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SALVATION

FOR THE CHILDREN

SECOND SERIES





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*DIED AT HIS POST.—(see page 5.)*

SALVATION  
FOR  
THE CHILDREN.



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SECOND SERIES.

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## DIED AT HIS POST.

**T**HE engineer of a train, near Montreal, saw a large dog on the track. The dog was barking furiously. The engineer blew the whistle at him, but he did not stir; and, crouching low, he was struck by the locomotive, and killed. There was a bit of white muslin on the locomotive, which made the engineer wonder, so he stopped his train and went back. There lay the dead dog, *and a dead child*, which had wandered upon the track, and had gone to sleep. Poor dog! he had given the signal to stop the train, *but he could not save*, so he died at his post.

But I'm thinking of another child who is in much greater danger, and who is also fast asleep. My little friend, do you know whether you are a lamb of Jesus' flock? Do you know that your sins are forgiven you? Or do you not care whether

they are or not? If not, little reader, that child is YOURSELF.

And I'm thinking of something coming nearer, and nearer, and nearer, as fast as Time can speed along—something that will waken every one, young and old, who is asleep in sin, but only to plunge them into the second death—the Lake of Fire. Yes, something is coming which will sweep away every refuge of lies, and tread down every one who has gone to sleep in such false hiding-places. That something is JUDGMENT.

But I read of One who stood right in the track of God's judgment for sin. You know that I mean JESUS. I read that He lay on His face on the ground, and sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and prayed to God, His Father, that if it were possible this might pass from Him. But if He is to save others He could not save Himself. His spotless soul must be crushed beneath the judgment which you and I deserved. God's wrath lay hard on Him. His bruised body hung from four wounds, where the nails pierced His hands and His feet. His blood was poured

forth. God turned away from Him, and His heart melted like wax.

Was it not sad? And to think, too, that it was all for your sins and mine, that God was punishing Him on behalf of you and me! My young reader, what are you going to do now with Jesus? Will you allow yourself to be sorry for the faithful dog who died, but could not save his charge, and yet harden your heart against the great loving Saviour who suffered, and bled, and died, and is now "*mighty to save?*" Will you feel for this poor little child gone to sleep on the rails, and crushed by the engine; and will you not fear although you are yourself in great danger? Or will you not rather make haste and flee to Jesus, who is a hiding place from the coming storm? Do so at once, little one, and you will never be sorry for it. If Jesus comes—and He is coming again some day soon—you will be ready to meet Him, and will not be afraid.

You will have a happy life — no life is so happy as a Christian life. And, what is better still, you will be safe for eternity, and able to sing :

*Died at His Post.*

“A Rock that stands for ever,  
Is Christ my Righteousness,  
And there I stand unfearing,  
In everlasting bliss.

There is no condemnation,  
There is no hell for me,  
The torment and the fire  
My eyes shall never see ;

For me there is no sentence,  
For me Death has no sting !  
Because the Lord who loves me,  
Shall shield me with His wing.”  
A. P. M.

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## THE MARTYR SLAVE BOY.

DEAR young friends,—I heard a gentleman tell a sad story of the death of a little slave boy in one of the southern states of America. The gentleman had been a missionary for twenty-six years among the coloured people.

“One evening,” said he, “a little slave boy came to my house to hear about Jesus. He had not been long there when his

master came to seek for him, and, in my presence, ordered the lad to get twenty-five lashes on the bare back.

After he had received the lashes, his brutal master asked, 'What can your Jesus do for you now?' 'Me love my Jesus,' was the dear little fellow's reply.

'Give him twenty-five lashes more,' cried the monster.

After the second lashing was over, again he asked, 'What can your Jesus do for you now?' 'He love me.'

'Give him twenty-five lashes more.'

The third scourging was too much for the poor boy, and when finished, the master again asked, 'What can your Jesus do for you now?' In a feeble whisper, which could scarcely be heard, the words fell from his lips, as life was fast ebbing away, 'He give me grace to pray for you;' and in a short time after, his spirit was with the Saviour he loved so well."

No doubt, dear young friends, you will be deeply touched at the reading of this sad story; but, let me ask, have you ever thought of what Jesus did for that slave boy, and FOR YOU?

The Lord Jesus suffered far more for you than the little slave boy suffered for Him. Jesus never sinned, and the soldiers were very cruel to Him. They placed on Him a crown of thorns, and a purple robe. They smote Him, spat on His face, and, worst of all, drove great nails through His hands and feet, and nailed Him to a tree. On that cross God forsook Him, and before He died, the cry was wrung from His lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" His last words were, "It is finished," and He died.

This is what Jesus HAS DONE for you. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. liii. 5). He has suffered all this that He might have you with Him in heaven for ever.

The slave-owner asked the little slave, "What CAN your Jesus do for you now?" I have told you what Jesus *has done* for you; and let me tell you that He can now save you, and forgive you all your sins. If you simply believe that He died for you, He will give you everlasting life, and make you His own for ever. Whenever

*The Martyr Slave Boy.*

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you believe on His love and death for you, you will be able to say with the black boy, "Me love my Jesus." Meantime you may take up his language and say, "He love me," and whenever you receive His love into your heart, you will love Him who suffered and died for you.

If, however, you do not believe on Jesus; if you do not take Him to be your Saviour, you will be lost for ever.

A. M.







***"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."***



*“THE GOOD SHEPHERD.”*



**I**T seems to me that this is one of the sweetest characters with which our Lord Jesus clothes Himself. Now if you look at that beautiful tenth chapter of John, we have Him speaking of Himself as “The Good Shepherd.” He calls Himself the Door of the sheep. He says He knows all His own sheep by name. He calls them, and they follow Him, for they know His voice ; but they know not the voice of a stranger. Is not all this most beautiful ? I am sure you will like this part of the Bible ; but I want to ask you one little question, just in a whisper,

so that no one else can hear. Are you one of the Good Shepherd's lambs?

And there is something else He did for His sheep, far greater than what we have mentioned. What was it? Something that brought out His wonderful love.

"Ah!" I hear you answer, "He laid down His life for them." Yes, on Calvary's cross He gave up His life that He might gather a multitude of little ones, as well as older people, to form His flock to dwell with Himself for ever.

Now I want to tell you something that happened some years ago in the land of Palestine, that land where our blessed Saviour lived, and where He went about doing good, and where also they cruelly crucified Him. As our little hymn says,

"But such a cruel death He died,  
He was hung up and crucified,  
And those kind hands that did such good,  
They nailed them to a cross of wood."

And this incident, I think, beautifully

illustrates the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep.

There were two Christian men, uncle and nephew, who were shepherds, having a large flock of sheep of their own, which they carefully looked after. Every morning they would take them out on to the mountains, or along the beautiful valleys to the green pastures and still waters, bringing them back to the fold in the evening, and shutting them safely in; for, as some of you know, it would not do to leave them out all night, as either the wild beasts would destroy them, or the Arab robbers might carry them off. Now this is just how the Good Shepherd watches over and cares for His flock, for He says, "They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand."

Well, one evening M—— and his uncle had brought, as they thought, the whole of their flock down to the fold, but when all

had passed in, they found that one sheep was missing.

"And you know," said M—— (for he told this to a friend of mine), "we could not go home to rest, knowing that one of our flock was out on the mountains, lost, and in danger of being destroyed; for we loved our sheep almost as much as we loved our children. (Oh! was not this like our gracious Saviour? He saw that sinners—and *you are one*—were lost, and in awful danger of being destroyed, body and soul, for all eternity; and He could not rest). So after shutting up the others safely, we got our lanterns, and off we started in search of the lost one.

"My uncle went one way, and I another. All the night through, up and down the mountain sides, and through the valleys we searched, but found not. Worn in body, and sad at heart, as the early dawn was appearing, I commenced to retrace

my steps; but not willing to give up the hope of success, I resolved to have one trial more; so placing my ear to the ground, I listened. Hark! what is that sound? Hush! yes, 'tis the faint, far-away bleating of the lost sheep. The sound came from up the mountain, at the foot of which I was standing. This seemed to put fresh vigour and strength unto me. So I started up, and as I ascended, the bleating became louder and louder. I soon reached the summit, and going a little over on the other side, I saw a sight which nearly broke my heart. On a ledge at the top of a deep precipice lay the sheep, safe and sound, and seemingly well pleased to see me; but at the bottom lay my uncle—dead.

The good shepherd had given his life for the sheep."

"I suppose," said M——, "that seeing the sheep at the bottom, or a long way

down, he had clambered to where it was, and placing it on his shoulder had then climbed up again and put it in the place of safety. In getting up himself he had either slipped, or a branch of the bushes had given way as he grasped it, and he had fallen backwards and was killed." When this was told me, I thought, "Oh! how kind and how good to thus risk his life for a little sheep!" But, dear young friend, have you thought at all of the kindness and love of our Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ, giving up His life, dying that awful death on the cross to save us, who like that little sheep have gone astray? Has He found you? Has He saved you? or are you still a lost one? Do think what a terrible thing it is to be lost, lost now, and lost for ever. But this need not be: the Good Shepherd is seeking after you now, while you are reading these words. That He may find you and

*"The Good Shepherd."*

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make you His lamb to-day is my earnest prayer.

The Shepherd is out to-night  
Away o'er the mountains cold ;  
Seeking the lost and wayward lamb  
That wandered from the fold.

He seeks o'er hill and vale,  
O'er desert dark and drear ;  
With weary feet and aching heart,  
Until the dawn is near.

He finds it lost and lone,  
He saves the straying one ;  
He gives His life a ransom price,  
To bring the wanderer home.

Yes, children, Jesus died  
To save your souls from hell ;  
Come be His little lamb to-day,  
And with Him ever dwell.

G. S. I.







**"I AM GOING TO HEAVEN, FATHER."**



*"I AM GOING TO HEAVEN,  
FATHER!"*

**I**F you had come with me into an old farm-house kitchen, one winter's night, just five years ago, you would have seen a dozen or so big strong country lads from ten to sixteen years of age.

They had come to tea that night, and enjoyed it very heartily, just as you do, dear children, when you have a Sunday school tea meeting, perhaps more so, for it was something unusual for them; tea over, the boys were spoken to cheerfully and earnestly about the salvation of their souls. If you had watched, you would have seen one lad, with large, eager eyes,

22 "*I am Going to Heaven, Father.*"

listening as if for life. The other boys go home, but he and a companion stay behind, longing to hear more. In many a meeting at that time, you might have seen John L——waiting behind every one else; for, children, he knew he was *LOST*, and he wanted to be *saved*.

Do you wonder he was so anxious? when death and hell were before him? *I* wonder that *you*, dear little reader, can rest, if your sins are not forgiven.

As a faithful servant of the Lord was speaking to him, at last John L—— saw that though it was true he was a lost sinner, yet the Lord Jesus had died instead of him, a poor sinful boy, and that all his sins were forgiven.

Do you think he went home happy? Indeed he did and you may be happy before you finish reading this story, for

the same Jesus is ready to save you.

Weeks and months, and years passed on. John grew from the boy into a young man, working as an under-gardener in a gentleman's house ; he was respected and useful ; at home gentle and consistent. In the village, always ready quietly to stand by the open-air preacher, to say a word to an anxious one, and to welcome into the gospel meeting all he could speak to. We can see him still. Oh, what a thrill of sorrow *for ourselves*, when coming home from a three months' absence, we were hurriedly told—"*John L—— is dead.*"

Just come with me now for a minute or two longer into his parents' cottage ; his father and mother are both in to-day ; the father has his best clothes on still, for he has just come in from planting white

24 "*I am Going to Heaven, Father.*"

daisies and a beautiful shrub—his fellow-gardeners' gift—on his dear son's grave. Now he sits down, and, though not a man of many words, seems very anxious to tell us about John. Now, listen, as first the father, and then the mother, tell how, when he came home worn and weary, he had taken his little Bible for comfort, and as they tell it, they reach it down from its corner on the shelf, turned down at the 23rd Psalm.

"One day," said the mother, "father and John were talking *about religion*, and at last John rose, came over and sat beside his father, burst into tears, as he said, 'Father, I'm going to heaven, and oh, I wish you were!'"

"Yes, and I could not help crying, too," said the father.

Another day he said to a younger

*"I am Going to Heaven, Father."* 25

brother, "George, prepare to meet your God."

"Oh," said another brother, "if our John had said that to me I think I should have gone out of my mind."

His last sovereign he put into his mother's hand, saying, "I hope I shan't need much more." It had been his heart's desire to have new dresses for his little sisters to go with him to the gospel meeting, and out of the money realised from the few things he left behind, his little sisters got their new dresses, but John has gone to be with his Saviour.

To a Christian friend who came to see him, when his breathing would scarcely let him speak, he said, "All's right, brother," as he gently pressed his hand. But we must not stay longer, though not half has been told. Have you heard

26 *"I am Going to Heaven, Father."*

enough to make you say, I wish I was ready for heaven? then come at once to John's Saviour. Remember *you* have nothing to do to save yourself. *He* has done it all.

" I only enter on the rest  
Obtained by labours done;  
I only claim the victory,  
By Him so dearly won.

" To Thy strong hand I lay me down,  
So shall the work be done,  
For who can work so wondrously,  
As an Almighty One?"

M. A. W.





## AND WHO IS WEE WILLIE?

---

**W**ELL, DEAR CHILDREN, he was, I have no doubt, just such another little boy as some of you who are reading this story, or are having it read to you by your kind mother or teacher.

I never saw Wee Willie, yet I can quite fancy I see the pale face of the little sick child. The window is darkened, and his mother is moving about the room so quietly, sometimes smoothing his pillow and putting her cool hand on his hot forehead; and then there was the day when father came in and told the other little ones to be so quiet, because Wee Willie was dying; and it may be, as night came on, the other children all gathered round the fire, and listened to every sound





*AND WHO IS WEE WILLIE?*

that came from the sick-room, till all is silence, and they almost fear to move from their seats, or open the door lest they should meet that unknown messenger who has come to take their little brother away.

Now there are strange sounds: men are bringing in the little coffin, and Wee Willie is laid in it! Oh, how white he looks; and how still he lies. Then there was the last kiss on his cold forehead, and a last good-bye.

And this is Wee Willie's grave you see in this picture.

How sad it must have been for his parents to leave him in the cold earth, for I am sure they loved their little boy, from what I saw of the grave; it was not that there was any grand marble stone laid over the spot—for I have no doubt Wee Willie's parents were not rich people, but those few short words, spelt out with what looked like large white china buttons, fixed in cement, spoke to me more loudly than all the costly monuments I saw around.

But is this the end of Wee Willie?

I could not find his little grave again when looking for it not long ago; yet God knows just the spot where his body lies crumbling to dust; and, wonderful as it may seem to us, a day will come when the grave will give up its dust, and Wee Willie will stand before God. Oh, what a solemn day that will be! And you, dear children, will have to be there as well as he. How I used to tremble at the thought when I was a little boy, and wish I had never been born, for I felt God was such a great and holy God, and I such a sinner, although I was only a little boy.

It may be you would like to ask me, what great sin I had done that I felt so afraid to meet God.

Did you ever make a blot on your clean copy-book, and then, it may be, try to rub it out, and, in doing so, make it far worse? Or you may have turned over the leaf and begun on another one; but then how uneasy you felt when teacher came round and took up your book to see how you were writing; how ashamed you felt when the very page was opened with the great

blot, just as if teacher had known it was there.

When once you had made the blot you could not clean it out again, and your trying to do so only made it worse; and turning over a new leaf only hid the blot for a little while.

Just so with me. It was not that I had been a greater sinner than many other little boys; but yet I could remember many a dark blot of sin in my past life, and all my trying to get rid of it only seemed to make it worse, and if I turned over a new leaf I remembered the old one was still there, and I knew that God would see it.

I could only hide it from myself, or from those around me, for a little while; but the day would come when God would bring all to the light, and what would I do then?

Ah, dear children, I did not know then how I could be saved, or how I was to meet God. It may be you have often heard the way you can be saved, but this is not enough.

If you were living in Edinburgh, as I am now, knowing all about the way to London would never take you there; so your knowing that Jesus can save you is not enough.

If I wish to go to London I must go to the train and get into it; I must trust the power of that steam-engine. So you must go to Jesus, and trust Him as YOUR Saviour, and know His power to save YOU; and not only know Him as THE Saviour, or A Saviour.

Thousands who will never be in heaven knew that, yet never trusted Him.

But you say, how am I to go to Jesus and trust Him? Well, you can go to Him as you sit on the chair, or in your own room; and believing on Him means just to trust Him as the One that has done it all for you, as if there was not another sinner in the world but yourself.

But you say, I want to feel I am saved. Well, I will tell you one more short story, and then I have done.

A friend of mine once had a very sweet

little baby-girl, and he used to put her on the mantelpiece sometimes, and then drawing back and stooping down, would say to her, "Now, baby, jump." She could not jump, but she used just to let herself tumble into his strong arms. She let go everything else, and then she felt the power of those strong arms to hold her up.

So, dear children, you must let go everything, even your fancied goodness, and just trust Jesus; and then—and not till then—will you **FEEL** His power to save even you.

" Only trust Him ;  
Only trust Him ;  
Only trust Him now.  
He will save you ;  
He will save you ;  
He will save you now."

J. A. B.





*"I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE."*

---

**A** MOTHER once recited to me the happy death of her child, only nine years of age. •

As soon as this little girl could read, she manifested a different bearing from the rest of the family, and as she grew older, gave decided evidence of a change of heart, and of her trust in Jesus. She would frequently tell her mother how good it was for Jesus to die upon the cross for sinners, and how nice it was to love Him, and know one's sins forgiven. Suddenly this little one was laid low with fever, and though extremely weak, remained very happy and firm in her trust in Jesus. She would frequently sing verses of hymns she had learnt at the Sunday school. One day, when the doctor called to see her, before leaving, he requested her mother to watch her closely, as he thought it was not

likely she would last the day out. A few hours after the doctor had left, the mother heard her child calling for her, and going up to the little bed saw a decided change in her child for the worse. While looking at her with a mother's care, the dear little one said, with a smile upon her thin, pale face, "Mother, sing to me." The mother, seeing the end of her darling child was nigh, and as the tears coursed down her cheeks, replied, "I can't, my dear, just now." "Well, mother, if you can't I can," said the little child, and immediately began singing with her soft sweet voice,—

"My God, I am Thine—what a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine;  
Hallelujah, Thine the glory, hallelujah, amen!  
Hallelujah, Thine the glory; come Jesus, again!"

After concluding the first verse, and finding her voice and strength failing, and her mother weeping, she said, "Oh, mother, don't weep like that; *I'm not afraid to die*. Do, mother, sing to me the other verse,—  
"My Jesus to know." The broken-hearted mother, to calm her dying child, amidst sobs and tears sung, as well as she could,—

"My Jesus to know, and feel His love flow;"





***"I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE."***

but, ere she reached the third line, fell upon the neck of her dear child, and bathed the little one's face with her tears, and could sing no more. While the sorrowing mother was in this position, the little child said, with great feeling, "Oh, mother, don't weep like that; *I'm not afraid to die*, for I'm going to be with Jesus;" and then, placing her little hand upon the forehead of her mother, requesting her to rise, said, "Hark, hark, mother! can't you hear the music? it's so sweet! Look, mother, look! there are bright angels, all dressed in white, coming to take me to be with Jesus; look, mother! Number them—there are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve angels coming to take me to be with Jesus!" and then, almost imperceptibly, the dear little one sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

The young die as well as the old, and suddenly too. Only the other week, a young lady, who went to the school of a friend of the writer, while running upstairs to fetch her cloak, fell down dead. But she had blessedly trusted in Jesus, and

could have said, if she had had the opportunity, "*I'm not afraid to die.*" And could you say the same, my dear little reader. I know you have heard about Jesus, and read of his great love in your Bible. But I want to ask have *you* come to Him; have *you* trusted Him; have *you* believed in Him. If you have not, oh don't delay another moment, lest death should come upon you suddenly, and find you unprepared, unsaved, unforgiven. It may be some parents may read this incident who have little loved ones with Jesus. I would ask, Are you ready to follow them? Have you trusted in the precious blood of Jesus? If not, believe in Him now; trust Him as your Saviour; and then you will be able to say, like those gone before, "*I'm not afraid to die.*"

" There's a beautiful land, where all is bright,  
No sickness, no pain, no sorrow, no night;  
There happiness dwells, and joy reigns for ever,  
In that beautiful land just over the river.  
There flowers ne'er fade, nor chill winds arise,  
Nor clouds dim the radiance of glory-lit skies;  
No night-shadows fall, but the light shineth ever,  
In that beautiful land just over the river."

S. B.

## WHOM DOES JESUS SUIT?

**T**HERE was once a big tent pitched in a very large town, and numbers of people used to go to it to hear the gospel preached. One night in the week boys and girls came; hundreds of them; little boys who seemed to have no kind mothers to care for them, for their faces were often dirty, and their hair uncombed. I'm sure you would have pitied them if you could have seen them; some had no boots or stockings, and others no jackets or coats, but they came and liked coming too, and enjoyed the singing, and used to sing themselves as loudly as they could.

One evening a gentleman came to speak to them, and what do you think he said? well, I will tell you. "Children! I want to tell you something about the best name in the Bible; but I want you to guess first the name I mean." "Jesus! sir," shouted a dozen or more voices. "Yes, that's it, Jesus! Well, let me see, how do you spell it?" J...E...S...U...S. "Yes, quite right; and you will find as many letters in that name as there are fingers on your left hand. Now, just touch a finger as you

say each letter, and I will mention a word each time you do.

<b>J</b>	Jesus
<b>E</b>	Exactly
<b>S</b>	Suits
<b>U</b>	Us
<b>S</b>	Sinners.

Jesus... Exactly... Suits... Us... Sinners. Every time you hear of Jesus I want you to think of this—that He is just the One we need, and that He is suited to us. What suits a sick child? Why, the doctor and his medicine. And what suits that little hungry fellow there? Why, bread to be sure. And what suits sinners? Jesus, the Saviour. As the sick one wants the doctor, the hungry one bread; so sinners want Jesus, and He exactly suits them.

Who are sinners? All of us; because the Bible says all have sinned—little boys and girls, and grown-up men and women. We have all got hearts which are sinful, and which lead us to do many naughty things which we ought not to do. But Jesus loved us and came all the way from heaven to be punished for our sins, and He died on the cross, and God punished

Him instead of us. Was it not very kind of Jesus coming thus to die that He might save us?

Now, just think, Jesus not only suits sinners, but He suits **ME**; He suits any sinner, and every sinner that will trust in Him for salvation.

He exactly suits my little reader, and my little reader needs Him; and if you will only from your heart believe that He died for you, your soul will be saved, all your sins forgiven, and then you will go and be with Him up in heaven. Don't forget, "*Jesus exactly suits us sinners.*"

"If I come to Jesus,  
Happy I shall be,  
He is gently calling  
Little ones like me."

C. M.





***THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY.***



## THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO WENT OUT IN THE SUN.

**L**ONG years ago in an Eastern country there dwelt a rich man and his wife. They seem to have had plenty of this world's goods, for they had lands and a house and servants at their command, and the woman was known as a "great woman" in the place where they lived; but though they were so rich, and had so many things, they were not unmindful of the One who had given them, and they were not ashamed to receive into their house one of His servants, and to show him great kindness, and even to have a special room built for him, and to have it furnished with all he might require. Nor was it done that they might gain the praise of men, or to obtain some great reward—for when the man of God sent for the woman to enquire what she would like, she answered, "I dwell among mine own



people;" she was quite contented and happy, but there was one great want in that Eastern home—there were no sounds of merry childish laughter, no sweet voices ringing, and no sound of little pattering feet running out to meet the father as he returned from his toil: this one deep joy had been denied them. But the time came when even this was added, and a little baby boy was given, a precious gift from God to cheer the aged father; and how the mother's heart must have beat with joy as she saw him grow day by day: what a treasure she had got, far exceeding all her other riches. But what more do we hear of this precious child? "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers." Can we not see before our minds the waving corn, and hear the busy sound of the reapers. When a child I lived in the country, and used to be so glad in harvest time to be allowed to go to the corn-fields and sit among the yellow sheaves. My little readers, have not some of you enjoyed this treat: and we used to rub out the

grains of wheat and oats in our hands, and carry home our treasure. But doubtless the burning sun was too much for the little child, and he cried, "My head, my head!" and the father had him carried home to his mother: and "he sat upon her knees till noon and died."

The mother laid him upon the bed of the man of God, and hasted to Carmel, and would not be satisfied till he returned with her. God heard his prayer, and the child was brought to life again, and restored to his mother.

And now, dear children, there is one thing in this true Bible story that I want you to think of—it is this: That even little children die. This little boy went out in the morning well and strong, and at noon he was dead. How very solemn to think of! and perhaps some of you who may read this little story have had brothers or sisters who have passed away from this earthly scene. I had a very dear sister who learnt to love Jesus when she was young, and though she was all her life very delicate, she was very happy; and

when the time came for her "to depart and be with Christ," her dying words were—"Yes, Lord, it is Thou; I am not afraid."

Dear little ones, are any of you afraid to die? I was once. And why are you afraid to meet God? 'Tis all because of sin: how dreadful to think that even our first thoughts about God, who has given us so many good things, should be thoughts of fear and terror. What a big, black giant sin is to make us afraid of the "God of love." But, then, we need not continue in fear. Dear children, though you were born sinners, and inherit a sinful nature, there is a remedy for this terrible disease. If you will only come to the right Physician. Jesus is the Saviour of both big and little sinners, and when on earth He said, "Suffer the little children to come *unto Me*." Will you listen to His loving invitation and come to Him now in childhood's days, while your hearts are young and tender? don't wait to grow old and hardened in the ways of sin. Jesus knocks at the door of your heart to-day.

He shows you His pierced hands and His side, wounded for you on Calvary's Cross. Can you resist such tender love as this? He says, "Come unto Me." Believe on Him as your Saviour. Trust Him now, and you will know the sweetness of being saved; of being on your way to be with Him for ever. But be assured you never can dwell with Him unless you are born again by believing His precious Word.

R. C. I.

LITTLE JEANNIE.

"**T**ELL me about Jesus, mother, do tell me about Jesus," and little Jeannie kept repeating her request until her mother had to put her work aside, and taking the little girl up on her knee, began to tell her the "old, old story of Jesus and His love."

Jeannie was a bright little girl, not quite six years old. Her mother thought she was too young to understand much about being saved, and told her to wait until she

was a little older, and then she would tell her; but Jeannie would not be put off. She was so delighted and interested to hear her mother speak about Jesus.

It was not long until the parents observed a remarkable change on their little girl. She told her mother one day that Jesus was coming for her, and wondered when He would come.

Not long after this she was standing close by an open window, when a bird flew in and lighted upon her; it quietly rested until she had stroked its head, and then flew away. "Mother," she cried, "Jesus has come for me now," and that night dear little Jeannie was seized with a sudden illness, and went away to be with Jesus.

My dear young reader, Are you ready to die? Are you ready to meet God?





## “IT IS FINISHED!”

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LITTLE more than two years ago I was deeply concerned about the unsaved state of my precious soul. I had been so for some weary weeks, but could find no rest nor peace, until one night my sister (who had been converted about six months before, and who was the first means of rousing me to conviction of sin, and anxiety about my eternal future), began telling me over again the little story of how she got peace through believing in Jesus, and how simply and easily she got it.

“I just *believed*,” she said, “and that moment I *knew* I was saved.” While mother was speaking to me, and trying to put the Gospel plainer before me, she remarked, “Why, you may be saved before you get up from that chair—you have *only*



***"IT IS FINISHED!"***

*to believe.*" Light broke in, and I found peace in Jesus; and, oh, how happy I was, and how I *thanked* Him from the depths of my soul that He died for me." So saying, my sister rose and left me to my unhappy thoughts.

I pondered over her words, saying within myself, "Why can't I be saved as easily? Oh, that I were, and as happy as she is? But believing seems *too easy*, and it bewilders me. I *do* believe, but I cannot say that I am *saved*—I am sure I am not. There *must* be something else to *do* before one can *know* one has salvation." Then, in my great misery, I wept and cried aloud, "Oh, God, I do *want* to be saved, but do not know *how!*" Almost immediately I seemed to hear the words, "*It is finished!*" ring clear and sweet in my ears, and, like a flash of divine light, *I saw it all!* I believe it was a message straight from the Lord. I had been crying and praying and beseeching to know *how* to be saved, and what to *do*, when nearly 1900 years ago it was *all finished* on the Cross of Calvary. I had been for weeks



nearly crushed by my burden of guilt and sin, while Jesus had borne it all before, and it was "rolled away." All I had to do was *believe*, which I already did; the *rest* was *all done* when that blessed Jesus uttered those three precious words, "*It is finished!*" and died for the "world of sinners lost."

In my new-found peace and joy, for my burden had, indeed, "rolled away," I knelt down, and, with tears of happiness, thanked Him that he had left *me* nothing to do, that Jesus, the Perfect One, the beloved Son of God, had finished it all when He died on the tree. I then turned to John xix. 30, and read the words which God had used so wonderfully in giving me rest and peace. And now, when troubled by Satan with doubts and fears as to the assurance of my salvation, I just repeat my Jesus' words, "*It is finished,*" and quickly doubts and fears vanish.

Dear young fellow-sinner! you who have a *desire* to be saved, who may, like me, *believe* in *Him*—in Jesus—but are yet in uncertainty, rest in peace, *He finished it*, perfectly,

completely, and *you are saved* by simply *believing*. That is your part, for "this is the *work* of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29). Nothing more *you* can do will save you. Simply *believing*. "Whosoever *believeth* in Him shall *not* perish, but *have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16).

But you, careless, reckless one! who do *not* want to be saved, who do *not* believe that Jesus is *your* Saviour—you are condemned already. Your *unbelief* condemns you, for God says so (John iii. 18). Oh, then, *believe*, and rest on the *finished work of Christ*.

E. W.

"HAPPY LIZZIE."

WHAT a nice name that is for a little girl! and I would like to tell the boys and girls who read this book, how Lizzie was made so happy. The first time I remember seeing her she was not "Happy Lizzie," for she was not saved. Like most little girls, she was very fond of pleasure, and she thought if she

got converted she would have to be very melancholy. What a mistake that is! for there are no children so joyful as the lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock. I often spoke to Lizzie about her soul, and told her the way to be saved; but for a long time she appeared to pay little heed to it. One night as she was passing out of the room where a number of children had been singing hymns, and hearing of the love of Jesus, I saw a tear on her pretty face, and I took her aside and asked if she now desired to be saved. She said, "Yes," and there and then she believed on Jesus as her *own* dear Saviour. It was that night she became "Happy Lizzie," and ever after, until the day she went home to Jesus, her great delight was to speak and sing to everybody about Him. She came home from school one day very ill, and was put to bed. For many weeks she suffered much pain, but amid it all she never murmured; she longed to be with Jesus, in that bright and happy home where pain is never known.

One day, when racked with pain, she

prayed, "O Jesus, come and take me away—come quickly." Another day one of her companions came to see her, and said she was sorry to see her suffer so much. She answered, "O Maggie, it is nothing to what Jesus suffered for me, and I am soon to be with Him. Tell all my school companions to come to Jesus, and tell them I am dying, and going to be with Him."

While the boys and girls were spending their Christmas holidays on the last week of the year, "Happy Lizzie" fell asleep in Jesus. They laid her body in a little grave on the New-Year's morning, but she was away in heaven spending her "Happy New Year."

Dear children, if you wish to be really happy in life, happy in death, and happy through all eternity, then receive Jesus as "Happy Lizzie" did.





*STORY OF A RICH FARMER.*



## STORY OF A RICH FARMER.

“**T**HE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry. But *God said unto him*, THOU FOOL! THIS NIGHT THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?” (Luke xii. 16-20).

People would say this was a wise and a prosperous man. He had possibly worked hard in younger days to make his fortune, and the best thing he could do was to

settle down, and take it easy. There was no fear of want ever staring him in the face, for he had plenty; so it was all right. But God says this man was a *fool*, because he had not calculated on the probability of his death, nor had he anything laid up for eternity. When he left his earthly possessions that night, and entered eternity, he saw what a fool he had been; but, alas! too late to be wise.

What are *your* possessions for eternity?

When death draws its veil across your eyes and closes them to all you have on earth, what shall your lot be, and where your portion then?

Is the youthful reader of this sad story making the same mistake? *Pause a moment and think.*

This farmer only calculated upon living "*many years*"—but what a mistake that was! he forgot he had to live *for ever*. Ah; that was where he erred, he did not reckon for eternity. How short the "*many years*" of the longest life down here compared with eternity!

Now tell me this, have you thought of

having to live *for ever*? have you considered where you will be ten thousands of years after this? you will be somewhere, you cannot cease to be.

You have heard of a heaven of joy and blessedness, and of a hell of sorrow and woe. You have read of the city with the jasper walls and the street of shining gold where the redeemed *for ever* live with Jesus; and I suppose you must have also read of the lake of fire where the lost must spend their sad "for ever" too. Now in which of the two are you to be? not for "many years" but *for ever*? Can you comprehend that word "for ever"? Try.

"Count the tiny blades that glisten  
Early in the morning dew.  
Count the desert sand that stretches  
Under heaven's dome of blue.  
When thy counting all is done,  
Scarce eternity's begun."

*Reader, Pause!*

Where wilt thou be during that ETERNITY?

J. R.





*"I DO NOT FEEL LIKE  
DYING."*

**I** WANT you to come with me on a visit. It is to see a little girl who is very ill. She used to attend Sunday School, and there learned to love and trust the Lord Jesus as her own precious Saviour. Soon after this circumstance, she was taken ill, and now has to keep her bed. Let us go quietly up the stairs, and open the door gently, lest we disturb her, as she may be asleep. But no, she is awake; and her dear mother, looking very sorrowful, is watching by. And some of her Sunday school companions, who love her very much, have come to see her. She is very ill, her face is pale and thin; but she seems very happy, and her eyes shine with almost heavenly brightness. Can she speak? Yes, bend down low, and listen. "I do not feel like dying," she says. "Still, she *is* dying," you say. Yes, we can say that; but the Lord Jesus

has taken away the sting and fear of Death, and instead of seeing Death, she beholds Him who loved her, and gave Himself for her.

Now, my dear young friend, suppose you were to be taken ill, as Alice was, and, like her, have to die (Ah! you know if the Lord Jesus does not come first, *you must die*), would you be happy, would you be able to say, "I do not feel like dying?" I think I hear you answer, "No, I do not like to think of death, it makes me afraid." Do you know why that is? It is because you have not received pardon of your sins; it is your sins that make you afraid to meet God. Why not come to the Lord Jesus, and have them forgiven? You know that many came to Him while He was here on earth, and He forgave them all; and many more have come since, and they too have been forgiven; for He is still the same. He says, "I have power on earth to forgive sins," and oh, how willing He is to do so! One young friend writes to me: "I am so happy in Jesus. I think He must have sent you that night

to speak to me. When I heard you speak of Jesus and His love, from the 53rd of Isaiah, that 6th verse seemed to open my eyes. Praise the Lord! I can look back to that night with pleasure." And why? Because she came to Jesus as a lost young sinner, and believed in Him as her Saviour, and found He had died for her sins, suffering in her stead.

Now, will you trust Him also? You know you must either do one or other of two things—accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, or reject Him. Do come to Him now; it is so blessed to know your sins forgiven, and that you have a home in that place which Jesus has gone to prepare for all who love Him. Then, if—like little Alice—you come to die, and kind, loving friends are standing round your bed watching sorrowfully as you pass away, you will be able to say to them, as you by faith see your blessed Saviour waiting to receive you to Himself, "I do not feel like dying."

"I do not feel like dying,"  
So said a little soul,  
"For all is light and cheerful ;  
'Twas Jesus made me whole.  
He called me, and He saved me,  
He brought me to His side ;  
And now, I'm His for ever,  
And in His love abide."

"I do not feel like dying—  
My sins are all forgiven,  
His precious blood has cleansed me,  
And fitted me for heaven ;  
And in His arms He bears me,  
I lie upon His breast,  
A little lamb, thus folded  
In sweet and perfect rest."

"I do not feel like dying—  
I'm only going home ;  
The Master, He has called me,  
I've heard His welcome, 'Come' ;  
So good-bye, all ye loved ones,  
I'll meet you in the dawn,  
When Jesus comes in glory  
That bright and glorious morn."

G. S. I.













