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The cover features a dark red background with an intricate, embossed floral border in a dark color. The border consists of repeating floral motifs and scrolling vines. In the center, the text is arranged vertically. At the top, the word "SALVATION" is printed in a gold, serif font within a rectangular gold border. Below it, the words "FOR THE CHILDREN" are printed in a gold, serif font within a wide, upward-curving gold arch. In the middle, there is a dark, embossed six-pointed star or snowflake-like symbol. Below that, the words "THIRD SERIES" are printed in a dark, serif font within a dark rectangular border. At the bottom center, there is a dark, embossed triangular symbol. The overall design is classic and elegant.

SALVATION

FOR THE CHILDREN

THIRD SERIES



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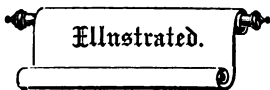






***THE SHEPHERD LAD.—(See page 5.)***

SALVATION  
FOR  
THE CHILDREN.



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THIRD SERIES.

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## THE SHEPHERD LAD.



So far as this world's goods are concerned, he was poor. There was little beyond his Bible and his dog that he could call his own; but he was satisfied—quite satisfied. The deep peace and joy that filled his heart could not be hid, it shone out in his very face, and flowed in songs of praises from his lips. The people could scarce understand him, there was something so unearthly about the lad; yet many of them felt that he was in possession of a something that they were destitute of, and some of them would have given all they had to be as satisfied and happy as he was. But what was the source and the secret of it all? Simply this, that he knew the Lord. I mean he REALLY knew Jesus the Son of God as his *Saviour* and his *Lord*. Once he was a wild and reckless youth, but ever since the day he was con-

verted all was so changed. His heart was won for God, and his outward life was a testimony to the power of the grace that had saved him. His conversion to God was no mere lip profession, but a grand and glorious reality, and the people felt it to be so. He seemed to live in the very atmosphere of Jesus' love, and to be waiting, moment by moment, to see His face. It was so real to him that he could not but speak, and somehow the people were obliged to listen to his words, and they owned that if there was a Christian on earth, Willie the shepherd lad was one.

I wonder, dear young friend, if you are *really* happy, and *truly* satisfied! Do you know the deep calm of a soul at peace with God, and the untold bliss of a heart that has found the Lord Jesus as its Portion. There is nothing on earth to be compared with this, it is heaven begun, the foretaste of that bright "for ever" to be spent in the presence of the Lord. You may have sought to find happiness in the cup of earthly joy, but Ah, it cannot satisfy your soul. Written above all the wells of this world's joy, you will find the words—"WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THIS WATER SHALL THIRST AGAIN."

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To-day's pleasures scarcely do for the present, they leave nothing for to-morrow. But when the soul finds its rest and its portion in Christ, O how satisfied it is. And He is the same *yesterday, to-day, and for ever.*

My dear friend, can I not allure you to His loving arms? Will you not be persuaded to receive Him as the Saviour and Portion of your weary soul? The joy of the shepherd lad and of thousands more will then be your own, and with satisfied heart you will sing—

“Fade fade each earthly joy,  
Jesus is mine.”

J. R.



## WILLIE AND JOHN.

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WILLIE and John were clerks in the same office. John was a christian but Willie was not. They often talked together about the things of God and eternity, and John had frequently pressed upon Willie the need of immediate decision and acceptance of Christ as his own Saviour. Still something seemed to hold him back; and when John left for another place, he had to leave Willie yet unsaved. But faithfulness to God and honest dealing with souls will always leave its mark, although it may take time to show it. Before many weeks had come and gone, the following was received from Willie:—

“MY DEAR JOHN,

You will be surprised, but I do not doubt you will be glad when you know why I am writing you. It is about my soul. I have been anxious about it lately; I wish I could say *very anxious*, but I do not think I can. I know I am very far

from a knowledge of Christ, but I am resolved to *win* Him at every cost. I heard Mr.—preach last night, who seemed to think it was a *hard thing* to be saved, and I have found it so. I cannot write more.

Yours,

W. F.”

The same evening, a few hours later, the following was written by Willie to John, and the two letters reached him by the same post:—

“MY DEAR JOHN,

Since writing you,—Praise be to God,—  
I AM SAVED! Yes, John, *I am saved*. I wish I had been more anxious; but having read a book called ‘God’s Way of Peace,’ I saw that God did not wish any striving on my part, but to COME TO HIM AS I WAS. I *did* come, and of course *I am saved*. I think I see you reading this. I know you will be so glad. I know the meaning of ‘Jesus only’ now. Is it not splendid?

Yours, *saved*,

W. F.”

Willie's was a common mistake. He thought that God required that he should be "*very anxious*" before He would save him; so he resolved to "win Christ" by works. The preacher who said it was "a hard thing to be saved," assisted the devil to keep his feet in the net. How many precious souls have been stumbled and hindered by the false teaching of men! Anxious ones are told to "seek it earnestly," to "attend the means of grace," and a whole lot of other spurious "plans of salvation" are put before them. But the Gospel of the blessed God, the glad good news to lost and needy sinners, rings out from the courts of heaven, full and clear, "CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY!" "IT IS FINISHED!" When Willie "*came as he was*," God saved him on the spot.

My young Reader, has He saved *you*? If not, you may be saved *now—as you are and where you are.*





## “LOST AND FOUND.”

“The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—Luke xix. 10.



It was a fine afternoon in the first month of spring, when the primroses and violets begin to bloom, that Johnny, having a half holiday, came to his mother, and asked permission to go and gather some wild flowers, which were to be found in a field close to a large wood not far from his home.

His mother told him that he might go, but he must promise her not to enter the wood, for if he did so, he would probably get lost. The promise was soon given, and Johnny was immediately afterwards seen running towards the field to gather his nosegay.

He reached the spot close to the wood, and was busily engaged gathering the pretty flowers, when he heard a rustling amongst the trees and bushes, and a large bird flew out of the wood. Ah! thought he, there must be a nest, and probably some eggs





*LOST AND FOUND.—(See page 11).*

there, and forgetting the promise he had made to his mother, he at once entered the wood in search of the bird's nest.

Being very intent upon his search, he went farther into the wood than he intended, and after a time, not being able to find the nest, he began, as he thought, to retrace his steps, but took the wrong path, which led him farther into the wood. He then tried another way, but that took him into a different part of the wood; and after wandering about for some time, and being unable to find his way out, he began to realize that he was "*lost!*" and he sat down by a tree and cried bitterly.

Now I want to ask you my young friend—Did Johnny's crying get him out of the wood? I think I hear you say, "Of course not." Then, no doubt he thought, "I wish I had obeyed mother." Did that get him out of the wood? "Certainly not," you say. And very likely he promised himself that if he did get out, he would never come into it again. Well did that get him out of the wood? "No!" Then, what did?

Ah! if Johnny had forgotten to obey his mother, his mother had not forgotten him; especially as he had now been away from home for some time, and it was beginning to get quite dark, therefore she became the more anxious about him. However his elder brother came home from work, and mother

at once told him all her trouble about Johnny, and that she feared he was lost in the wood.

The elder brother immediately started off with a few of the neighbours in search of Johnny. They took lanterns with them and soon reached the wood, and commenced the search, and it was not long before the cry of "*found*" was heard ringing through the wood; and the elder brother was presently seen, with Johnny on his shoulder, returning home in triumph to gladden his mother's heart.

This little story, dear young friend, represents our state by nature, that we are lost in sin. The Word of God says, "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6), and when a sheep strays it becomes LOST, and cannot find its way back to the fold. And you may have often thought of your many sins, and cried on account of them; but as Johnny's weeping did not get him out of the wood, neither will your tears save you, as the hymn says:—

"Weeping will not save me :  
Though my face were bathed in tears,  
That could not allay my fears,  
Could not cleanse the sin of years :  
Weeping will not save me."

And probably you may have said, I wish I had never committed the many sins I have, like Johnny, who wished he had never got into the wood; or

further like him, you have perhaps often made good resolutions to do better in the future; but neither of these will take away your past guilt or lead your soul to Christ.

No! there is only one thing that will effectually take away sin, and that is, the precious blood of Jesus Christ; and He alone can save you: and although you may be lost in sin, yet in like manner as Johnny's elder brother sought and found him, so the text above tells us that the Lord Jesus Christ is come to seek and to save the lost; and He is seeking you! my dear young friend, and desires to have you—do not therefore continue running away from Him, but yield Him your heart's trust and confidence, and so be received into His loving arms, as a little friend at a meeting once did, and afterwards wrote to me, saying:—"I have given my whole heart to Jesus, and I think that Jesus has found me, and I feel as though I can trust myself to Him who suffered so much for all our sins."

And thus you will be able to sing:—

Jesus He has sought me, wandering far from God.  
Jesus He has cleansed me, with His precious blood.

J. W. J.

## A WORD TO THE YOUNG.



DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I want to tell you that it is now eight years since my soul was saved—since I got eternal life and the assurance from God that no matter when I might be called from time into eternity I should go to heaven. Until I was fifteen years and a-half of age I was a lost sinner, and had I died then I would have gone to hell and would have had to be eternally in the lake of fire, weeping and wailing and gnashing my teeth. Oh! was not that a fearful position to be in? I do thank God that He did not then cut me down, but spared my life until I trusted Christ and got saved. But why did I remain so long in that terrible state? Was it because I had been brought up like a heathen, and had never heard about Jesus and the salvation God had provided for lost sinners? No, that was not the reason, for my parents were Christians, and from my childhood, I had heard about Jesus and *His finished work*. The reason was I refused to make Him mine, thinking that I had every chance to live to be a man and then it would be time enough for me to get saved. Oh, I was foolish, for I might have died then, and what a doom would

have been mine? Hell! hell! hell! My parents and saved friends in heaven, and I in the lake of fire for ever.

Now, dear young friends, let me ask you, Are you saved? Like me you have heard about Jesus. Have you accepted of Him yet? Remember, it is not enough that you should know about Him—you must have him as your own otherwise you are unsaved; and were you to die now you would lift up your eyes in hell being in torment. Perhaps, like myself, you have got saved parents. Just think of it, your parents going to heaven and you to *hell*. You, perhaps, have felt much for the poor heathen who have never heard about Jesus; but remember if you die as you are without accepting of Him, having heard so much about Him, your punishment will be far more severe than theirs. Oh, if you are not yet saved get saved now. Don't say there is time enough yet, and you may still safely delay, for you may be dead before another morning. Many have died as young as you. And again, the Lord Jesus has promised that He is coming soon to take all who are saved to heaven. We don't know what moment He may come; and were He to come now your saved friends would be taken and you would be left to be *damned*. But why should you remain any longer as you are? God loves your precious soul, and gave Jesus to die and pay the mighty

debt of sin; and now He can righteously save your soul, if you'll only believe in Jesus. The devil will very likely tell you that if you were to get saved you would never again in this world be happy; but he is a liar; he told me the same and my experience is I never knew what real happiness meant until I was saved. Delay no longer. Get the matter settled at once. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xiv. 31); He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18); He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

H. W. I.





## STRUGGLING WILL NOT SAVE YOU.



GOE to the little boy or girl who falls into Ringsend Docks and cannot swim. The waters are very deep, and ships of great size can ride on them.

I once saw a helpless little girl struggling for her life in that deep, dark pond. Shall I tell you how it happened? She was a very poor child indeed. Her clothes were in tatters, and her pinched little face showed she had often been both hungry and cold. Her home was in a dark, narrow street, and her mother had no money to buy coals to make a fire. A great part of this poor child's time was therefore spent in gathering stray pieces of wood and coal and half-burnt cinders wherever she could find them. In the neighbourhood of the shipping she frequently found nice little chips and useless blocks of timber floating on the water close by the quay. These, to the famished little creature, were a very tempting prize, and she often ran the risk of her life in trying to get at them.





TRILING

**STRUGGLING WILL NOT SAVE YOU.**

*(See page 19.)*

Some of my little readers may laugh at the idea of risking one's life for a useless piece of wood. But they little know the feelings of a poor shivering child, half-starved, half-clad, and living in a cold, fireless room in a damp, dingy house in a narrow cheerless street where the sun seldom shines.

Oh! how thankful should those children be who have plenty of warm clothing and bright pleasant fires, who never feel the piercing of the cold winter wind, who never have to cry or beg for bread, and never have to start on a biting frosty morning to search for some half-burnt cinders or stray blocks of wood. Yet how often they forget to give thanks to that loving, gracious God who has given them such blessings to enjoy.

But the child of whom I write was not so highly favoured. A small piece of timber floating on the water was to her a great prize; and it was on reaching out to seize one of these little chips on the day of which I write, that she suddenly over-balanced herself and fell into the docks. Down, down she went, screaming, shrieking, struggling; but the cruel black waters did not care for her cries; and struggling could not save her. In a little while she rose to the surface and screamed, and shrieked, and struggled once again. But again she went down, and the cold waters closed above her head. Poor little thing! she had done her

very best to save herself from death, but her efforts were in vain, and she sank because struggling could not save her.

She was just like a great many foolish people, old as well as young, who think that they can save themselves from hell by their alms, and their prayers, and good works, and are lost because they fail to put their trust in the precious blood of Christ, which *alone* can cleanse their guilty souls from sin.

But we left our little drowning girl down beneath the closed gurgling waters. Perilous position!

Is she to be altogether lost? Yes, helplessly, hopelessly lost, unless some one *from above* comes to save her.

And poor sinners must be altogether lost unless some one *from above* comes to save them.

But hark! Look up. See that brave fellow vaulting over the side of that great, tall ship standing by the quay. What is he bent on? Watch him. His quick eye has seen, his warm heart has pitied the helpless, drowning child; and he rushes to her rescue. But where is she? Lost to his sight. Covered by the waters. He hovers near the spot where she sank. Once more she rises to the surface. A powerful arm seizes her. Well done, brave sailor! She is saved, saved, **SAVED**. Who saved her? He who came *from above*; whose eye pitied; whose feet sped swiftly to her rescue;

whose strong arm drew her from the very jaws of death. HE saved her.

And who saves dying, sinking sinners? HE who came *from above*. JESUS—whose eye pitied; whose feet ran swift to their deliverance from the distant heights of heaven; whose arm is all-powerful to snatch them from their foe. They could not save themselves. Screaming, shrieking, struggling could not save them. JESUS ONLY can save. HE is *the* Saviour. May every child who reads this paper say, He is MY Saviour.

A friend who has heard my little story of the rescued drowning child says it is just like that verse which says, "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters" (Psalm xviii. 16).

Will you turn to that beautiful verse in your Bible, read it, and make it your own?

R. L. S.

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## LITTLE BESSY AND HER BIBLE.



LITTLE BESSY was the only daughter of poor parents. Her mother was a hard-working woman, and did all she could towards making her home comfortable and happy; but her father was idle and intemperate.

When little Bessy was six years old she began to attend the Sunday School. She was a bright, attentive child; and as soon as she was able to read the 5th of Matthew correctly, without spelling a word, her teacher, Miss Alice, gave her a little red-covered Bible, with her name printed in gilt letters upon the back. A very proud and happy child was she when she went home from the school and exhibited her treasure to her mother; and from that time she never failed to commit a verse to memory every day. When Bessy was eight years old she was taken very ill. The doctor came to see her, but as he saw her flushed cheek and parched lips, and took her little wrist in his hand, he shook his head.

"Do you think I shall get well?" asked little Bessy, looking up into his face with her great bright eyes.

"I hope so," replied the doctor.

"But do you *think* I shall?" persisted Bessy; "I shan't be afraid to die and go where Jesus is."

"I cannot tell, my little girl," replied the doctor, "God will take care of you."

"Yes, He will," said Bessy softly; and after that she became delirious, so that she did not know even her mother, or her Sunday school teacher, or her father, who sat by her bedside watching her from morning to night. He was quite sober now,

for he loved his little girl dearly, and he was afraid God was going to take her away from him.

One night she had her reason again, and knew them all, calling each one by name. Miss Alice stood very near her.

“Am I going to die, Miss Alice?” was the first question she asked. “I think you are going to see the dear Saviour very soon, my dear,” replied her teacher. “Are you willing to die?”

“Oh yes, said Bessy smiling sweetly, “I am glad I love Jesus, and I want to go to heaven. But, Miss Alice, when I go, I want you to put my little Bible in my hands. God will let me carry it to heaven, I think, because I am so little. Then when Jesus says, ‘Suffer little children to come unto Me,’ I can turn to the right place, and I know He will be glad I learned it while I was down here. Will you Miss Alice?”

“Yes, my darling,” said Miss Alice, “you shall have it in your hands.”

Bessy’s father, sitting close beside her, burst into tears, for it almost broke his heart to think that she was going to leave him.

“Shan’t I see you again, my little girl?” said he at length.

Little Bessy looked troubled.

“Shan’t I see you again, my dear?” he repeated.

“If you will love the Saviour, father, you will go

to heaven," she whispered, putting her weak little hand in his. "Won't you love Him? I shall want mother and you to be there."

"I don't know what to do—I don't know how to find the way," cried the poor unfortunate man.

Then little Bessy's face brightened, and she beckoned Miss Alice near. "Don't put my Bible in my hands, when I go," she said, "I want father to have it; and when I get to heaven I will tell Jesus that I left my little Bible to show my dear father and mother how to find the way. Be sure you come, father; be sure—you—come!"

These were the last words little Bessy spoke.

Her father and mother wept over her coffin, holding her little Bible in their clasped hands. They never forgot her dying charge; and that precious Book was read and studied by them both until they believed on Christ, and learned the way to heaven.





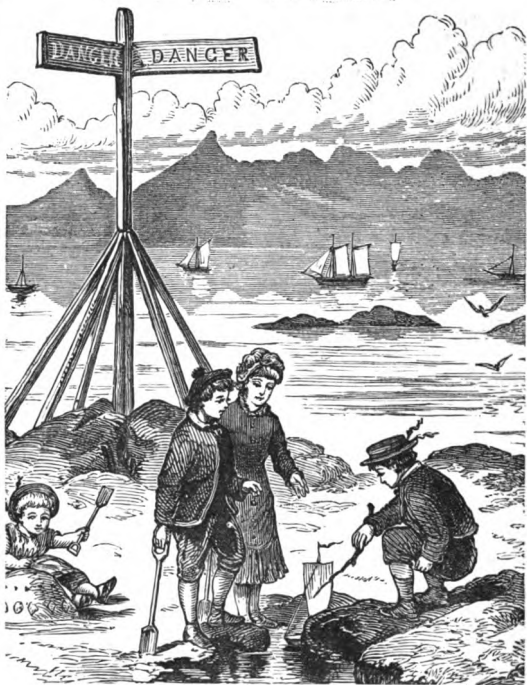
## DANGER.



SOME of our young friends will look at this picture and wonder why "DANGER" is printed in rude, bold characters, and put up in such a spot. I almost think I hear one say, "Look, mother, here is a funny picture! What have they got a danger post here for? I see no danger. It is just like the sea shore where we were last summer, with that beautiful sand and rocks here and there, others that we scrambled over going to the pools left in them to look for crabs. And look, mother! why, in the picture they have got some boys and girls, and one has built a sand castle, and another is sailing his boat close by the post—what can it be there for? Do you know, mother?"

And perhaps another little boy or girl says, "If they were to put it near those steep hills it might





*DANGER.—(See page 27.)*

do some good, for people lose their lives sometimes by going up them, but I cannot see what it's on the sand for. Can you, mother?"

But clever as mother is and able as she is to answer so many of her children's questions (unless she has been to Saltcoats, or heard about the *danger post* there before), she will not be able to answer, and will, in all probability, wonder what its for as much as the young ones.

"Saltcoats," cries one, "why, where is that? I have been to Brighton and Eastbourne and Hastings too, but I never heard of Saltcoats, why, where is it?" Well, it's not in England at all; so no wonder that you do not know. But may be some young one in Scotland says "Saltcoats," I have been at Largs and Dunoon and Rothesay, but I never was in Saltcoats; it's only a small place further down the Clyde. Yes, that is true; it is only a small place, and yet on a fine summer's day you would find it difficult to count all the people, or even all the boys and girls down on the sands and enjoying the beautiful fresh air, as bare-footed they splash about in the water. And they do enjoy it, for many of them living in Glasgow and other large towns, and how glad they seem to be away from the smoke and heat playing thus.

"But you have not told us yet the reason why the danger post is up, and we are curious to know."

Well let us lose no more time. Now, those who know Saltcoats recognise the spot shown on the picture, will see that it's drawn when the tide is out, and will know that those who could swim when they went down in the morning to bathe chose those rocks because the water was deeper there, and they could jump in and swim about better. But one cries, "Why, if they could swim it would be all right, unless they got the cramp. I have heard father tell about persons getting cramp in the water and not being able to move, but there would be no use in putting 'Danger' up for that."

No; and it was not put for that, for a very different reason. There are several fresh water springs which come bubbling up in different parts of the sand, and close by the rocks where this board is fixed there is one, and the effect is, that it disturbs the sand all about and loosens it and makes it very treacherous. And some having chosen these rocks to bathe from were drowned.

So the magistrates determined that they would put up these boards with "DANGER" printed on them in big white letters, so that persons being warned might go to another part of the beach to bathe. And thus kindly sought to warn all, and no one who walks along the beach can say, "I was not warned." It is there for all to read, and that all may escape being drowned there. But if any one

foolishly did not believe the warning, and said *I see no danger*. I am not going to be easily frightened, then if they lost their life no one could be blamed but themselves.

And now, dear young ones, before you close this book, I want to put up a danger post right before you, so that you must see it, and oh, that you may believe the warning given.

Because of sin you are in danger of being shut out of heaven for ever. God is holy, and you are not; you have sinned. And although you may be but young and have been as, I trust, you have tried to be truthful, and obedient to your parents, yet you have sinned, and all your efforts to be good and kind to those around you, will not save you.

*You are in danger*, though you see it not. If, as you were walking, you *saw* the danger you would avoid it. If you knew there was a deep hole, or that the path on which you trod led to the edge of a cliff, and that suddenly you might fall over, how careful you would be. But if the danger was hidden from you and would not believe you were in danger when told, how much worse your case. One told me some time ago, that when he was a little boy, he was with other boys chasing one another close by a quarry, but he did not at the time know it was there, and when he was being chased he ran as hard as he could, so as not to be

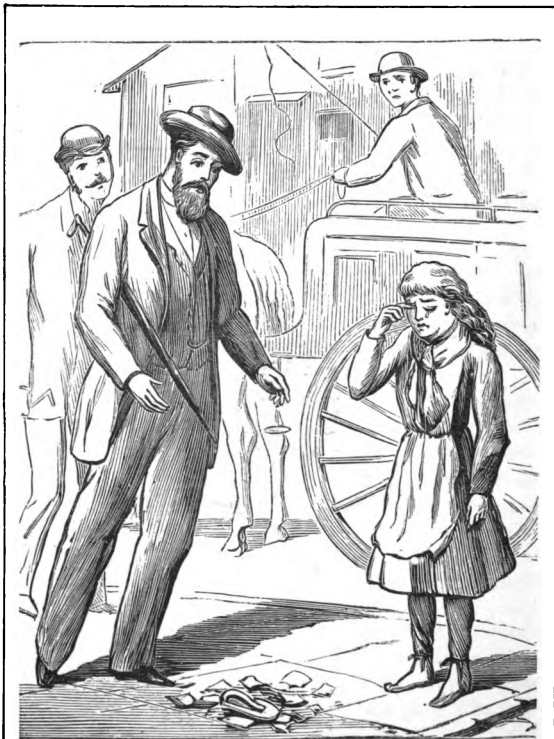
caught, and, without knowing of his danger, was running fast towards the quarry. When he was a very short way from it, so near that he could scarcely have stopped himself in time, a man observed him running as hard as he could. He reached the boy just as he was nearing the edge and knocked him on his back, as the only way of stopping him. The boy started to his feet in a great temper at the man's pushing him down, but how glad he was when the man led him a few steps forward and showed him the danger he had been in of losing his life. Then he saw that what seemed rough usage was kindness.

And so it is kindness to tell you your danger, even though for a time it makes you unhappy. You do not like to think of meeting a holy God, of your sins, of your danger of being in hell fire, and perhaps you try sometimes to forget it all and to be happy. But, remember, there is only one way of being really happy. And this is to listen to God's warning voice and escape from the danger of being lost for ever.

All who believe the warning given at Saltcoats escape from drowning at that spot. They know with certainty that they never can last ; so the sinner who accepts God's warning and escapes from the danger in His way, can know with certainty that they are perfectly safe.

The Lord Jesus died for our sins on the cross, and believing on Him we are saved, and know it, because God tells us so in the Bible. Lose no time then in escaping from the awful danger of being in hell for ever. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."





*THE BROKEN JUG.—(See page 35.)*



## THE BROKEN JUG.



FEW years back, while walking down one of the streets of the town near which I live, I noticed a little child running on before me with a jug in her hand. I had hardly taken heed of her when by some mishap she stumbled, and the jug flew out of her hand and fell with a crash on the pavement. I am sure you can tell me what was the effect of this accident both to the jug and the little girl. Yes! you are quite right, the jug was broken into a large number of small pieces, and the little girl stood by and commenced crying. Seeing her in such distress, I went up to her, and tried to console her; but it was of no use, she still continued to cry. At last I said, "suppose I give you the money to buy a new one, will that dry the tears?" The little one looked up into my face, hardly daring to believe what I said: but when I put into her hand the price of a new jug, the tears gave place to a smile, and the sobs to, "thank you, sir!"



Now, dear children, I think that broken jug teaches us some very important lessons. In the first place it had a fall. Now, you remember when God placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, He made them pure and holy; they were without sin, so that they could talk with God. But after a time they listened to Satan's temptation and disobeyed God, therefore He cast them out of the garden, because they had sinned. This, therefore, is called the "fall," that is, Adam and Eve through the sin they committed, fell from their happy place which they had in the garden of Eden, and lost all the joys that God had given them there. Let me put it simply. Suppose you are in the first class at school, and you neglect your lessons. What will happen? Why, you will be put down into a lower class, you will fall from your position. That is what our first parents did. And you see, because we have all come from them, we are fallen also. As God says in Romans iii. 23, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God!" Do you see? "Come short!" Fallen so low, that no goodness that we think we may have will reach up to what God requires?

Now, the second thing about the jug was, that through its fall it was broken into many pieces! Do you think the little girl would have done any good if she had picked up the pieces and stuck

them together? But you say, would it not look a funny jug? And it would be of no use, as it would not hold water; so then, I think we are quite safe in saying, that the broken jug was perfectly useless, and only fit to be thrown on the rubbish heap. Well, children, what does this teach us? Quite right, little one! "that we are just like the jug," poor, useless, fallen sinners. Yes! in Romans v. 6, we are spoken of as "without strength." Why, baby is without strength, so she has to be carried about. So we have no power in ourselves to do any thing that is pleasing to God; for in the same verse it says we are "ungodly," not loving, or caring about God. Then again if you look at Ephesians ii. 1, you will see that we are called "dead ones," "dead in trespasses and sins;" that is, we have nothing in us, or about us, that lives to God. All is sinful, all is dead to God and the things of God. Yes, dear children, this is a very, very solemn truth; that like the pieces of the broken jug, so are we only fit in ourselves to be thrown away on to God's rubbish heap; and you know what people do with rubbish; they burn it. That is what God is going to do in that everlasting burning in the lake of fire. All who are cast in there will burn for ever, but never be consumed!

Well, the jug is no good, useless, cast away. What is to be done? Ah, yes! there is the new

one, which is better than the broken piece. But see, children, I had to pay something before it could belong to our little friend. Yes! do you understand? before we could have a new life offered to us by God, Christ needed to die. Thus it cost God a great deal, He had to pay such an enormous price, He had to give up His only well beloved Son to die on Calvary's cross. There the blessed Lord Jesus

“Paid down the ransom price in blood  
To bring us sinners back to God.”

It is the dear old story of God's wonderful love to us, in giving up His Son to die, that we who deserved death might live for ever. As the verse of a very sweet hymn puts it.

“Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,  
Writhing in anguish and pain,  
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,  
Tell how He liveth again.

“Love in that story so tender,  
Clearer than ever I see,  
Stay, let me weep while you whisper  
Love paid the ransom for me.”

Now, then, for our last lesson. What had the little girl to do to get the new jug? Ah! I hear your voices say, only to take the money. Yes! that was all. Another paid the price, and all she did was to say, “thank you, sir!” and receive it.

Dear, dear children, that is what God wants you to do. Christ has done all the paying part. He has suffered and died. He has satisfied God in our stead. His blood that has been shed cleanses all the sins away of those who believe in Him, of those who accept Him as their Saviour. For He is the life that we need! it is God's gift to us (Romans vi. 23). He wants you to take it. It is in His Son (1 John v. 11), so that, if you accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, He becomes also your life (1 John v. 12)! this new eternal life that can never die. But those who have it will live in the "home over there!" throughout eternity. May God give to each of you who read this, grace to take His "unspeakable gift."

G. S. J.

### "WHY! HE'LL CAST US IN."



**T**he close of a meeting held by a servant of Christ in a town in the State of Massachusetts, America, a boy of some nine summers presented himself among the enquirers. He was pointed to John vi. 37, where it says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The preacher said, "Now, my boy, these are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ; and He says this to you. Then, if the Lord Jesus will not cast us out when we come

to Him for salvation, what will he do?" "Why!" replied the little fellow with a bright smile upon his face which had hitherto been downcast, while he thought of his sins and the judgment of God against him because he was a sinner, "he'll cast us in."

Now, my young friends, this is just so. When poor sinners are awakened to see themselves lost, perishing, abiding under the wrath of God, the inquiry is raised in their hearts, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer comes quick and clear, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That is just what it is to "Come to Christ"—to believe on Him. And when any one thus comes to Jesus or believes on Him, He will not cast them out, but will "cast them in." But if sinners, old or young, will not trust the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, they will be condemned by Him as their judge, and will be "cast forth into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" for ever and for ever.

**"I'LL NEVER BE IN HELI.."**

The writer of the above mentioned incident had but taken his seat after addressing a meeting, when a young man, lately converted started upon his feet and said, "Friends! I thank God I'll never be in hell, because the Lord Jesus says, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Now, I came to

Him a few months ago, a poor hell-deserving sinner; I had nothing to plead but my need; I was black and guilty. But when I went right to Jesus He took me in and washed me in His blood; and He says, 'I will never cast you out;' so *I know* I will never be in hell. Praise the Lord." Would that every one who may read these lines could give the same testimony to the precious blood, and express the same measure of confidence in the Word of Jesus as did this young convert.

Young reader, can *you* say "I will never be in hell." The Lord Jesus died to save you from it, and if you will receive and confess Him as *your* Saviour you will never be in it.

W. C.

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If you die whilst you are YOUNG, UNCONVERTED, you will have lived long enough to be lost.





*SOWING.—(See page 43.)*



## SOWING.



THE word at the head of our paper leads us quite away from town life and business.

Some of our young readers who live in large cities, have seldom perhaps seen a field sown, if ever. The most they know of sowing is connected with a very small garden, and a few flower seeds, which seem as if they would never come up, and then never to prosper for want of sun, and because of smoke.

And if they were taken by father or mother, or their Sunday school teacher out for a holiday to some country place, how strange a farm would seem to them.

How interested they would be with all the different animals, and the machines for so many purposes, and all that was growing in the different fields! But they would have to ask what almost everything was; whilst country children would laugh at their ignorance.



But even when they do go for a run in the country, it is generally from June to August, when the sowing time is past, and what they see then is the corn still green and growing, or waving in the gentle breeze, almost ready to be cut down and carted home. I wonder whether those who have seen the corn thus have asked themselves how it came there? Think of it now. It did not grow of itself. If the farmer had for months before simply walked, or ridden about doing nothing, and never set any men to work, would he ever have seen such a harvest of corn? Even our young readers know better. All he would have found on his land would have been weeds.

And so the farmer has plenty to do before he can expect a crop. He must plough and clean the land. He must sow, and much besides. And only as he sows will he reap.

And this brings us to the words of the Lord Jesus, so familiar to many in the Parable of the Sower (Matt. xiii.) Leave a piece of ground to itself, and it will bear evil weeds, and many, but no corn will grow thus. And so the Bible says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9). "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). And because our hearts are like the ground that will only produce weeds if left to itself, Jesus tells us in this simple parable,

“Behold, a sower went forth to sow.” The Word of God is the seed that He scatters everywhere among men. And thus, instead of God expecting good things from you, He comes to you, *giving* you His Word.—Jesus,—eternal life, through believing in Him. How important for you to know that until you *receive* something from God, He will never receive anything from you.

If before you receive Jesus from Him, as His gift, to be your Saviour and your life, you try to be good and to pray, and thus to give God something, He will not accept it. You must receive from Him first the life He so freely bestows. And until you do this, bad tempers, lies, disobedience to parents, and selfish ways, will grow fast like weeds in the ground of your evil heart.

You must receive then God’s Word. He is the sower. Let the seed fall into your heart. It is His Word. It will tell you what you are. It will not flatter or praise you. It will not say, “You are a good, kind boy, and if you do your best you shall get to heaven;” but it will tell you “your heart is bad, your sins deserve punishment, you are not good, you never can do good;” and when you believe that, how glad you will be to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who, when we deserved to be punished, was punished for us, for He died on the cross! And trusting Him, Christ is yours, and

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then you will be able to bring forth good fruit, pleasing to Him.

Do you see in our picture how the birds follow the man who is sowing, and as the seed falls they drop down where it is and pick up all they can?

Jesus tells us about these birds in the parable, and He explains to us that they are a picture of the "evil one" that is Satan. And when your heart seems to be opening to take in God's Word, Satan tries to pick it away, and make you forget it, or he tries to make you think of other things; and thus hinder you from thinking about your precious soul, and heaven and hell. There is much else in this parable, but it's all intended to teach us that whether young or old, rich or poor, we can only bring forth weeds, that is, do evil, if left to ourselves; and that we must receive from God, before we can do good. Have you ever received anything from Him? Have you received His gift—Jesus, and with Him the forgiveness of all your sins? If not, receive Him now—that is, as a guilty sinner that can do nothing to please God—believe on His Son. "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John i. 12).

R. T. H.

## THE PENCIL-MARK.



EAR children, I am going to tell you a story I heard to-day, a true story; it happened a few years ago. It will show you what little things the Lord can use to bring a soul to Himself.

The story is about a soldier and his wife; he was an officer and of high rank, and rich. He and his wife thought themselves very good people; they always went to church, and they were very kind to those round about them.

One day, when the lady was in her seat in church, she saw a strange gentleman come in, and, with her usual kindness, made room for him beside her, and gave him a hymn-book. The hymn that was being sung was this: "Jesus my Saviour, my Guide," &c. Before the stranger returned the book and thanked the lady, he took out his pencil and drew a line under the words,

"JESUS MY SAVIOUR,"

and then he walked away without another word.

The lady saw the pencil mark, and she thought to herself, "I should like to ask the stranger what he did that for," and she told her husband what had been done, and how much she should like to know

who the stranger was, and why he had marked that; but no one knew, and so months passed away, and still she often thought and wondered, but with no result.

One day, however, the lady was in a large shop in London and was buying some things for home, when suddenly she saw a gentleman pass quickly along and go into a little room at the end of the shop. It was her stranger of the pencil-mark. "Who is that?" she asked the apprentice who was attending her. "It's the master," he said, "and a good man he is." "Will you go and tell him a lady wants to speak to him a minute." The young man went at once, and came back with the request that she would go into the little room and speak to him. It was a nice little room, with an open Bible on the table, and books on the shelves, and there, morning and evening, Mr. K——, for that was the stranger's name, used to gather the young men to read God's Word, and speak to them. The lady soon told her simple story, and asked her long-wished-for question. "Why did you make the pencil-mark?"

"Shall I tell you?" he said. "Well, I thought that though you had been so kind to me, perhaps you did not know 'Jesus as *your* Saviour.'" I had just been saved myself, plucked as a brand from the burning, and I thought perhaps I might never see you again. And now may I ask you, do you know

*Jesus as your Saviour.* Do you?" and he pressed home the question.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm not quite sure; I wish I did," she said.

The result of that conversation was, that before she left the little room she did know Jesus as her Saviour; and very soon after her husband was converted too.

Dear children, do you? Can you say, "Jesus is *my* Saviour," and if not, why not? He is willing—are not you? Take Him now as your own Saviour. Trust Him, and be able rejoicingly to say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

M. A. W.





*REAPING.—(See page 51.)*



## R E A P I N G .



**A** HARVEST FIELD is brought before us in this picture : how busy they all are, cutting down the ripe golden grain, but one man is wiping his forehead as if he was very hot. And they must have been. For in England how warm and tired the men look sometimes under a hot sun in August, and how glad they are when the dinner hour comes, and they can throw themselves down under the shade of some large oak tree and rest for a while. But this picture brings before us an Eastern country, where the sun shines far hotter. How nice it is to watch them reaping ! When the writer was a boy he used to see them reaping with a sickle, such as the men are seen with in the picture. It looked so pretty to see perhaps fifteen, or even twenty, following one another cutting down the corn, but it was slow work then to what it is now. You, perhaps, have never seen a sickle, but you have seen a large reaping



machine and the horses walking along, and one man could cut down so quickly a whole field with it. But whether they used a sickle or the fast cutting machine they could not cut down wheat or oats unless they had, first of all, sown them—could they? What a foolish farmer he would be who, having never sown anything, yet expected to reap wheat or oats! How disappointed he would be if he could persuade himself that he would reap something. I think he never could; but if he did, he would only find weeds and thistles. And so it will be with Christians; and how dear young Christians who may read this should take that to heart. Unless you sow you cannot reap. Although you are a Christian, if you live to please yourself—to get on at school and win prizes that you may get praise, or to get on in business that you may make money—instead of doing it to please the Lord Jesus, then you need not expect to reap as others. All that is sowing to the flesh and corruption will be reaped. If youthful days pass and all your time and talents have been sacrificed to vanity and folly, then in the harvest time of eternal reward, though saved and in heaven, you will be an eternal loser.

But for a moment let young ones reading these pages ask themselves—“Do I belong to Christ?” that is, “Am I a Christian?” Have I trusted Him as my Saviour, and thus obtained the forgiveness of

my sins? for if not you need never look forward to a reaping-time of reward and blessing. For such will never come to you unless you have been saved.

If you were present when you saw a number of other boys and girls gathered together in the school just before their holidays to receive prizes, you would not expect one. Why not? You would not stand on the tip-toe of expectation, thinking every moment, "Will he call out my name, and shall I have to walk up and get a prize?" "No," you say, "of course not." But why not? Because you cannot spell, or read and write—is that it? "Oh, no," you say, "that is not it. I do not belong to that school. He is not my master." Yes, that would be the real reason. And so it will be in God's rewarding day—it will only be for His children. And unless you are one, even though you may have done much that people call good, you will never get reward from Him, for it was not done to please Him but to please yourself. And instead of being welcomed with "Well done," you will have to cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

Now is your time, whilst Jesus is calling you to believe on Him, and thus to become one of God's children. Be His, and then you can serve Him, and try in your life to please Him; but until then all your sowing is sin, and you will reap the bitter

result in a conscience that will condemn you on earth, and the worm that dieth not in eternity.

A young man who thus lived, when he was dying said to his younger brother—"Come here, my brother; I am going to die very soon, and I want to tell you something. You are young now, and I want you to begin and live in a right way. I have been a very wicked man. Don't do as I have done. I have had my time and lost it! Oh, fool! fool! What is the world to me now? My day has gone by; I am lost! I have laughed at hell, and now hell laughs at me." And with other such expressions, in sad despair he died. Oh, dear young reader, take warning; live not such a life. But now, as a sinner, trust in Him who alone can save you. He is the only One worth living for, and His rewards, oh, how sweet!

What a reaping-time of joy in heaven for every blood-washed sinner who sowed and toiled for Him, not because they hoped He would save them at last, but because they knew that He had done so in the very moment when they first trusted in Him!

R. T. H.





## THE BRIDEGROOM.



**Y** DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I daresay you wonder very much why I have put such a heading to my letter, and what I am going to say about it. Well, I am not going to say much myself, as I want a little friend of mine to speak. She lives some distance down the country, and about four years ago my brother and myself were down at the place where Leah (that is her name) lives, and we had some nice services for children, and amongst others Leah was brought to trust in the Lord Jesus as her own precious Saviour. (Now I wonder whether you have trusted in Him). Of course this made her very happy indeed, and I have received some nice letters from her. Let me see, I have not told you her age. Well, I do not know it exactly, but I should think she is now about fourteen, so she was only about ten when she trusted in Jesus. But you want to know about the Bridegroom. Well, a few weeks back I received another letter from Leah, and as I want you to read a part of it, I have put it in my letter to you. She says, "Another little friend

has gone to be with Jesus. I went to see her while she was ill, and she told me she should like to go and be with Jesus; and when she was near dying, she said that the angels were there, and that she could hear them say to her, 'Come, we are waiting to take you home, dear Alice;' then she said to all around her, 'Good-bye, I am going to meet Jesus, good-bye;' and then she fell asleep. It was three years ago when you were preaching here that she gave her heart to Jesus; you said that all those who were not ready when the Bridegroom came would be shut out; and when the meeting was over she came out with me, and we had not got far before she asked me what it was you said about the Bridegroom. I told her that the Bridegroom was Jesus, and all those who were not ready to meet Him when He should come, He would turn and say, 'Depart from Me, I know you not;' and I told her more about it; but from that time she was anxious to know more, so I told a kind Christian lady about it, and she went to see her, and told her of Christ—and from that time she always trusted in Him as her own Saviour."

And now, dear young friends, have you thought at all about the Bridegroom, the Lord Jesus coming again? and has it ever made you anxious, like dear Alice, knowing that you are not ready to go in with Him to the Supper? for you know it is quite true

what Leah said to Alice, that if you are not ready, the Lord Jesus will say, "Depart from Me, I never knew you." But perhaps you say, I want to be ready, but how am I to be so? Why, do as Alice did—trust in the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour; believe in Him who died for you to put away your sins, because you are a sinner, and you know the promise in His Word is, "He that believeth hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36); and then, when the Lord calls you, like Alice, you will go home to be for ever with him. But perhaps you are ready, having believed in the Lord Jesus. If this is so, ask Him to make you useful, and seek to do what little Leah has done—tell other little friends about your precious Saviour. Now, May God bless you, is the sincere prayer of

G. S. J.

The Bridegroom is coming, the Saviour who died,  
To take all His loved ones home as His bride;  
Come, children, get ready for Jesus to wait,  
And enter with Him through the bright pearly gate.

He says, I am coming, I will not delay:  
So if still unpardoned, Oh! come now to-day;  
His blood has been shed for sinners like you,  
It's all in believing—there's nothing to do.

Then come to the Saviour, believe Him and live,  
And He will receive you, and all sins forgive;  
For if He comes now in your present sad state,  
The door would be shut, and you'd be too late.



*"Did you ever do anything naughty in your life?"*  
*(See page 58.)*



## DID YOU EVER DO ANYTHING NAUGHTY IN YOUR LIFE?

**D**ID you ever do anything naughty in your life? I asked a little girl that question on my way home from a Sunday school many years ago, and her strange answer I have always remembered. "Yes," she said, "I did *once*, but then it was not *my* fault." I want to put the same question to you, little reader, and although I shall not hear your answer, *God* will, even if it is only answered in your heart. "*Have you ever done anything naughty in your life?*" Just think for a minute—have you ever said one cross word, ever been angry with Jamie when he would not lend you a bat or ball? or been sulky when father or mother would not let you do exactly what you wanted to do? Tell me, have you? Oh yes, you know your own heart better than the little girl



I told you of, and you say, "Yes, I've often been cross and sulky too." Don't put this paper down now, and think, "I will not read any more; there is no *story* there. Just read a little word from one longing for your salvation. God says, "the thought of foolishness is sin" (Prov. xxiv. 9), and "the soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. xviii. 20). It does not say, sinneth a *great deal*; no, just *one* sin, one wicked thought, would be enough to shut you out of heaven. What a fearful thought—a soul *dying*, and for ever being cast into the lake of fire. Dear children, do think of it; and if you own you have sinned, flee to Jesus to save you. He is waiting to wash you white as snow. He has borne the punishment God saw we deserved, and while you are reading this paper He is pleading with you to be saved. He says, "*Whosoever will* let him *take* the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). I know if I offered a little girl a nice book, or work-box, or a school boy a knife, or a fine silver watch, they would quickly enough take them; and how is it you don't take what God offers of such immense value—forgiveness of sins—life for ever in heaven? Is it because you do not see the awful danger of refusing it?

Have you ever heard of an actor who, when a theatre was on fire, came on the stage and shouted, "*Fire! fire!*" All the audience clapped their hands


and applauded him, thinking how well he was acting. The more frantically he called "*Fire! fire!*" the more pleased with him they seemed. He did not know what to do to make them believe he was not *acting*—that the place really was on *fire*; so he tore aside the curtains and let them see the flames. They did not need then to be told to hurry out of danger. They soon rushed to the doors. And if you only saw your danger, you would accept of Jesus as your own Saviour. May the Lord draw you to Himself *now*, and if you live to be old men or women, you will praise Him for making you His own when young. May you be like the young king Josiah who, "while he was YET YOUNG, began to seek after the God of David his father" (2 Chron. xxxiv. 3).

"He looketh upon men; and if any say, I HAVE SINNED, and perverted that which is right, He will deliver his soul from going into the pit." "Deliver him from going down to the pit—I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM" (see Job xxxiii. 24, 27, 28).

M. B. H.



## LITTLE ROSIE'S WISH.

ATHER! will you carry me up and down the room in your arms, please?" said little Rosie one day when her father returned from his work. "Yes, love," replied he, and at once crossed over to the bedside of his darling girl and gently putting his arms under her, and burying them as much as possible in the bed so as not to hurt the little frail body, he tenderly raised her up and began to carry her about the room.

Little Rosie was very ill, and had been compelled to keep her bed for some weeks. The doctor who came to see her told her parents she would never get better, and though they bought her nice things and tried to do everything they could, she grew weaker, and her face became thinner and more pale every day—little Rosie was dying.

Rosie's father loved Jesus, and he thought very much about his little girl, and wondered where she would go to when she died; and he often prayed for her, and asked God to wash away her sins, and fit her for going to heaven.

Well, as he carried her in the room he looked down into her sunken yet thoughtful looking eyes, and said, "Rosie!" "Yes, father." "Wouldn't you like to get better?" "No, father."

“What! not like to get better and play with Johnnie and Lizzie, and Charlie again.” “No, father, I don’t want to get better; I want to die, and go to heaven and be with Jesus. Lizzie may have my doll, and Johnnie my hoop, I don’t want them any more.”

For a moment Rosie’s father was silent. Something seemed to come up right from his heart to his throat and almost choke him; but he forced it back, and tried not to let little Rosie see the tear that dimmed his eyes.

“But, Rosie dear, you have not always been a good girl; you have sometimes been very naughty, and grieved mother and me. Now, Rosie, how can a naughty girl go to heaven?”

A thoughtful look appeared on Rosie’s face, and she did not reply for a few seconds, but at last she said, “I know, father, I’ve been naughty sometimes, and done many things I ought not, but Jesus died for me, and the Bible says. He ‘bare our sins in His own body on the tree,’ and I know I love Him, and when I die I shall go to Him, and I want to go to Him, and be with Him happy for ever in heaven.”

It was now time for Rosie to be put back in bed, and her father to return to work. But a few days after the window blinds were seen left down all day—little Rosie was dead. God had given to her her wish, and taken her to be with Him in heaven, and

her mother and father will one day meet her there. They could not help crying a great deal at first, but knew after all Rosie was happier with Jesus than she could be with them; and they felt sure Jesus, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," had taken their darling Rosie, washed in His own blood, right up to Himself to sing His praises, and see and share His glory.

Little reader, would you like to go to heaven and be with Jesus? Then you must be forgiven. God cannot let any one into heaven except those whose naughty ways are washed away by the blood of His Son, Jesus Christ.

C. M.











