. The captain carried a sealed letter, which soon proved to be an order, signed by Queen Mary, commanding Bernard Gilpin to appear in London a few weeks later, and there answer certain charges that had been brought against him.

"He lived in martyr times, and for a moment he must have shrunk from the thought of the possible suffering and even the cruel death in which that journey to London might end. But it was only for a moment. Turning to the officer, he answered, 'It is all for the best. I am ready to accompany you, and have but one favour to ask. As the poor people among whom I have laboured for several years have a great affection for me, do not compel me to set out on my journey till dusk, as I shall then be spared the pain of saying farewell to them, and they the temptation of seeking to deliver me from your hands and thus resisting the authority of the Queen, who is our lawful sovereign.'

"As the soldiers were by no means sorry to have a few hours' rest, permission was readily given, and late in the afternoon of the same day the little household at the parsonage assembled with sad hearts to see their much-loved master depart on a journey from which they hardly dared to hope he would ever return.

"The snows of winter in some parts of the road made travelling not only slow but dangerous work, and quite half the journey still lay before Bernard Gilpin, when one frosty morning his horse stumbled and fell, crushing one leg of its rider in such a manner that it was, on examination, found to be badly broken. Quite unable to continue his journey, he was carried to a wayside inn, and a doctor sent for. Setting the injured limb gave great pain, the next morning poor Gilpin was so very ill that it was decided he must rest for a week or two.

"Do you think your broken leg is for the best?' the soldier, who kept guard in his room, asked him one day.

"Yes, friend, it is all for the best,' was the answer, spoken in a bright cheerful voice from the bed of pain. 'Though my poor sight is all too dim to see how it is best for me to lie here, yet it would ill become me to doubt or question what my Lord has told me in His blessed word.'

"And so the days passed slowly on. Already their journey had been delayed three weeks, and as Mr. Gilpin, though still far from strong, began to show signs of improvement, it was decided that on the morrow he should again set out for London. The officer, who had been absent for a few hours, returned. One look at his face told Gilpin that he was the bearer of important news. Making a low bow, he said respectfully, 'Never, sir, did you speak a truer word than when you told me your broken leg was for the best. Under God it has made you a free man. During my absence to-day, I received certain news of the death of Queen Mary, and her half-sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who is the next heir to the crown, is, I have heard, of your way of thinking, and I might get but small thanks for taking you to London as my prisoner; so you are at liberty to return to Houghton-le-Spring, where I know many will give you a hearty welcome.'

Willie jumped up and clapped his hands with delight. "O aunt, I like your story so much," he said eagerly, "I could not see at first how it could be best for Mr. Gilpin to break his leg and have to suffer so much pain; but it was plain enough after Queen Mary's death, was it not?"

"Yes, Willie; and though in the way our heavenly Father sometimes deals with His children there may be many things we cannot understand, it is always safe for us to trust His unchanging love, knowing that if we are Christians we are called 'to walk by faith and not by sight.'

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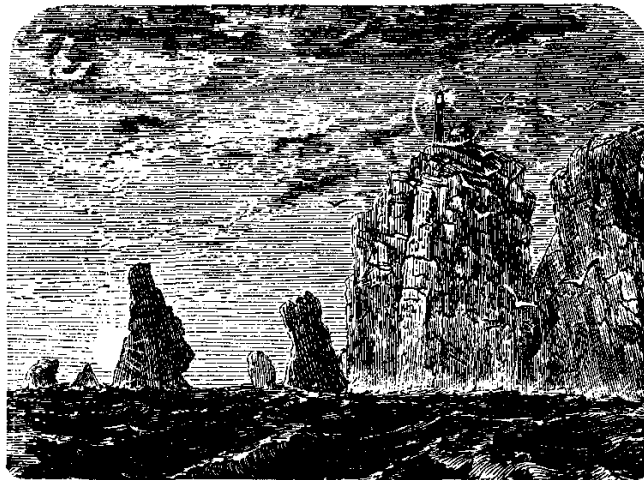
WHEN Mary Grey and Kate Green were staying at their aunt's at Sweetwood Farm, a pair of robin redbreasts built such a cunning little nest in a hawthorn tree, at the end of the flower garden; and when it was finished aunt Ellen said one day, "Don't play too near the hawthorn tree, for I think the mother bird is sitting on some tiny eggs, and I should be very sorry if she were frightened away." After what seemed to the children a very long time, one morning aunt Ellen

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