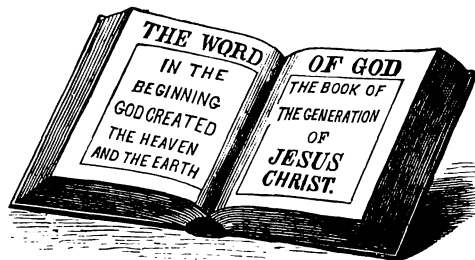


PURE STREAM

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1877.

No. 1.



Holding the Fort.

AS I write, a heavy snow covers the ground, and the twigs and limbs of the trees are all sheathed with ice, clear as crystal, and sparkle in the light of the morning sun.

The boys have built their snow forts around in different places, and wherever a little hill can be found, for there are no large ones in the city, there the well-worn tracks show that the sleds have been fully

tried. The air is cheering, and everything shows a grand, beautiful winter day; and I know the children know what to do with it, when school is out. They will go at it quite naturally without being told, getting out the sleds and the skates without much delay.

Yesterday, as I passed along one of the broad avenues, I saw a great image of a man, sitting on a throne, with his hands folded before him in his lap, made of snow frozen to ice. It may have been made from a picture of one of those ugly idols that were found in Central America. It certainly did not look like an object to be worshipped. I thanked God as I passed it that we knew the true God, through Jesus Christ, as One who seeks worshippers, coming to us in His infinite love when we were vile, and lost, and guilty. Ah, how much we have in that precious work of Christ!

And now, here, in this picture, we have something that every child is acquainted with. See how fully it tells the whole story of storming a fort and holding it. See the load of balls being drawn up to reinforce the exhausted ammunition. See that valiant one attempting to scale the fort! See that one getting a ball right in the eye. It looks like serious work, as if they had entered into it with the whole heart. What stories of valor they will have to tell in the evening as they sit around the stove. Oh, boys! you have a merry time.

See to it, in these plays, that Satan gets no advantage, by stirring up anger when you get hurt, or making you act unfairly. For there is another fight to be fought with him. This fight never stops, Winter or Summer. He will take every advantage, therefore we must be on our guard.

I find the record of the battle with him, after it is all over, given in Revelation xii, 11, and there it is told that he was overcome, and by what means. They were two things, the BLOOD of the Lamb and the WORD of their testimony.

How can Satan be defeated? First, by the blood of the Lamb. And that is by your believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and being cleansed by the blood. I re-

member a little verse, in which he is spoken to:

"Oh, thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the guilty clean;
No prey of thine, the soul on which
This token once is seen."

Then, second, the word of God. This is after we are cleansed by the blood and made children of God. Then we are to use the word of God, for He knows all about Satan, and tells us how he will attack us, and what to do. If we take the word of God for everything, we shall be able to put him to flight.

This is the way the Lord Jesus did. You remember when Satan came to Him, tempting Him, His only answer was, "It is written!" God had said that was enough; and so Satan left Him.

Remember, first, the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and then the word of God as guide and rule.

Bible Lessons About Fishes.

THE fishes of Palestine are very varied and plentiful, yet none of them are specified by name in the Bible; they are always alluded to under the general name of fishes.

The first mention we have of fish in the Scriptures, after their creation, is in Ex. vii., where we are told that the Lord commanded Moses to smite the waters of Egypt, so that "all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood, and the fish that were in the river died." This was a severe punishment to the Egyptians, for the waters of Egypt abound in fish and form a staple food of the people. One of the complaints of Israel in the wilderness was, "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely." (Num. xi. 5.) But judgment had come upon Egypt for their sins, and death is the wages of sin. Water is life to fish; without it they die.

There are two kinds of water in nature: moving water and stagnant. Scripture also speaks of "living water," and a "lake of fire," which is the second death. This is strikingly illustrated by the waters of Palestine. The river Jordan and its affluents teem with fish. "The density of

the shoals of fish in the sea of Galilee, can scarcely be conceived by those who have not witnessed them. Frequently these shoals cover an acre or more of the surface, and the fish, as they slowly move along in masses, are so crowded, with their back fins just appearing on the level of the water, that the appearance, at a little distance, is that of a violent shower of rain pattering on the surface. The Jordan is alive with fish to its very exit, and carries, by the rapidity of its current, into the poisonous waters of the Dead Sea, millions of fry, which are soon stupified, and become the easy prey of the birds which await them, while myriads of their carcasses strew the shore near the mouth."

How strikingly this illustrates the fate of those who are carried swiftly down the river of judgment, (Jordan means that,) whose exit is the lake of fire! (Rev. xx. 12-15.) The whole of mankind are like the fish in the Jordan; they are all under judgment, ("he that believeth not is condemned already,") and they are all passing swiftly onward to the Dead Sea, in which there is no life—the second death, the lake of fire.

How, then, can any escape from that awful doom? By being taken out of the Jordan, out of the state of judgment. The Lord has sent out many servants, as he sent out Peter to preach the Gospel that delivers poor souls from judgment. "And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." (Mark i. 17.)

In Matthew xiii, the kingdom of heaven is likened "unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full they drew to the shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." The Gospel is preached, and all those who truly believe are delivered from the state of judgment, as Jesus says, in John v. 24, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

But what about the bad being cast away? Ah! yes! Well, we will look at this next month.

C. H. B.

Martin Luther.

Part I.

IN the little town of Mansfield, in Germany, there lived, about three centuries ago, a poor man, whose name was John Luther; he was a miner, and spent most of his time far down below the surface of the earth, bringing to light the precious coal which God has given to warm and comfort many a home.

In John Luther's cottage might be heard the voices of many little children, and it is about Martin, the oldest son, I am going to tell you. Although his father did not know much about God, and had never seen a Bible, still he did the best he could to make his little boy grow up to be a good and useful man. So Martin was sent to school when very young, and there he learned to read and write, and say prayers, not to the Lord Jesus Himself, alas! but to His mother, Mary, and His apostles, John and Peter, and others. God does not tell us in His word to pray to those men and women, who though now in heaven, needed the blood of Jesus to bring them there. Jesus says, "Come unto ME." Yes, thank God we can go straight to Jesus and tell him everything, and do not be afraid to go because you are little and foolish, and often naughty, too. For

"Weakest lambs have largest share,
Of this tender Shepherd's care."

And it is the little lambs He carries in His arms, and there is no place so safe as that, is there? But poor little Martin did not know Jesus as his Shepherd then, and he had no one to teach him about the the kind, loving Saviour. After awhile he was sent to another school in the town of Eisnach, not far from his own home, but as he had no money to buy food, he had to go with a number of other boys around the streets, in the evening, singing hymns, in order to get food, and sometimes all he got was a blow, or a scolding, but God was taking care of him, and he put it into the heart of a kind woman to take him into her house, and she kept him there, giving him plenty to eat, and clothes to wear, all the time he was at Eisnach.

F. B.

(To be Continued.)



A King's Son Blowing Soap Bubbles.

DO you like to blow soap bubbles? I think it is very likely you do, for I never saw a little girl or boy that did not. It is really enjoyable play, and besides is the best, and probably only

true use of a pipe. I hope none of our boys will ever use one in any other way.

This is the picture of a king's son, Prince Charles. He was not fond of his books at all, but of amusement. And one

that he delighted in especially was blowing soap bubbles. What harm was it if he did? The trouble was that he did it as he grew big, neglecting his studies for such things. It does not seem quite the thing for one who is so exalted, and has such a work for the future, to be occupied with such trifles, does it?

There are many things that occupy people, that are no better than soap bubbles, lasting but a moment after all their trouble. And, probably, all these things seem as beautiful and harmless as these splendid globes.

For *they* are splendid as they float off from the bowl of the pipe, out over your head into the sunshine, which paints them with many a tint. I do not find fault with children for enjoying this. It is grand fun, and if I were to see you at it, I would like to try it, too.

But if it were taking you from something useful and for your good, and would afterwards cause you grief and injury, it would not do to join you in it, or encourage you to keep on with it.

The world is full of people blowing bubbles, working at things which are of no profit, idling really, although they seem so busy. Are any of the King's sons at this? That is, are any who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are sons of God, going on with trifles, and having the mind and heart drawn away from Him?

We ought to enjoy all our things with Him, and in His way, then we are safe. But the Lord said "Seek *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." That is the order, God's things first.

Children, now is the time for this. It is the time of His great love, and of salvation; let not anything keep you from knowing what that is.

We read that in the days of Noah, they were busy, they ate, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage;" they enjoyed themselves generally. But it was like a soap bubble that bursts in a moment. The flood came and swept them all away.

So in the days of Lot. "They ate,

they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded." Here it was business rather than pleasure, though mixed with it. But all this was another soap bubble. Fire destroyed them all.

And one of the King's sons came near being caught. He was blowing bubbles there with them; he got busy with the people of Sodom. But it all burst, and his with the rest, for he took nothing out of all that he had, and lost his sons and his wife in the bargain. His name was Lot, and God only took him out of it all, and got him to stop his bubble making.

So Belshazzar made a feast; he had his grand time, enjoying and boasting. But none of the sons of the King were there. Daniel and those that knew God's word stayed away, for it was a sad time to be playing. It was only a bubble. That very night Belshazzar was slain and the kingdom passed to the Medes and Persians.

Let us keep with the Lord and listen to what He says of everything. First of all take Him for your Saviour, through faith in His blood, and then He will help you now out of the mischief here, and directly in the glory with Him.

The Names and Meaning of the Seven Feasts of the Jews.

WILL you tell me the names of every one of these seven feasts which God told the children of Israel to keep, and what the feast was a picture of? I should like to know the meaning of all God's pictures."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Willie, and I will do my best to make the meaning of the feasts quite plain to you."

THE PASSOVER.

"The name of the first was, 'The Passover.' At it a lamb was slain, a figure of 'The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' There is no doubt of this, for another passage says, 'Christ our passover was sacrificed for us' (1 Cor.)."

THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD.

"The second feast was that of 'Unleav-

ened Bread.' It began on the night of the passover, and we learn from it that if we believe in Jesus as our Saviour, we must seek to be like Him. He hates sin, so we must put all evil far away from us. Leaven is the picture of evil in the word of God. The children of Israel were to eat unleavened bread during this feast."

THE FEAST OF THE FIRST FRUITS.

"At the third feast a sheaf of 'The First fruits of the Earth' was offered before the Lord, the picture of Jesus risen from amongst the dead. If the Lord Jesus has risen, those who believe in Him are sure to rise also, if they die, for we read, 'Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept' (1 Cor. xv. 20)."

"And when will the children of God who have died all rise from their graves?"

"We are told the exact time, Willie. It will be when Jesus comes again. 'Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming' (1 Cor. xv. 23)."

"Now, we have spoken of three of the feasts which God commanded the children of Israel to keep; and if there were seven in all, how many have I yet to tell you of?"

"Four."

"Quite right; but I would like you to repeat to me the names of the three you have heard of."

"The Passover,' 'The Feast of Unleavened Bread,' and the feast, at which a sheaf of the first fruits of the earth was offered before the Lord."

"But when was that feast of 'The First fruits of the Earth' kept?"

"The sheaf," replied Aunt Mary, "was waved the day after the Passover Sabbath; and we read in the New Testament, when the two Marys, who loved Jesus, went to see His grave at the dawn of the first day of the week, very early in the morning, a bright shining angel sat on the stone, which had been rolled back to show the Lord was no longer in the grave. He said to the women, 'Ye seek Jesus, which was crucified; He is not here, for he is risen.' Then he told them to look into the grave where the Lord had lain."

"But was the passover lamb killed on the Sabbath? You said the sheaf was waved the morning after the Passover Sabbath?"

"No, the first Sabbath after the lamb was slain was called the 'Passover Sabbath.' The Lord Jesus lay in the grave on the Sabbath, and rose the day after. From that time the first day of the week has been called the Lord's day, in memory of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Sabbath, or our Saturday, was the day God bade the children of Israel keep holy to the Lord, but the first day of the week, or the Lord's day, is that which the Christian observes, because on it his Lord rose from the dead."

"Did the angel tell the two Marys who loved Jesus where He had gone?"

"Yes; he said to them, 'He goeth before you into Galilee, there ye shall see Him.' This news filled the two Marys with joy, and they started to tell the disciples, but on the way Jesus himself met them."

"And did He speak to them?"

"Yes; He said, 'All hail,' and the women fell down and worshipped their Lord. Then Jesus sent them to tell His disciples He would meet them in Galilee."

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

"Now, Aunt Mary, you have told me the names of three feasts, what was the fourth one?"

"It was called 'The Feast of Pentecost,' but it had another name, 'The Feast of Weeks.' It was for this feast the twelve apostles waited in Jerusalem after their Lord had gone into heaven."

"What time did it happen?"

"Fifty days after 'The Feast of the First fruits.'"

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

"Then the fifth feast was called 'The Feast of trumpets,' and it took place at the beginning of the civil year. At it the people remembered God was their Creator, and they believed He would one day bring them with joyful hearts into their own land. They blew trumpets at this feast, and King David spoke of it as 'the joyful sound.' (Ps. lxxxix. 15)."

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

“Eight days after this feast came ‘The Day of Atonement,’ or the sixth holy season observed by Israel. It was quite different from the day of gladness, when the trumpets were blown. It might have been called the time of sorrow, for then the people did no work, and they mourned on account of sin. It was the picture of a time yet future, when God’s ancient people will own Jesus to be the true Messiah, and will grieve over their conduct to Him, when ‘He came to His own and His own received Him not.’”

“Now you have only one more feast to tell me the name of. What was the seventh feast?”

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

“‘The Feast of Tabernacles,’ or the harvest-home. Then the people remembered the time when they wandered in the wilderness and lived in tents, with the tabernacle of God travelling with them. This happy season was a picture of the millenium, when all Israel will be saved and rejoicing in Jesus as their King.”—[*Aunt Mary’s Talks on Precious Things.*]

Whom do You Like?

NOW, children, that is the question; I know a little boy three years old, and a little girl five years old, who say often, “Papa, I like you.” Now, what do you think they say that for? Well, I think it is because their Papa likes them, and because he tries to please them, and gives them something to eat and wear; he punishes them, too, when they are naughty, but he likes them and they like him.

But I want to tell you about some one, who not only likes, but he loves you; love is better than like; you may know some children that like you one day, and the next time you see them they do not; but this one that I am going to tell you about, does not do that; He loves all the time. He not only gives you a Papa and Mamma to take care of you, and gives them money to buy clothes and food for you, and lots of other nice things, books and toys and all that, but he has done more than that.

Do you know why people get hungry, and feel sorry, and act naughty? Well, I will tell you: when God made the first man and woman, they were good; they did not do naughty things, nor cry, nor get hungry, nothing of the kind. Everything was as nice as could be. Nothing could be nicer; but it did not last long. God told them they could have all but one thing.

Did you ever see a little boy or girl whose mamma had told them that they must not go in the mud? Well, I have, and just because they were told not to they wanted to. Well, this was the way with Adam and Eve, they wanted to do the very thing that God told them they must not do, and they did it; was not that naughty? Now, that is the reason why there is so much wickedness going on to-day.

What do you think God did with these wicked people? Well, He loved them, and told them they would have trouble and sorrow all the days of their life. He loved man for years and years, although man sinned all the time. So, a long time after all this happened, God sent his Son Jesus Christ into the world to bless them. He went about healing the sick, curing all disease, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and all that, and what did man do then? Who knows? Why, they took Jesus and nailed Him to a cross; that was worse and worse, was it not? They drove great nails through His hands and feet. Now what do you think God ought to do with these men? I will tell you what He did do, *He loved them!* Yes, after all men did to God and to his Son, God loved them.

Now, little boy or girl, I want to tell you that God sent Jesus Christ down to this world because He loved you. Did you ever think of that? God loved you so much that He sent Jesus to die for you, and he says to you, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He says, if you just believe what He says about Jesus that He will take you up to heaven, and you will be with Christ. Will not that be grand? They do not cry up there. All is beautiful, no cold, no heat, no night, nothing but joy and love. Just think of it. And it is all because God

loves, and Christ died, and is risen again. I am going to be there; I know it, because God says so, and I believe it; do you? If you do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you will be there too, and if you do not, you will not.

H. R. R.

God's Message of Love.

The scriptures contain God's message of love To sinners, sent down from the kingdom above, To tell them He wills not that any should die, But, turning from sin, to the Saviour should fly. Alas! that so many "make light" of His Word, Despising the blood of the crucified Lord— Resisting His Spirit, refusing His grace, Defying the Maker of all to His face— Preferring the things that dishonor His name, And bring on themselves disappointment and shame. And what will they do in the end, when the sound Of the trumpet shall summon their dust from the ground, And their guilty, unsanctified souls shall meet The Saviour, once spurned, on His mercy-seat? And now 'tis the day of His vengeance; oh, where Shall they hide their confusion, their shame and despair?

To the uttermost parts of the sea can they fly? Can mountains and rocks hide their sins from His eye?

Ah, no! He's no longer as the "Lamb that was slain."

But calling to judgment, and hope is in vain."

Dear children, while yet in the season of youth, Remember your Maker, rejoice in His truth. Think much upon that which King Solomon said, "The pathways of wisdom are pleasant to tread," In Christ all are safe from the wrath that's to come, And happy in thinking of Heaven, their home; And useful, while walking like Jesus the Lord; And holy, while taught by His Spirit and Word. Now, now, do believe in the Saviour, and then You'll find His sweet promises "Yea and Amen." Now, now—not *to-morrow*—I mean not to say You won't find Him to-morrow, but seek Him to-day. "To-morrow," how many have said, "I'll begin To care for my soul, and repent of my sin." Alas! when the morrow they dreamed of had come, It found them arrayed in the garb of the tomb. Oh, would you be safe and be happy, resign This moment, your hearts to the Saviour divine; For why, in a world like this, should you choose One hour of such solid enjoyment to lose? To Him be the praise that there are not a few Who have this enjoyment; dear children, have you?
—*Old James, the Irish Pedlar.*

"And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands. Pilate therefore went forth and saith unto them, Behold, I bring Him forth to you that ye may know that I find no fault in Him. When the chief

priests therefore and officers saw Him, they cried out, saying, CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!"

Scripture Enigma, No. 1.

The way that all have chosen, who are going home to rest,
The fruit that all are bearing, with freedom who've been blest.
The days when to remember the One who made us all,
For evil days are coming, and years when pleasures pall.
The precious thing whose worth cannot by wealth be paid.
The act by which the many can righteous now be made.
The crown that shall be given to those loving Christ's display,
The dreaded thing whose power has by Him been done away.
My meaning you have fathomed, who have all these Scriptures found;
Their initials spell that treasure in which wisdom's gems abound. C. H. B.

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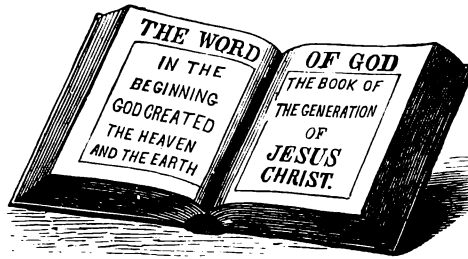
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



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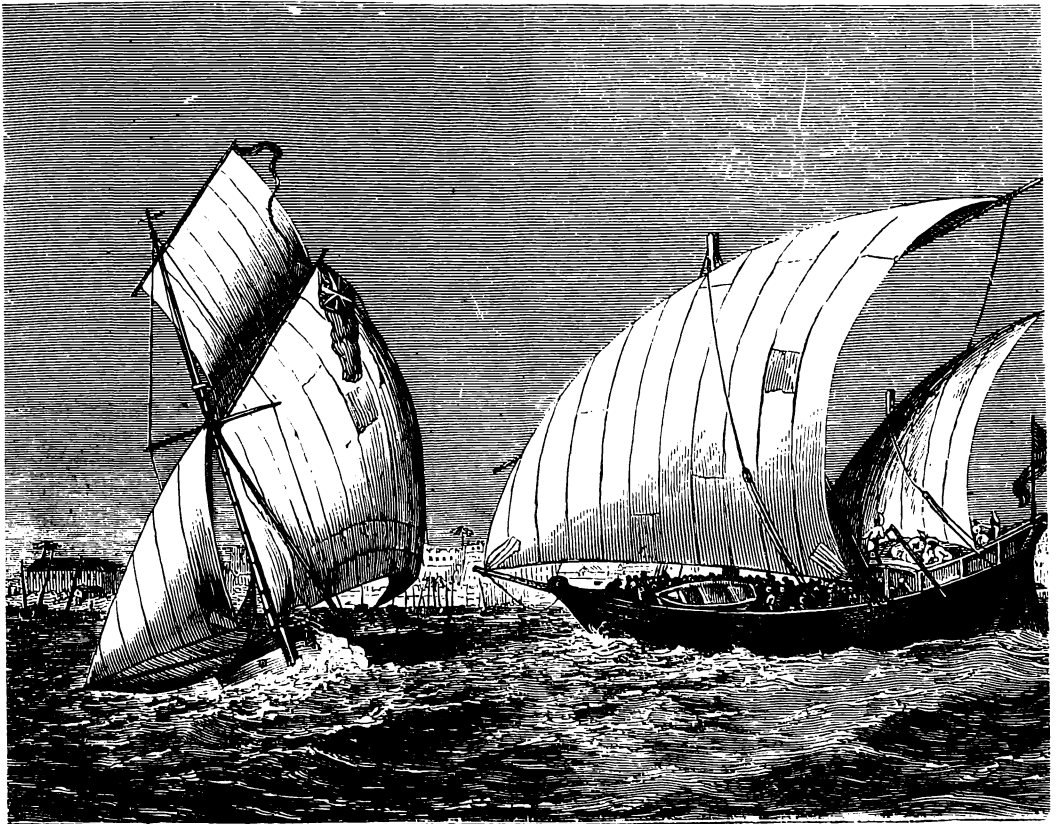
LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 2.



Chasing a Slaver.

Chasing a Slaver.

IS it not dreadful to think that men would fit out ships to go after people for the sake of selling them? In many parts of Africa this trade in men and women has been carried on for a great many years.

Formerly a great many vessels were in this sad business. They would be loaded up with hundreds of poor creatures, dragged away from home and all they knew and loved, and packed in close cabins for days and weeks, and forever bound in slavery.

Such cruelty caused some governments to send vessels out on purpose to stop the business if possible. Here you see one vessel chasing another. Should the slaver be caught, the poor slaves will be taken back and set at liberty, and the officers and crew of the ship will be punished.

There has been such care and earnestness in trying to stop this dreadful work that there are not now so many poor creatures being brought away by ships.

But I could not help thinking of the Lord Jesus in His wonderful work as I looked upon this picture. Do you know why? I will tell you.

We were all slaves. Did you know that? It may be you would answer as the Jews did to Christ, "We were never in bondage to any man" (John viii. 33). But our Lord answered them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever commits sin is the servant of sin." Then in Rom. vi. 16, it is asked, "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are, whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" So here we are spoken of as having been and as being now, if not made free by Christ, the slaves of sin.

There is another kind of slavery or bondage spoken of in Hebrew ii. 15, the bondage of Satan, that causes another bondage, the fear of death. Satan is a great slave-driver, never allowing any one to get out of his hands if he can hinder.

But there was One stronger than he, and here it is said that by dying He (Christ) through death destroyed him who had the

power of death, and that He came "to deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage."

How did He do this? The answer is, "through death." And now, you and I, believing on Him who died and rose again, are delivered from being slaves to Satan, and sin and fear of death. It is a grand thing to be delivered from that fear.

As I write, I sit in the room with one who has been very sick many weeks, and it seems as though she could not recover. Today the doctor said that everything seemed as if she must die. Has she any fear of it? No! She goes to sleep with that thought just as easily as if she were well. She says, "Oh, what a triumph to be able to give up family and housekeeping and leave them all whom I love so tenderly to the Lord Jesus."

Do you know now why she has no fear? That name "the Lord Jesus" explains it, does it not? Yes, she is His, and she knows that if she dies it will only be to go to Him, as she said yesterday, "to look into His face, and never look away from it." He is her Deliverer. How wonderfully precious that is!

* * * * *

The next day after the above was written, this one so dear to us left us to be with the Lord. Shall I tell you about it?

She had said to me during the night before, "I think I shall pass away from you to-night," with the same quietness as if she were saying, "I think I will go and see some one in the morning." But the Lord let her stay with us all that night and the next day till noon. Then she called to her mother in a joyous tone, "I am off now, ma, here I go!" And then she fell back heavily upon her pillow, and death began creeping up over her, stilling portion after portion of her body, till all was stilled forever.

But did it conquer her then? Oh, no, for though the outward man perished, the inner man slipped away gladly to Him who conquered death and the grave. Absent from the body, she was present with the Lord. No slave was she but a free woman forever.

Now, children, will you not receive the

word of God about Jesus Christ, and rest on His blood for sins, and you will be His and have no fear.

Bible Lessons about Fish.

GOOD FISH AND BAD FISH.

PPROMISED last month that we would next see what those bad fish are, who, after being gathered into the net are cast away again.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to shore and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away” (Matt. xiii. 47, 48).

The fishermen of Galilee do, to this day, just as described here. They cast their net into the sea and gather of every kind. They then draw it to shore, and sit down and “go through their net,” and throw out all of the wrong kind, which are generally the larger part, for the greater number of the species of fish in the sea of Galilee are the kind considered unclean by the people and unfit for market.

“And so shall it be,” Jesus says, “at the end of the world.” Wherever the gospel is preached there are those who are drawn in with the rest into the net, who, when examined, will be found not to answer to the description of clean fish given in God’s word.

Let us turn to Lev. xi. 9, 10, and see for ourselves: “These shall ye eat of all that are in the waters, whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas and in the rivers, them shall ye eat. And all that have not fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of every living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you.” There were two simple things then, to tell an unclean from a clean one. If it had no fins and scales it was unclean.

Fins are the fish’s oars by which it propels itself through the water, and scales are its coat and armor:

Now, any one who has truly believed in the Lord Jesus Christ has these two marks. First, he will make progress, he will grow.

He will not only have faith, but will add to his faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and so on, as you may read in 2 Pet. i. 5-8. He will “grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ” 2 Pet. iii. 18). He will also be a traveler, he will have turned his back upon the world and will really be but a pilgrim who has no continuing city here, but seeks the one to come (Heb. xiii. 14). And his friends and acquaintances will see that he is on a journey, that he is going to a better country. So that if any one was to ask him:

“Whither, pilgrim, are you going,
Going with your staff in hand?”

He could answer:

“I am going on a journey,
Going at our Lord’s command;
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
I am going to His palace,
Going to the better land.”

But not only will he have the fins, the marks of a traveler, but he will have also the scales, the coat of a warrior, “the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left” (2 Cor. vi. 7). Now he needs this armor on, not to be justified by it before God, for God alone can justify, and He justifies every one who believes in Jesus, by the value of the atoning blood of Jesus, and that alone (Rom. iii. 25, 26). As a sinner he has no righteousness; he is “justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.” But after he is justified by God, he then is to take upon him the whole armor of God, not to fight his way into heaven, but that he may be “able to stand against the wiles of the devil.” This armor you will find described in Eph. vi.

A clean fish has fins and scales, and a real believer in Christ, a real Christian, will be making progress, will be on a journey, and will have on the armor.

But how solemn it will be for those who have been making an empty profession all the time! “The angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.”



The Eyes of the Lord are in Every Place.

THE rough-looking man whom you see in the picture is an idle and vicious person, who lived in the suburbs of a large city in Scotland.

He had a wife and two or three children whom he treated shamefully, not caring to provide for them so long as he got something for himself to eat.

It often causes wonder why God allows such people to live, while He often suddenly takes the lives of others that are not so wicked.

But as every one deserves to die for his sins, God acts like a king in showing forbearance, mercy and grace. His object is that all may confess their sins and their lost condition. He rejoices, then, in being able to pardon them through the precious blood of the Saviour.

What God desires us to do is to plead guilty, sinful and ruined, then He can save us, because Jesus died for such.

One Sunday in the end of autumn, being hungry through idleness and improvidence, he went to a field in the vicinity of the city where there were potato pits, and took with him his eldest son.

His object was to steal.

All was quiet around, the people of the farm having apparently gone to church.

He sneaked through the broken fence and ordered his boy to follow. When they reached the nearest pit (a large heap of potatoes partly buried and partly covered with earth), the man looked around cautiously, and, having seen no one, said to his son, "Now keep your eyes open, you little —, that your pap may not get nabbed (caught)," and then proceeded to uncover the potatoes.

The little fellow had been accustomed to receive hard words and sometimes even blows, so that this command did not frighten him much.

But one verse of Scripture which his Sunday-school teacher had taught him (for his mother had sent him there) rung in his ears, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

He no longer dreaded his father, did not seem to see him.

One thing he was sure of, that the Lord saw them.

Now his father had just opened his bag, as you see in the picture, and was about to fill it with the potatoes which he had un-

covered, when, trembling, the boy cried, "One way, father, you didn't look."

"Which way?" said he, looking up with astonishment.

The son's finger indicated that it was Godward. And he replied, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

The potatoes dropped from his hand, and he was silent.

God had opened his eyes (2 Kings vi. 17), and he knew that he was a sinner and lost. He thought that such a bad man as he could never be saved.

But God used the teacher who had taught his boy, to show him from God's word that "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6).

And the Spirit of God, who had shown him that he was a great sinner, now revealed Jesus the Lord to him as the mighty Saviour.

The result was that he rejoiced that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, had cleansed him from all sin. His son was saved also through the same precious blood, which alone can wash away sin.

Young reader, have you, like this man, confessed that you are a guilty sinner, and found joy in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, whom God has given to die for sinners?

You can only be happy in God's presence by having your sins pardoned. You may forget God, but you cannot hide from him, for "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good" (Prov. xv. 3).

J. L.

Life of Martin Luther.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Martin Luther was nineteen, he left the house of his kind friend, and went to Erfurt, there to complete his studies at the University. He was very clever, but notwithstanding the pleasure he took in learning, it did not make him happy, for he did not know Jesus, and no one can be really happy without him. We must learn to "know Jesus and Him crucified" first, and

then all the other things will follow in their places, and if our hearts are at perfect rest in Jesus we shall not value them either too much or too little.

Martin made a great discovery while at Erfurt. What do you think he found? A Latin Bible; he had never seen one before, and he read it with great interest, but it had not much power on him just then, the time had not come when the Word of God was to be to him as a "sharp sword," discerning the thoughts and intents of his heart.

But a great change was about to take place in Martin Luther. He was traveling through the forest with a favorite companion, when they were overtaken by a fearful thunder-storm. His friend was struck down at his side by the lightning, and in the greatest terror the young man threw himself on his knees and vowed that if he were permitted to reach home in safety he would, at once, enter the monastery at St. Augustine, and become a monk.

But, perhaps, some of the children who read this do not know what a monastery is. It is a large building in which a number of men spend often their whole lives in repeating prayers to the virgin Mary and the saints, and in fasting and performing penance, that is punishing themselves in various ways. This they think makes them very good and holy, and quite sure of going to heaven.

They have never read the Bible, you know, else they would see that by our works we can never reach heaven, for it is through the work of that One who hung on the cross at Calvary alone, that we can be saved. He said, "It is finished." And if it were finished eighteen hundred years ago, surely God does not want us to add a little bit now.

P. B.

(To be Continued.)

About Confessing Sins.



OD has said 'He is faithful and just to forgive.'" (1 John i. 9.)

"Does that mean we are to ask God to pardon us?"

"It is far more than that, Willie. God

will pardon you, if you do what He requires of you."

"What is that?"

"To confess your sin, which is much more humbling than merely to ask God to pardon you. I will make you understand the difference by telling you a circumstance that happened lately. A lady was going out for a walk one afternoon, but before leaving home she said to her child: 'I expect to be out for two hours. Take your toys and play in the dining-room. Do not go to my room while I am away.' Her little boy promised he would do as she told him. For the first hour he sat looking at one of his pretty picture-books, and then nurse brought his little brother and sister into the dining-room, and they all played very happily together, till a thought crossed the little boy's mind. It was this: 'I wonder why mamma said I must not go to her room till she comes home!' His curiosity increased as he allowed this thought to work upon him. He remembered what his mamma had said, but he did not look up to God to put the naughty thought out of his mind. He encouraged it, and at length said, 'There surely would not be any harm in my going for a moment into mamma's room?' Then he sprung to his feet, exclaiming 'I will go, and mamma will never know I have been there.' Poor, naughty boy! He was going to do as he wished, and not as his dear mamma desired. No sooner had he gone, than he was miserable. Naughty children are always so. Satan is leading them when they are disobedient. He never can make any one happy, for he is himself most wretched.

"God only can make us happy, and He has given the Holy Ghost to lead us and teach us to be obedient. The little boy was not any wiser for going to his mamma's room. He did not find out why she said he must not go there; so he gained nothing by his self-will, and he lost his peace of mind. 'How shall I look dear mamma in the face?' was the thought that now troubled him. Would it not have been well for him if he had done as he was told, and not yielded to the naughty thought Satan sent

into his mind? When his mamma returned she at once saw there was something wrong with her little boy. She found he had been disobedient, and lifted her heart to God in prayer, asking Him to make her child tell her what naughty thing he had done in her absence. The little boy felt, 'Mamma knows I have been disobedient,' and his heart was like to break; he could bear it no longer, so he went to his mamma, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and he did not say, 'Mamma, pardon me,' but he said, 'Dear mamma, I have been so naughty! You told me not to go into your room till you came home; but I have gone, and I am so very miserable! For some time after you left, I played in the dining-room, and nurse brought the others there, so we were all very happy together. Then I began to wonder why you had forbidden me to go to your room; and after a little I said, "Mamma will never know; there's no harm in going for one moment." So, mamma, I did go; but I did not find out why you forbade me. I am very bad, for I have disobeyed you. I cannot bear to feel I have been so wicked, and that you are not pleased with me. I have vexed you, but I have told you everything.'

"And what did the little boy's mamma say?"

"I frankly forgive you, my child, because you have fully confessed your fault to me. I feared you had been disobedient, and I prayed to God to make you tell me everything, for God says, when we do wrong we must confess our faults. This you have now done to me; but we must lay it all out before the Lord;' so the lady took her child, and, on their knees together, she confessed what the little fellow had said, and told God her child had sinned against Him when he disobeyed his mamma; for Scripture says, 'Children obey your parents in all things.'" (Col. iii. 20.)

"And would God also frankly forgive the little boy, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes; He has promised to forgive us when we confess our sins. Christ is in God's presence now, the One who died to put away sin, and He is ever watching over the interests of those whom He pur-

chased with His blood. He notices the first wanderings of heart, even before we have done the thing Satan tempts us to do, and He pleads with God for us. Jesus is called our Advocate, because He does this. 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' (1 John ii. 1.)"—*Aunt Mary's Stories about Precious Things.*

The Little Burman Scholar.

FARLY in the present century a faithful missionary labored far away in the East, and toiled and prayed for the spread of the good news of salvation amongst those poor benighted people who surrounded him. One day a little boy from his school came to the missionary, and requested that he might be allowed to read the Scriptures *all* the next day, instead of attending to his usual studies.

"Why," asked the kind-hearted missionary, "do you wish to read the Scriptures?" "In order to become a disciple," answered the dear little boy.

"Do you, then, wish to become a disciple while yet so young?"

"I do," the child replied, "because young people are exposed to death as well as others; and if I should die without becoming a disciple, I should go to hell; but if I become a disciple, I have *nothing* to fear."

"What sin does your conscience charge you with?" asked the missionary, when the dear child replied,

"I have neglected the true God, who has sustained me by night and by day, and who has fed and clothed me all my life, and I, notwithstanding, have worshiped false gods."

Oh, what a touching answer, dear young reader, from a little heathen boy! His greatest trouble was not theft or lying, or even disobedience, but that he had "neglected the true God;" and how many thousands of little ones in our own gospel land are daily committing this great sin, without thinking it a sin at all! God, who has given them life, and food, and raiment, and

loving parents, is quite forgotten by them ; and I know right well that Satan would willingly give a hundred toys to shut that gracious, loving God out of their thoughts and hearts. But life, and food, and raiment are not all that God has given—He has expressed His love by a far greater gift than these, even the gift of His own well-beloved Son. For sin had entered into this world, and death by sin, and so God in grace gave Jesus from His bosom to die for us. And was not that a great gift? And would my dear youthful reader like to forget the Giver of such a gift, and live day after day neglecting such a One? Ah, no! you must reply. If God has loved me with such a love I would forget Him no longer, but, with the little Burman scholar, seek His salvation. For oh, dear children, how true were his words, “Young people are exposed to death as well as others!” and if you die in your sins Jesus has said, “Where I am ye cannot come.”

Would not my young reader love to spend that long, long eternity with Jesus—to sing the new song, to share the Father’s smile for ever and for ever? I am sure you would all love that, and yet there is but one way of securing all that blessedness; the way the dying thief of old secured it, and went that same day into paradise; the way every ransomed soul has secured it since that memorable day; and the way in which my dear young reader may secure it even now, and that is, by resting in simple faith upon God’s own word given to us in 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4, that “Jesus died for *our* sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again, according to the Scriptures.” And do I hear some little voice ask, “And is that all I have to do to make this ‘great salvation’ mine?” Yes, that is all. Jesus has left nothing else for you to do, for upon the cross He said, “It is finished” (John xix. 30). And if He finished the work, none can add anything more. It is now but for you to accept, as the gift of God, and give all the glory to His worthy name.

Do you at heart believe it,
Do you believe it’s true,

And meant for every sinner,
And therefore meant for you?

Then take this “Great Salvation,”
For Jesus loves to give!
Believe! and you receive it,
Believe! and you shall live.

And if your heart has accepted that wondrous gift, oh, let your little lives speak out His praise, and let the one desire of your young hearts be to make Him known to others!

“For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. v. 6–8).

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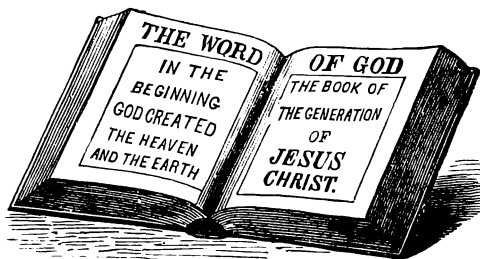
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FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

“Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.”

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No. 3.



Refreshment by the Way. •

WHEN and animals are so constituted that they need food from time to time, as well as rest and sleep, in order to keep them in health and strength, and preserve them in life.

Thus, you see in the picture before you, the rider of the horse is letting it drink at the pool by the way, to enable it the better to carry him to his journey's end.

We read in Proverbs, “A righteous man

regardeth the life of his beast," and it is sad to see how this patient, untiring servant of man, the horse, is often overtasked and beaten, either for the profit or pleasure of its master.

And sad, too, is it that any should give unnecessary pain to so willing and useful a drudge, or to any dumb animal whatever.

They are all God's creatures, and He has told us that all the beasts of the forest are His, as well as the cattle upon a thousand hills.

We should do well to remember that we are accountable to God for the use we make of His gifts, and any abuse of our power will assuredly be remembered against us.

God is love, and He so loved us that He gave His Son to die for us, who deserved death. With His love in our hearts we shall not only love Him, but be loving and tender toward all men, and considerate toward the animals He has given for our use. I fear it is but a muddy pool that this picture represents, but the horse is not particular as to the clearness of the water he drinks. So that it serves to quench his thirst, he is content.

Are my young friends equally thankful for what is provided for them, or do they not sometimes pout and fret for something they think they should like better?

I hope not, for to do so would be to be unthankful, and to murmur against God, who giveth us all the good things we enjoy.

Poor old Dobbin! I dare say he has carried his master for many a day, and taken him many a long mile, up hill and down dale, and all one to him; for after a bite at the grass, or a feed of corn, and a sip at the wayside pool, off he would go again, blithe and glad as if it was all for his own pleasure.

Poor old Dobbin! he seems to be taking a long drink this time.

You know if you go for a long walk you become tired and hungry, and need rest and food, and if you were to try and do without it you would become faint and die.

Even so we need to be daily refreshed and strengthened by the word of God, for He has told us that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

God is not speaking of the life of the body, but of the soul, of spiritual life.

The Lord says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life;" then He adds, "I am that bread of life."

"I am the living bread that came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever."

Again, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me" (John vi).

Are you, dear reader, feeding on this bread that "came down from heaven;" are you believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who offered Himself without spot to God? Is He the food of your soul? Do you see Him as your Saviour?

If so, you are eating His flesh and drinking His blood and have everlasting life, and He the Lord of life and death has promised to raise you up at the last day, even as the Father has raised Him up and seated Him in the glory.

A little while, and all who believe on Him shall be with him there. J. T.

The King and the Stable Boy.

DURING the visits of George the Third to the royal stables, a boy belonging to one of the grooms took his attention. There is no accounting for fancies, but there was something about the boy that won his royal master's favor, and who treated him kindly in many ways. But a time of temptation came, and the poor lad fell into disgrace—he had stolen some oats from the royal bins, and being detected, the head groom discharged him. The fact that he was noticed by the king may have aroused the envy and dislike of others, and it may be that the occasion was gladly seized by the groom to have him turned away. There seemed to be no idea of speaking to the poor lad about the wickedness of taking the oats, and abusing the confidence of his master, but only treating him as he really deserved. Who knows what a kind and gracious word may have done for an erring boy, who gave way to wrong doing in a moment of temptation?

But such was not the case—he was turned adrift, with a stain upon his character, to the grief of his parents.

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

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

"For what reason?" asked the king.

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

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

"Well, my boy," said his majesty, when the poor lad, trembling and pale, stood before him, not knowing what awaited him; "Is this true, what I hear of you?"

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

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

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

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

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

This is how God speaks to His children. He says (Rom. viii.), Who shall lay anything to the charge of His people, when Christ has died for them, and is risen again; and is now seated at the right hand of God interceding for them?

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



"The Waters Flow."

NOW that the winter months are gone | blossoms, of greenness and beauty, and
 it is pleasant to think that every day | joy in all creation.
 brings nearer the time of the sing- | In the one hundred and forty-seventh
 ing of birds, and the sweet smell of | Psalm there is a beautiful description

that seems to fit exactly to our past winter and the opening of spring.

It begins with the fifteenth verse. Let me read it to you: "He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth; His word runneth very swiftly." This is the cause of everything. God's word bids all be done in natural things around us. Then one thing after another takes its place.

Thus, in v. 16, it says, "He giveth snow like wool, He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes." That is just like last November. It is the beginning of snow and a plentiful supply of frost. V. 17, "He casteth forth His ice like morsels, who can stand before His cold." This is December and January. I saw some boys and girls that could not stand before the cold in these months.

V. 18, "He sendeth forth His word and melteth them." This we have been having during February. The snow disappears in many places, and skating has to be given up, for He had melted the ice and the snow.

"He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." This is the way in March, plenty of wind blowing, but the waters unbound and flowing freely. It is spring-time, and we look forward with hope.

I have given you this picture because I enjoy it, with its abundance of water. And there is the dear old mill that having used the water to turn its wheel, lets it all out again to be a blessing in a thousand ways. There are the grand old trees that have seen many more seasons than you have, looking as fresh and glad over the returning warmer weather as they can. And there already in the sunshine sits some one under the tree enjoying all.

The season is a little ahead of March most likely, but the waters begin to flow then.

It is sweet to see how the precious scriptures account for every good thing from God. And it is delightful if we know what He has done for us in Christ Jesus, His own Son, forgiving our sins for His sake, and receiving us in Him as dear children, to turn and see His kind and tender hand in everything.

The winter and the spring, the cold and

the heat, the ice and the running stream, alike do tell of His kindness. The earth is full of His goodness.

The worst thing on the earth is man, just because of sin. And into the condition of sin and shame and misery that spoiled the whole earth, God came in the person of Jesus Christ to reconcile the world unto Himself, not to condemn, but to save.

If you will take the fact that you are lost, and accept of what God has done for you as such, then you are saved, and there is no condemnation.

Bible Lessons about Fishes.

JONAH AND THE GREAT FISH.

IN the book of Jonah we have a very interesting story about himself, which is full of instruction for us. But as fishes, not prophets, are at present our subject, we will only notice a few things just to show how he got into the fish's belly and how he got out again.

"But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish, so he paid the fare thereof and went down into it to go with them unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord" (chap. i. 3).

What a sad journey to be on! Running away from God! Yet how many there are who are on that journey; that hate God's presence. "God is not in all their thoughts," they try and banish thoughts of Him from their minds. What an awful journey they are on, for the end of it is "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord" (2 Thess. i. 9). But they are intent upon going, they have "paid the fare thereof" (see Matt. xvi. 26). But there is nothing to pay for the water of life, that is "without money and without price" (Isa. lv. 1).

But the Lord wanted Jonah, so he sent him trouble. "The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was likely to be broken." But through all this Jonah lay "fast asleep."

Now it is very nice to find one who is

trusting in the Lord, quite happy and peaceful in the midst of trouble, for he is kept in peace by God because he trusts Him; and we read of Jesus being "in the hinder part of the ship asleep on a pillow," while a great storm was raging (Mark iv. 38). But for one who is fleeing God's presence to be asleep is awful. But as it is, they say "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; they think it will be right in the end somehow, and so sleep on through all God's warning, and slide off quietly into perdition.

"So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise and call upon thy God." And well he might say so. The idea of a man in danger of instant death, lying fast asleep! "Arise, and call upon thy God." And we may add from Rom. x. 12, 13, "for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." And so it turned out in Jonah's case; he did, after a while, call upon the name of the Lord, and was saved.

But, first, he owned that he was the one who brought the tempest on, and that he deserved death. "And he said unto them, Take me up and cast me forth into the sea, so shall the sea be calm unto you, for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

He was awake now, he saw the danger; he confessed that he was the sinner. And this is the first step for him who is fast asleep in his sins; he must awake, he must know his danger, he must confess and say, as did the publican (Luke xviii. 13), "God be merciful to me a sinner." He must own himself to be worthy of death, and just cast himself upon the mercy of God, and he will find that just as the Lord had prepared salvation for Jonah so He has for him.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." How good and merciful the Lord was. Jonah did not want the Lord, but the Lord wanted Jonah. Jonah was not seeking the Lord, he was fleeing from His presence; but the Lord was seeking him. And so when

He had by the tempest brought Jonah to confess his naughtiness, He had the great fish already prepared to catch him when he was cast into the sea.

And now, after the Lord had sought Jonah, Jonah sought the Lord. "Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly." And he prays in faith, believing that the Lord heard him (ii. 2). And he promises to do better, he says, "But I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that I have vowed." Jonah was as yet in much the same state as many people are who have by God's grace seen their sinfulness, but have not yet realized their salvation. And why have they not? Because, like Jonah, they have still some hope in what they can do, they have got vows to pay, they have not yet learned the great lesson that "SALVATION IS OF THE LORD." Jonah has found out now that the Lord must do it all, and, in finding that, he finds salvation; for then "The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

We have still a little more to learn from Jonah and the fish, which, the Lord willing, we will study next month. C. H. B.

Martin Luther.

PART III.

IT must have indeed been a terrible change to the young, eager student, to leave his books and companions, and be imprisoned within the four stone walls of the monastery.

At first the monks made him work very hard, and among other things he had to open and shut the gate, sweep the floors, and, worst of all, go round the city with an old sack on his shoulder to collect bread and meat or anything else he could get.

But whatever Martin Luther undertook he did with all his might, so he did not neglect even these disagreeable duties, hoping, *some day*, his good deeds would bring peace to his conscience, for he found, alas, that he had the same evil heart still, and that separating himself from the rest of the world did not make him any better, as I dare say he thought it would.

Baffled, but not defeated, Luther set himself more diligently to work; he fasted for days together, and once even went without sleep for seven weeks, so anxious was he to make up a number of prayers he had forgotten to repeat. Day by day his mental agony became more and more intense; he had no rest from his fears, for he found that the penances which he laid upon himself did not prevent him from sinning continually.

At last, worn to a shadow with sorrow and the want of proper food, the young monk would probably have sunk into an early grave had not the God of all mercy, who was thus showing him that he was a sinner, shown him also that a Saviour has been provided even for the chief of sinners, and that no one who comes to that Saviour will be cast out.

It was a very dear good old monk named Stanpitz who brought this message of life and joy to the sorrowing Martin. He made him take his eyes off himself and place them on the Lord Jesus, and ceasing to gaze at his own sins look only at the precious blood of Christ which is able to cleanse us from ALL unrighteousness. Luther looked upwards, and there was life in that look, and he at length found peace and joy too, in the crucified One, for rest and happiness are to be found in Jesus Christ and His blood alone, and not in our works.

Dear reader, have you yet made this all-important discovery?

P. B.

(To be continued, if the Lord will.)

What is Believing?



DEAR little fellow was reading in the Gospel of John, third chapter, and when he came to the 15th verse he could not make it out at all. He thought he understood the verse before, which says, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up;" but when he came to the next verse and read on till the big word "believeth," he stopped and said to himself, "I must ask papa what 'believeth' means. I am sure he can tell me, for I know he loves Jesus, and knows a great deal about Him."

Soon the little boy's father came home.

"Please, papa, will you tell me what 'believeth' means? It is in John, third chapter and fifteenth verse;" and quickly the little hands turned over the pages of the large type Bible, and when the verse was found little Henry put the Bible down on his father's knee, and read "that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish," and then looked up in his face as much as to say, "Now, papa."

"Will my dear little Henry turn to the book of Numbers, chapter twenty-one, the eighth and ninth verses, and he will find the word 'believeth' explained."

Henry read the verses, "And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he *looketh* upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he *beheld* the serpent of brass, he lived."

"Now," said his father, "we will read the verse in John, taking out the word 'believeth' and putting in instead the word 'looketh': 'Whosoever *looketh* on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

"But, papa," said Henry, "the people bitten by the fiery serpent could look upon the brazen serpent lifted up upon the pole, but we cannot look upon Jesus, for He is in heaven."

"Yes, my boy, we can look upon Jesus although He is in heavenly glory. Do you not remember, Henry, when your papa was in London, that you said to mamma more than once, 'Oh, I just see papa?'"

"O yes, I remember very well; I was thinking so much about you and wearying to see you, and sometimes you looked as if you were quite close to me, and then I said to mamma, 'Oh, I just see papa.'"

"But, Henry, you did not see me with your eyes, for I was in London."

"No, no, papa, but then I saw you with my mind, for I could not help thinking and thinking about you, because I loved you so."

"That's it, my child; now believing on Jesus is thinking upon Jesus—looking upon Jesus with your mind—just as you thought

upon me with your mind. Jesus died on the cross, was lifted up like the serpent in the wilderness, for any poor sinner to look upon, and all who look are saved."

My dear children, do not get troubled about "what is believing?" Had the bitten, dying Israelites looked upon their wounds and cried ever so much—would that have saved them? No! The Bible says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else" (Isaiah xlv. 22). Is not that very plain that God—not myself—is the One that I am to look to; and if I look, what then? Why, salvation is for me and salvation *for ever*; for there is life in a look at the Crucified One.

x.

It is Finished.

Oh! for sin, what bitter anguish
Jesus bore upon the tree;
See Him left by God to languish
In atoning agony!
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Jesus died for thee and me.

At the Cross is now thy station;
See! without thy grief or prayer,
What a full, a free salvation
God has waiting for thee there.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Frees from all thy anxious care.

Now begin thy Hallelujah,
God himself delights to hear.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sweetest song that greets His ear.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Perfect love hath cast out fear.

Scripture Enigma, No.

The paths of her whose merchandise is better far than gold.
The way she leads who was possessed before His works of old.
The things she speaks who cries to men to listen to her call.
The rock of which no mention's made, for she exceeds them all.
The thing that's better to receive than silver, gold, or jewels.
The gold whose value wisdom's price so greatly overrules.
What she is that counsel has, and strength, and wisdom too.
Two things that all who wish for her must diligently do.

That cleansing thing which must be shed or remission ne'er could be.

And that which unbelieving souls shall never, never see.

The number of the offerings the Great High Priest has made,

And that by which the sanctified are forever perfected.

And finally, I ask of you to tell me what they love, Who hate the One, who, once below, yet always was above.

Now if to find the answers you by diligence succeed, Redemption's wondrous, only price, you then may plainly read.

C. H. B.

Answer to Enigma No. 1.

THY WORD.

The way of Truth. Ps. cxix. 30.
Fruit unto Holiness. Rom. vi. 22.
The days of thy Youth. Eccl. xii. 1.

Wisdom. Prov. iii. 14.
Obedience of one. Rom. v. 19.
A crown of Righteousness. 2 Tim. iv. 8.
Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55.

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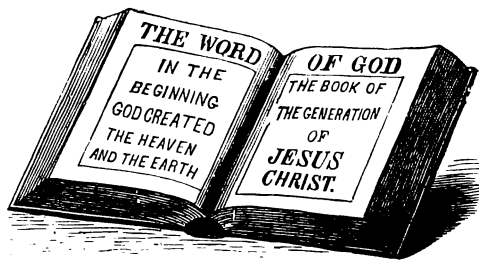
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

“Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.”

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No. 4.



Seeing Themselves.

WHAT a strange thing this is. Two little birds have alighted in a conservatory—a house for flowers—by a looking-glass. And what do they see? Just two little birds, the exact image of themselves—as active, cunning, and graceful as themselves. It must surprise them to find that they

cannot get at these birds, though they put their bills to them; and the little things in there approach them, as they get nearer them. They must think they are other birds, for you do not suppose that these little chicks can reason and say to themselves, "Now there is the exact image of myself hopping about." Oh, no; and yet the image yonder, does exactly what the little fellow in front does. There is a fine chance for seeing precisely how they do look in whatever they do.

Do you not suppose that if one of these chaps was set to pecking at the other and abusing him, there would be a battle scene in the glass too? I rather think the bird outside would feel like stopping his own flight to separate the two inside. It is wonderful how soon we can see that a thing is wrong, or a mistake, or that it will not do, in another person which we will very quickly do ourselves.

A day or two ago riding down the street in a car, I was rather indignant at a young man who was staring at two young women who sat opposite to him, and seemed to feel disturbed by his conduct. At last I checked myself by saying, "why, here, I am doing the same thing in watching him."

I have often been made ashamed by saying, in regard to myself, "suppose all these thoughts were written out or seen as the thoughts or conduct of another." And then I have blushed and bowed in confession before God about it all.

It would be very wholesome for us, if we would just ask ourselves about many of our actions, "what would I think if I saw another at this? That would be like having a looking-glass held before us.

Now one thing I find in God's word—the Scriptures—is that it serves as a looking-glass to show us ourselves. Every bad thing that is shown there I find is just a reflection of me. I find Adam sinning and then throwing the blame upon Eve and on God, and that is precisely the way with us when we try to make excuses, instead of acknowledging wrong.

So Cain's anger and envy are just ours, which in so many cases among us result in murder.

And when we read of Israel's journey through the wilderness, and see what terribly bad ways of disobedience they had, and how they made God to suffer their manners in the wilderness, I am sure we are reading a story about ourselves.

The poor lost sheep of Luke xv., and that bad son that went off into a far country, show what we have done by going away in will and heart from God.

And then in that shepherd that went after the sheep, we have a picture of Christ coming out after us, clear to the dreadful place where we were in guilt and death as though he were guilty, and all to find us and take us back to God. And in the father who went so far to gather his son to his arms we see Our Father, God, running to us and doing everything for us. Oh! it is a wonderful story of his love. Have you seen the Son and the Father, and have you been found?

I remember reading a story of a father having a glass kept for his children to look into that they might judge what they looked like whenever they got angry. Ah, I think many would be frightened at their own likeness or shadow, then.

Some use their glasses as a means by which they may beautify themselves. It helps them to know how they get along as to their looks. Now, we all may use the word of God to show us our defects, that we may judge them all, condemn them as He does, and learn to do according to the wonderful pattern of Him whom we hope soon to see "in His beauty,"—Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lamb of God.

MANY, many years ago there was a man sent from God whose name was John. He was standing near the river Jordan, which, as I suppose, almost every little boy and girl knows, is a long distance from here.

There were many people gathered about him listening to him, for he was saying something and was very earnest in what he was saying, for as he was sent from God, he had a message to declare to the Jews,

who were then the only people whom God dealt with on the earth.

But the Jews did not know God as we know Him now; they did not know the Lord Jesus. They were looking for the Messiah to come and reign as an earthly king, and seemed quite to have overlooked what God says about Jesus coming to suffer and bleed and die in our stead; so when God sent this man John, who came bearing witness of Jesus, many of them would not believe what God told John to say about Jesus.

But he did not stop speaking because there were some who did not believe, but cried saying, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the path of the Lord, as said Isaiah, the prophet."

God sent John before Jesus to prepare the way, and He told John how he should know Jesus: "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and abiding on Him." So, on the morrow, he sees Jesus coming to him, and says, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. He it is of whom I said, 'a man comes after me who takes a place before me, because he was before me; and I did not know him.'"

Jesus was God's only Son who, as John says, "takes a place before me for He was before me." In Prov. viii., all through the chapter, we read of God's Son, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was" (vs. 22, 23).

He is spoken of as being with God all through the creation, "When He established the clouds above; when He strengthened the fountains of the deep; when He gave to the sea His decree that the waters should not pass His commandment; when He appointed the foundations of the earth: Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him; and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable part of this earth, and my delights were with the sons of men" (vs. 28-31).

He who was with God, had lain on God's bosom, was the Lamb of whom John spoke; as we see He was before John, and we read

in Matt. iii. 17, of God witnessing, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I have found my delight," and Col. i. 13, He is spoken of as the Son of God's love.

And John says "that He might be manifested to Israel, therefore have I come baptizing with water."

But how sad it is to see instead of the Jews receiving Jesus, they rejected Him. And God in His infinite love and grace, because the Jews would not receive His Son, opened the way for *every* one to come to Him, both Jews and Gentiles.

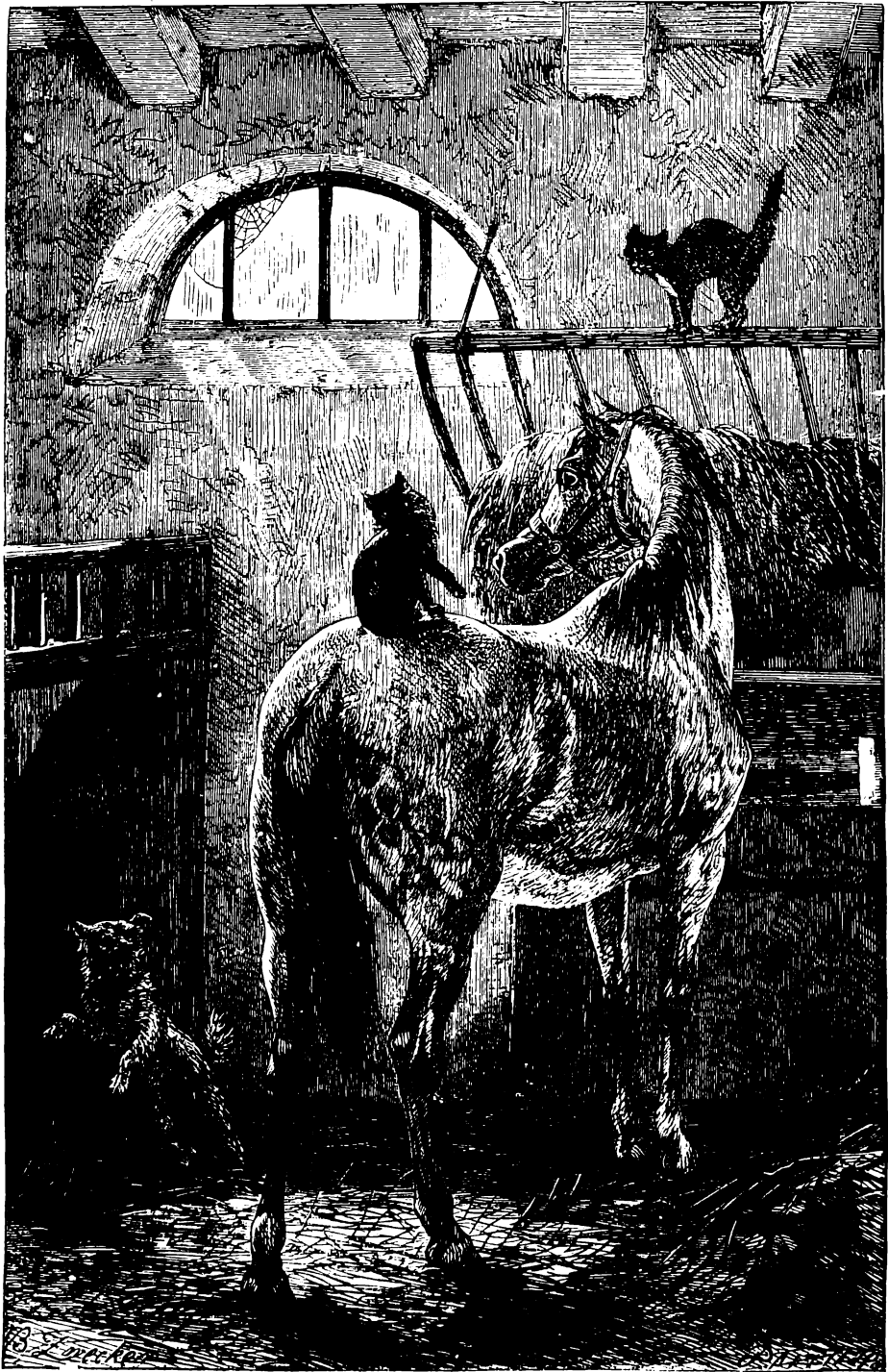
Jesus said He delighted to do God's will, and when He knew that God's will was that He should die the death that we all deserved, He said "not my will, but Thine be done."

Jesus knew that He was the Lamb of God without blemish and without spot. But God loved us even though we were His enemies, and, that He might spare His enemies, He did not spare His Son, even the One who had lain on His own bosom. And Jesus loved us with the love with which God loved us, because He says "I and my Father are one;" so it was the same love. On the cross He suffered and died in our stead, paid all the debt that we owed, and God was fully glorified in the death of Jesus; and to show His good pleasure concerning the finished work of Jesus, God raised Him up from among the dead and highly exalted Him above the angels of heaven, there on His own right hand, and granted Him a name, which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of heavenly and earthly and infernal beings, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to God the Father's glory (Phil. ii. 9-11.)

God says, "Behold the Lamb!" There is nothing to do only believe what God says about His Son, and eternity is settled for you.

But for those who will not believe what God says, they have to bow at the name of Jesus, and to confess that He is Lord, but there is no eternity of joy and happiness for them with the Lord, but eternal punishment and misery.

"Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow." E. C.



The Place of Safety.

The Place of Safety.

FOR pussy, old bright eyes, you have found a resting-place now, have you not? There seems to have been some mischief about. That little fellow on the floor, jumping up and barking must have been the cause of it.

Oh, these dogs, there is no trusting them when cats are about. It seems to be their nature to chase them. But here there is a friend and a place of safety. Now, old Bowser, just do your worst, bark your loudest, jump your highest, you cannot reach her.

See the other cat, though she is above his head she does not feel so settled and so perfectly at peace. She has her back up about it yet. The old pony is not much afraid either. He looks around inquiringly, and that is about all. But you can see that Miss Puss is his friend. He looks after her interests.

It is blessed to have a place of security, is it not? In time of peril or fright how often have you, darling children, found your mother's arms the place of places for you, and how soon you quieted down, seeming to get her courage and strength and peace.

One Sunday a man was walking along one of the dusty roads outside a city, and he saw a flock of sheep coming along, and behind them a great dog. He barked and worried them a great deal.

But one poor little lamb who had strayed out from the rest a little, learned something of what the dog could do, for he ran off after it, which frightened it so that it bounded along, looking every way for some shelter, till at last it saw a cottage door open into which it rushed for safety. Then it could turn round and face the dog with great bravery, for the door was shut behind it and the dog could not follow. He might bark, but it was all outside, and the little thing was inside. Soon the dog gave it up and ran away.

You see it was not in its own strength that it found safety; neither was it so with the cat, but in the place into which it had fled. That was substantial, and the result of knowing safety was perfect quietness.

Now, Satan is spoken of as a roaring lion, who walks about seeking whom he may devour. That is, he leads into sin and he would destroy us. And we have no strength in ourselves. But, in Christ there is perfect safety, and in Him alone. He is stronger than Satan, and His work on the cross is greater than our sins.

But then these little animals had to be in the place of safety, so we must be in Christ, that is there must be a link between us and Christ and His work. And that link is faith. We are to believe on Him. If you believe on Him, **YOU ARE SAFE.**

Then you find these creatures were no stronger when they were protected than they were before in themselves. They stayed where they were because they were weak. We never become strong in ourselves, but our strength is perfect weakness.

But in Christ we can say, "when I am weak then am I strong; Christ has become my strength." That is it: Christ is all—all for the sinner, all for the saved one; all, all the time. We can say to Satan:

"Oh thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the vilest clean;
No prey of thine, the soul on which
This token once is seen."

Oh, if people only knew their danger, and their place of safety! We must tell them of these things.

A little bird chased by a hawk once flew into a man's bosom for protection. Did the man give it up to the hawk? No, indeed, but held it and soothed it as if it had been his child. So Christ never gives up those who rest in Him. He came on purpose to deliver and He has *all power* in heaven and on earth. No one shall ever pluck those who are His out of His hands. Blessed assurance! May you all rest in Him alone.

Life of Martin Luther.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT long after the time when Martin Luther first found peace and rest by believing in Jesus, he went to Rome, which in those days was considered a great privilege. The young monk was

overjoyed at the prospect of spending several weeks in the "Holy City," as it was then called, on account of the numbers of churches, monasteries and statues of the saints in it, and more especially because the Pope lived there.

But, alas! he found Rome the center of wickedness. On every hand he beheld priests and monks whose sole object was to live for, and please, themselves; he visited many churches and said many prayers, but the more he went among the people, the more strongly was he impressed with the belief that the religion of Rome was only a form; the outer covering was there, it is true, but all heart for Christ was wanting; the very men who taught the people, secretly made a mock of religion, and while apparently conforming to the rules of the Roman Church, in reality set them at defiance.

There is in Rome a certain staircase, said to have been transported from Jerusalem by a miracle; it is generally known by the name of "Pilate's stair," and a great many people really believed that the Lord Jesus was led up it on the night before His crucifixion. They therefore regarded it with great reverence, and actually went up it on their knees, hoping thus to please God. Do you think that they ever could please God? No, never; for we see in his His own Word that the only way to please Him, is to believe on His Son, Jesus Christ.

Martin Luther visited these celebrated stairs; slowly and sorrowfully he mounted the stone steps, each one worn into a hollow from the passing to and fro of weary pilgrims, who had thus sought to gain that place and pardon which the blood of Jesus alone, and not our works, can give. Suddenly he heard as it were a loud voice exclaiming: "The just shall live by faith." He sprang up from his lowly posture, a new light shined in upon his soul.

Often and often had he repeated that verse, but never before had it applied with such life-giving power to himself. It is faith *alone* which justifies was the one absorbing thought. Never again would he add his works to the glorious work of Christ; never again could he doubt the Lord and Saviour who had bought him, or think His

precious blood an insufficient price. He had believed in Christ, and done his best, now he found that his work must be put out of the question altogether.

But I do not want any dear child to think he may believe in Christ and then please himself; it is because we do believe that we love to please *Him*. He has bought us and we are no longer our own, but His; can we bear to go on displeasing our loving, tender Saviour? Let us rather go to Him and tell Him all about it when we do grieve Him, for the nearer we keep to Him, and the oftener we go to Him, the more shall we keep from sin, and the better can we tell those around us about Jesus.

P. B.

(If the Lord will, to be continued.)

Bible Lessons about Fishes.

PURPLE.

† CAN imagine some of my little readers exclaiming, "Why, what kind of fish is that? Ma, did you ever read of a purple fish in the Bible?" Ma says no, and Ma is quite right, there is no such fish. But while there is no such fish, there is a color called purple, that is obtained from a species of shell-fish found on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is very frequently mentioned in scripture, and I want to tell you how that color was obtained.

"The art of extracting dye from these shell-fish is now completely lost, but experiments have been made by which an inferior dye is procured, and an old historian named Pliny has left an account of the ancient process of procuring it. The coloring matter was extracted from a small vessel in the throat of the animal, each shell yielding only a single drop. The juice is at first white; on exposure to the atmosphere it becomes green, and afterwards redder, finally settling into a deep red purple. The wool was steeped in the liquid prior to its being spun or woven, and wool prepared at Tyre (a noted city for purple), fetched an enormous price in the markets of Rome."

Purple and scarlet were the colors of the royal robes. We read of Daniel

being thus clothed when the king Belshazzar promoted him to honor. And, in mockery, Pilate's soldiers thus clothed the Lord. "Then Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged Him. And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said Hail, king of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands" (John xix. 1-3).

What a sight that was! He who is King of kings meekly bearing mockery and cruelty! But that was His road to royalty. The genuine purple with which the royal robes were dyed was obtained only by death, as we have seen. God, no doubt, ordered it to be so, that we might thereby learn a lesson of the way in which His own Son would obtain the throne. He won it not by self-exaltation, but by humiliation, by suffering, by death. "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

The world does not yet see Him exalted, nor yet bow the knee to Him, but we, who believe in Him do. "But now we see not yet all things put under Him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor."

The last sight the world had of Jesus was on a cross, with the inscription over His head, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews." The next sight the world will have of Him will be as a warrior in power taking vengeance with the royal robe upon Him. "And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God . . . And He hath on His vesture, and on His thigh, a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords" (Rev. xix. 13, 16).

When heaven and earth are searched and no one is found worthy to open the book with seven seals (Rev. v. 3, 4), the slain Lamb is declared to have prevailed to open it. He won the right by death. He took the lowest place, and God gives Him the highest.

And now we have a little practical lesson to learn from this. Are we willing to be despised as Jesus was, spit upon, and mocked, that we may reign with Him when He reigns? Let me conclude with an extract from a letter sent by a little boy, ten years old, to his sister; he is a pupil in a large public school:

"I miss you all so much, and feel so sorry to leave you, but then I think that we may not be separated for half as long as ten weeks, and you may never get your letter to-morrow, but we may be caught up before I have finished this letter, and we may see each other now. "Oh! that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more." Mind, you always pray for this school and the boys, for I do; and will you go on having it at the prayer-meeting? Pray for me, that I may have strength to work for the Master here.

"What do you think the boys were doing the other night? They were making up all kinds of rhymes about 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' They were saying all kinds of dreadful and wicked things about it; but we will pray for them, and ask that they may be brought to Christ, and may know better than to say such things. I have asked God that I may show the other boys how different a christian little boy is, and that when the boys hit me and tease me I may not be cross, but take it all patiently. They have been hitting me, but I didn't say anything, and they left off again. This school is more dreadful than you ever thought it was. I don't think they ever think of their Saviour who died for them, but they go fighting on Sunday. I wish Mr. J. could come and say a few words to them. It is very nice for you to live at home, but 'when Jesus comes,' 'there'll be no more separation in the presence of the King.'

Your loving C—."

C. H. B.

One there is above all others—

Oh, how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's—

Oh, how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—

Oh, how He loves!

Little Bessie's Faith.



LITTLE girl, seven years old, was sitting by her mamma's side in a drawing-room, and her mamma looked up at her, and saw that she looked very sorry about something, almost as if she were going to cry. So her mamma (a nice, kind mother she was), asked her what was the matter; and this was what she said: "Oh, ma, I was thinking what a lot of naughty things I've done; and if I were to die, and had to go before God, I don't know whatever I should say."

Now, little Lizzie was only seven years old, and everybody thought what a good girl she was; but Lizzie knew that, however good she seemed, she had a naughty-heart, and had often done what was wrong. Do you not think, she was right, and that you have done what is wrong sometimes, too?

But before mamma could answer, a small voice from down on the hearth-rug said, "I know what I should answer, mamma." It was Lizzie's little sister, Bessie; she was only three and a half years old, and could not speak quite plainly, but there she was lying down all alone on the hearth-rug. She had heard what Lizzie said and lifted up her little head quite in a hurry to speak. "Well, Bessie, what should you say," said mamma.

"Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt:
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt."

"And then," said Bessie, "God wouldn't have a word to say, would He?"

Young as little Bessie was, she knew how we had all done something wrong, and how God must punish people for being naughty. But she knew, too, how much God loved us—so much that He gave His only Son to die for us. And then you know Jesus loved us too, and so He, came down here and lived as a baby and a little boy and a big man.

But it was such a sorrowful life. He had nowhere to go to bed at night, no one to take care of Him, and very few to love Him. And then when He had done good to everybody, some wicked men took Him, and fastened Him up to a great cross of

wood, till He died. And then little Bessie knew that He need not have died if He had not liked, but He came to die so that God might not have to punish us.—*London Christian.*

All that I was—my sins, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
Thou God of grace, alone.

The evil of my former state,
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

Thy mercy found me in my sins
And gave me to believe,
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And in Thy Christ I live.

All that I am, while here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

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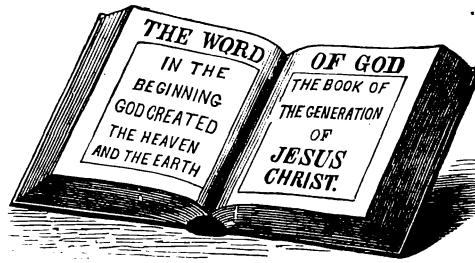
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1877.

No. 5.



Winter at Valley Forge.

IT is likely every child in this land knows something of the history of the Revolution of one hundred years ago by which this country became an independent govern-

ment. We do not present pictures of these times, and write about them, as the object of this paper is to tell of another country, the heavenly one, and the way to it.

But there is teaching of a very important kind in the incidents of the winter of 1777, which this picture calls up. It tells of the saddest, poorest time in the whole of that struggle and of the most affecting suffering and trials through which men passed to secure a land to themselves and to a liberty which could be so easily given up and abused, and which does not make man any better.

This place is on the Schuylkill river, twenty miles up from Philadelphia, and is noted as being the place where the American army had its winter quarters one hundred years ago. They had been encamped at a place nineteen miles off, and it took them a week to march that distance so badly were they off for means of carrying all the luggage of an army through the snow.

Poor men! The path of their march might be traced all the way, by the blood that had flowed from their bare feet! When they arrived they had to make their own huts before they could have any place to rest in, and this amidst deep snow and severe cold.

And all that dreary season they suffered sorrows untold with a devotion, and sincerity and self-sacrifice that have never been excelled, enduring hunger and nakedness and disease, and the apparent neglect of those in authority who were as poor as themselves. It was not *fighting*, but *enduring*, that made Valley Forge have a name and a history.

In all this terrible destitution and struggle with enemies far worse than could be drawn up in front of them in battle, such enemies as starvation and sickness, and death, and woe, they had a leader to whom they looked, who was passing through the same suffering and enduring the same hardships—the general of the army. He sought no shelter for himself but a tent till they had built their huts.

It is harder to endure and be patient, than to bluster and fight with great show of

bravery. The scriptures tell us, "Better is he that *ruleth* his spirit, than he that taketh a city." You remember that Peter could boast of what he would do, even to die for Christ, and he could be very brave in using his sword, but when Christ was before the judgment, he could not *endure* the taunt of a maid that he was one of Christ's disciples.

We are poor affairs when it comes to anything so close as that, and we will soon find we have no strength. In the epistle of James, chapter first is nearly all about this matter of enduring trial, and he says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation (or trial), for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." I wish you would read that chapter, or get your father or mother to read it to you.

I am anxious every one of you should have that crown. Some of my readers are the children of God by believing in Jesus Christ. Now, surely, you will bear patiently for His sake the vexations and disappointments, and the shame, for a little while. The great fight is in these things, is with yourself, with Satan trying to rouse up these things against you.

Keep your thoughts on Him who went through all these things Himself, endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Keep the Captain of your salvation before you, that you faint not, just as these soldiers had their beloved General of the army before them. Our Leader has given us no place of suffering and hardships which He did not go through Himself. He was tried in all points as we are. We are to watch that we do not sin in all these temptations; but it can only be by thinking of Him, and rejoicing in Him. We call them happy who *endure*.

And now if there are any who are not children of God, why is it? Do you not want to be? He wants you, He longs for you. Christ came down that you might have life. Do see yourselves, sinners, and that He came to save sinners, and rest on His work and you are His forever.

Martin Luther.

PART V.



SHORT time after Martin Luther's visit to Rome, he was made what was called "a Biblical Doctor." Being created a "doctor" enabled him to preach, and his preaching was to be from the Word of God alone, and not from the writings of the saints.

Earnestly did he study the Bible, obeying the Saviour's command to search the scriptures, and the more he looked into these sacred writings, the greater difference he found between them and the books which were given to the people. The people crowded to hear him, and gladly received the words, which were able to make them wise unto salvation, but the monks were very angry, and would have imprisoned the faithful preacher, had not God who is stronger than man kept him safe from all harm or danger.

And now I must tell you about the "Indulgences," or pardons for sin, which could be bought for a small sum of money, and which made such a tremendous stir throughout all Germany at this time.

A monk named Tetzal, a very wicked man, but, alas, commissioned by the Pope, traveled from one end of the country to the other, selling pieces of paper or parchment, on which were written words of forgiveness, which it was said freed the purchaser from the consequence of any sin, and took him straight to heaven at his death. Tetzal went from one city to another in a magnificent coach, attended by servants, and on nearing any place of importance, the whole town flocked out to meet him, and the priests with great pomp conducted him to the largest church they possessed.

Here he preached a sermon, in which he worked upon the feelings of his audience to such an extent, that they readily gave him all the money he afterwards asked for. "Have you a friend," he would exclaim, "whose soul has not yet been released from Purgatory? The moment your money touches the bottom of my strong box, that soul enters Paradise."

Accustomed to believe implicitly what

they were told, the deluded people pressed forward, only too anxious to be the first to cast in the money which was to be of so much service to their departed relatives or friends. After this a man, dressed as a priest, went behind a table, brought there for the purpose, and sold indulgence papers to the crowds of weary, heavy laden men and women who thronged around him.

Do you think any one was really happier afterwards? Do you think it took away the sin of *one* person? *No*: the whole thing was a lie and a delusion of Satan.

We live now in a time when the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, is preached throughout the world, a time when the Bible is being circulated far and wide, a time when earnest men are traveling from city to city seeking to awaken in their fellow creatures a sense of their danger, a time to which those words apply "The *time is short.*" And yet are *we*, I ask you, as intensely interested in the salvation of our own souls, and those of our friends, as were those poor misguided people of Germany, three hundred years ago? They would give all they had for a *promise* of forgiveness. God is offering forgiveness to you now, without money or price; have you accepted it? If not, beware. The awakening cry was given just before the doors were shut, and the preaching which is now going on in every city of this vast continent, is only another proof of that marvellous truth, that soon, very soon the Lord will be here, to take his own beloved ones home.

"To dwell with Him,
To see His face,
And know the wonders of His grace."

Will you be there, or will you be one of those who have to say, "The harvest is *passed* the summer is ended and *we are not saved*?"

P. B.

(To be continued, if the Lord will).

There is a blessed home
Beyond these azure skies,
Where saints with Christ in glory live,
In life that never dies.

There is a blessed home,
Where God our Father dwells;
And every child who enters there
The note of glory swells.



A Farm-Yard Scene.

WHILE you are looking at this picture, and counting the chickens and pigeons, at the door of this farm-house, I will tell you a short story.

It is of a little girl who lived for several years in the country. Her father had a great many fowls, and he gave the care of them all to her. When she would call them to be fed they would run from all

quarters, and some of them would fly upon her head and shoulders.

Why do you think they did this? Because they knew her as the one who always gave them what they needed, and was kind to them. It is a good thing to get the affection of an animal. I do not think they would be as free with every boy and girl that I have seen.

One day she was standing in the hen-house, thinking what she could do for a poor old hen that was lying on the ground beside her nest, and that seemed very sick.

All at once, a rooster came in, and, with his beak, tried to get her into the nest, which was about four inches from the ground. The hen was too heavy for him, however. So off he went, out of the hen-house, and in about two minutes came back with two hens.

The three then lifted the old hen into her nest, and there she stayed till next day, when she died, most likely of old age, for she was very old.

Was not that surprising? You see that the rooster must have gone out and told these two hens about the matter, in his way. He could not use our language, but he could use theirs, and it seemed to accomplish what he wanted.

God has given to all animals, means of speaking to each other what is necessary, and, oftentimes, what seems astonishing.

Our way of speaking is not alone by the tongue: the eyes, the whole face, the limbs, the bending or motion of the body, everything about us speaks. And these things are often more true than our words, for we can lie more easily by word than by our motions.

I have no doubt we might appear to some of these very animals to be rather stupid, and objects of pity, seeing we have to depend so much on the words of the mouth, when they can speak without words. You will often see two animals holding their faces near each other for a while, as if whispering, and then go about doing something together as if they had arranged it all.

It is a lovely school for the children to go to, when their vacation comes, to get

among the domestic animals, and watch their habits, and learn the wisdom and kindness of God, in suiting them all to their place.

I think you will find that man, is in his nature, worse than the brutes, often. The brute has not a mind and heart that hates God; he has never become a sinner. That was left for man!

And why? That a Saviour might be manifested in due time, and with all power to redeem us, and make us new creatures, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly," and "God commendeth *His love* toward us, in that, while we were *yet sinners*, Christ died for us."

Surely, if this was done for us while we were yet sinners, our being sinners need be no hindrance to our being saved, but the very reason why we should rest on Him and be saved.

There is going to be a time of blessing on this earth, when not only the fowls and the tame animals shall be friendly to man, but the wild and savage ones, also. And that time is speeding on rapidly, not by man's efforts, but in spite of all man can do. It will be by the personal coming of the Lord Jesus Christ to reign.

The same Lord Jesus Christ in whom we, as sinners, are called upon to believe, will make all things joyful then. It will be a grand time for the animals, and a grander time for those who shall be with Him as believers on Him, on the earth. But those who now believe shall reign with Him over it all.

Bible Lessons about Fishes.

JONAH AND THE GREAT FISH.

IN the March number of PURE STREAMS we were looking at the history of Jonah, and drew from it a little lesson as to how a poor sinner can be saved. But there is something more yet to learn from it, for if we turn to Matt. xii. 38-40, we read, "Then certain of the scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee. But He answered and said unto them, An

evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

Many things have changed since the Lord spake these words; the country in which these words were spoken has changed from a garden into a barren waste, but there is one thing that has not changed, and that is man's heart.

As those Pharisees asked him for a sign, thus showing their unbelief, so do many now. Had they not seen many signs? He had been healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and casting out devils, and yet they ask for a sign! Well, He had a sign to give them, and that was His own death and resurrection: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Nothing would do but that He must die. For He called them to repentance and they repented not though a greater than Jonah was here. There was no knowledge of God, for though He did the works of God, yet their conscience was not reached, it made no impression on them, they ascribed it to Satan, and then asked for a sign.

So He would yet give them another sign—He would die. And what would that be a sign of? It would be a sign of what they were, and a sign of what God was. It would be a sign of what they were, for it would show that they hated God so much that they would put His Son to death. They would put to death the only One who ever lived without sin, because His goodness reproved their wickedness, they could not bear the light, they loved darkness because their works were evil.

And then it is a sign of what God is, a very great sign. It shows that He is love. "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." God did not wait for men to repent and then give His Son to die, but He

gave His Son to die for men who refused to repent, and now having made this great proof of His love, beseeches men to be reconciled to Him.

And now if we turn again to the book of Jonah we shall see something of this there. We read that after "Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights" (i. 17) he was sent again to Nineveh (chap. iii.) So also after the Lord Jesus was crucified and after three days raised again, men are called upon to repent because of that. And Jesus said unto them, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke xxiv. 46, 47). And so, in obedience to this we find Peter preaching unto them, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins" (Acts ii. 38). "And the same day were added unto them about three thousand souls" (40). There were more people converted the first time that repentance was preached after Christ's death than during all His preaching before.

The men of Nineveh repented when Jonah preached unto them: "So the people of Nineveh BELIEVED God, and proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth." Men would not believe God when Jesus preached unto them before His death; will they believe now?

But I am much afraid that I am making these things seem too deep for some of the little people who read PURE STREAMS. So let me see if I cannot put it all into a very few short words.

Men are sinners, and so bad that JESUS MUST DIE:

Having paid the penalty for sins He is RAISED AGAIN.

And now repentance and remission of sins are PREACHED IN HIS NAME.

All those who BELIEVE GOD'S MESSAGE will repent, and shall receive remission of sins.

Now will all (both young and old), who

read this, ask themselves these three questions.

Have I believed God ?

Have I repented ?

Are my sins forgiven ?

C. H. B.

The Jasper Walls.

I WAS once spending a happy afternoon with the children of a Sunday-school. One of the little girls had sent to ask me to come and speak to them about Jesus. I was glad I went at her request, I will tell you why, presently.

I was speaking about David, the shepherd-boy, who was minding his father's sheep in the wilderness, and how he rescued the little trembling lamb out of the power of the lion and the bear; and when they roared against him, he took his club and slew them; yes, he slew both the lion and the bear. I was telling them that David loved the Lord, and trusted in Him, because he knew God was stronger than all the lions and bears of the wilderness; that was faith, and so when a little afterwards, he was on a visit to his brothers, who were soldiers of King Saul, he heard a great giant asking some one to come and fight with him, and saw how the soldiers were afraid, and ran away when he came near, he said he would go and fight with him; he was quite sure he could kill him he told the king, because he trusted in one who was mightier than a giant; and then he told Saul how he had slain the lion and the bear when they took his little lamb. So he ran to the brook, took five stones, and putting one in his sling, ran to meet the giant, and told him he came in the name of Jehovah, then took the fatal aim. Away the stone went flying, and in a moment was buried in the massive head of the giant.

I told them how David loved his little lamb, and how brave he was when he saw it in danger; so he loved his people, and when he saw them frightened by a giant, he served him the same. You know we can do great things for any one we love; but what was David's love to his little lamb, or to his people, compared to God's love to

poor sinners who knew Satan wanted to destroy them, going about as a roaring lion; so He sent His only begotten Son to save us, and He has died, He has done more than David for us; and God says, Whoever believes in Jesus shall be saved.

I was speaking about this as simply as possible, so that the children might understand it. A good many bright little faces were turned to me while I was talking to them. I little thought that two of that number I should never see on earth again; two little lambs whom the Good Shepherd was going to take to His bosom, away from the cold and sinful world. One of them was Fanny B., who had sent to ask me to come. I used to live next door to Fanny's parents, so we soon became close friends, and many a little book and picture fell to her share. I went to London, and only saw Fanny occasionally; but I was pleased to see my little friend at the Sunday-school, and yet more so to find that her teacher believed that she was saved; she seemed so to enjoy reading about and hearing of the Lord Jesus, and was a constant attendant at the school. The Good Shepherd was gently drawing His little lamb to His bosom and helping her to find what a blessed shelter and resting place it was. A day or two afterwards as I parted from her, and kissed a farewell, I little thought she was to be separated from us so soon. But it was gracious of the loving God to bring her early to Himself, by teaching her young heart to know the love of Jesus in a way she could understand.

She was taken suddenly ill, but before death, was privileged to speak of the preciousness of Jesus. You know, I dare say, what Jesus once said, "Out of the mouth of babes thou hast perfected praise;" and that God was pleased to hide Himself from the wise ones of this world, and reveal Himself unto babes. From the time she was taken ill till she died, her conversation was about Jesus; even when at times she was unconscious, and her mind weakened, it was Christ. She had learned of Him at the Sunday-school, and what His precious blood does for every poor sinner that believes in Him; and now she was not frightened, for

her little heart trusted in Him, and He kept her in peace.

When she saw her father and mother crying at the bedside, she begged they would not weep. She said, "I don't think I am going to die, but living or dying I want to be washed in the blood of Jesus; mamma, pray for me, that I may be." Then, afterwards, as if God had answered the desire of that young heart as soon as it was expressed, she said (repeating it again and again), "*Jesus has done all the work, I have nothing to do! only to believe on Him!*" As she drew near her end, she exclaimed, as though seeing in reality what she had often read about in the last chapter of the Revelation: "Mamma, the walls are all jasper. Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" This was like catching a glimpse of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the foundations of whose walls are all precious stones. On one occasion, a christian who called, and had a little talk with her, was astonished at the clearness of her answers, because she spoke so joyfully of going to be with Christ, although the poor little body was in great agony. "Yes," she kept exclaiming, "Jesus has done it all." She asked a dear old friend to read to her. "Shall I read in the 14th of John?" said she. "Yes," she said, "or in the 17th," showing that she understood what she said.

How soon the little one was gone from the home circle and the school. On Sunday she was in her class; on Thursday a corpse. She fell asleep in Jesus.

In another part of the town another little girl in the same Sunday-school was also suffering, and about the same time fell asleep also.

G. C.

SHINING FOR JESUS.

Are you shining for Jesus, darlings?

You remember the first sweet ray,
When the sun arose upon you
And brought the gladsome day;
When you heard the gospel message,
And Jesus himself drew near,
And helped you to trust Him simply,
And took away your fear;
When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise Him,
And everything seemed bright.

Are you shining for Jesus, darlings,
Shining for Him all day,

Letting the light burn always,
In lessons and in play?
Always—when those beside you
Are walking in the dark?
Always—when no one is helping,
Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation.
Of trouble or of ease?

Are you shining for Jesus, darlings,
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known?
Shining where all are strangers—
Shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining at school, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found?

Are you shining for Jesus, darlings,
Not for yourselves at all—
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamps should fall?
Shining because you are walking
In the sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you must let out the gladness,
And you must show forth the love?

F. R. H.

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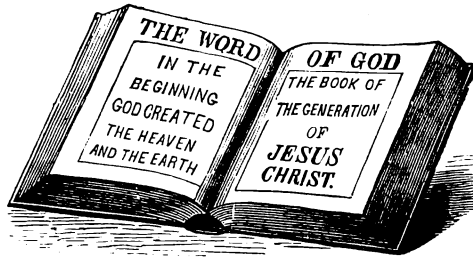
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1877.

No. 6.



Summer Work.

Summer Work.

THREE years ago, this very month, we had a picture called "Summer Lessons," of a man sitting on the bank of a stream in a wood, with his little daughter beside him, to whom he was giving the lessons.

She who wrote the sweet words of those lessons, has gone to be learning lessons of deeper and richer things, in the summer of the presence of the Lord in heaven. And though her heart took in so many blessed things of the Lord here, and gave out so many, some of which the readers of this paper received, God tells us it is far better to depart and be with Christ. So we wait for Him to bring her when He comes.

But this summer we begin with a picture of "Summer Work." Did you expect to find a great strong plowman or some reapers hard at work? We are not writing to such folks as these. And besides, there is a good deal of business done by people that are small.

Look at this. Does it not tell of work. See that spade, and the wheelbarrow, where Miss Dimple has been put to sleep after having had a ride through the garden. Do not these tools tell of care and work?

This darling little girl stooping over the flowers carries great oceans of love with her, I know, and if there are eyes looking out of the window towards that direction, they observe her more than the flowers, you may readily believe.

Her work for this summer is just to enjoy and give joy, to take in and give out love. And do you know that is your work too?

What a busy time summer is everywhere. The birds, the bees, and the insects are hard at it. And the plants, too, trying to grow and raise flowers and seeds.

Now, are we busy, just like the flowers, taking in the rain? That is, on our part, receiving the love of God in Christ. And then they give out the sweet fragrance, and produce the beautiful flowers. So should we give out the love that comes to us.

I think if you are busy with the love

that God shows in the gift of Christ, and are in company with Him, rejoicing in His work on the cross, and in His coming again, that will be the most precious work of all. And then I am sure He can send you to others.

And we must hasten, for soon the time will be over. Now is our day for work.

Out at Sea.

WILLIE Lingdar and I were spending a little time in the Isle of Man; from the hills that form the background of Douglas we had a splendid view of the ocean that lay stretched out at our feet, sometimes so calm that it looked like a huge plate of glass, save when a slight breeze threw a veil of ripples over its face; and very beautiful it was to lie about the grassy slopes of the rocky background on a summer's eve, and by fixing the eye on the horizon, catch a glimpse of our much-loved native land in the hazy distance. Again, for there is a charm in variety, it was a sublime sight to stand on the pier-head of a stormy night and watch the strife of the elements, and to see the vain attempts of the mighty waves as they lashed the sides of their rocky boundary to overleap the given line.

Nine or ten days having passed away, we got weary of the beautiful scenery. Every nook that had a charm of novelty in it, or the highways and by-ways, where nature in a capricious mood had struck out some short outlines of rugged scenery, and then by a sudden turn gave us glimpses of a lovely inland prospect, had each in their turn been visited again and again, till at last we were to be seen gazing dreamily into the quiet harbor that lies at the foot of the pier-head.

My friend Willie at last suggested to go boating, but being a poor sailor in every sense, I declined. However, by dint of perseverance, and assuring me of his capabilities of handling the oar, and that I had but to sit still and enjoy the evening breeze that was then gently fanning the tiny waves to and fro, I at last consented, and we were

soon riding quietly out of harbor, and quickly, too, for being novices, we were not aware that the tide was running out, and that the wind was seaward. We turned for a little to watch the movements of the diver in his mysterious armor as he proceeded to the depths below, and then we easily drifted out some distance, till at last we began to think of returning. Then for the first time we discovered that both wind and tide were against us; moreover, the wind was blowing pretty strong, and the sea was running higher than we liked, so that our little boat was tossed about like a tiny walnut-shell upon the waves. The sun had set, and twilight began to cast her gloomy presence about us, so that altogether our situation was anything but pleasant. Soon after starting I found that my companion's boast about managing the boat was more *talk* than *do*, and I was therefore compelled to take an oar.

After much difficulty we managed to turn the boat, but all our efforts to make an advance towards the pier were unsuccessful. I saw Master William looked very pale; he was beginning to lose confidence; but we hoped by sheer strength to pull in. At last, weakened in every limb, we gave up, and the wind and waves took advantage of it, and away we went towards the open sea.

Our perilous situation had been discovered from the pier-head by lookers-on, but more especially by several boatmen who were in the habit of rescuing unwary adventurers like ourselves (for ours was no uncommon case I found), and to our joy we saw a boat approaching us, pulled by four strong men. Right glad we were, for if we had been left much longer, our danger would have been great, as darkness was increasing. But our joy was somewhat cut short by the hard bargain they wanted to strike with us; of course they knew we were at their mercy; but I indignantly cried out, "Make way; now Willie, pull away; one more effort, and we shall do."

Seeing we were obstinate, they tried a *ruse* which was most effectual. By a concerted signal they took up their oars and pulled away from us with all their strength,

shouting, "Good night, young gentlemen, we can't stay any longer, or we shan't get in."

This decided matters, for we found how useless it was for two feeble arms to pull to shore, if four strong sailors found it difficult to do so. We had to shout to them to come back, and were now glad to come to terms, for I think we had enough of it; and all that we had to do, as soon as we were linked to their strong boat, was to sit still, and in a little while we found ourselves opposite the breakwater, and then we were in calm water, and very soon we found ourselves ashore.

No doubt we had thoughtlessly put ourselves in the place of danger, and this we discovered when too late. But there was a faithful One above, ready to succor as soon as the eye was lifted up in a sense of need, and truly we found it so. So, too, with a sinner, as soon as he discovers his danger and his helplessness, if he will look away in faith to the Lord, He will find that Christ Jesus came to save the lost. "For God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).—*My Little Friend*.

He is coming—who is coming?

Is it one whom I shall fear?

No!—the blessed, kind Lord Jesus—

He who suffered for me here:

He is coming!

In the clouds He will appear.

Oh, how happy!—Those who love Him

All His beauty then shall see;—

And the glorious sight will make them

Bright and beautiful as He:

In a moment

Like their Saviour they will be.

He will take them up to heaven

From this world and sin apart,

There His Father will receive them

To His home and to His heart:

In the glory,

Never more from Him to part.

Happy children who are waiting,

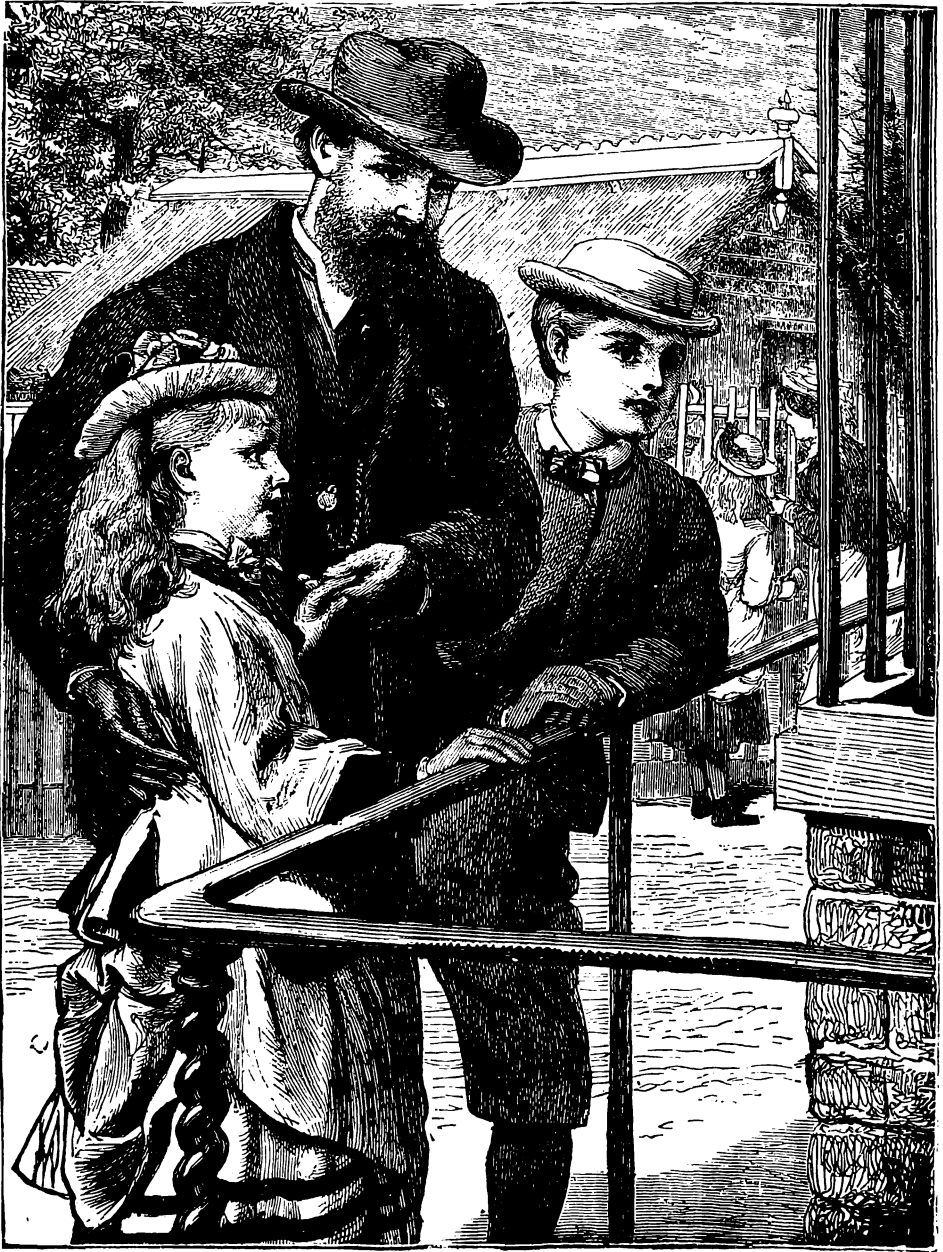
For that bright and joyful day!

Knowing Jesus as their Saviour,

They can watch for Him and say,

"Come, Lord Jesus!

Take Thy little ones away."



Looking at the Animals in Central Park, New York.



We went up one Saturday afternoon to Central Park to stroll among the trees and under and over the many bridges, and to sit in the

little summer houses, and watch the swans on the lake, and the thousands of people there. It was a busy, active scene.

You that live in the country must know

that we have to get all the broad miles of land and water, and trees and hills that you have, into a small space that is no larger than two or three of your large corn fields put together. And so these things are pressed together pretty close.

But you have no lions and tigers roaming through your woods, or buffaloes in your fields, or seals in your waters, or eagles in your trees, and cunning monkeys climbing about your buildings.

Would you not like to see these? If you come to New York you can look at these and many more, all for nothing, only taking the trouble to walk or ride to the Central Park.

We went into the houses where the monkeys and great varieties of wonderful birds are kept, and passed by the places enclosed by heavy wires and chains where the eagles, and the wolves and deer are held in, and then to the rows of cages and stables where the beasts, wild and tame, are passing their time.

There were wolves, surly and restless, and panthers and lions pacing up and down their cages, savage looking and unhappy.

I never saw animals in cages that did not look unhappy. They get tired of doing nothing but eat and sleep, and being looked at by eager faces.

They see no variety in those wondering eyes that are watching them, and in the voices that whisper so cautiously some question about them, or the bolder ones that boast "Who's afraid?"

I wonder why their keepers do not give them something to do. Do you wonder what they could do? Just look at a kitten, how it will jump up when it has become tired of lounging, and run after a ball for half hours at a time, till it becomes a new kitten by the employment. Why could not a lion's kitten, of which there are some at the Park, have just such fun with an India rubber ball?

And why could not the monkeys have balls to throw at each other, or something else to chase after? I think it would be a kindness to get all these fellows who are used for our instruction, some employment

that would pay them for consenting to stay in cages for our sakes.

My little girl and boy were greatly delighted. But when we got near the cage of the great African lions, the little girl lunged back, and her face turned pale. They were ferocious looking, that is a fact, and they seemed as if they wanted to get at us and make an end of us at once.

But I held her up and showed her that there was no danger at all, that though the fierce animals had a nature and a desire to destroy us, yet they were perfectly harmless, because between us and them there was a set of strong iron bars that they could not break nor get between. Then she stood resting for her heart on my word and for her body on my support.

And children the greater lion that is feared by so many, Satan, who has the power of death, is held in check by the strong bars of death that Christ suffered. Ah, only rest on Him and all is safety. He can quench death and hell, and gives liberty and joy and salvation to all who believe.

Bible Lessons about Fishes.

PEARLS.

NOW pearls, as most people know, are found in oysters, but oysters are not fish. They are called by naturalists "molluscs," but as they come from the water, and we call them shell-fish, we may as well put them in with the rest while we are reading about fishes.

Pearls are found in various kind of shell-fish, the best being obtained from the large pearl oyster. Some are found in fresh water muscles in Scottish mountain streams, but the great pearl fishery is Ceylon.

It is the little animal inside the shell that makes the pearl, which is of the same substance as the shell of the oyster. A little grain of sand or something gets inside the shell, and round and round this a secretion is formed in successive layers, till at last a beautiful pearl is made. How quietly the work goes on. It takes several years to make a pearl. And just to think! while

the busy ships are going to and fro over the deep, away down in the sand there, with no human eye upon it, the beautiful pearl is being slowly, secretly and surely formed! We do not see it, but God is watching it all the time.

But it is so interesting to learn how pearls are obtained. It is this way: A diver, a man who is trained to diving as his business, strips himself naked and dives right down under the water and brings the oyster up. They open it and take out the pearl.

Now we will look at the Bible and see what that says about pearls.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls. Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it" (Matt. xiii. 45, 46).

That merchant must have wanted that "one pearl" very much to sell all that he had to buy it, and also he must have had a great deal to sell to be able to buy it, for it was "one pearl of GREAT PRICE." I do not think that you and I can ever fully understand how much the Lord Jesus loved us, nor how much He sold in order to buy us. We are told that, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor" (2 Cor. viii. 9). How rich He must have been! and how poor He became for our sakes! He left all that He had in heaven and came to a manger and a cross.

Like the diver after the pearls, He strips Himself of everything and dives away down, down, down in the deep waters to find this precious pearl that lay at the bottom. He went down into the river of judgment for us. "Christ DIED for our sins." "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." But why did He go down into the sea of death for us? Because He loves us. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." "Christ loved the church and gave Himself for it."

Like the treasure hid in the field (Matt. xiii. 44) and like a pearl at the bottom of the sea, no one else saw the church but Christ. It was something that no one ever dreamt of, but He saw it and must go down after it, like the diver who goes down to where

the pearl is to bring it up to the light of day.

And the church is still hidden from the eyes of the world. God calls it "one pearl of great price," but men do not see it. They are a great number of imitation pearls, but God still sees the one Pearl, the one Church, the one Body, the one Bride of Christ.

By and by the day will come when Christ will display the Pearl He has won at so much cost. All the world shall see that they whose life is now "hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3), are the precious stones of His costly purchase.


By and by the church will shine forth in God's light, "coming down from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. xxi. 2). Then she will be seen to be adorned with all manner of precious stones. Then will be seen the "one pearl of great price," which the Lord brought up from the dark waters of death. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was ONE PEARL" (Rev. xxi. 21).

Oh, what a happy time that will be! How we shall delight to praise Him who bought us, and remember the "great price" He gave.

"Why did the Son of God come down,
From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss;
And lay aside His kingly crown,
To visit such a world as this?"

"Because His heart was full of love;
Because He pitied sinners so;
This made Him leave His throne above,
And come and suffer here below." C. H. B.

A Few Words on Clouds.

LOUDS may be formed of various substances. There are clouds of dust, of smoke, of incense, and even clouds of insects, &c.

But the clouds that float about in the sky are usually caused by evaporation from the earth and sea, which, becoming visible in the upper air, make what we call clouds. Sometimes they are so heavy and dense they fall in drops to the ground, when we say it rains.

Clouds assume various forms. At times they seem to spread over all the sky, hiding

its beautiful blue and shutting out the sun, making it dark and gloomy. On one day they are light and fleecy, on another they look like huge, snow capped mountains, lifting their white heads high into the air, while in the evening the forms they take and the colors with which they glow, are familiar to us all.

Clouds are God's agents; they go forth at His bidding to water the earth, causing the grass to grow, the flowers to bloom, the seed to swell and spring up, and the trees to bud, beautifying and refreshing the earth. And thus in Zech. x. we find the prophet saying, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field."

In some parts of the world clouds are rarely seen, and rain never falls, so that the ground is dry and without its beautiful carpet of green, a waste of sand, a desert, a type of the heart of man unrefreshed by God's grace, unfruitful, unholy.

One of the first times in which the cloud is mentioned in the bible is in Genesis ix., where God says to Noah, after he came forth from the ark, "I do set my bow in the clouds. And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

When the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, pursued by the Egyptians, there was a pillar of cloud between them and the hosts of Pharaoh that gave light to the Israelites, but was terror and darkness to the Egyptians.

And through all the wanderings of the Hebrews in the desert, after the tabernacle was established, we find they were accompanied by a cloud.

In Exodus xl. we read, "So Moses finished the work, then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle, and when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle then the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys, but if the cloud was not taken up then they journeyed not, till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire by night in the sight of all

the house of Israel throughout all their journeyings."

Sometimes God is described as "riding on a swift cloud," and again in Psalm xiv., "He maketh the clouds His chariot."

But we are more especially interested in those passages of the New Testament in which clouds figure as accessories or accompaniments to great and wonderful events. Thus you will remember that beautiful description of the transfiguration on the mount, when "a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice out of the cloud—or as Peter calls it—the excellent glory," testified "this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."

When the Lord was about to leave His disciples after His resurrection, He led them out as far as Bethany, and while He blessed them He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. "And while they looked steadfastly towards heaven as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven, this same Jesus which is taken from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven (Acts i. 11).

Doubtless His disciples afterward remembered that the Lord had Himself said, "Ye shall see the Son of man come with clouds, with power and great glory.

And Paul in his first epistle to the Thessalonians (iv. 16), writes, "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

There are many other places where clouds are mentioned, but I must only quote one more, viz., that in Rev. i. 7, "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." With the Israelite the cloud was a token of the Lord's presence among His people.

But such outward manifestations are not accorded to the christian; he walks by faith

and not by sight, to him the things that are seen are temporal, and the things not seen eternal; and although our Lord said to His disciples, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see," He also said to incredulous Thomas, "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed, blessed they that have not seen and have believed" (John xx. 29).

My young friends, can you claim this blessing? Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and see Him by faith in the glory? Are you looking for His coming to meet you in the cloud? If you are, happy children, for yours is the blessing.

J. T.

Truth and Falsehood.

“**C**HARLIE, why were you gone so long for the water?” asked the teacher of a little boy.

“We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again,” was the prompt reply.

But the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less open than usual, and his eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze. The teacher crossed the room and stood by another who had been Charlie's companion.

“Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?”

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant—he looked frankly up to his teacher's face.

“Yes, ma'am,” he bravely answered; “we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back.”

Little friends, what was the difference in the answers of these two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

Remember that parents and teachers want to know the whole truth, not half or a quarter, not simply what is true, but the whole truth.

And it is so with God. He wants us to

tell Him all. The worst thing you can do with a naughty thing, a sin, is to conceal it.

God has something that can meet the evil and make us clean—as white as snow—so that there shall be nothing against us. Do you know what it is? It is the blood of Jesus Christ His Son.

If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Mark, it does not say, “He is pitiful and gracious,” but faithful and just.” This is because the death of Christ has already taken place, and He is faithful to that fact and just to its value.

Take *all* to Him, He likes to forgive and cleanse. “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

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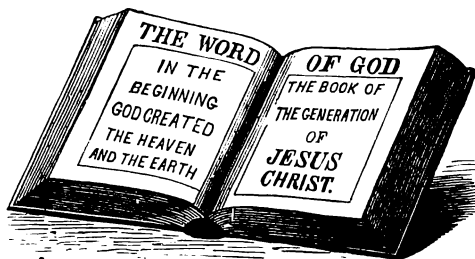
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PURE STREAM

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THE

LITTLE ONES.

“Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.”

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1877.

No. 7.



Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath.

IT was a time of famine in all the land of Israel on account of the wickedness of King Ahab, and the people with him.

He had gone into idolatry through his wife Jezebel, and forsaken Jehovah, the God of Israel, the only true and living God, and now God takes him at his word,

and leaves him. But what could a country be without God to bring fruitful showers, and see to the supply of food?

Men are very apt to deny that God lives; but it would be sad for them if He were to leave them with their Godless world for a while. They deny Him with the very breath He gives, and disobey Him with the strength His blessings bestow.

So God leaving this wicked people, starvation came, for how could the false gods do any thing for them, gods that they formed and pretended to feed?

It was at this time that God raised up a messenger for Himself, one who did care for His honor, and, was greatly grieved at the idolatry. It was Elijah the prophet. He said to Ahab, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain, for three years, but according to my word."

Now if you turn to 1 Kings xvii. you will see the account which this picture represents.

God looked after His own servant in this time of famine. At first he was told to hide himself by the brook Cherith, where he was to be supplied by ravens with food, morning and evening, and drink of the brook. Then the Lord came to him again when the brook dried up, because there had been no rain, and told him to go to Zarephath, in Sidon, that He had arranged that a widow there should sustain him.

But a strange sight met him. The widow was gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook her last handful of meal, and then she expected to starve to death. He who knew God's power and grace was not to be hindered by such a greeting as that, so he told her to go and make a cake of the meal, and bring it to him and afterward she should make it for her son!

It seemed strange and selfish, did it not? But it was really the word of God to her, to try her faith, for he added at once, "Thus sayeth the LORD GOD OF ISRAEL." The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." Now, would she trust the God of Israel? She was outside of Israel, and surely the

God of Israel had not prevented them from great suffering and starvation. It might seem rather a hard word to her at such a time. But she took the word of love that God sent her, and was abundantly provided for all the days of judgment and famine in Israel.

Now turn to Luke iv. 25, 26, and see what the Lord Jesus says about this.

"Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elijah when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout the land: but unto none of them was Elijah sent save unto Sarepta, of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow."

This was spoken in the town of Nazareth, a very bad place with a very bad name, and here was a statement of the great grace of God, in going outside of Israel to bless and save. And what was the treatment they gave Christ for this? They thrust Him out of the city, and led Him to the brow of a hill, to cast Him down. How sad that, for Nazareth, which needed grace and ought to have rejoiced in such a story of grace that could go outside to do good.

Do you see, then, this woman is to be linked with the messenger of God, and live while he lives, on the same food, too, and then be saved.

So Christ is the only One through whom we can get life and salvation, and the grace of God brings salvation to us poor lost and helpless ones, just ready to perish as she was.

Will you believe the message as she believed the word told her? To you is the word of this salvation sent, and through this Man, Jesus Christ, is preached unto you forgiveness of sins. Oh, believe Him just now.

Asking and Having.

REMEMBER being in a little village in the winter time many years ago. I was staying for a time at a friend's house; very pleasant it was to be sitting around the bright, blazing fire, while the wind was howling round the house, trying to get in at every door and window. But the latches were good, and

the bolts strong, so we did not mind, but got a little closer up in the warm corner. The time passed away very happily in conversation; but bed-time came for the little ones, and then a kiss and a good-night from each, and soon the rosy cheeks were buried in the snug cot—the elder boys remaining till after supper. A little more time was spent around the fire, and then we parted for the night: one of the bigger boys slept with me. We were friends, I suppose from the fact that I loved him, and felt interested in him, and because a great many elder christians were not in the habit of talking to him about Jesus. If you do not win boys' and girls' confidence, and make them happy with you, they are sure to have something to do, or somewhere to go, *just at the moment* you begin to talk to them about Jesus. We lay talking for some time, and he told me how unhappy he was; that if he died he was not sure of going to heaven.

"Before you got into bed," I said, "I saw you kneel down to pray; are you in the habit of doing that?"

"Yes, always, night and morning, sometimes oftener."

"May I ask what you pray for?"

"For forgiveness of sins."

"Do you really think God forgives sins?"

"Yes, I know He does; for father and mother say theirs have been forgiven for many years."

"And have you received any answer to your prayers?"

"Not yet."

"Have you prayed long like this?"

"Yes, ever so many years."

"If you were to ask your father or mother for something you wanted, which was for your good, how many times should you have to ask them for it?"

"Only once."

"Then your parents must be kinder than God."

"O, no; I don't think that."

"But you say you get what you ask for directly, from your parents, and yet if you pray to God to forgive your sins, and make you happy, you have to go on asking, and

asking, and never getting what you want; how is this?"

"I don't know; I have been told to pray always."

"Quite right to pray, my young friend; but ought we never to get an answer to our prayers? Would you ask your parents for anything, if you thought you should not get it?"

"No; I think not."

"Then you see you have confidence in them but not in God; you have no faith in Him."

"I never saw it like that," said my young companion.

"Well, God bids us, when we ask anything of Him, to *ask in faith*, to give Him credit that He means what He says. Besides, it is more than this. If I were to offer you a book or a knife, would you doubt I meant giving it you?"

"I'm sure I should not."

"But you would not keep *asking* for it after I begged you to accept it?"

"I think I see what you mean; that God is *giving* while I have been *asking*."

"That is what the bible puts so clearly, and says, the *gift of God is eternal life*, through Jesus Christ our Lord. He is not waiting for sinners to ask, but is telling us glad tidings, that whosoever believeth in Jesus shall be saved."

Thus most of the night was passed. O! how I tried to put God's way of saving sinners, even young ones, in the simplest way. Still, the poor lad did not get peace, he was more unhappy, because he saw what a sinner he was, but did not believe God's love to him; Satan tried hard to keep him unhappy, but God blessed His message soon after, and a sweet letter he wrote me about it, that he was happy because he had peace with God, through Jesus Christ. And now he *had* peace and forgiveness of sins, he had no longer to ask for them; but he had need to *ask* God to *keep* him, so that he might do nothing to displease Him.

Look, dear children, at that precious letter that God writes to you; "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." *



The Blind Reader.

The Blind Reader.

THE children went out one evening to a public exhibition of the blind. They heard very sweet music, and were delighted with the cheerfulness of the pupils.

But one thing that very especially interested them was the rapid reading of the blind, by using their fingers for eyes. You understand how this is done, do you not?

If you make a pin hole in a piece of paper, you would find on the other side of the paper the edges of the hole, and if you were to make the letter H, or the word MAN, in that way, I wonder if you could tell what it was by the end of your fingers.

Well they have types of that kind, either to prick letters or to make the impression of the whole letter so as to stand up on the other side. And then their fingers have to be educated just as your eyes have to be, to tell what such signs mean. It took you some time to learn that such a thing as I, had the same name as what you see with, or that O, was the sign of the noise you make when some very wonderful fireworks are let off before you.

This picture shows us an old man sitting by the way-side, reading for those who go by, and having a cup ready to receive the few cents that they are disposed to give. You can see how he passes his fingers lightly over the page, and then he goes on as fast as many a school-boy with two grand, bright eyes full of mischief.

In some places such men are employed to read the word of God aloud, in this way, and then the passers-by get to hear something from God as they stop or move along.

It was such a man as this who stood on London bridge to read the Scriptures. He had turned to Acts iv., and went on speaking out loudly that all might hear. When he had gone part way through the twelfth verse, he was jostled for a few minutes by the crowd. To keep his place in the chapter he repeated several times over the last words he had read—"THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME."

You can tell the rest of the verse, and you know whose name that is. God was ordering all things there for good, though it seemed to be the rude movement of a crowd only. Just then there was passing a man who was anxious about his soul, and the way of salvation. He had tried his own way, and works, without relief, all the time rejecting the One Person who alone can do any good.

As he came up he heard the words the blind man was saying, "THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME"—as he tried to regain the place in the verse, feeling till he came to the words.

The hearer passed on; but the words "NONE OTHER NAME" stuck to him. They rung through his mind as a voice from God, till at last he saw that Jesus Christ was the One who had done all for his salvation, and whom God had raised up for his justification.

The blind man knew nothing of how his stumbling along through the words was used. But God used it for salvation to a despairing soul.

Now children, take that word as though it was spoken to you. *You must be saved!* You need that if you are not now saved. God must tell you how He must save you. And He tells you of the name of Jesus Christ. There is no other One can save you. He gladly saves, look to Him alone and *be* saved.

Bible Lessons About Insects.

ANTS.

THIS very interesting little insect is twice mentioned in the Book of Proverbs: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest" (Prov. vi. 6-8). "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer" (Prov. xxx. 24, 25).

For our interest and instruction I will

add to the scriptural account, a few other facts about these "exceeding wise" insects.

"Modern research has proved the wisdom and instinct of these little creatures to be far in advance of that of any other known insect, not even excepting the bee. Their skill in architecture is wonderful and varied. Some species build their labyrinth of pellets of kneaded clay, arched and fitted like the most skilful masonry; others employ rafters and beams for their roofs; others excavate the trunks of trees. They fortify their passages against rain and enemies, closing them every night, and opening them in the morning.

Like the bees and wasps, their communities are composed of males, females and neuters, the latter being both the workers and the rulers. These receive the eggs, watch over them with unceasing care, bring the larvæ to enjoy the heat of the sun, and then carry them back to their chambers as the day declines.

They gather food for them and supply them incessantly; they tear the cases away from the cocoons when the perfect insect is ready to emerge; they spread and dry the wings, which the males and females alone possess, and that only in the perfect state; they afterwards tend the females, feed them, wash them, and keep continual guard. They rear myriads of aphides, or small plant parasites, from the egg, to supply food for the young, and keep them, like cows.

Some species, as the Amazon ants, organize regular marauding expeditions, attack the colonies of other ants, and carry off the larvæ to be their slaves."

How wonderful that such little things can do so much, and act so wisely! Yet, consider the *one* thing that the Bible commends them for, "they prepare their meat in summer."

Now, what wonderful creatures we are; how many things men can do, how many things a little child can do! And yet the most clever man living is accounted foolish, by God, unless he also, like the little ant, "prepare his meat in summer."

This is the summer time of God's grace in which all are invited to come and par-

take of that food which shall last them for ever. Jesus said, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which the Son of man shall give unto you. I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." (John vi. 27, 35, 51). And yet the time will come when many shall say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jer. viii. 20).

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Therefore whoever has not yet learned to fear Him, not yet been converted, has no wisdom at all in the eyes of God. And God passes by the learned, the wise, the great, the mighty of this world, He says, and chooses the foolish, the weak, and the despised ones. The little child who trusts the Lord is far wiser, then, than the greatest and wisest and strongest man that does not.

How this ought to encourage us! I have met with some who have been discouraged because they are so weak, they were afraid that they were not strong enough to be saved. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate" the Lord said, and they were afraid that they never would have strength to strive hard enough to get in. But they forgot to notice that the door was wide open!

Now, let me ask you, how much strength does it require to go through an open door? Is not a little baby just as able to crawl through an open door as the strongest man? Well, the door of Salvation is now wide open, and souls will not be lost for lack of strength to enter, but because they did not seek to enter while it was open.

This time of God's grace, when God is inviting all to come to Him through the blood of Jesus, will soon be past, and then when the summer is all over, many will become wise when it is too late, and in despair will say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Oh! I hope every reader of this paper will

learn a lesson from what God says of the ant: "The ants are a people NOT STRONG, yet they prepare their meat IN THE SUMMER.

C. H. B.

Martin Luther.

PART VI.

WHEN Martin Luther heard of this shameful traffic in indulgences, he was very grieved, but he said nothing until one morning, some of the principal men of Wittemberg, came to confess to him their sins, as is the custom in the Roman Catholic Church. He begged of them to repent and lead a different life in future, but this they refused to promise, saying, their indulgence papers would protect them from any evil consequence. "Those bits of paper are of no avail," exclaimed the indignant Luther, "it is written in the Scripture, 'except ye repent ye shall all perish.'" He said much more to them, which caused a report soon to go abroad, that Martin Luther, a priest of Wittemberg opposed the sale of indulgences.

When Tetzel heard this, he was of course very angry, and he frequently had fires lighted in the market place, in which he threatened to burn all those who opposed him, but God who is stronger than man, upheld his servant, and enabled him soon afterwards to preach a most powerful sermon against the indulgences, which was immediately printed and widely circulated in Germany. But Luther was preparing for a still bolder step, the night before the great church festival of "all saints," he affixed on the doors of the Church ninety-five "theses" as they were called, these shewed forth the evil of the indulgences and proclaimed the glorious gospel of justification by faith as written in the Bible.

The next morning, crowds of pilgrims, who had come from all parts of the country to be present at this important festival, might have been seen standing around the door of the old church eagerly reading the theses; many of them procured copies to carry home, and they were thus largely

scattered throughout, not only the German States, but the whole of Europe, causing the eyes of all men to turn inquiringly upon the, hitherto, insignificant monk of Wittemberg.

PART VII.

Luther's theses caused a great stir throughout Germany; many persons who had been longing for rest and peace, received them gladly, and found joy and comfort in reading and comparing them with the small portions of the Scriptures, which they could procure.

Others, many of them his friends, were frightened at the step he had taken, and begged him to take them back, or at least modify them, before it was too late.

Their fear was not without some foundation. Tetzel's anger had been extreme. After replying to his theses, and also to the sermon of which I told you, he had with the help of one Conrad Wampina, a professor of Frankfort, written a series of anti-theses, which contradicted all the fundamental truths of Luther's.

He then assembled three hundred monks from different towns, and read his theses to them with great pride. Although some of his hearers privately agreed with Luther, no one dared to open his lips.

At last a very young student got up, and brought forward many passages of Scripture to prove that Tetzel's doctrines were entirely wrong. This was more than he had expected, and he willingly gave up the argument to Wampina, who, feeling himself being defeated, declared the meeting ended, and conferred upon Tetzel the title of doctor of divinity. They evidently felt this boy-champion of God's Word, to be rather a dangerous person, for they very soon had him removed to a distant part of Germany, where, however, he became a means of blessing to many around him.

After this Tetzel had a grand bonfire lighted, and followed by his three hundred monks, he walked to the market square, and there threw a copy of Luther's theses into the flames. Being at night I dare say it was a grand sight, and as no one was there to dispute with him, it was considered, by Tetzel's party a great success. P. B.

God is not a Merchant.

NICE there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was the dead of winter, and no flowers were to be seen in the gardens and no fruit on the trees. But in the hot-house a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright winter sun, and the poor woman gazed at it till the water came into her mouth, and she sighed, "Oh, I wish I could take it to my sick darling!" She went home and sat down to her spinning-wheel and wrought night and day until she had earned half a crown. She then went to the king's gardener and offered that sum for the bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly, and told her not to come again. She returned home, and looked round her little cottage to see whether there was anything she could dispense with. It was a severe winter, yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two; so she pawned it for half a crown, and went to the king's gardener and now offered him five shillings. But the gardener scolded her, and took her by the arm rather roughly and turned her out. It just happened, however, that the king's daughter was near at hand, and when she heard the angry words of the gardener and the crying of the woman she came up and inquired into the matter. When the poor woman had told the story, the noble princess said, with a kind smile, "My dear woman, you were mistaken, my father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to *sell*, but to *give*," whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine and gently dropped it into the woman's apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift what the labor of many days and nights had proved unable to procure.

The salvation of the soul is the greatest treasure you can desire. But you cannot buy it with all the riches of the world, with all the prayers you could pray, with all the alms you could give, with all the useful works you could perform during a life as long as that of Methuselah. The fact is,

your soul's salvation is in the hands of One who gives like a King, and not of a merchant. If you receive it at all, it must be as a gift, for you never can buy it.

Yes or No?

"*How did you find the Lord?*" said a child of God to one who had been recently converted.

"Well, it just happened this way. After I had tried everything, I went to the garret, shut the door, fell upon my knees, and cried, 'O Lord, ye must be my salvation.'" "And what then?"

"He just said He would (Ps. vxxii. 1), and I believed Him, and I have had peace ever since."

This is the simplicity of faith. "Other refuge have I none." †

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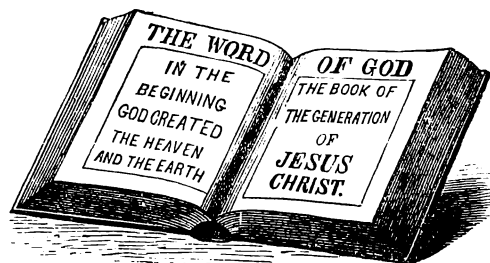
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

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Cast Ashore.



ONE afternoon, two years ago, while the children were down at the sea-side, a terrific thunder-storm came on, accompanied with a very heavy

wind. They watched the vessels passing by on their way to and from the great city, and they all seemed to have a hard time of it.

At last, one of these vessels became so distressed that it could not be managed by the few sailors on board, and they saw, with sorrow, the poor men struggling in every way to save the vessel and themselves; but they were obliged to give up. The ship went down, and they saw no more of it.

The next day they learned that a vessel had been wrecked near the coast, and all on board, except one man, had perished. For days afterwards bits of masts, and other parts of the ship were washed ashore, and boxes and bales that had formed part of the cargo, probably, but no men. They had gone, till at the voice of God the sea gives up its dead.

It made the little ones feel very solemn, and for a good while it was not forgotten.

We sometimes read of a single man being saved alive from a wreck, and there have been stories of a little child being washed ashore, the only one of all that were on board preserved to live still, and to know nothing of its parents whom it had lost, but only that out of death, it came forth alive.

How like a new life this would seem, the life before having suffered loss of all things, and even his name gone, having to receive such a name as his deliverers gave him.

And God teaches those who believe in Jesus Christ that all that they were has passed away, in the death of Christ. Even the name "sinner" no more belongs to one who is saved in Christ, from the world. He is like one saved from a wreck. All that he was is wrecked.

It is most wonderful to find this. I am sure a good many children get tired of themselves, when they find that they sin so easily and so much. I have heard some say, "I wish I had never been born!" But here is something far better than that, to find that God makes us new, altogether new, in Christ Jesus.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and not only are all your sins blotted out, but you are a new creature, and just what He is before God.

Can there be better news than that to one who has found out his own badness?

Oh, we shall never get through telling how much Christ has done for lost ones, and how much joy he has brought.

The Perfect One.

IT is the custom in a school with which I am acquainted, for each pupil to have a report book, in which the teachers keep a daily register, both of his conduct and the progress he makes in each particular branch of study.

The report is taken to the parents every day to be duly examined and signed, and very happy it is for a boy who really desires to please his parents well in all things, to bring home his book with a fair number of good marks. If they should all be good, how rejoiced he is to meet his father's approving smile. On the contrary, if they should be *bad ones*—ah! I have seen a little boy who has lost a mark for conduct, come in, throw down his book and run out of the room to avoid meeting his parents' gaze. By-and-by comes the day of reckoning; at the "breaking-up" it will be seen which has had the greatest number of marks, and so deserves to receive the first prize. Ah! I can fancy how many little hearts are beating with anxious expectancy as the day draws nigh; and I think, too, some of the naughty boys will wish that they had always thought of the *day of reckoning*.

If this should meet the eye of any little boy who may be in a school like the one I am speaking of, I should like to ask him one question. Suppose the teachers were to make a new rule, that no boy in the school should receive a reward of any kind unless he could bring a perfect mark for everything, do you think any boy would get a reward then? I think I can answer for every boy in the school. You would say, "No, it would be of no use trying; for do what I will, I am sure to make a mistake sometimes; either my sum is not correctly worked, or I have misspelt a word, or I make a smear on my copy-book, or (which is worst of all) I break through the rules of the school, and lose a mark for

conduct. Oh, no, I am sure there is not one of us would get the reward then."

Dear child, I would ask you another question. Did you ever think there is another day of reckoning coming, when every one—you among the rest—will have to appear before God? Did it ever occur to you what sort of marks you will have to present before Him? God is *holy*—He is *just*—He cannot look upon sin; so that if you really stand in His presence approved, it must be with all good marks. Did you ever think of this? Against every word, every thought, every action, must be written, *perfect, perfect, perfect*. The word of God is, that whosoever sinneth in one point is guilty of all, and the sentence is, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Now, do you think you will stand? I think I hear you say, "I am sure I shall not; for if I cannot, with all my trying, get all good marks at school, I know I cannot bring all good marks to God."

No, dear child, you cannot; there is not a child in the world who can, nor a grown-up person either; you cannot even bring one good mark to God. Does this solemn thought awaken a desire in your heart to know what you must do? Listen a little while, and I will tell you something further of God. When I told you he is a *holy* God, it is not all I have to tell: if it were, you might well despair; but I have good news to tell—He is a God of *love*. He looked down upon this world of helpless sinners, who could do nothing good, and His heart pitied them, though He hated their sins, and He sent His own beloved Son to bear the penalty of sin—which is *death*. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The blessed Jesus did no sin; there was no bad mark against Him. God said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Why then, did He die? Ah! dear child, it was that *sinners* might be able to stand before God without any bad marks against them. If you simply believe in the Lord Jesus Christ now, trust Him for having done everything for you, met every requirement of God on your behalf—the result will be that when that solemn day comes, when every one must

appear before God, God will not look at *you*, but He will look at the perfect One, whose every mark is good, and you will stand approved. Yes, even more than this—if you believe in the Lord Jesus as the one who died for you, you are approved *now*! God looks upon you even *now*, as though you had no bad marks.

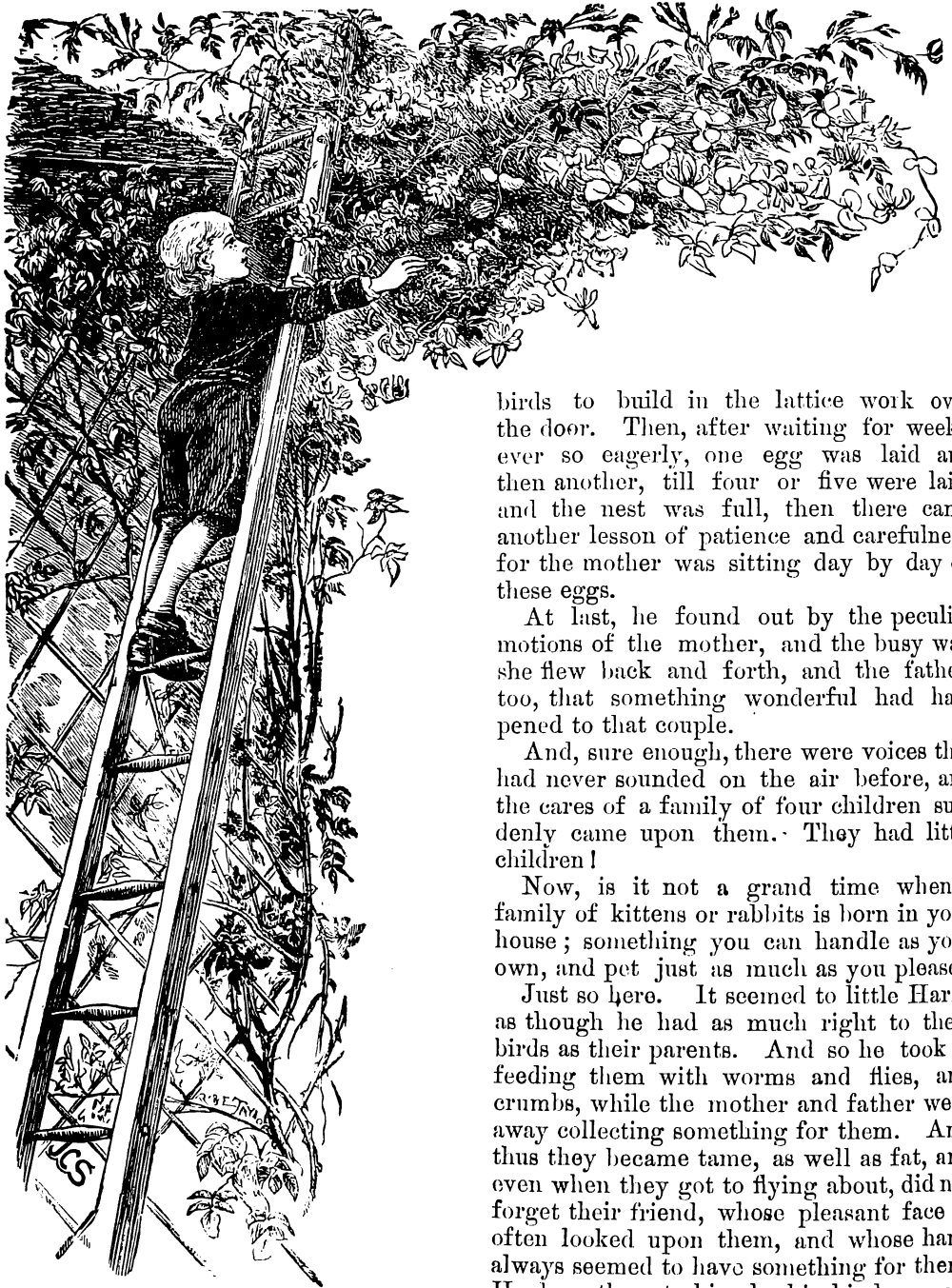
Oh, what joyful news for any little child who may be really anxious to know how he may stand before God! Surely, if he really believes these good tidings, it will make him love that blessed Lord; it will make him wish to please Him below; it will make him long that all his companions should share his joy; and his heart will beat with glad expectancy for the happy day to arrive, when he shall see Him, and be for ever with Him. He dreads no day of reckoning, because he stands perfectly accepted in Jesus, the PERFECT ONE.—*Pleasant Tales.*

Whose Child are You?

YOU think this rather a strange question, dear little one. You fancy, perhaps, that the person who wrote this paper wishes to know the name of your parents; but that is not the case. I ask you, WHOSE CHILD ARE YOU? because I am sure that you are either a child of God, "by faith in Christ Jesus," or a child of the wicked one, "through not believing in the name of the only begotten Son of God." And I want you to think about your soul.

"A child of the wicked one, indeed!" you may say. "What can that mean? I, however, am a child of God; for I always do what is right; I speak the truth, and never did harm to any one. I know that when I die I shall go to heaven; for I am not at all sinful or wicked." O my dear child, WHOEVER you may be, whatever the sort of life you are leading, if you think that you are GOOD AND HOLY in yourself, you make a great mistake—you are quite wrong.

YOU ARE A SINNER. This is true, because God has told us so in His holy word; and unless your heart has been changed, through believing in Jesus, you belong to this world, and are really a child of the wicked one.



Feeding the Birds.

BY quietness and kindness this little boy has succeeded in getting some

birds to build in the lattice work over the door. Then, after waiting for weeks, ever so eagerly, one egg was laid and then another, till four or five were laid, and the nest was full, then there came another lesson of patience and carefulness, for the mother was sitting day by day on these eggs.

At last, he found out by the peculiar motions of the mother, and the busy way she flew back and forth, and the father, too, that something wonderful had happened to that couple.

And, sure enough, there were voices that had never sounded on the air before, and the cares of a family of four children suddenly came upon them. They had little children!

Now, is it not a grand time when a family of kittens or rabbits is born in your house; something you can handle as your own, and pet just as much as you please?

Just so here. It seemed to little Harry as though he had as much right to these birds as their parents. And so he took to feeding them with worms and flies, and crumbs, while the mother and father were away collecting something for them. And thus they became tame, as well as fat, and even when they got to flying about, did not forget their friend, whose pleasant face so often looked upon them, and whose hand always seemed to have something for them. He drew them to him by his kindness and attention, even when their parents cared no more for them.

In how many ways can we be taught

things about God, by the matters of every day life. What I think of most and first, in this picture, is that this boy has an object for his love and care. And, do you know that God delights to have us as the objects of *His* love? "In *this* was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

There, look at that, and think if it does not tell of the deepest love, meeting our case of misery and sin and guilt perfectly. And, then, He did this because He wanted us for Himself, to be His and live with Him forever. He loves to take care of us, to have all our cares in His hand, to do all for us, to keep us near Him now, and then to have us with Him forever.

Satan made Eve believe that God was not kind, and did not let her have the fruit of the tree, when it would do her good, but God commends His love toward us, in that while we were sinners Christ died for us.

Only to believe His love and rest in it is to be saved and happy forever.

Miss Goodenough.

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

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

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

"There, in that row of houses; number four. You'll find her home, busy enough, I warrant, and singing like a lark."

So, following the woman's directions, we went towards number four, promising ourselves a treat at the sight of, or a little talk with this "wonderfully good girl."

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

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

"But a woman told us just now," he continued, "if we would go to number four we should find her daughter, who is a wonderfully good girl; never does or says anything wrong; always goes to chapel, and the folks there think she is a remarkable girl."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, plenty of them,"

"Can you tell me who Jesus died for?"

"For good, religious people, to be sure."

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

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

"I thought that it said that Jesus died for *sinner*s, my little girl."

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

We called her *Miss Goodenough*, but that night in a prayer we asked God to show her that her right name was *bad-enough*, that *she* had no goodness, but that if she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ He would make her a little vessel full of Himself.

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

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

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

"But you have no goodness," said he.

"Indeed I have, sir," she answered.

"And where is your goodness?"

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

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

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

How Robert Gained the Reward.

ROBERT was a merry, bright-eyed boy, with rosy cheeks like cherries; his great difficulty was to be obedient, and especially when bidden to sit still.

One day a gentleman offered him a bright shilling if he would remain perfectly quiet for a quarter of an hour; but, would you believe it? though the prize was held up before his eyes, Robert could not rest. There was a power within him which, try as he would, set his arms and legs at work and his tongue in motion. So as Robert did not comply with the terms upon which he was to gain the shilling he lost it.

But, suppose, restless Robert looking at the gentleman and saying to himself, "He looks smiling and kind, I will ask him to give me the shilling;" then the reward would not be of Robert's keeping still, but of the gentleman's giving; it would not be of works, but of grace. And so it happened: for seeing that Robert had lost the prize by restlessness, his kind friend gave it to the little boy because he loved him.

Now, God holds out a priceless reward for lost sinners, young or old. How is it to be had? What are the conditions? If by works, then you must do all that He bids you, and not transgress the least of His commandments. Robert lost his reward through not sitting still for one quarter of an hour, and if you have ever had one wicked thought, or said one wicked word, or done one wicked thing, you have already lost heaven. If your mother bade you go upstairs, and you went with a sulky feeling—if your brother or sister wanted your book or ball, and you were too selfish to let them have it, then you have broken some of the commandments of God, and upon the ground of works you have lost the reward. Obedience must be perfect or the prize is forfeited.

"But I try to be good, yet find myself very naughty instead," you say. How is this? Ah! there is something within you, which, like the restless spirit in little Robert, makes you, against your wishes, do the very thing you would not do. Can you tell

me the name of this something? It is in all, old and young—it is sin.

We commit sins because sin is in us; and this shows us that we are without strength to keep God's commandments. Many foolish people still try to win the prize, although they have broken the commandments. There are many who think that they are better than others, and so are worthy of heaven. We find the Sunday-scholar at times looking at the children who do not attend school with the thought that it is a good thing to go to the Sunday school, and therefore that to be a Sunday scholar is to be near heaven! Ah! this is leaving out what the kind and gracious Saviour has done for poor, helpless sinners by dying for them on the cross.

But will you be wise? Robert knew that he did not deserve the shilling, so he began to think whether his friend, who was smiling and kind, would not give it him. He looked trustingly at his friend, and the shilling was in his hand at once! Now, dear children, there is One who is a Friend above all others. His heart is most kind, most dear, and He loves you. Who do you think it is? It is Jesus, the Beloved Son of God, who showed God's love and His own to sinners, old and young, by coming into this world and suffering for us upon the cross, so that whosoever believes in Him may have the prize. As you look up into the loving face of Jesus you shall learn God's willingness to bless you, and you shall rejoice in the possession of the reward which comes to us by grace and not by works—by the gift of God, and not by our doings.

One word more. I am sure you who love Jesus will never grow tired of being near to Him, and of thanking Him for His kindness. You will seek by obedience to please Him. The way to please God is to do the things which he has bidden us. God loves and saves and makes us His children; and because we are so dearly loved by God, we should seek to do the things which please Him.

A.

Straight On--No Turning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. iv. 5).

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

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

Here was the little boy’s power; “and Jesus says,” that was the beginning and end of every argument, and settled every question.

It is so precious to have the mind and heart and memory stored with the word of God for our peace and joy, and to be able also to tell the unconverted what *Jesus says.*

If my little reader desires to know the way to heaven, let him ask God to shew him from His own word, and he will get the clue directly to the way that leads to heaven.

Let Alone.

I AM afraid very few of us have a true sense of the many blessings God gives to us every day. We take things too much as a matter of course—our sight, our hearing, our health, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, instead of taking them direct from the One from whom comes every good and every perfect gift. A word from Him and we might be deprived of one or all of them at any moment, and although God has not yet taken the government of the world to Himself, He does sometimes come in in a wonderful manner. I want to tell you a true story of what happened a good many years ago in England. In the county

of Kent there is a very large field, remarkable as being the largest in that part of the country, and at the time of which I write it was green with a most beautiful crop of wheat. One day a gentleman was walking with the farmer to whom it belonged, and, as he admired its appearance, he spoke of the plentiful harvest which might be expected from it. “Yes,” answered the man, “if God will only let it alone.” And God did let it alone; from that day the plants grew no more, no grain swelled in the ear, no golden promise of harvest overspread the field; for weeks it stood unchanged, then gradually withered away and died, as the surrounding farmers gathered their grain into their barns.

God’s hand will not be always over the earth in unmixed mercy. Eighteen hundred years ago He gave a gift so precious that everything else sinks into nothing in comparison, and terrible will be the judgments which will surely come, we know not how soon, on those who now reject this gift, the Son of His love. Having Him we have everything, He who spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all. Now shall He not with Him also freely give us all things. But without Him what have we to look forward to, but judgment and never-ending despair. D. C. B.

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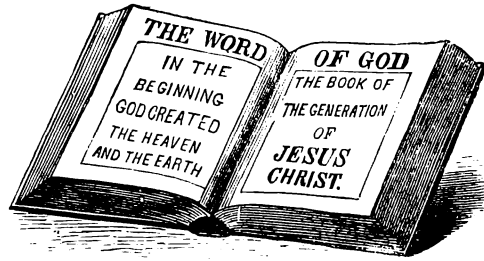
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 9.



Lake Lucerne.

THIS is the picture of the most beautiful of the many very lovely lakes of Switzerland. You know, very likely, that the Alps, a range of mountains

—the highest in Europe—run all through this country, forming the most delightful valleys. All through these valleys are lakes supplied by streams that flow down the mountains from the glaciers. I remember, years ago, being among the peaks of the Allegheny mountains, and in the morning looking abroad for miles around. I saw clouds of fog that had settled for a little while in the valleys among the hills and mountain-tops, and these seemed like the most splendid little lakes. The effect was very singular as the sun began to shine upon them. But soon they dissolved, and the lakes were gone.

It is on Lake Lucerne that the town is where William Tell lived, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Every child has heard the story of his shooting an apple off his son's head with his bow and arrow, at the command of a tyrant, who determined in this cruel way to punish him because he would not bow to a hat stuck on a pole.

The story has been doubted by many, and it may not have occurred.

I know of one that is far richer and sweeter, and is true, of One who gave up His Son, not because some tyrant forced Him to put Him in a place of danger and death; but from pure love to His enemies. He did not spare Him, but put Him to grief, and delivered him to death freely, that these enemies might be made friends, and have a bitter curse removed that was upon them.

Beside all the patriotism and friendship of men, this seems so great, as to make them seem nothing but selfishness. "This was compassion like a God," and and this *was* God.

There is nothing too good and gracious and kind for us to think about God. He does all things just like Himself, in His own way. "That He might spare His enemies, He would not spare His Son."

These grand mountains of Switzerland have had a good deal to do with the independence of the people there, giving them places into which to flee, and escape pursuit, and from which they could come

forth to fight when their enemies were not watching.

And God speaks of being a defence and refuge of His people, as the mountains are round Jerusalem.

People that picture for us a paradise on earth generally think of a beautiful valley surrounded by strong mountains, with its cool shades and its lakes and streams, and the people living in serenity and simplicity.

Just so God would have us dwell in peace and safety and comfort, with Himself around us as a protection and shield. Blessed are they that trust in Him.

Bible Lessons About Insects.

THE SPIDER.

WHY do we so start and shrink back in disgust when Daddy Long-legs seeks our acquaintance? If we were but to watch him a little while we should find him to be a very clever little fellow. But no sooner does he make a call than we hunt him off sharply. Why?

"Oh, he's so nasty," some would say, "he makes such nasty webs." Nasty webs! Why, they are beautiful pieces of workmanship. A great deal of cunning is used in making them; and how pretty they look in the early morning, when the sun makes the dew on them to sparkle like diamonds.

One kind of spider, called the mason spider, digs his home in the earth, lines it, and forms a trap-door with a silken hinge, which closely fits the doorway, and is made of webs with earth firmly pressed in them. The door fits so closely, and is so exactly like the soil around it that it cannot be detected.

But what use are they? Ah! that is a question I cannot answer. Some one once made a pair of stockings of spiders' webs, but they do not seem to have come in fashion somehow.

Let us now see what the Bible teaches us about spiders. They are mentioned in three places. In Job viii. 13-15, "So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a

spider's web. He shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand; he shall hold it fast but it shall not endure." Those, then, who forget God are trusting in that that is no more firm than a spider's web. They are building a house which shall not stand, which shall break as easy as a spider's house. You recollect that the Lord Jesus says something about building houses on the sand, too. Find the passage and read and compare it with this.

We admire the wonderful skill the spider shows in making his web, and we admire its beauty, but we do not see its use, it is so fragile, so easily broken. In this way, too, the Christian looks at many wonderful things that men are doing, and we admire their beauty, but what use will they be in eternity? In a few years they will crumble into dust, or be destroyed by God's judgment, and what will then become of those who are so busy in such things that they "forget God?"

• When should you remember God? (Ecc. xii. 1.)

If then, we should not be trusting in what we can do, nor be so engaged as to "forget God," in whom, then, should we trust, and what should we be doing? In 1 Thess. i. 9, 10, you will find an answer: "Ye turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come." First, the turning to God and leaving all the idols, whatever they are, dress, pleasure, money, and so on, and then the object of our lives is to serve, not ourselves, not to build flimsy spiders' houses, but "to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

Why? Who is He? What has He done for me? He is "Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come." Dear little reader, do you know Jesus as your Deliverer from "the wrath to come?"

The spider is mentioned again in Isa. lix., where of the ungodly it is said "they weave the spider's web. . . . Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works; their works are works of iniquity,

and the net of violence is in their hands." What a poor coat a spider's web would make! But no poorer than any dress we could make to stand before God in. What a solemn thing to stand before Him in all one's sins! But God has a clothing with which to clothe every sinner who believes in Jesus; it is "the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe" (Rom. iii. 22).

In one other place the spider is mentioned, in Prov. xxx. 28, where it is put as the fourth of the "four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise. The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

I wonder if all my little readers are as "exceeding wise" as this little spider. Little as she is she has found a home in the king's palace. Have you found a home yet? Do you expect to spend eternity in the palace of the King of kings? Who can make the poor sinner fit for such a palace? Whose palace is it? and what can put away our sins? Vs. 12, 13 and 14 of Col. i. answer each of these questions. Find them and read them carefully, and think over them. Am I going to let the little spider shame me? She is wise enough to have a home; do I know that there is a home prepared for me? What is wisdom? "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

C. H. B.

The Sweetest Name.

I asked a little darling child,
 "Which is the sweetest name?"
 And from her lips without a pause,
 The accents *Jesus* came.
 "And do you know," continued I,
 "One who that name doth own?"
 "I do, I do!" she sweetly said,
 "He sits on heaven's bright throne."

"And why does He, my precious child,
 The name of *Jesus* bear?"
 A smile at once lit up her face,
 So pleasing and so fair:
 "He bears that name," her answer was,
 "Because He shed His blood
 To save the wretched and the lost,
 And bring them nigh to God."



Feeding the Ducks.

Feeding the Ducks.

LOOKING at the picture above we see a very nice looking old lady with a dish in her hand with something in it for the ducks which she has come out to feed.

Her two little grandchildren, Edith and Harry, have come out with her to help feed them.

Just see how pleased they both look as Harry holds a little piece of bread just out of the old drake's reach.

It must be quite aggravating to the drake as he looks at it and wants it and cannot get it.

So after looking at it he does the next best thing, he opens his bill and goes "quick, quick," that is in his language, "Will you please give me something to eat?" And then we can see how all the little ones join in with him in asking.

But wait till the old duck comes and the whole family gets together. Then we will hear them talk in their own tongue to each other, she going "quack, quack," and he "quick, quick."

Looking at this picture brings to my mind the time when I had ducks. Some years ago, when I was a little boy, my father took the whole family to stay a few weeks on a large farm, and while there I got attached to some ducks they had.

When I came away they gave me a pair to take home.

I had a great time getting them home, carrying them in my hands and they quickening and quacking and getting the attention of everybody on me.

But when home they soon got acquainted with the chickens I had and felt happy.

But soon the duck began to lay, and then the drake got cross, and if we would go to touch her he would fly at us and grab us by the coat, pants or dress, and pull us for a little bit, and then let go and run to his mate. Then they would have a long talk with each other, bobbing their heads up and down.

But when we found he would fly at us if we touched her, we used to touch her on purpose to tease him so as to see him come after us, and then go back to her and talk.

But after a while he got so that if any of us went into the yard where he was he would run after us, and try to keep us from her the best he could.

You will find much that is interesting in studying the habits and lives of the animals about you. Possibly, in most cases, you would be made less unhappy than in studying the habits of the human beings around you, or your own.

It is a blessed thing that God has come to have a hand in the condition of poor man, and to save them out of all their evil lives, who will believe in Jesus Christ, and to make them new in Him.

These little animals that we like to pet, ought to have a pleasant time of it as far as we can make it so. But directly it ends and there is nothing more of them. But we are to live forever. Shall it be with Christ or away from Him?

Ah, children! He wins us with Himself. And with a longing for us He came down to die, that we might live and be His forever.

R. M. T.

Martin Luther.

Chapter viii.

TETZEL being very angry at the opposition he met with, now determined to revenge himself on the man who had first exposed his wicked traffic. He caused therefore to be erected in the suburbs of Frankfort, a pulpit and a bonfire. From the former he thundered forth his anger against Luther, and into the latter he threw all the doctor's sermons and propositions; and it would have been well had the fire ended here, but alas, sad to say, many of those who received the blessed truths (that were brought to light at this time) in after years had to testify to them in the fire themselves.

But now we shall see a more formidable enemy raised against Luther in the person of the Pope, that one who is so often styled "The most Holy Father," a title only due to the blessed God.

The blow aimed at Tetzels sale of indulgences now shook the throne of the Pontiff, and the monks of Rome denounced

Luther as a heretic only fit to be burnt; though here and there were to be found, even in that corrupt city, those who secretly rejoiced in the truth now being brought to light by the fearless reformers. And, no doubt, many a prayer went up to the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, for protection for his devoted servant, and blessings and power to that word he was bringing forth from the darkness where it had been hidden so long.

And the Lord did watch over his servant, as we shall see, and made His precious word to have free course and be glorified.

It was the simple word of God that originated the reformation and formed the reformer; and in these days when so many are seeking to cast aside the word and make it of no effect by their traditions, how careful we should be to have it so in our hearts that Satan may not be able to pluck it out.

But to return to Luther; not satisfied that the truths he had proclaimed should remain only in the town of Wittemberg, he felt anxious that their power should be felt elsewhere; and in the spring of 1518, hearing there was to be a meeting of Augustinian monks at Heidelberg, he determined to set out in order to be present. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from going, setting forth the dangers he would have to encounter, but the reformer, strong in the Lord, set forth on foot with only one man with him to act as guide, who carried his little bundle, and was to convey him as far as Wurtzburg.

After a fatiguing journey, Luther reached Cobourg. There he was unable to procure any conveyance, and still was obliged to continue it on foot, but the Lord comforted and sustained him causing him to meet with many who loved and esteemed him for his work's sake, and thus experiencing the care of his Heavenly Father he reached Wurtzburg, a modest traveler on foot, where he discharged his guide.

At Wurtzburg Luther met his two friends Staupitz, the vicar general of the order, and Lange the prior of Erfurt, and they giving the weary traveler a place in their

carriage the three friends reached Heidelberg in safety, and Luther went to lodge in the Augustine monastery.

The Elector of Saxony, who was always ready to befriend Luther, had given him a letter of introduction to the Count Wolfgang, Duke of Bavaria; and with such a powerful recommendation Luther lost no time in repairing to the superb castle of Heidelberg, which is even now the admiration of strangers. The count palatine gave the reformer a warm reception and frequently invited him with his two friends to dinner.

So much kindness could not fail to solace Luther and to lead his heart up to his Heavenly Father who was raising him up such a powerful friend; but still he felt he had work to do for his Master and he must not delay.

(To be continued, if the Lord will).

He Gave Himself for Him.

SOME two or three miles from here, in the open country, there stands a small cottage in the middle of a large lot. Around the house are flower-beds, shrub bushes, shade trees, and bird-houses. And all the day long the birds chirp and sing.

It is a lovely place, and till about a year ago was the home of a very happy family of four, the father and mother and two sons. But now the sorrowing widow and her two boys of sixteen and eleven years, respectively, abide alone.

How this change came about I will tell you. On a holiday last Summer the father calling James, the older son, who was strong and robust, asked him if he would like to go out rowing and fishing.

"Oh, yes," eagerly answered James.

"Well, get your fishing-tackle and come on," said the father.

Then they started for a stream near by, where they were to meet a neighbor.

After rowing for some time, and fishing, without catching a great many fishes, they became tired of this, and thought they would take a bath and a swim. So, pulling the boat to the shore, and disrobing them-

selves, they prepared to go in. But the boy, of course, beat them in this, and got in first.

He had got some distance from the land, into water too deep for him, being a rather poor swimmer. He sank in the water, and coming up, called out to his father, "Help! help! I am drowning." The father jumped in to save his son from a watery grave. After reaching him and bringing him near to the land, he himself was attacked with cramp, and pushing his boy towards the bank, told him to spring, which the boy did, and was saved.

But he never saw his father alive again, for before the son got to where the neighbor was, to tell him, the father had sunk out of sight.

Some days after, they found his body held fast by the weeds in the bottom of the stream. They supposed this must be the cause of his death, getting caught in the weeds, as he was an excellent swimmer. So the father gave his life up for the life of his son.

Even so the Lord Jesus Christ gave up his life for us, that we might be saved.

Here we see a father dying for his son, and we read, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. But God commendeth His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, in due time, Christ died for us."

But why did the father jump in the river? Because he loved his son. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

How must this son feel, knowing that the life he lives now he owes to his father, who gave up his own that he might live. It is as though he were living his father's life. So the life we live should be Christ's life. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." "For to me to live is Christ" (Gal. ii. 20; Phil. i. 21). Just so may it be with those who believe in Jesus Christ our Lord.

R. M. T.

Tents.

D ID you ever live in a tent?

Do you think it must be nice?

Well, I have been living in a tent this summer, and am now writing this in a tent, so I thought I would just like to tell my little friends what it is like.

Well, it is like—like a great many things. It makes me think about Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all those others the Bible speaks of who lived in tents. It makes me feel that I, too, am a pilgrim and a stranger like they were. But you want to know what it is like first, do you not?

Well it is like a house, and yet it is not like a house. My tent is supported by poles along the center, and the sides fastened with ropes stretched out and tied down to stakes. So it has a pitched roof and square corners, and looks something like a house, and it is very nice—except when it rains hard! alas! it don't feel so much like a house then. I begin then to think of Noah. Abraham's tent was very well in its way, but it would not have done for Noah, so the Lord had Noah make an ark of wood. But for the rain and the cold nights one might like to live in a tent all the time. And then with the Christian, if it was not for the rains of affliction and the coldness of this poor, dark world, he might be content to stay for ever in "our earthly house of this tabernacle" (2 Cor. v. 1). But the tent is only intended to be our dwelling for a short time. The believer hopes to be soon in the "place" that the Lord has gone to prepare in His Father's house.

And this is just the difference between a tent and a house. If a person saw me digging out a foundation, getting stone and timber together, they would see I was going to build a house and meant to stay; but when they see that I have only a tent, they know I am going to be here but a little while.

And thus with Abraham; any one might see that he did not intend to stay, because he lived in a tent, he did not build a house—"By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling

in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 9, 10). A tent has no foundation, it is just tied down with ropes, and can be taken down in a few minutes, but a city has. Abraham was by faith a pilgrim here, not a resident, but only a pilgrim, content to do without a city until he obtained that one "whose builder and maker is God."

Now the real Christian is a pilgrim, he does not want to make earth his home; he only expects to stay here a short time, his body being what Paul calls a "tabernacle" or "tent." And every one ought to be able to see by his behavior that his heart is upon the city that God builds, and not on anything down here. So Peter says, "I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."

My little friend! Do you wish to be a pilgrim here, looking for that beautiful city that God prepares? Do you wish to know how to become one? It must be by the same way that Abraham did—"By faith." He believed God, and believing, he obeyed God's call. But we do not get the city by being pilgrims, but become pilgrims, when we, by faith, have the city. And so if you turn to Heb. xi. you will find that Noah's faith comes before Abraham's. First let me accept by faith Christ as the true Ark, in which I shall be safe when the storms of judgment come, and then become a pilgrim. Just as we read in Ex. xii., that first the blood was sprinkled over the door, and *after* that they ate of the lamb, dressed as pilgrims, "your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand."

They did that by faith; for we are told in Heb. xi. that Moses "through faith kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the first-born should touch them."

What a beautiful thing it is to find a little child trusting the Lord Jesus! Believing in Him who died for them, their hearts are turned away from the evil world, and with bright hope they look for

the "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

"We know there's a bright and a glorious home,
Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell;
But will you be there and I?"

"If you take the loving Saviour now,
Who for sinners once did die,
When He gathers His own in that bright home,
Then you'll be there and I."

"If we are sheltered by the cross,
And through the blood brought nigh,
Our utmost gain we'll count but loss,
Since you'll be there and I."

C. H. B.

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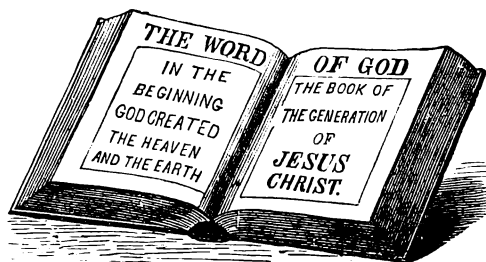
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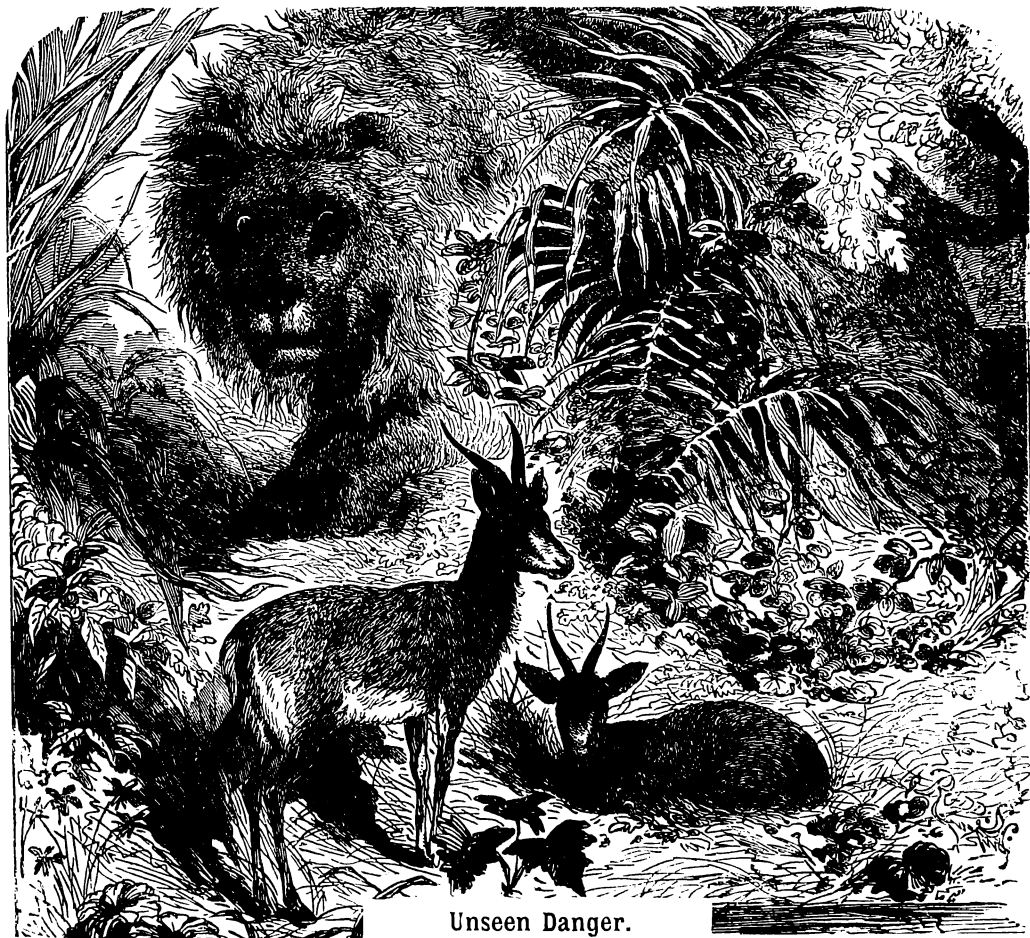
LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 10.



Unseen Danger.

Unseen Danger.

THE picture on the front page, tells its own story pretty clearly. It is enough to make one shudder to see those great eager eyes, and that savage face, and that immense mouth, of the lion, and then to notice the thoughtlessness, and fancied security of those innocent little deer.

Soon he will spring upon them and devour them. Poor things!

Ah, well! such things are happening all over the country, everywhere, and it is sad enough. "What?" you may say, "you do not mean that there are any lions in our country, that there is one in our neighborhood? It is all safe and quiet, and I am not afraid to run anywhere around."

Exactly, that is the way with these little animals, they do not see an enemy either, and yet there he is as large as life. If they were to see him, they would bound away in a moment, before he could catch them.

It is not seeing that makes the danger worse here.

Who, does the Scripture say, is our enemy? Turn over to 1 Pet. v. 8., and you will find who it is. It is the devil, who walketh about like a roaring lion, softly enough while he is seeking his prey, but very much in earnest, and exceedingly mad against God and Christ, and meaning to hurt all that He cares for, if possible.

Remember, he already has those who are not Christ's, he is their prince; they are led by his will.

But, he wants to injure all who are Christ's, he means to stir up all the evil in us, and make us care less for God and Christ, and heavenly things. He would destroy us if he could, but that he cannot do since Christ conquered him, and destroyed his power by death.

But he is intensely busy and watchful; every evil thing comes from him. He set Eve to doubting God's word, and God's kindness. He stirred up Cain's anger, after he had given him his religion, which was enmity to God, because he took fruits to God, as though to say he was good enough, and there was no need of death, when God

had told man he was a sinner, and must bring death, as Abel did. That was a picture of the offering of Christ, and he has always been opposed to Christ.

He is willing people should speak well of Jesus, if they will not make anything of His death; willing they should pray if they do not pray in the name of the Lord Jesus; willing they should live, if they do not live in Christ; willing they should enjoy the world in all its wickedness, but not live out of it, saying "we are not of the world."

Well then, what must we do? This verse says, be sober, be watchful; now the best thing is to be with the Lord Jesus, the conqueror of Satan, to be getting His thoughts learning more and more of His work, and clinging to that with confidence.

Satan is conquered by two things (see Rev. xii. 11), the blood, and the word. First of all if you are resting on the blood of Christ alone, there is safety. Stand to that, for he will want to tell you that you are not saved.

But the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and by it we are reconciled forever to God.

Next, get more acquainted with the word of God, and do not use your own reasoning about things, but take that word. God has told us all things that belong to life and godliness, and you cannot conquer Satan with your words, for he got ahead of Eve and Adam. But Christ took God's word when he came to Him; He answered "It is written" to everything the devil said; that is, He took all from Scripture, and the devil left Him.

So do you stand, with that as your weapon.

In The Dark.

ISTOOD, with a beautiful child, trying to look out into the night. There was no moon; the stars were hidden behind a dense canopy of clouds, and as we pressed our faces against the pane only blackness of darkness met us from outside. "Ah, this is dreary enough," I said to my own heart. "This is like some people's lives, dark to hopelessness—no ray

of cheer before them, let them strain their eyes as they may."

But I kept my thoughts to myself, for young hearts should not know how closely life and nature correspond in some gloomy times. Suddenly a light, rippling laugh broke from my companion.

"How very dark!" she said. "This is a night of all others such as I love!"

"*This* night!" I exclaimed. "This black, gloomy night when no one can see a step that they must take?"

She laughed again.

"But I do not want to see a step that I must take," she said. "I do not walk, I drive home always with my father. That is the very reason why I take so much pleasure in the dark."

"But even then," I said, "I do not understand. It must be pleasanter, even if you do not walk, to go under bright skies, with the stars shining above you and a clear light upon the road."

She shook her head and looked at me with earnest, thoughtful eyes.

"I do not know," she said, "I cannot tell you how it is. When the road is so light that the pony hardly seems to need any driving, my father lets me take the reins, and we laugh and chat together as we drive along; but on a night like this it is very different. He takes the reins in his own hands then, and is so busy watching the road, that sometimes he hardly speaks to me once all the way. Then I creep in among the cushions and lie still, and have such a happy time by myself, thinking how dark it is, and how I cannot see whether we are in the track, or just on the brink of a precipice, or even lost, but then father can, and, though I cannot see his form, he is there, close before me, holding the reins in his strong hand; and never taking his eye from the way for a single instant? Oh, it is better than all the bright nights together, and when, once in awhile, he turns his head and says, 'All safe my little one?' I say 'All safe,' and then I curl down closer in my corner, and feel such a glow rising up in my heart, it keeps me warm on the coldest night. And then at last—it seems very

long sometimes—I hear his voice again saying, 'Here we are!' and I look out and see the bright light streaming from the windows, and we are at home!"

I took the child-face gently in my hands, and looked into the upturned eyes.

"I understand now," I said; "but how would it be if some one else than your father were driving, and you did not even know who had the reins?"

A look of surprise, half dismayed and reproachful, answered before her words.

"Why what a strange question!" she said. "*Of course*, I should not like it then! I should be terrified, and crying to every one we met for a little light. But that will never happen, for my father *always* goes with me; he will never trust me to any one but himself?"

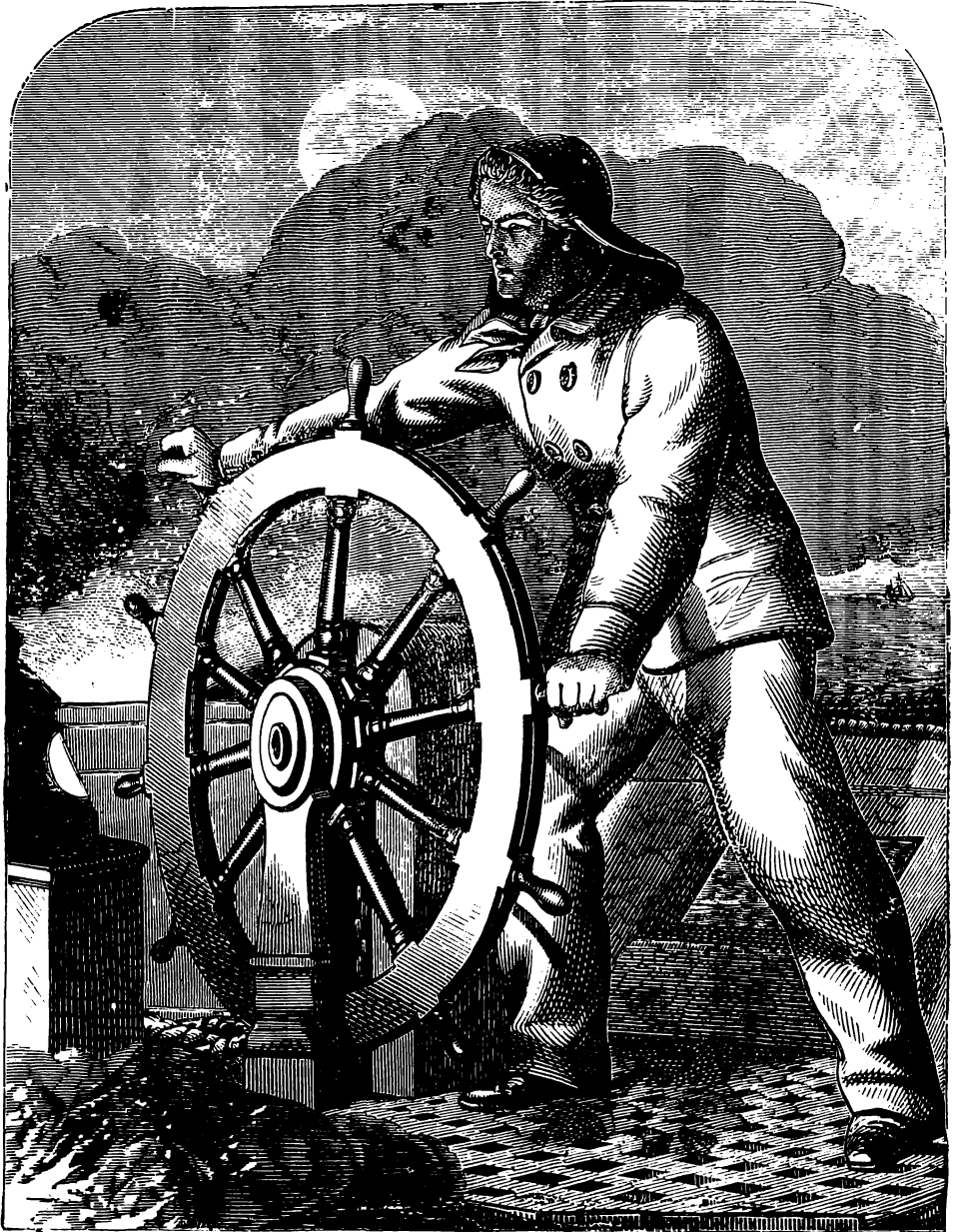
Ah, sweet child, what a lesson have you taught us! There are dark nights in our lives, as well as in our world, but in the most rayless of them all our rest may be most sweet, the glow in our hearts most warm and bright, if we do take our refuge in remembering *whose hand holds the reins*, and when dark and storm are safely passed, we shall see light flaming before us, and know we have reached home at last!—*Selected.*

A Child's Prayer.

My God and Father bless,
A little child of Thine,
Give me a thankful heart, oh God,
For all the good that's mine.
And let no idol lie
Within my heart enshrined;
No cherished sin be harbored there,
No pride, or thought unkind.

Let not the world engage
Th' affections of my soul;
Make me prefer another's good,
All selfish ways control,
And give me grace to walk,
As Jesus walked below;
Let Jesus be my hope and trust,
In Him I'd live and grow.

In life, in death, oh God,
Thy promise be to me,
To keep my soul in perfect peace,
And stay my mind on Thee.
I ask in Jesus's name,
Who died upon the tree,
Whose blood was shed for sinners lost!
Whose blood was shed for me!



Brave John Maynard!

IT may be the children have not learned the story of this noble man, and therefore it is given here. John was well known as a sturdy, intelligent and God-fearing pilot, on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from

Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:—
 “Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is.”

Simpson came up with his face as pale as death, and said :

"Captain, the boat is on fire!"

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!" instantly re-sounded in all directions!

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the boat. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! go *forward*, if you would save you lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the boat. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the boat—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God. He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others.

Does not this story remind you of One who laid down His life to save us from the dreadful death before us; "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten

Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

This message is to you dear reader.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Accept His gracious offer now, and be ye saved forever.

"John Maynard! can you yet hold on

Five minutes longer still?"

The captain's ear scarce caught the words—

"By God's good help I will!"

Scorched were the old man's face and hair,

One hand disabled hung;

Yet with the other to the wheel

As to a rock he clung!

He beached the boat!—to all on board

A landing safe was given;

But as the latest leaped on shore,

John Maynard rose to heaven.

J. H. B.

Bible Lessons About Insects.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THESE may ye eat of, every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth; even these of them may ye eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the GRASSHOPPER after his kind" (Lev. xi. 21, 22).

Each of these things mentioned here belongs to the locust tribe, though of four different families. That which made them clean was, that they had power to LEAP from the earth, and were not bound to CREEP upon it like "all other flying creeping things."

We may draw a little simple lesson from this: the Christian, though earth is as yet his dwelling place, is not bound down to it as others; does not *creep* along, looking downwards, but each stage of his journey is a leap, a leap in the right direction upwards. It is true that although the grasshopper leaps towards the sky, he does not

get there, but it is in the right direction, and in the course of time when he has passed through the grasshopper stage and emerged into the flying locust, he does.

Thus with the Christian—he does not mind earthly things, his affections are not there, he is no longer a “creeping thing,” but his affections are above, he looks upward, and leaps upwards, and by and by he shall be there. And this is just the difference between a true christian and a false one; as Paul says in Phil. iii. 18-20, “For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who MIND EARTHLY THINGS. For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.” And he tells us in Col. iii. 2, to set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.”

If I do believe that Jesus loved me so that He died for me, and that He has washed me from my sins in His own blood, of course I shall want to see Him, and shall be looking upwards, waiting for Him. And though still living on the earth, shall be aiming after heavenly things.

I remember a story of a poor man, who, in walking through the street, one day picked up a golden sovereign. This led him to look for more, and he made it his constant habit as he walked through the street to look into the gutters. Well, in the course of his life he found many pieces of gold and silver; but see what he missed! While his eyes were fixed in the mud looking for what scripture calls filthy lucre, others were looking upwards and enjoying the beautiful sunshine and sky and flowers, rejoicing in their hearts and praising God. He had his reward—“filthy lucre”—“earthly things;” and others had their reward—heavenly things.

Which portion is ours; which are we looking for? Creeping on the earth, and minding earthly things, or leaping from it, our affections above, and waiting for the Saviour?

C. H. B.

Martin Luther.

HERE was a celebrated university in Heidelberg, and its powerful influence was felt all over western and southern Germany, and Luther felt now was his time when so many learned men were assembled for striking a blow which would be felt in the churches of those countries. He now therefore prepared a series of propositions for disputation (that being the fashion of the day), and the university not being willing to grant him the use of their hall, the disputation took place in the hall of the Augustine monastery.

Never had an audience listened to a disputation with such marked attention, and any close observer might foresee what the fruits of it would be.

Among those who received the precious word at that time into their hearts were three youths, all remarkable for their talents and application, all from different towns, but from this time forth fast friends, united by a bond which nothing can sever, because formed by Christ Himself. These youths were named Martin Bucer, John Breutz, and Ehrhard Snepf. It was in the course of this memorable argument that doubts arose in their hearts as to the truth of the doctrines then held, and at the close of it coming to converse with Luther, and also like the noble Grecians of old, searching to see if those things were so, light flowed into their souls and they bowed to the truth of justification by faith alone.

It was as if a new world opened to them, and it was not long before Breutz began to lecture, himself, on Matthew's gospel.

The Heidelberg disputation also helped Luther himself, as it caused deeper searching into the word, and his delight was great as he saw the avidity with which many of the youths attending the schools received the truth now presented to them for the first time. And now Luther proposed to return to Wittemberg, but this time he was no longer a modest traveler on foot, he was conducted by some of his order to Wurtzburg and from thence to Wittemberg, the expenses of his journey being met by the

Augustine monastery, who felt proud that one of their order should thus distinguish himself; and thus you see how God in His mercy overruled all things for the spread of that glorious gospel which was now about to be revived again in the hearts of men, and which was the foundation of many other truths since brought to light.

And now, dear children, before I close I must ask you do you value that word which has cost the blood of so many to preserve for us? Can you say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart?" We know the Lord Jesus is called the "Word," and it is said of Timothy that he knew the scriptures from a child, which were able to make him wise unto salvation. So we see how God likes to have us read and study His word. It is in the word we find all about God and His Son, the blessed Jesus, and all God's thoughts and purposes concerning his children, and he tells us it is profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness, and in these last terrible days we live in, when men are seeking to destroy the very foundations of God's truth by substituting all kinds of Satan's lies, we cannot hold it too fast or value it too highly. The Lord Jesus said heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall never pass away.

P. B.

"Jesus Has Saved Me."

A CITY missionary in going his rounds was one day led to visit the garret of an old house, which he had previously believed to be uninhabited.

He was attracted there by the sound of a weak little voice, making an attempt at singing. He opened the door, and in a corner of the room saw a little boy lying upon a heap of rags, so thin and pale that the missionary saw in a moment that he was dying. He went to his side and knelt down, for there was no chair, and asked the child what he had been singing.

The boy told him he was trying to remember a hymn that he had heard in a Sunday-school, to which he had been but once, and all he could remember was—

"There is a happy land, far, far away."

The kind missionary knew the hymn, and sang it through, much to the child's delight, and then asked the poor boy if he were going to that "happy land."

The child's eyes filled with tears as he said, "Oh, I should like to go, if I only knew the way, but I am afraid I am too wicked; I have been a bad boy, I am not fit to go to that beautiful place. But, oh! sir, is there anything that I can do that I may go there?"

"No, my boy, nothing; all that was necessary to be done, was done for you long ago."

Then the poor boy looked up with wondering eyes, and the missionary continued, "as you say, you are not fit for heaven, you have sinned against God, broken His laws, disobeyed Him, every day of your life, but my boy have you never heard how Jesus, the Son of God, left His home above, to come and live here as a poor man? He died a cruel death, that He might bear the punishment for poor lost sinners, such as you feel yourself to be! He bore the punishment instead of them, that they might by believing in Him have everlasting life. So there is everlasting life for you, my child, if you believe in Jesus, and trust Him as your Saviour." Then the missionary took his bible and read, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And turning again to the boy he said, "You see, it was *the world* that Jesus died to save, *the world of sinners*, and you are one of that number, are you not?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "did He really die to save me?"

"Yes, and if you believe on Him you shall be saved!" The boy lay still with his eyes closed for a few minutes, but presently looked up with a happy smile.

"Yes, I do believe; oh, how could He love me so much, when I was so bad?"

The missionary stayed with the little fellow for some time, and read to him about Jesus, for the child had heard but little of His life and death. Then the missionary

left the boy promising to return the next day. He kept his word, but he found only a lifeless body on the heap of rags. The boy's mother was there, and she told him how she had returned home the night before, finding her child full of joy, and that he kept saying over to himself all the time, "Jesus has saved me, Jesus has saved me!" Then he fell asleep towards morning, to wake in heaven.

Little reader, can you say "Jesus has saved me?" You know He died to save sinners, can you say, "He has saved me," if not, will you not believe on Him to-day?

J. S.

"The Birds in the Snow."

A LADY was looking out of a window one cold winter's day, upon the heavy fall of snow which had fallen during the night, throwing its mantle of white over everything. While she sat thinking, her attention was attracted by the chirrup of some birds on a tree near by.

Not seeing any way for the little creatures to procure food, she began to pity them. But though everything looked so dreary around them; they continued to chirrup plaintively as if saying, "It will be all right."

Presently the window of a neighboring cottage opened, from which a little girl threw some crumbs of bread. She had no sooner done so, than the birds eagerly flocked to the place, and began to eat with no small relish.

When they had received their unexpected gift, they all returned to the tree, and commenced a song of thankfulness.

"What a lesson," thought the lady, "do these birds teach one, when winter comes; when all around looks dark and dreary; when everything is hid; then ought we to have faith in Him, who careth for the fowls of the air, and will surely care for us."

Perhaps some of my readers have experienced God's helping hand in a trying time. Have they like the birds offered up to Him their song of praise? Let us never forget our blessed Saviour's words, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not

neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" (Matt. vi. 26.)

Yes, God cares so much for you, children, that He gave His only Son to die for you, that in believing on Him you should "have everlasting life." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "But God commended His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

Are we thankful enough to God for His wondrous, kind, and free gift, while all around us was looking so dark and dreary because of sin? "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

"Come now let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). God does all the giving; all we have to do is to accept and be happy.

J. M. B.

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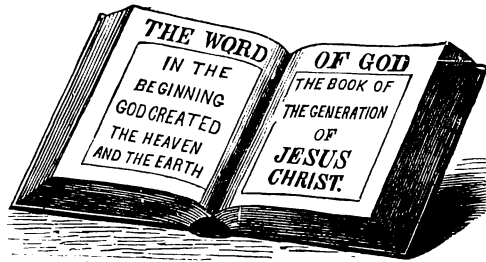
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PURE STREAM

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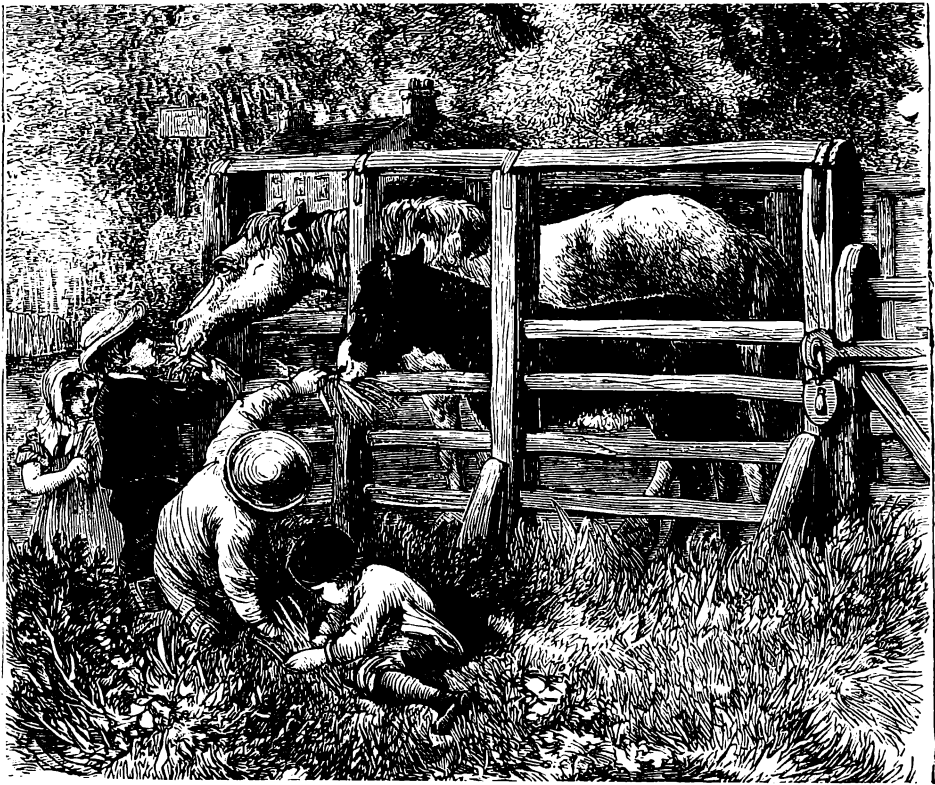
LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 11.



Caring for the Neglected.

IN most incorporated villages and some cities, there is an enclosed place called a Pound. The name is derived from an old Saxon word, meaning "to confine."

The object of the pound is to confine cattle, that are found roaming the streets, contrary to the law of the village, so that their owner may get them again, by paying for the trouble taken with them, or else they may be sold, after a certain time.

Of course there is no expectation of keeping them very long, and often very little provision is made to supply them with all the food they may need.

Here then, we see what a little kind thoughtfulness in some children is doing for some horses, that were put into the pound, or impounded, as it is called. They have come to bring them some hay to eat, and the poor prisoners look their thanks out of those full eyes, but especially they say as hard as they can "thank you!" by the eagerness with which they eat.

And really that is a very good way. Suppose they could speak and say their thanks, but would not eat, do you think the children would feel happy and satisfied with them, or their own work?

I have known people to do just such things. They would say it was very good and kind of God to provide eternal life and salvation for sinners, to give His only begotten Son for this purpose, but when I ask them if they have salvation, they cannot say they have. They have never taken it. They have never believed, and entered into the reality of salvation. Of what use was it for God to make all this provision in His love, if they will not take it when offered? How must God feel about it?

Perhaps they do not think they need it.

Perhaps they have not believed they are lost sinners. But do you think that Christ could have died, if there was not a terrible need for it? It was an awful thing, that death. It was the treatment of a sinner before God, nothing less.

The Scripture says, He was made sin, that is He was treated as a sinner.

"He took the guilty culprit's place
And suffered in his stead,
For man, Oh, miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled!"

Now children, this I want to press on you, that by not receiving Christ, you are mak-

ing out God to have done a needless and cruel thing. For Christ was happy with the Father in heaven, and He brought Him into the world, to be a man of sorrows and filled with grief, to be scorned and alone all the way through, and then to die amidst the most ferocious expressions of anger and malice and wickedness, and He Himself was innocent of crime, and holy before God, and His delight!

Why, it is astonishing! If I, if you, if men had no need, this was the most dreadful thing on the part of God. And if you say that any one had need, as a sinner, then it is true of all, of you. For He died for all, and we thus judge that if He died for all then *all were dead*. That is the way the Scriptures talk of us. We are all included as sinners, as transgressors against God.

But "He was numbered among the transgressors."

Ah, it was because of our great need that Christ died. And now know that that is enough, that God does not want that we should *die*, but *live*, live forever with Him, and the way of it, is by having Christ's title to life, His very life, being before God just as He is. This we get in believing.

There, while we have been standing here looking at these little ones feeding the poor, neglected horses, I could not help telling you the desire of my heart, and better still, the desire of God's heart for you.

If you are yet in sin, you are a good deal like these cattle, for they are bound, and without friends.

So Satan binds those that are in sin, and does nothing for them. You remember one of the things said of the son who was away from his father in Luke xv. is that when he hired himself to a citizen of that of that far off country, "no man gave unto him."

What a difference between that and the feast the father prepared! There was plenty, and oh, such joy! How glad God is to save! Do receive His love, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then hear God say, "Let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Martin Luther.

Chapter x.

THE first thing Luther did on his return from Heidelberg, was to write an explanation of his theses, and send it to the Pope, who, however, took no notice of it for some time.

This aroused the anger of many of the priests, and they persuaded the Pope to send for Luther to make him explain all he had written in person, and if they did not agree with what he said, he was to retract or give up, all the new doctrines which he had been preaching to the weary multitudes at Wittenberg. As you may imagine, Luther refused to agree to this proposal, the journey to Rome was long and dangerous, many enemies were lying in wait for him on the road, and even if he reached the city in safety, it was not likely the Pope and all the priests and monks would let the obstinate heretic, as they chose to call him, depart again in peace.

Finding they could not entice him to Rome, it was next suggested he should meet the Pope's legate Thomas de Vio, at Augsburg, a city in Germany.

Luther consented to this though his friends disapproved greatly of the undertaking. One of his principal friends was a young man who had lately come to Wittenberg to teach Greek: he was an earnest Christian, and from his gentle manners, and sweet temper combined with great cleverness he had become a great favorite, especially with Luther. His name was Philip Melancthon, and he was afterwards very well known all through Germany as one of the great Reformers.

It was very good of the Lord to send such a friend to Luther just at the moment when he so sorely needed some one to comfort and encourage him, and it was a great relief to the wearied doctor to have some one in whom he could confide, not that the Lord had ceased to be all sufficient for him, on the contrary the intercourse between the friends, only made the Saviour more precious to the soul of each.

And now I must tell you about Luther's journey to Augsburg, which he at length undertook in September, 1518. He travel-

led on foot, and met with no accident on the road. De Vio was already there, quite prepared to receive his recantation; but to his extreme astonishment, Luther still continued to insist that the doctrine of indulgences was altogether wrong, and to be found nowhere in Scripture, and that faith in the blood of Christ, was God's way of salvation, as He has told us in His own word.

But in vain did Luther turn to Scripture to prove that his theses were founded on what was written there; the haughty legate, shrugging his shoulders, would turn away with expressions of the greatest contempt.

His one command was "Recant, or suffer the consequence of your obstinacy and folly." It seemed hopeless to argue with such a man, and therefore Luther, at his friend Staupitz's advice, wrote down all he had to say, and sent the paper to De Vio. This made him still more angry, and, Luther's friends feared greatly for his safety if he continued in Augsburg, and as the conference was now concluded, he left at night, mounting a pony, provided by Staupitz, outside the city. He soon was far from the enraged legate, and the city of Augsburg, and after many delays, he arrived once more in Wittenberg.

Outwardly, perhaps, he had gained little, and run many risks, but still he had testified of Christ, and preached a free salvation where it had never been heard before, and he who has told us, to confess his name before men without fear or shame, did not forget the bold confession of Augsburg, but made it bring forth much fruit throughout Germany.

And now I must ask you one question, dear little reader, if you do know the Lord, are you ashamed to own it? *He* is not ashamed of *us*! And as long as we have our eyes fixed on Him, we shall not fear to confess His name anywhere.

P. D.

Jesus Lord alone can give
Peace and comfort while we live;
'Tis He only can supply
Boldness, if we're call'd to die.

He then shall our treasure be,
Through His own eternity;
He is now our nearest friend,
And His love will never end.



Joseph before P haraoh.

WHO does not know the whole history of Joseph, as given in the book of Genesis? I do not think there is one of the readers of

this little paper but could tell it all to me. Then why should I tell it over again?

There are so many things in the life of Joseph all the way through that tell us of

the life and work of another greater than Joseph, that I am sure God has given this record for His sake. Indeed, all God's thoughts were in Him, and all His writings are about Him. But I did not mention His name. Can you tell whom I mean? Of whom is it said, "All things were made by Him, and for Him?" Who was it said of the Scriptures, "They are they that testify of me?" Who was it that beginning at the books of Moses went through the Psalms and the Prophets, showing the things about Himself? Of whom is it written that He died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*, that He was buried, and that He rose again *according to the Scriptures*?

All these are the Old Testament Scriptures. But who is the chief Person in the New Testament?

You may be sure, therefore, if the Scriptures testify of Him, that the men whose lives are given, are written about for the sake of teaching about Him—JESUS CHRIST.

Suppose now, instead of telling you, dear children, about Joseph, I ask you to write to me what you find in His life that sets forth Christ. I will leave open the question, hoping that the children, some of whom have already written things that have been printed here, will give me what they find on this matter.

Only, here, we see Joseph just brought out of prison, in great haste, to the king to unfold to him the meaning of a dream which God had given the king, about what was coming in the next fourteen years. And Joseph tells him of seven years of plenty in which he is to gather the fruits of the field and put them into granaries, for the seven years of famine which should follow.

You see I am not going to tell you the interpretation of this as belonging to Christ, for I want to give you a chance.

But I cannot let you go without asking you if any One has appeared to tell you of a time of evil that is coming, and to direct you how to be ready for it?

Has not Christ come to deliver you, from worse than famine, and will you not heed His invitation to be saved now?

Bible Lessons about Insects.

BEEES.

THE honey bee and honey are frequently mentioned in Scripture. There are great quantities of them in Palestine, both wild and those kept in hives. Most of the allusions to bees in Scripture refer to the wild swarms, which, when plundered attack their plunderers with great fury. In some parts of India so enormous are the swarms of wild bees, that there are ravines which it is impossible to traverse owing to the fury of their attacks. "The Amorites, which dwelt in that mountain, came out against you, and chased you, as bees do" (Deut. i. 44). "They compassed me about like bees" (Ps. cxviii. 12).

That bees were just as abundant of old, as now, is shewn by the frequent mention of the Land of Promise as "a land flowing with milk and honey (Ex. iii. 8).

Few countries are better adapted for bees than this, with its dry climate, and its abundance of flowers; while the dry recesses of the limestone rocks everywhere afford shelter and protection for the combs.

Thus the rocks are generally spoken of as the treasure houses of the bees: "With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee" (Ps. lxxxi. 16).

What longings it must have awakened in the hearts of the poor Israelites in bondage in Egypt, when they heard that Jehovah had come down "to deliver them out of the land of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey!"

What a change from that miserable land of bondage they were in. And when we think of that heavenly land where every soul shall be fully satisfied out of God's own hand, does it not awaken desires to be there? Do you want to be there? Do you want to go to that land where God will bring every one of His redeemed? Do you want to taste the honey of that land?

Notice then where it is found: "With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." Who is the rock? Is it not Christ? (1 Cor. x. 4). It is only by re-

ceiving Him that we can be fed with the honey that God can give. God has that to give, that alone can "satisfy" the soul, to every one who believes in Him through the Lord Jesus who was the Smitten Rock for us. It is in clefts of the rocks that honey was found, and it is only through the smitten, crucified Jesus that we find food for our souls. It is only through His death.

Samson put a riddle to the Philistines that none of them could answer: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." The answer to it was: "What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion." For Samson had slain the lion that roared against him, and a swarm of bees had made the carcass of the lion a hive, and Samson had found honey there and eaten it. (Judges xiv. 5-9). The Lord Jesus is our strong man, who has met the lion who roared against Him, the devil (1 Pet. v. 8). and has slain him to deliver us (Heb. ii. 14). and in that blessed fact that the Lord through death has conquered death we find meat and sweetness. It is feeding upon honey for our souls to know that the Lord Jesus has conquered death for us by dying in our stead, or that He can and does say to us, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John xi. 25, 26).

We only know these sweet and blessed truths through the word of God, therefore we find that that is compared to honey "How sweet are Thy words to my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Ps. cxix. 103). If we wish to be blessed let us read that word diligently. The Lord Jesus was Himself sustained and guided by that word, for we read of Him, Immanuel in Isa. vii. 15, "Butter and honey shall He eat, that He may know how to refuse the evil, and choose the good."

John the Baptist also fed upon wild honey.

There are many other things in the Bible about bees and their honey, but we must close here, for we do not want to tire you.

Just remember that God alone can satisfy

the soul with the true honey (Ps. lxxxix. 16).

That honey is found in the Rock, which is Christ (1 Cor. x. 4). It is the word of God that reveals Him to us. (Ps. xix. 10; cxix. 103).

Dear young reader! Let Jesus be fed upon by your soul, and you will find that already you are in a land flowing with milk and honey; while you also can there look forward with joy to fullness of bliss found when brought home to Him, who has died that you might live; who has been smitten that you might never be; who has tasted gall and wormwood that you might find honey and the honey-comb through that very suffering!

C. H. B.

"God did it."



WE give the substance of a conversation between "little Theodore," and his brother on the subject of the Lord's coming; we shall here furnish our readers with a striking reply given by the same dear child to his mamma, on the subject of the atonement. He had been repeating that hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," and his mother said to him, "Darling, have you laid your sins on Jesus?" "No, ma!" "Why, darling, are not you a little lamb of Jesus?" "Yes, ma!" said he, "And have you not laid your sins on Jesus?" "No, ma, God did it!" He could not even pronounce the name of God.

Such an answer coming from the lips of a child only two years and four months old, may teach a valuable lesson to many older heads. There is a vast difference between my laying my sins on Jesus, and God's doing it.

Little Theodore spoke in perfect accordance with the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which declares that "Jehovah laid on Him [Jesus] the iniquity of us all." And we find the same precious truth stated by the apostle in 2 Corinthians v. where he tells us that, God hath made Christ "to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

This is a point of immense value and importance in the atonement of Christ. It presents God to the soul in most blessed manner.

It shows Him acting for us, not only in

giving His only begotten Son from His bosom, but also in bruising Him on the cursed tree for us. "It pleased Jehovah to bruise Him." And again, in the twenty-second Psalm, we hear the blessed One saying to His God, "Thou hast brought me into the dust of death."

Thus, as dear little Theodore expressed it, "God did it," blessed for ever be His holy name! He knew what was needed, and He provided it. He knew the demand and He met it. He knew what was to be done, and He did it. This is the only true foundation of peace. It is not enough to be able to say that "I lay my sins on Jesus." True enough, no doubt, so far as it goes; but then I do not know the ten thousandth part of my sins. My conscience has never seized the full amount of my liability, the depth of my guilt. Human conscience is one thing, divine righteousness quite another. God's estimate of sin is very different from ours. There are thousands of sins that have never come within the range of my conscience—thousands more that have passed clean off the tablet of my memory. What of these? And then the root of all these: what of it? What of the mighty claims of the throne of God—the claims of His nature, the demands of His holiness? Is it not most evident that before ever a divinely awakened soul can find settled peace he must be led into the depth, fulness and power of that one brief sentence—"God did it?" Such an one must know and believe that God Himself has taken the whole matter into His own hands, and settled it in such a manner as to glorify Himself throughout all ages. He has been glorified with respect to sin, by the infinitely precious sacrifice of Christ. It is He Himself who says, "I have found a ransom."

What do you say to the answer of "little Theodore?" Could you give the same answer, if asked the same question? That dear little child was called away very suddenly at the age of two years and six months; but he knew and declared he was going to Jesus. Can you say this? Say, dear friend, are you ready? Do you now heartily believe that God Himself has found a remedy for your ruin—an atonement for your

guilt—a perfect righteousness in which you may stand before Him? This is the solid foundation of the soul's peace. Nothing else will do. It is not our works, our alms, our prayers, our religious duties, our church-going or chapel-going, our frames, feelings, or experiences. Not any of these things, nor all of them put together, can give the soul peace. We must know that God has met our case by His own work; that He is perfectly satisfied as to our sins; that He Himself has laid all our sins on Jesus, who bore them and put them away for ever, and is gone into heaven without them. This, we repeat, is the true and only foundation of a sinner's peace, and it is fully and forcibly set forth in those three words of little Theodore: "GOD DID IT." C. H. M.

God's Wondrous Love.

NEAR LITTLE CHILDREN, I should like to tell you of a sweet little friend of mine, in whom God has displayed the power of His wondrous love in saving her by His grace.

She is a very bright little girl of nine years, and her name is Lulu.

Lulu is loved by all who know her, and is thought to be a very peculiar child, in many respects.

She is so thoughtful for all around her, and never seems to think of pleasing herself in anything she does. She loves, too, to help her mamma in household affairs, and caring for her baby brother while her mamma is busy attending to other things. I have been quite interested, too, in watching her at play with her younger sister and brothers, to see how nicely she manages them; and if they should quarrel (which they do sometimes) she is always ready to declare peace instead of joining in with them, as I have known others to do.

Another thing I have noticed with great pleasure is, that while telling the children bible stories, Lulu is the most attentive listener I have, and asks me to tell them over and over, never seeming to tire of anything concerning the Lord or His word.

Of course you well know it is not in our nature as children of Adam, to love God's

word, so there must be a cause for all this in little Lulu.

Well I will tell you of a conversation I had with her one day, which may enable you to understand her happiness, and also to enter into and enjoy it yourself.

She was looking so happy, I said "Lulu dear, are you very happy?" She answered "Yes, I am."

I then asked her why she was so happy, and she said, "Because God gave His Son to die for me and thus saved me.

I then asked her if the Lord were to come for His own, or take her by death would she be afraid to go. She hesitated for a moment then said, "No, for I would go right to heaven." When I asked her how she knew all this, she replied, "Because God has said so, and it must be true for He cannot lie"

Dear reader, can you, like this little girl, rest entirely on what God has said and done, to the salvation of your soul?

Oh, think of His great love, when He says in His word, "For God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!

Is not this very sweet to have from God Himself? Nothing of man could assure us of this perfect love, but when we have it from God, surely we ought not doubt it, for one moment.

And we know He has said also, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, children, can you not take Him at His word, and thus glorify Him, and you too, may like Lulu live to His praise now, and throughout eternity.

M. I. F.

"The Wisdom of God."

1 Cor. i. 24.

Ere God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before he fill'd the fountains
That fed the running rills,
In Thee, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM,
Found pleasures never wasting,
And WISDOM is Thy name.

When like a tent to dwell in
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,

He wrought by weight and measure,
And Thou wast with Him then:
Thyself the Father's pleasure,
And Thine, the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us,
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And could'st Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nail'd Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder!
And mystery divine!
'The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine."

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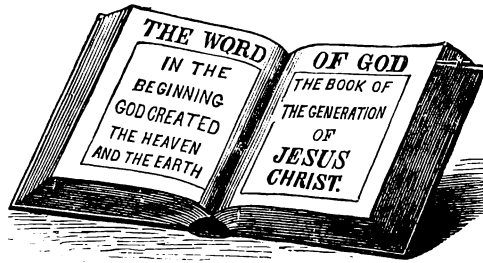
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THE

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"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

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Jeremiah Put into the Pit.

THOSE that tell the truth of God in a world that hates Him, have to suffer, oftentimes, for it. And this is because the world is against God.

Jeremiah was a servant of God in Judah for the last forty years before, and at the time of, his being carried away into captivity to Babylon.

During all this time he kept telling them the word of God, that they should turn away from their evil ways, of idolatry, and every bad thing, and then, low and weak as they had become, God would still keep them and strengthen them, according to His own power.

But they had no sense of their sins, and no doubt, thought they were doing very well, so that when Jeremiah had to tell them what should happen to them, they hated him, instead of themselves.

In the reign of Zedekiah, when the army of the Chaldeans had come up against Jerusalem, and then withdrawn on the report of help for the Jews coming from Egypt, Jeremiah was told to declare that this army would come back again, and take the city, and burn it with fire.

And this Jeremiah did tell them, and then went out of the city that was so wicked, and so determined to stay in its wickedness. It was in accordance with the word that God afterwards gives in Revelation xviii. 4, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

But they seized him as he was going out, saying to him, that he was going to the enemy, when he was really going to his own home at Anathoth. And so they imprisoned him.

And so the Jews treated Christ, putting Him to death on the pretence that He had blasphemed God and the temple, when they were doing both all the time. And so they stoned Stephen, on the charge that he had spoken against Moses and God. Jeremiah was put into a dungeon full of mire, where he sunk into the mud.

And what had he done? Only told God's thought about what they were doing. It is the one same story all the way through the history of man in relation to God. Men do not like to have God reproving them.

God in bringing His servants into suffering, in the Old Testament, allows them to take that which in a deeper measure would be done to Christ, and so they were bearing the afflictions of Christ. Thus we read of Joseph being cast into a pit, and of

Moses choosing rather to suffer the afflictions of Christ. And then in *Hebrews* xi. we are told of these that so suffered as those "of whom the world was not worthy." Thus they were put into company with Christ.

Just so in the Psalms, the Spirit of Christ speaks of sinking into the deep mire. He went down into the lowest pit, for us, for our sins, to take our place under the wrath of God. He was treated as a sinner.

Remember that sin having come into the world, must be dealt with, and God made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

It is a wonderful thing that when the wrath of man was displayed in its worst, in the crucifixion of Jesus, God raises Him up and brings him back as the One, by that very death, to save those who did this deed.

And so, He offers Him to you. It may be if you believe in Him and follow Him you may have to suffer for it, but He will comfort, and hold you up, and soon come to take you to Himself.

Bible Lessons About Insects.

MOTHS.

AT this season of the year, which tells us so plainly of the transient nature of even the most beautiful things of this earth, it may not be amiss to close our lessons on insects with that which is so often used in the bible as a figure of instability and corruption—the Moth.

Man is said to be as fragile as the moth, which crumbles beneath the touch, and as little to be trusted. "Behold He put no trust in His servants; and His angels He charged with folly. How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before (easier than) the moth" (Job iv. 18, 19). There is nothing in man that God can trust. What are we indeed but moths? creatures of a day! "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" (James iv. 14). Where are now those

gorgeous colors that graced the woods and fields a few months back? Naked and bare, Nature stands disrobed to bear the cold blasts of winter. And how many, many souls have passed away since the summer, leaving all that made them brilliant here, to stand naked and bare before Him who searches the heart, in the day of judgment!

"When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for his iniquity, Thou makest his beauty (all that man counts beauty) to consume away like a moth. Surely every man is vanity" (Ps. xxxix. 11). How wise then for us to listen and act upon the words of the Saviour, "provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"

Where our treasures are, there will our hearts be also. If we have given up the earthly things and accepted the heavenly, our hearts will be there, in heaven, where the treasure of treasures to the repentant sinner is, even that glorious Saviour who bore death for us that He might give us eternal life. But if not, if we are still clinging to earthly riches, our hearts are surely where our treasure is—bound up in this earth—which shall surely perish, shall surely be melted in the day of God's wrath.

"For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool: but My RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL BE FOREVER, and MY SALVATION FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION" (Isa. li. 8). Here then is something stable. God's righteousness and God's salvation shall be forever. He, then, who has these things has something that shall never perish, but shall last forever; when everything that now misleads shall have vanished away, God's righteousness and God's salvation shall yet remain to fill each possessor with eternal joy, eternal and never changing peace. "The righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and UPON ALL THEM THAT BELIEVE," (Rom. iii. 22). And do you want God's salvation? The gospel of Christ is, we are told, "the power of God unto SALVATION TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH" (Rom. i. 16).

C. H. B.

The Hand up for Jesus.

THERE was a little street boy in London, England, who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them.

He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of Him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus was a Saviour for sinners, and would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him."

"I couldn't ask such a big gentleman as He is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But He'll do that if you ax Him."

"How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but what He might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know Him, if you was to see Him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by."

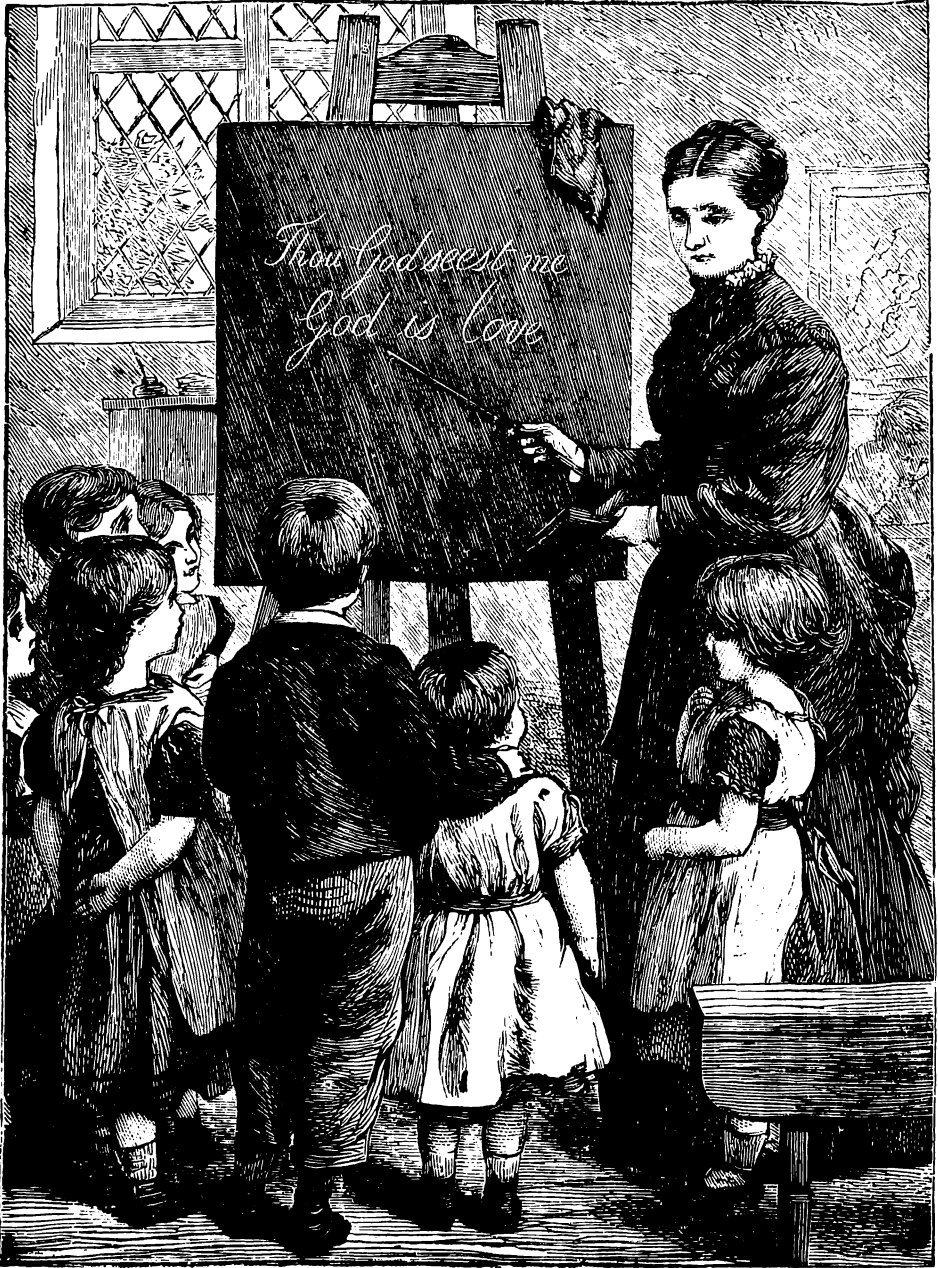
They got the hand up. It dropped. They tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me yer hand; put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And, when they came in, in the morning, the boy lay dead, the hand still propped up for Jesus.

This is a beautiful example of faith in a child, who had learned by once hearing of the love of God, and told it as he knew it.



A Blackboard Exercise.

IS not this a pleasant group? Seven little heads straight up, and fourteen sweet eyes taking in two of the gladdest sentences that could be given! Little folks at home with their parents, with every thing around them built up after the pattern of these verses, the constancy of love, and the looking of love

after all their wants before they know them, can hardly tell how full of rest and comfort such words are. But there may be some of the little boys and girls that read these pages that are without such watchful care and love, for only love cares and watches properly. They may be cast out into the world alone and feeling their desolation.

It was a desolate one that learned the lesson that is given first on this board. God made Himself known to a woman who had run away from her home because of harsh treatment. He gave her words full of comfort, so that she was ready to go back home and bear everything. And then to keep it ever in mind how kind God was she named the well by which she sat, "the well of Him that lives and sees."

And that became the strength of her heart that God saw her. Read all about it in Gen. xvi. I do not think she had an opportunity of knowing a hundredth part as much about God as you and I have, but what she did know gave comfort and rest.

But many a long year after that when God had borne with ten thousand bad things in man, and had answered that badness by giving His Son to take it away, and bring poor lost ones to Himself, and then sent the Holy Spirit to show all that Christ was and what He had done, this second sentence on the board was given, "God is Love."

Ah! He has done enough to show that. In *this* was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him (1 John iv. 9.) There! That must stand for ever as the one thing beyond all others that shows what love is.

Now, are you willing to take God's love in that way? Do you know you have needed all that He has done? The fact that He gave His Son to die for you shows what you needed, *somebody to die for you!* And that is done. Now you are to take Him in that way. "Christ must needs die, and rise again from the dead, and this Jesus whom I preach unto you is the Christ."

So you can take these two verses and

put them together thus—Thou Love seest me. Just think, of love following you with its eyes every where. Do you not feel glad to think of the love of your father and mother going about with you all day?

When I look at a company of children any where I always think "How much love is centred in them. How many hearts are holding them beyond all peril?"

But that is nothing to what God has done for us. Is it not so, that the more you think of the love of your mother the less you feel like disobeying her? Just so it is if you think of the love of God, do you think you can wilfully go into sin?

But when we do sin, His heart follows us to bring us back in confession to Him.

May you, darling little ones, be more and more glad in the two sentences so richly true, "Thou God seest me," and "God is Love."

The Way to Heaven.

♪ ♪ **M**Y poor little flower," whispered the old woman, the tears rising to her eyes, "they'll be kind to you when the old woman is gone; they couldn't be rough with you."

"But, granny," and Lily raised her head and spoke with great effort, "are you going—*where* are you going, granny? Oh, I've been asking God to take you to heaven, are you going there?"

A shadow passed over the sick woman's face. She shut her eyes and breathed heavily.

"God knows, child," she answered, "I've been as good as my neighbors, and better than most, maybe. I've done my best, and God is merciful."

"But, oh, granny," sobbed Lily, "I don't want to make you unhappy, or to say dreadful things; but I have been reading the Bible, and it says that it is not because we are good that we go to heaven, but because Jesus died, and if we believe on Him we shall go there."

"Maybe, child, maybe," she answered, "but I can't think of these things now, I must sleep."

And she closed her eyes and lay silently back, but she was not sleeping.

And then Lily began to think again; but although it all seemed so unpromising, and there was no answer to God's great love in her grandmother's heart, Lily was not terrified as she had been before; for she had asked, and had not the God of truth promised to answer?

Then a bright thought struck her, and she rose softly and went to the table where the new Bible lay, that Miss Spencer had given her; and sitting down by the bed, on a low stool, she turned over the leaves to the third chapter of Romans. Then she bowed her face in her hands and prayed, "O God, in Christ's name I ask, make granny confess that she is bad, and then make her see that she may go to heaven, because Jesus has died."

Soon the sick woman opened her eyes again. Her thoughts had wandered back to the long life she had passed, and which, in spite of what she had said, she knew was faulty. She remembered sins hidden from the eyes of all around. She thought of the wrong that others had done her, and of the fierce, bitter anger that she had borne them in her heart. She felt the hard unforgiveness against contempt and neglect still rankling within. And then she remembered long past days and years of giddy pleasure, when she had lived, not to please God, but to please herself.

"Grandmother," said Lily, "I'm going to read to you."

"Do so, my pretty one," answered the old woman; "I love to hear the sound of your voice."

And as Lily's child-voice read slowly, she heard the words—"They are all gone: out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

"Stop, child," said the old woman quickly, "does the Bible say that? that no one is good—not one?"

Lily's heart beat fast, but she said nothing, and read the verse again.

The old woman closed her eyes and lay back on the pillow.

"All gone out of the way; none doeth

good, no, not one," she murmured. "God says it; then it must be true; and if He says it of the best, what can He say of me, a poor old sinner, that's going to die?"

She lifted her weak, trembling hand to her forehead, and began whispering softly, as if to herself, "'Twas the cruel world made me the hard old sinner I am, and yet perhaps it treated me not worse than others; and I feel the bad within me, here. Oh Lily, child," she said, turning round to her, "I've a hard, hard old heart; and the Bible says true, that I have not done good."

"I'll read you something else, granny," said Lily, "about how kind God is, and about the way He has made for us to go to heaven."

She turned to the third chapter of the gospel of John. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

When she had finished, the old woman did not speak.

It was very silent, and darkness had fallen on the small room, but the fire burned brightly and danced gaily on the white-washed walls.

The household had gone to rest, and the street below was silent, except from the occasional step of some passer by, and there was no sound to break Lily's slumbers; for the child had fallen asleep with her head leaning on the bed. The fire had burned low, and there was no light now in the low attic room.

"Lily," said the old woman at length, and her voice, weak and quivering as it was, awoke the child with a start, and she shivered at the cold, dark room; "Lily, child, I want to hear those words again."

She could not see to read, but Lily's long hours with the Bible served her in good stead now, and the words came clear and distinct in the darkness.

"But God couldn't love me. Oh, child, child, He has shewn me myself to night,

and He knows my sin," she cried, in a broken voice of agony.

"Granny," said Lily, and first her own voice was broken by sobs, "I never heard you were very bad; but if you were, didn't God know it when He said He loved the world. And didn't He say *whosoever*, granny? And doesn't that mean any one?"

"Say it again, child," said the old woman, presently, "and again, and again, may be I'll remember them, and be sure of them." And in the dark, silent night, when sleep had fallen on all around, and no earthly eye was onlooking in the small, lone room, the good Shepherd saw His little lamb leading the weary sinner to His arms of yearning love.

She said it over again and again until at last little Lily's voice ceased, and she sank into sleep.

It was getting light when she awoke.

The old woman was awake, but her breathing was labored, and her voice was broken, as she spoke.

"Lily, child," she said, "I saw it while you slept, and I'll tell you now if I can. I said them over to myself—the words you read. Yes, I love God, for I do believe He loves me; and He's my Father, for I've taken His only-begotten Son for my Saviour. I know I'm a wicked old sinner; but there was nought else for me, so I just sank at the Saviour's feet, and it's there I am now."

"Oh, granny, granny," cried Lily, throwing herself on her knees by the bedside, "Oh, I do thank God, I do, I do!"

"And," continued the old woman, as a sweet smile broke on her wan face, "I can forgive now, for God has forgiven me."—*Extract from "Lonely Lily."*

Behold what wondrous love and grace
When we were wretched and undone—
To save a ruined, helpless race
The Father gave His only Son!
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine
No gift like this could ever shine.

O gift of love unspeakable!
O gift of mercy all divine!
We once were slaves of death and hell;
But in Christ's image we shall shine,
For every gift a song we raise,
But this demands eternal praise!

About Joseph.

LAST month, in connection with a few words about Joseph, it was suggested that our readers should send whatever they found in his life that seemed a type of Christ, and brought Him before them. The following has been received, which is gladly inserted, with the hope that many others may feel free to tell what they have learned of Him who is the chief among ten thousand, the ONE altogether lovely.

"Dear brother. The part in Joseph's life, I believe, that sets forth Christ is this, in which Joseph was *sent* from his father to his brothers, and instead of being treated by them according to his love for them, they took him and sold him for twenty pieces of silver. When he cried for mercy they would not hear him, but cried 'take him quickly away.'

"And when they came to take Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, though he healed the servant's ear, yet they bound Him, and then led him away to Pilate. And when Pilate said 'I find no fault in Him, I will let him go;' as Joseph's brothers said, 'Take him quickly away,' so the Jews said 'Away with Him, away with Him!'

"Here we see that Christ was sent from the Father to His people, and 'His own' would not receive Him, but crucified Him, giving His betrayer thirty pieces of silver.

"Now, on the subject of the fourteen years, about which Pharaoh dreamed two dreams, and Joseph was brought before him to interpret the dreams, setting forth seven years of famine and seven years of plenty, and Joseph told him to appoint a man to gather the overplus corn for the seven years of famine. This is like God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. This is the time of plenty.

"The years of famine are the period of tribulation that are to pass over the world.

"Joseph supplied corn to every one that came to him, but Christ gives everlasting life to those who come to Him.

J. B."

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