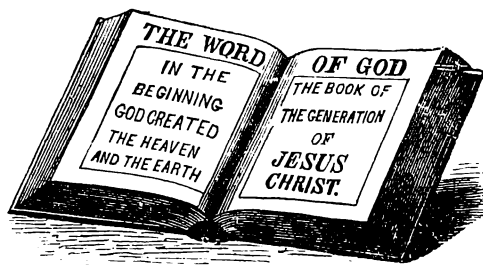


PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1878.

No. 1.



The Apostle Paul before Felix.



WHEN God made Paul His own, and set him apart as an apostle, He said of him, “He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles

and kings, and the children of Israel; for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name’s sake.”

And so, in the book of the Acts we see

all these brought to pass, beginning especially with chapter xiii. If you will read from that on, you will find how wonderfully he was used, not to convert so very many, for the world is opposed to God, and to the exalted Christ; but to carry the gospel of the grace of God to lost sinners, as such, and the glory of God, in Christ risen, everywhere.

But for this he had to suffer, and for the giving of the deepest and sweetest things of God he had to be a prisoner. And though he got into prison through his own failure to obey the Spirit about going to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 4), yet, when the Lord visited him in the prison and comforted him, and told him he was to go to Rome to testify, he could then call himself "the prisoner of the Lord."

And we have great interest in the imprisonment of this dear servant of the Lord, for we are of the Gentiles, and he says that he was "the prisoner of the Lord for you Gentiles;" that is, because he would preach to the Gentiles (Acts xxii. 22).

That visit of the Lord to his cell gave him great quietness and courage, for the Lord stood by him and said, "Be of good cheer, Paul" (Acts xxiii. 11). Was not that sufficient for him, even though he had made a mistake in going to Jerusalem?

It was not long after this that the event which this picture represents took place. He had been removed from Jerusalem to Cesarea, because the Jews meant to put him to death. This was the city where the governor of Judea lived. The present governor was Claudius Felix.

Men like to add names and titles to their own names, to give them dignity. But oftentimes they are not very truthful. And this is an instance of it. "Felix" means "happy;" but this Felix was certainly not happy. He was very cruel and immoral in all his habits, and no one can be happy who is thus. Besides he had to try to please the Jews, to make up for his unkindness and injustice to them, and they were ever uneasy, which must have kept him in a state of anxiety.

Governors and kings are not very happy, but especially bad ones. Nothing gives

happiness but knowing the love of God in Christ Jesus.

At first, after Paul had been taken to Cesarea, Tertullus, an orator, appeared against him to try to get Felix to have him put to death; but this did not accomplish anything, for God so ordered it that the governor determined to wait to hear from the officer who had taken charge of Paul with his company of soldiers.

Afterwards, however, Felix, with his wife Drusilla, whom you see beside him here, had Paul appear before them, and heard him concerning the faith of Jesus Christ.

What a wonderful opportunity this was for him! Here was the one to whom God had made a special revelation of His love and purposes in saving men, whose conversion from being an enemy of God to being a child of God in one moment, was to be a pattern for all who should believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and so Felix might then and there be saved, if he would know himself as a sinner. Bad as he and his wife were—for she had left her husband to live with him—this was a wonderful hour for them.

They had all honors and dignities, and he was a prisoner. But he had the word of life and forgiveness for whoever would take it.

What was the result? Did they take this testimony concerning Jesus Christ, and become His? Ah, no! As Paul spoke of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, showing the terrible need of salvation, Felix "trembled." He knew what it was to be brought before a judge, for he had had many a one to tremble before him. And now, as he saw the way and wages of sin, he trembled even before his nobles and his proud wife.

But his trembling was not salvation, for it was not before God, and owning himself a sinner deserving death, and seeing the death of Christ meeting it.

It was not repentance, but only fear of judgment. Repentance would be before God, and must see Christ the sin-bearer. Instead of this he turned away, and said to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

And that is all ! Not broken before God though he heard of righteousness and judgment ! Not saved though he heard of Jesus Christ ! Is it not dreadful ?

How is it with you, dear reader ? How about the judgment seat ? How about your sins ? Jesus Christ died that sins might be forgiven, and lost sinners be saved. Will you put away this matter as this poor lost man did ?

Another, one higher in authority than this man, King Agrippa, heard Paul too, and he said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

But this is not being saved. Salvation comes by simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and at once.

"Almost" cannot avail ;
 "Almost" is but to fail !
 Sad, sad that bitter wail.
 "Almost—but LOST !"

The Way of Love.

IT has been laid upon my mind to give you a little incident of my own experience, that you may possibly be able to use in some of your articles in PURE STREAMS. My little Joie, then eight years of age, went to Sunday-school, and had been charged to come directly home when it was out. Preferring to have a ramble instead, in company with a boy of his own age, he scampered away from the other children, and was soon beyond the sight or knowledge of any of them. Upon learning the fact, I at once started with horse and buggy, fully determined not to give up the search until I had brought back, and severely punished my child. Not so, however. I drove in the hot sun, over unbroken prairie, by-ways and ditches, first to where a large herd of cattle were grazing, then across to a friend's house, making inquiries all of the way, until completely exhausted by heat, anxiety, and fatigue, I gave up further pursuit, and returned to my home, giving myself as well as child up to the Lord, asking Him to direct as to my further course.

Accordingly, the most natural thing for me to do, was to lie down and give myself up to rest.

After a space of about an hour, I heard

my door open softly, and my little unhappy boy entered, his face all suffused with tears, and without giving me a chance to speak, said, "Mamma will you forgive me for running away ? I don't know what made me so naughty, I am so sorry."

Do you think I had a word of censure or reproach ? No ; all that I could do was to kiss, pity and show him my intense love.

Then I thought how like the father of the prodigal, and like our dear Saviour too. We have only to own our naughtiness and see our need to receive His pitying smile of love and approbation. When we condemn ourselves He justifies. J. B. M.

Now !

IT was my lot," said a ship-master, "to sail in company with that ill-fated steamer, the Central America. The night was closing in, and the sea rolling high ; but I hailed the crippled steamer, and asked if they needed help. 'I am in a sinking condition,' cried Captain Herndon. 'Had you not better send your passengers on board directly ?' I said. 'Will you not lay by me till morning ?' answered Captain Herndon. 'I will try,' I replied ; 'but had you not better send your passengers on board now ?' 'Lay by me till morning,' again said Captain Herndon. I tried to lay by him ; but at night such was the heavy roll of the sea I could not keep my position, and I never saw the steamer more. In an hour and a half after the captain said, 'Lay by me *till morning*,' the vessel, with its living freight, went down, and the captain and crew, and a great majority of his passengers found a grave in the great deep. But for this delay, all might have been saved."

God's word inviting you to come to Him *now*, is sounded in your ear ; do not neglect His voice, the life-boat of salvation is now so near ; remember that shortly your opportunities will have passed away forever.

I'd like to go to that heaven so bright,
 For joy beams in that world on each face ;
 But if there I would go,
 On earth I must know,
 As my Saviour, the Lord of that place.



Meeting of Isaac and Rebekah.

THAT is a wonderfully sweet story told in Genesis xxiv. It is one of God's own stories; for we must remember that holy men spake as they were moved by the Spirit of God, to give an account of things. To Moses himself it might not have appeared more important to tell all the par-

particulars about Isaac getting a wife, any more than of Abraham getting his, and probably not so much, as Abraham was the greater man. But God did not tell him of Abraham in this matter, and did tell him of Isaac's mode of getting his wife. And this is what makes it so interesting, for it shows us that God meant something very especial in this history.

Now, what is it that gives meaning to the Scriptures? It is God's own book; and of whom would He write but just the One who has been His delight from before the foundation of the world, Jesus Christ, His own Son our Lord?

So this story is an "allegory," similar to that of the twenty-first chapter, which tells of the two sons of Abraham, the one the son of the bond woman, the other of the free woman.

It was a long while after this, when Isaac had grown to be a man, and God had told Abraham to take that journey with him to the mount and offer him a sacrifice, and when He had received him back as one risen from the dead, that the father became anxious to secure him a wife.

And so he sent his servant, who belonged in his house, away off among his kindred beyond the river Euphrates, or "the flood," as it is called in the book of Joshua, into the land of Mesopotamia. And he was to be sure to take one of the women of Abraham's kindred, and if none would come then he must come back alone, for he must not take a wife for him among the inhabitants of the land they were in.

Then we read of the journey of this man—a great man with his master to be honored with such a work—and of the way in which God answered his prayer, and led him to the right place, the family of Bethuel.

And then valuable gifts were made to Rebekah, tokens of the wealth of Abraham, into which Isaac was about to enter as heir, and the story of the wonderful honor that was bestowed upon Abraham, which was all to come to Isaac, the promise of God that He would bless all nations through him and his seed.

And when all was told, the question was left with Rebekah, whether she would go with him to Isaac or stay, and she answered

at once "I will go." And they sent away Rebekah and her nurse with Abraham's servant, and they went on their journey to Isaac.

And Isaac came forth from the well where God had met Hagar, and which she named Lahai Roi—the Living One that sees—and Rebekah saw him coming at the same time that he saw them. And when she learned who he was, she alighted from her camel, and covered her face with a veil. It was that she might cover her glory, which accounted nothing in the presence of the one who loved her and had chosen her as his bride.

So Isaac took her into his mother's tent, and she became his wife, and he was comforted after the death of his mother. How much she must have been to him, as the one who was to share all the glory that was to come to him as heir of the world. She of all the world had this peculiar blessing. He was the man to whom God had given birth especially for this, to take up all His wonderful thoughts in regard to blessing the world forever.

And what did Rebekah to get this place? Nothing but, when she was sent for, to go with him who came for her. She got for nothing the highest honor and the grandest place that could be conferred on any woman in the world. Do you think it strange, therefore, that God should Himself tell us of it?

But the fact of His telling it leads us to see something profitable for our souls in the story. I do not think I can take time this month to tell much of the sweet lessons we have here, but I may point out just a little.

God has a Son for whom He has chosen a bride, just as the father here was determined to have a bride for Isaac. And this Son of God became a man that He might be a kinsman to us. And so His bride must be chosen from His kindred, that is, men on this earth, and not angels in heaven, just as Isaac was not to marry any one in the land he lived in but from his own kindred. For truly Christ took not up angels, but He took up the seed of Abraham—man—wherefore in all things it became him to be made like unto his brethren (Heb. ii. 16, 17).

But who is this servant of the father and

the house sent forth after the bride? Just think who is sent to gather the Church which is the Bride of Christ. The Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father, comes down to tell of the Son and His love, and the glory that He is to have after a little while. And He tells of the glory of the Father too, who has given all things to His Son. And the grand thing is, both the Father and the Son have set their love upon the Bride, and want her. The house waits for her, and the Son is to be comforted by her coming.

Now the Church is made up of many—all who are saved now, since Christ went on high. But they are all *one*. They are formed into one by the Holy Spirit, and He is conducting the Bride to meet Christ directly, for He is soon coming to take her unto Himself.

Are you one of Christ's own? If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you surely are, and the next thing is to meet Him in the air.

If not, will you now listen to the Holy Spirit in the word of God, telling about the love of God to sinners, and the longing of Christ for you? And will *you* go? This was all Rebekah said; can you say it? Dear children, how He longs and waits for you. Receive His love now.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE ALMOND TREE.

IN commencing another series of lessons on the Natural History of the Bible, we wish to state that our earnest desire in examining these works of God's hands is, not to increase our knowledge of botany, nor merely to amuse ourselves or our young readers. Seeking to interest all who read, we shall at the same time, and as our highest aim, seek to bring forward whatever the trees, shrubs, and flowers of the Bible tell us of Him by whom and for whom all things were made; and of all those things of which He is the centre and object; and of the transient character of man's glory; and the eternal character of that glory which all redeemed by the blood of Jesus shall share with Him.

It seems appropriate to commence with

the tree that is the first to bloom in Palestine, which it does in January, the coldest month in the year. Many of the allusions to the almond tree in Scripture are because of this fact. Hence, its name, which in the Hebrew means "to hasten." Thus in Jer. i. 11-12, we read "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen; for I will *hasten* my word to perform it."

And this fact, that it is the earliest tree of all to blossom, that it *hastens* to bloom, shows us what a beautiful symbol of resurrection Aaron's rod that "brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds" was. It was commanded to be laid up in the ark of the testimony; beautiful pledge of resurrection which is laid up in Christ for every believer.

The almond tree is the *first* tree that blossoms in Palestine; thus also is Christ "risen from the dead, and become the *first* fruits of them that slept." He is the "first born from among the dead," and His resurrection is a pledge of the resurrection of all them who trust in Him. "Christ the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 26). "At His coming;" blessed hope! Every time we see an almond or a peach tree (which is of the same family) we should think of that coming. But who are they who are raised at His coming? "They that are Christ's." How blessed then to belong to Him. Mother often says, "This is my little boy; this is my little girl." Can Jesus say the same of you? Can He say, this little boy, this little girl, is one of the "little ones that believe on me?" (Matt. xviii. 6).

The almond tree blossoms in January, the coldest but last month of winter in Palestine. Does not this too teach us something of Christ and His resurrection? Was not this world a cold, cold world towards Him? In crucifying Him, man's wickedness reached its highest pitch. Surely the coldness, indeed hatred, of the world towards God was then shown as never before. But grace triumphed! He rose from the dead, and in Him a new era commences. The sunshine of God's grace in Christ is now warming

souls into life through that very death and resurrection.

Another interesting thing about the almond tree is, that, like the peach and apricot, its blossoms appear before its leaves. Does not that, too, teach us of our Lord Jesus Christ? The blossoms are *promises* of future leaves and fruits. Christ is risen from the dead, and in His resurrection we see the promise of future blessings, which promise will be realized when Rev. xxii. 2 is fulfilled. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month; and the *leaves* of the tree were for the healings of the nations." But the pledge, the blossom of these millennial blessings is already given in the resurrection of Christ.

The almond tree is a *native* of Palestine—the promised land. It did not belong to Egypt, for almonds were among the presents taken down to Egypt by Jacob's sons (Gen. xliii. 11). Thus also we know that there is no promise of a glorious resurrection to those who remain in Egypt—the world; but He who has gained for us a place in heaven is Himself a native of it. And consider this solemn truth, dear young reader. The second resurrection (Rev. xx. 12) is not called the resurrection of life, but of damnation (John v. 29). Those who belong to Egypt, those, I mean, who prefer the world to Christ, and choose to have their portion here, shall have no part in Christ and His glory hereafter, but, while those who have followed Him, inherit all things, these will "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death" (Rev. xxi. 8).

The almond tree is alluded to in other passages of Scripture besides those we have quoted, but we must stop now, or we shall tire our readers. What we have learned will help us to understand those other passages.

C. H. B.

Jesus is a mighty Saviour,
Strong his outstretched arm to save;
He has vanquished death and Satan—
He has triumphed o'er the grave.
Jesus is a willing Saviour,
Frankly, freely He forgives;
And the soul which looks unto Him
From that happy moment lives.

The Fisherman's Boy.

A FRIEND and myself had started from our lodgings in Brighton, after a good breakfast, for a long walk. We had stuffed our pockets with little books suitable for children, intending that day to go to a distant village and find all the little folks we could.

It was a beautiful morning as we took our journey by the road which ran along pretty close to the sea. A good sea breeze was blowing, and a little sharp it was too as it took us side-face, only that the sun was shining out very warmly for a November day. Every now and then we were, through a curve in the road, very close to the grey cliff that seemed to stand like some old sombre sentinel, jealously guarding the road from being overrun by the restless waves, and which waves, sometimes in a playful mood, sometimes in anger, sent the white spray right up in the face of the old cliff, but the friendly breeze soon wiped it off again. We trudged on, and had a little chat with the old sailor on the look-out, and watched him as he put his glass to his eye to see what was going on all around for miles. I suppose he saw no enemies about, so he put his glass under his arm and walked to and fro on the little paddock before his house.

Presently we struck to the left and wended our way to the village, and for a couple of hours we were happily engaged with all the boys and girls we could find, distributing our books. And pretty books they were too; oh, yes, pretty outside as well as inside—bright colored covers with pictures on, but inside, I may say, they were lovely, for they told the way of salvation in a manner that children like to read or hear about.

We finished up with a day-school, and which pretty well emptied our pockets, notwithstanding my friend had on a *great* coat, and his pockets seemed to be abounding. But to satisfy a whole village is enough to empty a giant's coat, you know.

We then struck across the country for a nearer way home, and were soon travelling *up* what they call the Brighton Downs. We had arrived pretty near the top, but

stopped to rest a little and take breath, and looking round we saw, some distance below us, a boy running as fast as little legs *can* run when their hearts run the same way.

He soon reached us, but panting for breath. The run had brought the roses out upon his cheeks, and there he stood, a bright-eyed, curly-headed little fellow, gasping out, "Please—sir—will—you—give—me—a book?"

"A book! What for? How do you know we have any books to give away?"

"O, sir!—they told—me at the village—yonder." And then taking a good long breath he could talk quietly. "They told me two gentlemen had been giving books away to all the children, and that you had come this way, and I set off at once."

"But our books are all about heaven, and how to get there."

"I know they are, sir," said he, with an intelligent look, "and I know the way to heaven, that it is through the blood of Jesus."

"Where did you learn that?"

"In my Bible."

"Do you read your Bible—and how often?"

"Every morning before I go to school, and before going to bed at night. They tell me (we forgot to ask him who the *they* were) that Pilgrim's Progress is as good as the Bible."

"Do you think it is?"

"No, sir, that I don't. I can't understand that like the Bible. And I always like when I come against a verse to go to the Bible and see if it's just like it."

"I am glad you do," we both could not help exclaiming; and thought it would be wise of older Christians to do so, too.

We had some further talk with him, and found out that his father was a fisherman whose little cottage was in a warm place under the cliff. His mother was dead, and an elder sister took her place. He was really a sharp, intelligent little boy for ten years old, and expressed himself so prettily that we thought it a beautiful finish to our village visit.

I think we searched all our pockets and managed to get some half-dozen for the little fellow that must have run a good mile and a half for them.

I do thank God that here and there in the busy town, and in the quiet village He is winning little hearts to Christ, and drawing up their young affections to heaven.

Was not that a good habit of little George, the fisherman's boy, of going to his Bible and seeing if all he read was to be found there? Let me ask my little readers to do the same.

Once or twice my friend called at the cottage under the cliff, and was so glad to find that "he acted like a little Christian at home."

Perhaps the Lord intends to make the little fisherman's boy a "fisher of men." *

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

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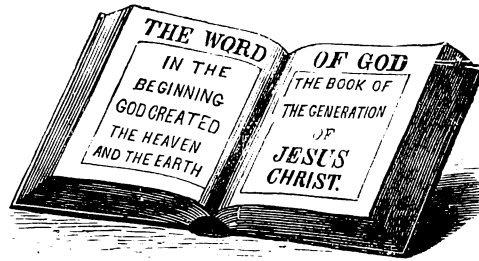
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“Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.”

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1878.

No. 2.



A Conqueror.

WELL, this is rather a strange kind of conqueror, four little children just ready for bed, saying their evening prayer at their mother's knee!

Yes; it is not the usual way of presenting heroes, I must say, yet one of these little girls—that one that is kneeling with closed

eyes and folded hands—is doing something that God says is better than taking a city.

Let us see how it was. It may be we can listen while she prays in a whisper, as she had told her mother, after she said her usual prayer, she wanted to say a prayer that was her own, all by herself. Her little sister

listened, and said to her mother, in great surprise, "Why, ma, May is talking about Bertie Foster, and is not praying at all!"

This was what it was: "Oh, God, make Bertie Foster a good boy; help me to love him. Amen!"

And what made her do this? This little boy was one of her schoolmates, and in some way he had hurt her feelings. That same day she had come home greatly disturbed, and threw herself down on the hearth-rug, crying bitterly.

When her mother asked her what was the matter she said: "I don't love Bertie Foster one bit; I don't even like him. What shall I do? I have tried to like him, but it's no use, and to-day he said he would bring a stick to beat me."

Her mother told her he would not do that, he only meant to tease her, and that she would like him better soon, and so they went to supper. While there poor little May's eyes were full of tears, but pretty soon a bright smile came over her face, and she said, "I know now what I shall do about Bertie!" and then she seemed quite happy. You see what it was she had determined to do, and how much better than anything else is that way. When we are weak and know not what to do, how glad God is to take all our trials and troubles. He is just the One for us, who spared not His Son, but gave Him up for us all. Do you not see what a grand reason that is for casting all care on Him? This was May's way, and you may be sure God took up the matter, by giving her a sweet spirit to do extra kindnesses, and softening him to receive them.

There is nothing like tenderness and love; but our own love is so selfish and lasts so little time that we need to get God's own love, so that we can act in the kindness of God.

A short time after this dear little May came home from school with a happy heart, and running to her mother said, "Ma, it's done! Jesus has made Bertie a better boy, and now we are good friends again!"

How much better it is to pray for one that injures us than to answer with cross words. How is it that the cross words come so easy?"

Ah, God must take these away and give

us His own love. Was not May a great conqueror, according to Proverbs xvi. 32?

“How Long Will It Do To Wait?”

DR. NETTLETON had come home from the evening service in a country town. The good lady of the house, after bustling about to provide her guest with supper, said, before her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you to talk to Caroline; she don't care anything about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do her any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned around to the young girl and said:

"Now just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once:

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N., "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it, and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it will do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I have been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five, or even twenty, if we could be sure that you


would live so long. A year from now, how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well, apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, *now* is the accepted time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here and ask God for mercy through His Son Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two she was rejoicing in Christ, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

Receiving a Gift.

 HIS morning, a little girl about ten years of age, who comes around about once a week with a basket for broken meat and bread, called again for some food.

I stopped to talk with her, for when she saw me through the dining-room window, she seemed afraid to come in, and turned around to go away. So I went out to her.

And there I learned that she was one of eight children, that her father had lately died, and that one of these children was quite a baby that kept the mother busy, and so this child seemed to be the bread provider of the family.

It was all told very simply and quietly, and seemed to me to be true. So handing her a piece of silver I said, "What will you do with this, now?"

"I will take it home and give it to my mamma," she answered.

You will say there was nothing very great in that. Well, no, not much perhaps, as a story, yet still it made me feel very tender as I took a lesson from it; for somehow these little folks do teach me a great deal by way of bringing out the things I have heard and seen in God.

Once when I knew a family to be entirely destitute, just as secretly as possible I left some money in the mother's hand as I bade her good-bye. I was surprised and

pained to find it sent back to me; refused though it was so much needed! Did I think their poverty less, or their pride more?

Now, in the little girl's case, there was no pride to keep her from confessing they were in need, and accordingly they got help.

And what do you suppose is our condition before God? Is it one of plenty, as though we could give to Him, or could get along without Him? What is God for, what would be the place of God, if the world, if men could go on without Him? The wonderful thing is that people want to treat God as though they were equal with Him, and did not need anything. Are they jealous of Him? Are they too proud? Just think of an angel trying to get along a moment without God!

Now, children, the fact of God living makes our need to come out so as to be known. We want just what He has for us. We want it all. The first making of us was only to bring our need to our notice, that we might the more gladly take the precious unspeakable gift that He wants to pour out upon us.

What will He do with the gift of life in Christ, of salvation, of heaven, of forgiveness of sins, of peace, and joy, and partnership with Himself; what will He do with all that is contained in Christ Jesus the Lord, if we will not take them? They are just what we need and must have, or be lost forever, and He only can bestow them? Not to take them is to make no use of God, is to put Him out of the world altogether.

And just think, men are willing He should give them an earth to live upon, and rain and sunshine, and fruitful fields, and plenty of things by which to run away from Him; but not the richest, best and most glorious of all gifts.

Are you one of these? Just think how grieved He must be! Shall He be turned away with all His blessed things of salvation and rest and glory? It is a wonderful thing, and shows who God is, that He is willing to go among us, begging us to be rich and blessed and happy, to take all He has for nothing.

Do take it, my child. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. He gives freely, liberally. He abundantly pardons.



Absalom Brought Home.

Absalom Brought Home.

GOD has given us one of His own beautiful stories in 2 Samuel xiv., one that tells something of His own heart and action, and it is written for our instruction.

Poor wicked Absalom having murdered his brother Ammon, was an exile, or banished one away from King David, his father's face. Even so poor man, having slain the Son of God, who came here as a man, is now away far from God in guilt and ruin.

But we learn that David's soul longed to go forth unto Absalom, seeing he was comforted concerning Ammon, now that he was dead.

We can understand that, that God has been comforted concerning the One whom men slew, and though He will now treat with men, on the ground that He is dead, and that is their sin, yet His soul longs to go out to us.

But it must be done so as to be approved as righteous. In this story we see that Joab, the very expression of the judgment and righteousness of David's throne, that is the head of the army and the upholder of his rule, is the one who devises the means by which the king's heart can be gratified and Absalom brought back.

David listens to the story of the woman of Tekoah, taking the ground of clearing the king of any unrighteousness in the matter, and discerns that it is the mind of Joab, and then sends him word to bring Absalom home.

In a most wonderful and clear manner we have a whole book of the Scriptures showing God's righteousness in saving and bringing into sonship poor lost sinners. That is the epistle to the Romans. How quickly the king sent word to Joab to bring this outcast, when he could see the right of it. And so God has set forth Christ Jesus as a mercy-seat to declare His righteousness, that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

But David could not bring him to his house to see his face, though he had him brought to Jerusalem. There was really no spirit of judgment of his own wrong in Ab-

salom, and David could not take him to his bosom.

But Absalom himself felt that as long as he could not see his father there was disgrace on him, and that he might as well have stayed at Geshur, his place of banishment.

Ah, children, God has made all that clear now in Christ Jesus. He has not only forgiven sins, but He brings those forgiven into the place of sons, to see His face and dwell with Him in the place of love and honor and dignity! Behold what manner of love the *Father* hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!

That is His way of doing. Those who believe are taken into favor as children. There is no fear of dishonor to Him in this.

Again Joab goes to the king, and Absalom is brought, "and he bowed himself on his face to the ground before the king; and the king kissed Absalom." You see, then, that the place of nearness is one to be regarded and appreciated. It is God's love, God's heart, that forgives and saves, and we have nothing to do with that. But He would have us take the reality of the son's place. A great many think of salvation as only forgiveness of sins; but that would only be like Absalom, brought to Jerusalem, and not to the father's house and the kiss. But you see David was glad for both, only it must be shown righteous.

Now God does all at once, as soon as we take our place as banished ones and lost and guilty, although it took two acts here to show it out. There never is any picture as perfect as the original face, so there is no story wherein God sets forth His manner of saving through figures of other persons so perfect as the reality, the story of the cross. Then come eternal life, salvation, sonship, oneness with Christ and the glory of heaven.

Will you confess yourself, my dear child, just as badly off and little deserving of love as Absalom by the king, and then believe what God tells you of His love and justice, which have opened the way to His presence and come out to bring you in? Will you go?

And if you do believe, take your full place, as near to God in His own presence, making Him happy too in that very boldness. How unspeakable all His love is, and how wonderful His manner of showing it!

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE JUNIPER.



THE Hebrew word translated Juniper, signifies "a species of broom, very common in the ravines of the desert, and often on the open ground. It is especially frequent near Sinai and Petra, occasional in the wilderness of Judea, and abundant around the Dead Sea and in the ravines leading down to the Jordan valley. Thus it is strictly a desert shrub, never occurring in the richer or higher ground. In February, when it puts forth its sheet of delicate white and purplish pink blossoms, which precede its tiny foliage, few shrubs can surpass it in grace and beauty. It grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, and affords a thick and grateful shade."

The above description given by an eminent naturalist, will help us in learning one more precious truth of Him, who, though but an insignificant shrub in the eyes of men, was to His Father and to every weary soul who has come to Him, the loveliest object that ever graced this poor desert world. What He was to men Isaiah liii. tells us, "as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we shall desire him." But He grew up before God "as a tender plant," all the more lovely in contrast with the desert around.

We find this tree mentioned at a very striking point in the history of Elijah, and of the nation of Israel.

About five hundred and fifty years had passed since the Lord God had brought His people into the land of Canaan; had brought them in by acts of wonderful power, dividing the river Jordan before them, shaking down the walls of Jericho, and making all their enemies flee from their face. And the land that He had brought them into was one enriched by every earthly blessing, so enriched that it was said to be "flowing with milk and honey." Yet see how short was their remembrance of His grace; how bad was the return they made for all His kindness. They had actually forsaken the

Lord God who had so blessed them, and had worshipped stocks and stones. And now the prophet of the Lord had to flee for his life from Israel's queen. In that long-suffering grace that is the character of the "God of patience," He had sent them Elijah to bring them back to Himself. The heart of Him who wept over Jerusalem, was yearning now over Israel, longing to gather them as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but, alas, they would not. And feeling the utter failure and hopelessness of Israel's state, and desiring no longer to live, Elijah fled into the wilderness, and "came and sat down under a juniper tree; and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, oh Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again" (1 Kings xix. 4-6).

How touching is the incident thus simply recorded! And does it not remind us of that Prophet, that great Prophet, even our Lord Jesus Christ, who would fain have gathered Jerusalem again unto Himself, but again she would not? From the time the kingdom of heaven was preached it suffered violence (Matt. xi. 12); they set themselves against Him, they sought His life also. For Himself, He found rest for His spirit in the Father (verse 27), and then invites all, not only Israel, but all that labor and are heavy laden, to come unto Him, and He would give them rest.

Poor Elijah! See how calmly he sleeps there under that beautiful little tree of the desert! How grateful was its thick shade after the toilsome day's journey into that wilderness. Ah, he found no rest in apostate Israel, but he has found it now in the wilderness under that juniper tree, beautiful type of Him who bids the weary to come to Himself for rest. I wonder if Elijah did not think of David's beautiful psalm, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me" (Psa. iii.). And surely he might also have said with David, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence

of mine enemies" (Psa. xxiii. 5), for when the angel touched him, he found a cake baked for him, and a cruse of water at his side. How sweet is the gracious care of our God over His saints! Poor Elijah, in weakness of faith he had fled from Jezebel, as if God was not able to preserve his life, and behold how tenderly the Lord rebukes him, showing him that he even cares for his food, much more than for his life.

Are there any like Elijah now? Yes, there are some this day also who, like Elijah, have wearied of this world and of their own life; have said, like him, "I am not better than my fathers," for they have felt they were but poor sinners like their fathers before them, and have, in heart, gone into the wilderness longing for rest. But the wilderness gave them no rest, but there was One they found who gave them rest. To Him they came, under His shadow they rest in perfect safety. And there, too, they find food for their souls, food they procured not, but which He freely gave; even that food of which He said, "he that eateth of this bread shall live forever;" and "he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

"Jesus, I rest in Thee,
In Thee myself I hide,
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly heart,
My weary soul alone can rest."

C. H. B.

The Little Runaway.



DON'T want to!"

That was what angry little Charley said when his mamma told him to come into the house. Oh, shame on a little boy who will speak so. I hope you do not act and speak as Charley did to dear mamma.

It began to look like rain; thick clouds were coming up in the west, and there was a sound of distant thunder.

Alice brought in her new dolly. She had been playing under the trees with it, and Charley had been drawing his little cart through the walks; for the day had been warm and sultry, and the children had played in the garden all the afternoon.

Charley said, "I don't want to," when his kind mother called him, and then he ran down the walk so as to get out of her way. At the end of the walk there was a little bridge which crossed a brook and led out into an open field. Beyond the field was a broad belt of woodland, and towards this Charley ran to hide away. His mother called Mary Ann to go and look for him, and bring the naughty boy in the house before the shower should reach him. But while Mary Ann was looking in the garden, Charley was wandering farther on through the woods.

Presently there came a heavy clap of thunder, and the rain began to fall in great drops, that speedily became a heavy torrent. Then Charley was frightened. He did not know where to go. He found that he was lost, and knew not which way to turn so as to find his way home. The rain fell so fast that he was wet to his skin; the water soaked his neck and curls; it got in the sleeves of his jacket as he held up his arms to keep his hat on, and even ran down his little bare legs to his short socks, and down into his slippers.

Oh, what a sight to behold was naughty little Charley! You would not have thought he belonged to decent people, for he fell many times, and the wet mud smeared his wet clothes; the briars through which he forced his way tore his hands and legs, and made great rents in the pretty white linen coat in which he had looked so fine. He was mud from head to foot; and now a strong blackberry-vine caught in his hat and tore it off from his head, while every moment the rain came down faster and faster.

Aha! Master Charley! "I don't want to!"—that was what he said half an hour before; but oh, how he did want to come in now! How gladly he would have rushed into mamma's arms. But he had no knowledge of which way to turn, or which way to find his dear home and his mamma; so he rushed on and on, every moment getting more and more wet and dirty as the mud splashed over him, and the wet leaves rubbed against him, and the prickly branches tore his clothes. At last he came suddenly upon a little brook, into which he slipped and fell, striking his hand against a stone. His poor

little hand was very much cut, and began to bleed so profusely that, besides the mud and wet, his clothes were now all smeared with blood.

He could not walk or run any more. He could only sit down beside the brook on the wet ground, for he felt very sick and faint. He felt so miserable that he thought he was going to die; and when he remembered that the very last words he had spoken to dear mamma were spoken in anger, and that his very last act had been one of disobedience, then he felt wretched indeed. He thought he would pray to God; so he began—

“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

No, he felt that was not right, for he was not going to lie down to sleep at all. He did not know what to say; so he just called out, “Oh, please, God, help me!” And that was, after all, the best prayer he could have made; for immediately after he added, “O God, Charley is sorry for being such a bad boy;” and then he did not remember anything more, for he had become insensible.

When he awoke he found himself in his own little bed, with all his dirty wet clothes taken off, and mamma leaning over him rubbing him. He had been found and brought home; all the family had turned out to look for him, and they were so glad to find him that they did everything now to make him comfortable.

Some days after this, papa read in the family worship the parable of the prodigal son; and Charley said to mamma that night, “I think I know how the prodigal son felt when he wanted to get back.”

“You might know something of the feeling,” mamma replied.

“But, mamma, what made you so glad to get me back; for you know I was so naughty?”

“It was because I loved you so,” said mamma; “and that was why the father was so glad to see the prodigal son, and that also is why God is glad to welcome us back. God loves 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.’”

G. L. V.

(*Children's Friend.*)

I Love to Trust in Jesus.

WHEN arms of flesh are failing,
And earth seems cold and drear,
I love to trust in Christ's strong arm,
For then He draws so near!
In deepest midnight darkness,
When not a star I see,
The harder then I lean on Him,
For then He's nearest me.

And when the raging billows
Are threat'ning to o'erwhelm
I love to trust in Jesus then,
For He is at the helm.
Though clouds obscure His presence,
I know He's just as near;
And still I trust His changeless love,
And will not yield to fear.

LITTLE Bessie was in bed. Norre came in and found her lying wide awake. “Ah! alone in the dark,” said Norre, “and not afraid at all, are you, Bessie darling?” “No, indeed,” said little Bessie, “for I am not all alone. God is here. I look out of the window and see the stars, and God seems to be looking down on me with all His eyes.” “To be sure,” said Norre, “but God up in the sky is a great way off.” “No,” said Bessie, “God is here too; and sometimes He seems to be clasping me in His arms, and then I feel so happy.”

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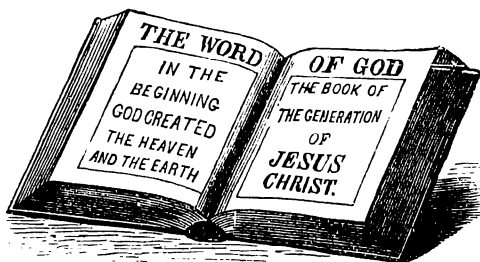
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PURE STREAMS

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. 3.



The Glad Bird.



H! It is Spring again! So gentle may be there shall come cold days and has been the Winter that we are blustering winds, but the longer days are scarcely longing for the change. It here, and the sun will warm into life and

beauty the whole face of things around us. Here is a bird that seems to have something to say to the young man about it. Birds have their way of finding out that the Spring has come in the land they left as the cold weather came on, and they seem to be glad to get back again.

How God communicates with all His creatures, and how grandly He keeps all things in order! No doubt, as this youth flings open the window this bright morning, he shares in the gladness which the little bird is trilling out in his best song.

It is a blessed thing to be in a scene where God gives us so much that is pleasant and happy in creation, even though so much has been spoiled by the evil of man, and the presence and rule of Satan.

As I look out of my window, I see a beautiful white rabbit sitting contentedly sleeping in the bright sunlight. I know he does not *think* much, but as far as he is able, he enjoys, and the sunlight and the pleasant air are great comforts to him.

So the little bird enjoys the things about him, and the day passes along filled with his activity of life and his pleasures in it.

I do not think any of my little readers would want to spend their days as the rabbit or the bird does.

Animals may enjoy the things about them, and that is all they are made for; so they fill up their being. But you and I must go farther and enjoy God, or we will never be happy in reality. And how shall this be done? We must be *brought to God*. And how is that done? God has come down to us!

Do you know how? In Jesus Christ. He was God manifest in the flesh. And then His glory, the very glory of God, was shown out, which was GRACE and TRUTH. Grace, or God's favor, came to us on the ground of truth. And that truth is that we needed everything from Him—forgiveness of sins, life, salvation, peace, joy. Well, all these things He gives in giving Jesus Christ to all who will have Him.

So God opens a new world to us, better than the bird's world, though it is as happy as it can be in its world. And we ought to be happy in the new world where every thing is set up according to Jesus Christ.

It is a most wonderful world into which God would bring us, and the door is Christ. Believe on Him and we get all.

Out, and Not Out, of Prison.

A GENTLEMAN riding along on a train of cars coming to the city, was somewhat surprised at the conduct of a man seated behind him, who thrust forward his head close to him, and abruptly exclaimed:

"I'll bet anything you do not know where I came from to-day!"

Surprised, and thrown off his guard for the moment, the gentleman scarcely knew what to say, though he had it in his thoughts to say, "You may have come from a mad-house or the State prison, for aught I know," but he did not like to give words to such thoughts; and not wanting to "bet" anything, he simply answered that he would not venture to guess.

"I suppose not. Well, I have just come out of the penitentiary. Have been in for two years. He! he! This is E., is it not? Oh, yes, I remember that building as I passed through it on my way to prison. I am glad to get out though."

"But how came you to get in?" inquired the gentleman he was addressing.

"Ah, well, it was a fight. You see, we were on a frolic and got drunk, and then I got into a fight with some one, and I do not know what all I did. But I think the fellow that got me into jail was more to blame than I was, and made me bear his fault and my own too. But I shall be even with him yet."

"You do not want to get into further trouble, certainly? Have you not had enough of it?"

"Ah, but I must pay him what I owe him, no matter what comes. He will have to suffer if I can get at him."

The gentleman turned away, for he had no opportunity of speaking farther, only warning him of the consequences of this spirit, that it would lead him into evil. But it made a deep impression on his mind, and he repeated it to me, as showing what poor lost man is.

Had he confessed that he did wrong, and deserved all he suffered from the laws of the State, and that he had sinned before God, and that there was nothing good in him, what a difference it would have made.

And was not all this true of him? Yes, just that, and he would not have done anything, nor moved hand nor foot towards doing anything to see that, and to say it, with shame. But such a confession would have brought all that God had done for sinners into view. All the precious things of Christ could have been told him, and would have been for him, to blot out his sins and make him a new man, and keep him from running into evil again.

And, dear children, when you do wrong it is only bringing out what is in you, and it should lead you to see what you are, and make you the more glad to learn what Christ has done for sin, and receive it all by believing on Him.

Now, instead of trying to justify yourselves, and laying blame on others, take this way, for not he that justifies himself is approved of by God.

How different this poor foolish man looked to the man to whom he was speaking, from what he thought of himself. But how far different to God, who sees through every excuse and knows all things.

There is nothing better for us than to take the place of the truth before God, and nothing is simpler. And thus, when all is left with God, how gladly and fully He clears and cleanses. "Christ died for the ungodly."

The Big Letters.



WE have all noticed in our Bible the capital letters used in all the gospels for the inscription placed on the cross of Jesus: THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS. Well, a man was telling me the other day, of the first thing that ever made him think about his soul and about the Lord Jesus.

He was brought up in Virginia during the slavery time. They had in their family an old colored slave who was nurse to the children. This dear old slave was one of the Lord's free ones; and though she could not

read the Bible for herself, she loved it, for it was the book that told her of Him who loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood. And that part that told of that wonderful scene of man's bitter hatred to God, and God's wonderful love to man was the part most precious to her. She could not read it, but she knew it was where the big letters were. So every opportunity she had she would say, "Massa Charles, please read me where the big letters are." That was her one precious portion, that never lost its sweetness.

Men may search into the mysteries of the heavens, may wonder at those worlds upheld in infinite space by an unseen Hand; or they may seek to read the tales of long past ages that the buried rocks may tell; or they may look back over the histories of nations and see the rise and fall of dynasties that held despotic power and accomplished feats of strength and skill that are still among the wonders of the world; but wherever they may gaze, above or below, backward or forward, they will never find an object and a scene as that enacted on Mount Cavalry, the very centre of the world's history, the very apex of the moral universe. And though the libraries of all the world, and the deepest works ever written were searched through and through, there will never be found a subject so worthy of the attention of the wisest philosopher, the greatest statesman, the most acute investigator, the richest, the poorest, the strongest, the weakest, youngest or oldest, as that chapter in the Bible "where the big letters are."

C. H. B.

A CHRISTIAN sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, said, "Though I sink, I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."

Some one asked a black boy: "Who are the meek?" He answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

"For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom He will" (John v. 21).



Saving Life.

THIS picture tells its own story pretty well. If I were to ask a dozen boys and girls to write it out, they would be likely to tell me the same thing generally.

Puss has been in danger of losing her life either by falling into a cistern, or by some

mischievous fellows getting after her with stones, or in some other way; and her faithful friend has come to her rescue, and now he is carrying her off to give her a chance to recover from the fright, and to rest a while.

It is beautiful to see the care that he

takes, catching her by the only part that would not hurt her. Dear old fellow! He looks as though he were quite happy to do this. I have no doubt this incident has occurred, or one like it, in a great many places.

It is a grand thing to save the life of any one. The life of a cat does not seem of much account, yet it is much to the little thing itself. Still it is only being brought back to its own old life again, and allowed a few more weeks or months, at most, of the same life.

The Lord Jesus, you remember, asked the question, whether it was not better to save life than to destroy it? And you may remember, also, that He says He is the Good Shepherd, because He laid down His life for His sheep.

Now in order to save our lives He gave up His own. But the wonderful thing is that the life we get through His dying for us is not the same life that we had before, but a new life, a life in Him, His kind of life, a life that is pleasing to the Father, so that He can receive us the same as Jesus Christ Himself.

Do you think God loves Him? Well, He says those who believe in Him are taken into the same favor that Christ has, that they are *as He is*, that they are sons of God as He is, that this is God's own testimony that He has given them eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Is not that amazing?

But love such as God's is can do anything, no matter how wonderful. Oh, who would stay a sinner, in such a life as man's is, when God offers him a new one in Christ Jesus?

A Thought by the Seaside.

YOU have, no doubt, been at the seaside, at some time or other, and noticed the great solemnity with which the the waves dash against the shore.

Surely, it is very solemn, especially when we think of how many poor souls there are that have been swallowed up in those waves, and so ushered into eternity without any warning.

Yet we are expecting something more

sudden and solemn than this daily, yes, hourly. That is the coming of the Lord, when the righteous dead shall rise, and those of His children who are living shall be caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air.

Now we are told in 1 Thess. iv., all this is to take place in "the twinkling of an eye." Dear reader, if so, and we know it is so by the word of the Lord, will you be taken up?

You may say you do not know. But there is no reason why you should not, since God has done all there is to be done, and nothing remains for you but to accept it.

Surely, this is simple enough, and oh, think of the joy of the Father's heart in your acknowledgment of the value of His love, and the work done on the cross to redeem your soul from destruction. I. M. F.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

MYRRH AND SPIKENARD.



THESE are entirely different; the first is a tree and the second but a plant. But I put them together as they are found mentioned together in a portion of Scripture that speaks very sweetly about them. "While the king sitteth at his table my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts" (S. of Sol. i. 12, 13).

Spikenard was so called because of its spikes, which shoot out from the root; it is from these spikes that the nard or ointment was procured. Spikenard did not grow in Palestine, it was imported from India. It was ointment of spikenard that Mary took and anointed the feet of Jesus with (John xii. 3), and which filled the house with its sweet perfume.

When we consider all these things we may learn some precious things from it. We may learn how God can change the hearts of poor sinners who had nothing but enmity for Him, which was so proved by the soldier who took a spear or spike and pierced the side of God's beloved Son. How by His

love He can disarm them, can break off the spikes by that One's death whom they pierced, and bring them to worship and praise Him. Paul writes to the Colossians, "You that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled, in the body of His flesh, through death." Ah, yes! that was all that we poor sinners had for that Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. Just as the spikenard grew in its native soil in Gentile India, many, many miles away from the Holy Land, and the rich perfume extracted from the broken-off spikes was highly valued and very costly, so we who are Christians were once afar from God and blessing, and yet God has broken off our enmity to Him, and values the praise of His redeemed ones very much. It is costly to Him, for it cost the death of His Son to do it.

So we see the beauty of the verse, "While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." Has the Lord Jesus, the King of kings, a table? Yes, indeed, He has. Where is it? Why, it is at that place where the spikenard sends forth its sweet smell, it is wherever praise and thanksgiving go up from the heart of a reconciled sinner.

Now let us see what we can learn from the myrrh tree. This came from Arabia, through which God brought the children of Israel in their journey from Egypt to Canaan. "It is a low, thorny, ragged looking tree, something like an acacia (of which the ark, etc., was made), with small, bright, trifoliate leaves." The myrrh is procured by piercing the tree, and that which oozes out is, without further preparation, the myrrh that is mentioned all through Scripture.

Does not this make us think of Him who was despised of men, who had no beauty in their eyes (nor in our eyes once, alas!) who was crowned with sharp *thorns*, and who was *pierced* for us? And how does God bring any poor sinner from Egypt (the world) to Canaan (heaven), if not through the wilderness? And who was it that came into this world and wilderness, to suffer and die for us to bring us to heaven? Was it not the Lord Jesus?

What is it that makes Him so precious

to the heart of the Christian? Is it not because He was pierced, slain for us? We see then why the bride says, "A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me." Ah, yes, He is the pierced One. We were the piercers, He the pierced. But what grace it was that could make the very piercing of His side but the drawing forth of that which was our redemption! That could make the wicked killing of the Prince of Life the slaying of the Lamb of God that should take away the sin of the world.

Myrrh is also mentioned as largely used in making the holy anointing oil (Ex. xxx. 23). Oil is a type of the Holy Spirit, and we learn that wherever He is He will spread a sweet perfume of the pierced Saviour.

It is mentioned in many other places also, but we must now close, or my piece will be too long. Dear children, do you think of that crucified, pierced Saviour? C. H. B.

The Friend in Need.



ONE afternoon a few months ago, while riding down town in one of the street cars, a little incident occurred which interested me very much.

The car stopped at Thirtieth street and Broadway, to let in a bright, fair-haired little girl about five years old, who sat down exactly opposite me, and a big policeman who stood on the platform outside. I looked over at the little girl and saw that her eyelids were swollen and red, her cheeks were dirty, her hair hung down over her forehead, and altogether she looked very miserable. She had been crying, and it was very plain to be seen that she had had something to cry for.

One thing, however, I noticed, that the policeman paid her fare, and when she looked out at him, she lost the troubled expression, and seemed quite content.

I wondered what all this meant, and at last got so curious, that I left my seat and went out on the platform and asked the officer what was the matter with the little girl.

"Oh," he said, "she has been lost, that is all." She left home in the afternoon with her sister to take a walk, and had got as far

as Twenty-third street, when he sister took a car to go to Greenpoint, telling her to go straight down Broadway until she come to Seventeenth street, then turn to her left and keep down Seventeenth street until she got home. But the dear little creature, instead of going straight *down* Broadway went straight *up*, and, of course, the further she went, the further away from home she got, until entirely losing herself she was found in this terrible trouble by the kind-hearted policeman who was taking her home.

Now I want you to see in this little story two or three beautiful and true things.

I want you to see in this little lost girl a real picture of yourself, and in this kind-hearted policeman a picture of the very best friend a lost person ever had.

Notice first, then, this little girl was lost. "Ah," but you say, "*that* is not a picture of me, for I am not lost."

Well now, God says that unless you are already saved by the precious blood of Christ, through believing on Him, you are just as much lost as that dear little girl was.

Second, she did her best to find her way, but had to own up at last that she *was* lost. And if she had not done that, you know she could never have been found. And so you, if you want to be saved, will have to believe God when He tells you that you are lost, and must *own up* that you are before He can save you, because "He came to seek and save that which *was* lost."

Third, she did not do anything for herself but get lost, and so you cannot do anything to save yourself. Going to church, reading your Bible, saying your prayers, will not save you, because that is not God's way. He so loved you that He gave His Son to die instead of you, and saves you because you were bad and lost. He saw that you were born in sin, that you were lost, that you could not save yourself or do anything towards it; and while you were in that awful condition, not loving God, in fact hating Him, His great heart of love just went out to you, and He sent His Son, Jesus, to die for and save you. The kind policeman, no doubt, felt it his duty to take the little girl home; but God saves us because He loves us, because He is love.

Fourth, the policeman found the lost one,

and without even being asked or told, he just comforted her little heart, telling her he would take her safely home. So the Lord Jesus does not want to be asked or begged to save you, but is *seeking* to save the lost. In fact, He just makes it His work to save every lost one He can find, and only wishes there were more who would believe Him and own up they were lost, that He might save them.

Now you see how much like that little girl you are, and how much like the Saviour was the one who saved her, so there remains only one thing more for me to say, which please read very slowly and very carefully.

This little girl simply put all her trust and faith in this policeman, and was quite happy and content, because she *believed* him when he told her he was going to take her home. The Lord Jesus wants *you* simply to believe what *He* says, put your trust in Him and be quite happy and content, because He tells all who so believe in His precious word, not only that they shall be saved, but that they are saved.

Oh, dear little friends, do you not want to be saved? You are lost, whether you believe it or not. God's word says you are, and, by-and-by, like this little girl, you will come to a place where you will find it out, and what an awful thing it will be if the Saviour should not be there to save you. He wants to save you now. He wants you to hear Him tell you that He has borne all your sins in His own body on the tree. He wants you to hear Him say, "Believe this and thou shalt be saved." He has paid all the debt, just as the policeman paid the fare. Oh, then do not turn away but listen, believe and be saved, and as there was, no doubt, joy in the house when the little lost one was taken safe home, so there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God over another sinner that repenteth when the glorious news rings through heaven, that the little readers of this paper have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and are saved. J. F. P.

“And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took Him down from the tree, and laid Him in a sepulchre. But God raised Him from the dead” (Acts xiii. 29, 30).

"He's Waiting for Me."

WHAT varied recollections
To me my thoughts relate,
Whilst musing on my childhood,
And childhood's happy state.

How well can I remember,
When on my mother's knee,
She told me of a Saviour,
Who died for such as me ;

And pointed out the pathway
That Christ has open'd up—
And told me how He loved me,
And drank the bitter cup.

But I in folly wander'd,
By sin and Satan led ;
And, in my blindness, cared not
For what my mother said.

(Ah ! many an earnest warning,
And many a loving word,
Is by the careless sinner
But scorned as soon as heard.)

But soon the voice of Scripture
My sinful heart laid bare ;
And to the Saviour drew me ;
Who dress'd my wounds with care,

And taught me how to love Him,
And gave me life and joy ;
A blessed, full salvation—
Which nought can e'er destroy !

Yea, I have rest in Jesus,
And joys that never cease ;
A blessed hope of glory,
Which gives me perfect peace.

Dear friends have gone to glory,
And loved ones not a few ;
And now methinks they're saying,
" We're waiting here for you !"

But dare I hope to enter
That bright and pearly gate,
Where everything is holy,
And where my kindred wait ?

Oh ! yes ; though I am sinful,
Both wretched and defiled
For me the blessed Saviour
Was scoffed at and reviled.

For me He was derided
As some most hateful thing,
For me He was accounted
A traitor—though a King ;

For me He cried, "'Tis finished,"
For me His blood atoned,
And now by faith I see Him
In glory bright enthroned.

There lives the mighty Victor
O'er death and ev'ry foe ;
'Tis this that makes me happy
Whilst staying here below,

Yes ! in His blood, so precious,
My sins are washed away ;
And now I'm only waiting
The dawning of the day,

When He shall call me upward,
To meet Him in the skies
To dwell with Him for ever—
For this my spirit cries.

But what is still more precious,
And sweeter far to see,
My Saviour, too, is waiting—
And waiting there *for me*.

Thus, then, saints gone are waiting,
And I am waiting too ;
And Christ my Lord is saying,
" *I'm waiting here for you !*"

Believer, " be not weary,"
But trust the Saviour's love—
Who, in His grace and mercy,
Is watching from above.

And if a cloud of sadness
Should hide Him from your view,
Remember, He is saying,
" *I'm waiting here for you !*"

J. A. B.

NOTICE.

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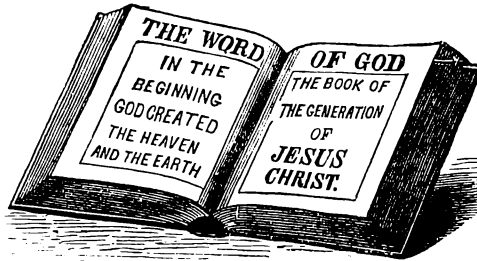
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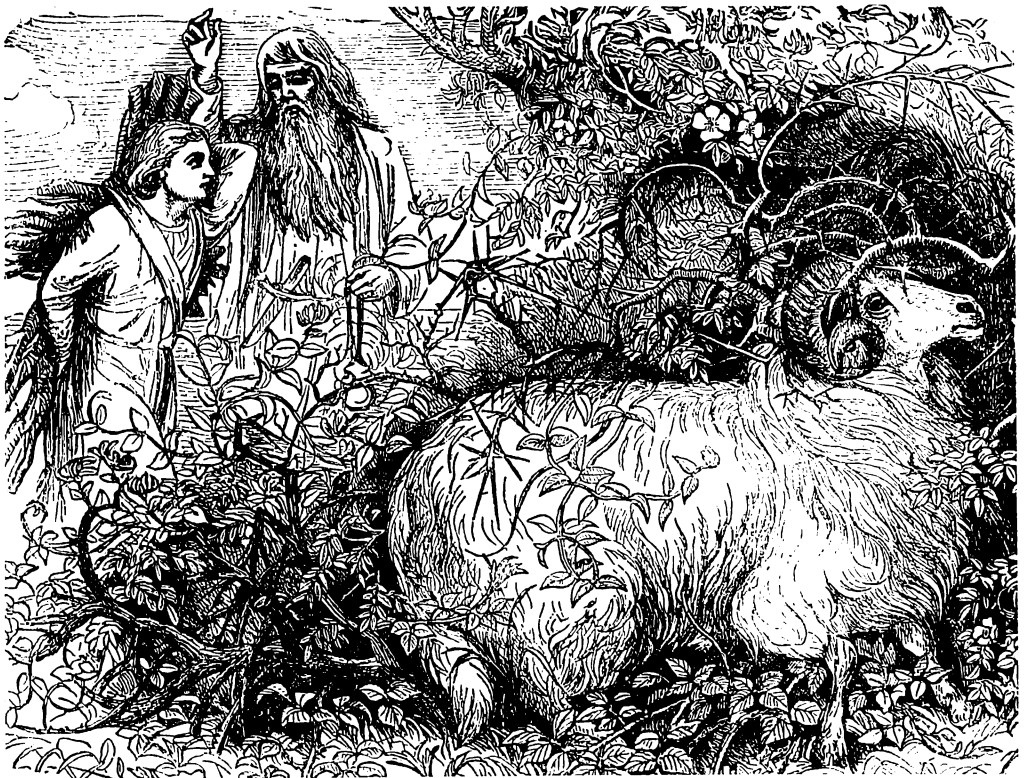
LITTLE ONES.

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

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The Ram Caught in the Thicket.



THE story of Isaac was given last year, and is, I am sure, quite familiar to all our readers. Besides, this picture tells the wonderful story so well, that it is not needful to relate it over again. But what does the story itself tell? Why

was it put in the Scriptures at all? I think many of you can tell that too.

In this picture Isaac is in the background and the ram in the foreground, and it is meant to draw our attention to the ram.

Now, what is there about this ram that should give him such importance? In being put to death he was taking the place of another. He was a substitute for Isaac. And you will find that God speaks of it as though Isaac had really been offered. You will see this at the end of Gen. xxii. and in Heb. xi. 17-19. "By faith Abraham when he was tried offered up Isaac, . . . accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead."

Is not that strange, that the death of this ram is the same as Isaac's death at that time? Death was determined for Isaac. He had to be offered. But God found a substitute, and Isaac really escaped, though ever afterward God treated him as one that had been raised from the dead.

And in like manner we poor lost ones had to die. There was no escape for us. God had said "the wages of sin is death." But He found a Substitute—Jesus Christ, His own Son, the Lamb of God. And now whosoever believeth on Him is looked upon as having died, and as having risen again. Do you believe on Him?

There is no other way of salvation, and you must be saved to meet God. Oh, what kindness in God to provide a Substitute, and to accept us in Christ, whom He raised from the dead! Receive Christ, and rejoice in God more and more.

Ragged Willie.

LITTLE WILLIE was very poor indeed. His feet were often red with cold, and his legs shivering. He had no money to buy shoes or stockings, and the little fellow knew, too, what it was to be hungry. Often did he run about the cold streets in winter, and sleep in summer under the arches by the river. After a time Willie tried to earn a little money for himself by chopping wood.

One day a lady met him in the street. "My boy," said she, "would you like to

come to the Ragged School, and learn to be a clean boy? It is a nice warm place, with a large bright fire, and many poor children are taught to read there, and there they hear of the good God who loves poor children."

Willie went to the school, and in the class the teacher told the children about the Lord Jesus, and about boys and girls who loved Him. The teacher explained how Jesus had not only come from heaven and suffered even hunger and thirst upon this earth, but had been hung upon the cross, and had borne there the punishment due to wicked men. The teacher also told Willie that Jesus was now in heaven, and that He welcomed all who came to Him, and pardoned all their sins. And it made Willie feel that he did not love Jesus; and the little boy began to cry for sorrow when he thought that he did not belong to Jesus.

If you have done wrong and are naughty, you are very sorry, because you feel that you have not been kind to your father and mother. So it was with Willie. He felt that he had been a naughty boy, and had not been good towards God. The Holy Spirit had taught Willie how unkind and naughty all boys and girls are to the Lord Jesus, what sinful hearts they have; and when Willie thought of his sinful heart, it made him weep.

The lady, who was teaching him, seeing him so sad, spoke kindly to him. "Willie, would you like to be a Christian boy?" she said.

"Please, ma'am," sobbed he, "I am too poor to be a Christian; I am a very poor little boy."

"But, Willie," said the lady, "Jesus welcomes the poor. He is very kind to poor boys, and no one can be too poor to be a Christian. The Bible says, 'Blessed are the poor,' and to the poor is the glad news about heaven preached."

"Well, ma'am," said Willie again, hanging his head, "I am too poor to be a Christian."

The lady tried to find out what it really was that Willie meant, and after a little persuading, Willie said, "You see, ma'am, I can only earn four shillings a week at my work, which is chopping wood; and four

shillings a week won't pay for my bed and clothes and food, so what can I do? My master says I am not worth more than four shillings a week to him, so sometimes when I am chopping up the wood, if no one's looking, I put a nice piece of wood under my jacket, and take it and sell it. It is wrong to steal, I know, but I can't live without stealing the wood; so, ma'am, you see I'm too poor to be a Christian."

"Poor Willie," said the lady, "you must have to take salvation for nothing. Jesus has done all for you as a sinner, and He forgives freely. Ask Him to keep you from stealing, and to supply your need."

After trying to lead the little boy to the love and kindness of God, and trying to make him trust in God and confide in Him, the lady said, "If at any time you are very much in want, you may come to me, and I will try to do what I can to help you."

Willie went to his work the next morning with the wish to keep his hand from stealing. Chop, chop, chop, went his hatchet all day long, and at the end of the week his master gave him four shillings. But the four shillings would not buy all he wanted. Still he felt happier because he had not done that which he knew to be wrong.

The next week Willie went on with his chopping wood. One evening the temptation came. It was getting dusk; he looked around this side and that side, but no one was watching. There was a nice bit of wood at his feet: how Willie wished for it.

Under his tattered coat his little heart went pat, pat, and he felt very uncomfortable, just as everybody does when he is going to do what is wrong. Then he looked at the wood again, and thought he, "Oh, it is such a pretty piece of wood, such a nice piece! I could just pop it under my jacket and nobody would see me. It would sell for money enough to buy me a beautiful loaf of bread and other nice things!"

Willie again looked around; still he saw no one watching him; he stretched out his hand to take the wood, when he thought he saw an eye looking at him. He quickly pulled back his hand. "No!" said he, "I won't take it, God is looking at me!"

The temptation had passed; God had given Willie strength to resist it.

Willie was all the happier for keeping from doing wrong, but he was none the less hungry, and as poor as before; yet, thought the poor boy, better to have a heart at ease than to have enough to eat and drink, and all the while to feel a weight of sorrow.

At the end of the week his master called Willie to him. I wonder if the little fellow blushed, fearing lest his master had seen him look at the wood. But a kind voice soon gave him confidence. "My boy," said his master, "I have watched you this week, and noticed how much better you have behaved, and how much better you have attended to your work. I will give you six shillings a week instead of four, and may you always be a good boy."

Willie's heart went pit-pat, pit-pat again very fast, but not in the same way as when he was looking at the bit of wood. This time it was with joy and pleasure. He thanked his master very much, and off he ran to the lady's house to tell her the good news. His bare feet soon bounded up the clean white steps of her house, and with a glad heart he rang the bell and told her all his happy story.

"Well, my boy, godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise, not only of the life that now is, but also of that which is to come. See how God rewards and helps those who seek to do good and to obey Him," said the lady, and encouraged the poor child to trust in the Lord.

Willie tripped home. How happy he felt! And when he came to his own little dwelling place the ragged boy felt a joy within him which no one can know except those who have been tempted and tried as he was, and whom God in His great mercy has enabled to serve Him.

God is the same to you, dear little friends, as He was to Willie. Try to follow His ways and words, and you will see that He will never let you suffer. H. F. W.

And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus (2 Tim. iii. 15).



Asleep at His Post.

SEE there! Is it not a pity that sleep overcame this poor fellow, when he was set to watch the wheat field? The crows have found it out too, and are having a grand feast at his expense. Look at them! Do they not seem happy in it? Now, I think this boy will be likely to feel very badly when his father comes and awakens him, or when he starts up after his

nap, and finds the mischief that he has done by allowing himself to sleep. And while his father might excuse him, and quite surely will forgive him, do you think he can excuse himself?

It is a good thing to be placed in responsibility, that is, to have something committed to us as a matter of trust; but it is a sad thing to prove unworthy of trust.

Going to sleep is used in Scripture as an expression of unfaithfulness in such places. In Matthew xiii. 25 it was while men slept that the enemy came and sowed tares in the field in which a man had sowed good seed. And you know how great mischief these tares caused. It was the devil bringing people that are not saved into the company of God's people. And what a spoiling of things that is.

Then, in Matthew xxv. 1-13 there is a going to sleep that loses thought of a coming bridegroom, who represents Christ coming for His own, to take them unto Himself. Now, it is true that for many hundreds of years the children of God lost this fact, that at any moment Christ might come and take them up to Himself, and it was a sign that He had become less precious to them when they lost the power of this thought, and were not looking for Him.

In 1 Thess. v. 6 He says, "Let us not sleep as do others." Every child that knows the Lord Jesus has saved him should now be looking for Him. And those who do not know they are saved are invited and urged now to believe on Him and be saved, for when He comes it will be too late. Do rest on Him now as the One who died for you, and then watch and wait for His coming.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

BALM.



do not find very much about Balm in the Bible; it is only mentioned, I think, six times, and only three of these are considered to refer to the true balm, for there is a tree called *Balanite aegyptiaca*, or False Balm of Gilead, as well as the *Balsamodendron*, or True Balm of Gilead. The former is very common; the latter very rare.

However, let us first of all see what balm, any kind of balm, is. It is a gum or oil obtained from these trees in various ways, which was considered valuable as an ointment for wounds and bruises.

We find it mentioned twice in the beautiful history of Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 25, and xliii. 11). In the first passage it is in connection with the history of Joseph being sold into Egypt. His brethren had cast him into a pit, and had "sat down to eat bread; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and BALM and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." And then follows how, at Judah's suggestion, they sold their brother to the Ishmaelites, who would take him to Egypt and sell him as a slave. Now the balm mentioned here is supposed not to be the true balm of Gilead, but that of the Mastick, or some other tree, for the true balm had not yet been brought into Canaan.

I trust many of the readers of PURE STREAMS can see a reason for this, for they have found JESUS to be the true balm for their souls.

"A sovereign BALM for every wound,
A cordial for our care."

What was then transpiring was a picture of that strange thing which should one day happen,—the Jews selling Him who was Himself the Balm for all their wounds, into the hands of Gentiles to be crucified.

But these Ishmaelites had balm of some kind which they were taking, amongst other things, to sell in Egypt. The Apostle Paul tells us in Gal. iv. 23, 24, that Ishmael was a type of those under the law, religious law-keepers like the Pharisees, who were so particular to keep the Sabbath, and yet murdered their King. The Arabs of Jericho sell large quantities of the false balm of Gilead to the pilgrims who frequent Jerusalem, as balm of Gilead. However, these poor deluded creatures esteem it very highly, as do the Moslems also. And truly we may say that these pilgrims are just as much deceived, if they think that making toilsome pilgrimages to Jerusalem or to Mecca will help to save their souls, as they are by the Arabs who sell them false instead of the true balm of Gilead.

Now I must skip over all the other places in which balm is mentioned (Gen. xliii. 11 ; Jer. xlvi. 11, and li. 8 ; Ezek. xxvii. 17), to notice one in Jer. viii. 22. But first I must tell you a few more interesting things about balm. I before said that there is a false as well as true balm of Gilead. Let me tell you something more about these. The false balm is very plentiful. The true is very rare. And is this not true also in a spiritual sense ? Ah, indeed it is. There is much medicine sold to heal wounded consciences that never can do it. There is only one that can really do it, and that is that blood that was shed for many for the remission of sins.

The mode of obtaining the false balm is this : "They collect the fruit before it is ripe, pound it, and then simmering it gently, skim off the oil which rises, and which without further preparation is the balm." But how is the true balm obtained ? It is obtained from the tree itself by piercing it, when the balm at once flows out. How simple ! and how it reminds us of Him who was "wounded for our transgressions" (Isa. liii. 5) ; whose side was pierced by the soldier's spear, and "forthwith came there out blood and water" (John xix. 34). The balm that men sell for wounded souls is religious works, trying to get ease from their sense of sin by doing good deeds, saying prayers, and such like. But the *true* balm, the *only* balm that *will* heal, is that which flowed from the side of Him who "died for our sins according to the Scriptures," even "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son," that "cleanseth us from all sin." Because this is so, we have in Heb. ix. 14, "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works (the false balm), to serve the living God."

But I must tell you something more before my article gets too long for insertion : The false balm is thought to be good for wounds and bruises, but the true balm is good for internal complaints ; it is a medicine as well as an ointment. Yes, indeed, that is true too. Men cannot cure the soul. I met with a lady yesterday, who had been applying the false balm to her external

wounds, by which I mean her temper, etc., and thought she was helped though not healed up ; but the internal wounds, the state of her soul, had not been reached at all. I trust there are some little Christians reading this, who have found that Jesus can "heal the sin-sick soul" and cure the wounds too. But notice, Jesus always cures the soul first, and the bodily wounds afterwards.

And now, one thing more : It is a remarkable fact, that while the balm of Gilead was in ancient times much cultivated in Palestine, now not a single plant can be found there. It seems to have disappeared from the country about the time that Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans. And does this not remind us that Jesus who, as was long before prophesied of Him, was the one "who healeth all diseases" (Psa. ciii. 4), was rejected by that people He came to heal ; slain by them, He went to heaven, and they never shall have Him again, until "they shall look upon him whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10). Now we can, perhaps, understand better Jer. viii. 22, "Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no physician there ? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered ?" There *was* balm in Gilead, there *was* a physician there, even Jehovah Himself, "who healeth all thy diseases," but when He came in grace they would not come unto Him that they might have life, but nailed Him to the tree. Now He is no longer amongst them, He has gone to heaven, and from thence He proclaims Himself the healer of all who come to Him, the balm for every wounded soul. And this He *GIVES*, not sells. "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31).

C. H. B.

The Cure for Fear.



FITTLE Florence was only four years old, and possibly it was not so very strange that she should be a little timid. But it did seem rather sad to her mother, who never allowed a servant or an older child to take care of her, that would

tell her stories that would excite her fears, to find her one of the most sensitive of children in regard to being alone.

So great was her dread in this respect that at the mention of being left alone for the shortest time, she would turn very red in the face and tremble, and give other signs of intense excitement.

This, of course, became a cause of anxiety to her mother, who tried various ways to assure the poor little one that there was no need of fear, that nothing could hurt her. She was careful, however, not to leave her alone, to become terrified, lest it might injure her for life.

But, one day the mother was obliged to go out, and found that she had to leave the daughter. She felt as though the matter must be settled in regard to her dear little girl, so that she should not grow up into life subject to such fears.

So she told little Florence that she was going to leave her for an hour or two, and that it was time now to try to cure herself of her fears, and she should look to God and ask Him to take it away, and make her brave and happy while she was alone. She said she would leave her for a little while, and she would go to another room and pray to God for her about this matter.

She then retired to her room, leaving her child in the nursery, and took the whole matter to her God and Father, asking Him to make the child trust all to Him, and be comforted.

Coming back to the nursery she paused at the partly open door, seeing her little darling on her knees, praying and sobbing. Presently the little girl arose quiet, and running to her mother and putting her arms about her neck, exclaimed with great cheerfulness,

“Oh, mamma, I shall never be afraid any more. Jesus has taken away all my fear.”

And she never was, as she grew up seeming to have learned to trust all things to Him who loved her so much as to die for her.

Is it not blessed to know such a Friend as He is who sent His own Son for us that we might live through Him? His love is perfect, and perfect love casts out fear. Believe His word and all is well.

The Old Story of Love.



HEARD a little story which gave me a very happy thought of God, and I think the children will understand it very clearly.

A dear little boy in the city had been dressed up nicely, one afternoon, and allowed to go out in the street. While playing there, a company of men in procession, with a band of music, who were going out to shoot at a target, came along, and of course attracted his attention.

As they marched along, he followed them on, on, through one street after another, till they got outside of the rows of houses, into the open commons. Then a flock of geese caught his eye, and away he went after them. Then something else.

And so he wandered on, very naturally, but all the time getting farther away from home.

At last evening came, and his father returned home, only to find the mother almost broken-hearted, and the whole household alarmed with the thought that the little one was lost.

Some of you may know something about this. There is no feeling like it to the parent—the terrible fear and uncertainty, the wondering if injury has come to him, if he will ever be found alive, or found at all. Then all the dearness of the child comes to the heart, and the feeling is that they cannot do without him. Oh, there is nothing so startling, so dreadful, as the knowledge that one is lost.

And then how everybody in the house is at work at once to find the lost one. The whole house is set to that. All the children at home are forgotten for the time for the sake of this lost one!

And so it is with God and His lost ones. He wants them in His arms. He must have them.

Supper was not of much account that night, you may believe. Who could eat, when the little darling was away, they did not know where—LOST!

The father ran to the police station, then inquired along the streets, looking everywhere that he imagined the child might be, ran to the river with a terrible fear in his

heart that he might hear some child had fallen in. It was a time when there was a good deal of excitement about children being kidnapped, and this added to the anxiety and anguish.

At last, far along in the evening, came word from the police station, that a little boy had been picked up, and was now at the station two or three miles away. Then the father hastened to it. Every way of going seemed too slow, for he longed to clasp his boy at once to his arms. Oh, how the heart and arms of both parents just ached to embrace him once more alive!

On reaching the station-house he was shown the boy that was there. But what a sight! He was dirty from head to feet. No appearance of nice clean clothes there, nor the sweet looking boy that left home some hours before! The poor little fellow had been crying, and the tears had run down, making channels of white through the dirt on his face, and his fists had been rubbed in his eyes, till you can imagine how he looked!

But he was the right one, the precious child of the man who was seeking him. And did the father care or think of the dirt at all, in any other way than to make him the more tenderly feel for him?

Ah, no! He eagerly ran to him, folding him in his arms, with kisses and tender expressions of love. There were no reproaches then, only expressions of love and joy.

And then, again, all means of travel were too slow to get the found one home where anxious hearts were to be relieved, and joy fill the place.

Now will not the little reader understand the whole matter? If you have passed through such a scene, you know the story has not been half told.

God in His word tells us of sinners being lost, and of His love in going out after them. It is by Christ coming down here, and going to the cross for us. And remember that He finds us in our sins, just as this boy was found in his dirt and need. But this does not turn his heart from us, it only draws it out the more. Do you remember when the father ran to meet his son in Luke xv. whether he drew back because he was in rags and ruin? He did

not tell him to go and wash and dress himself up clean before he put his arms about him and kissed him.

So do believe in that great overwhelming love of God to sinners that longs to gather them now, not telling them to do something to make themselves better first. He saves for nothing, and he saves us in our ruin. Believe in Him alone.

A faithful pastor urged a young lady of his congregation and Sunday-school to come to JESUS NOW. She impatiently answered, "You are always urging me NOW, NOW. I cannot see the need of such great hurry." "I have no authority to preach or to teach any other gospel." "O, well, I'll risk it," she jauntily replied, as she waved a good-bye and started on a summer pleasuring. A burning steamer on the Hudson river closed the short chapter of her unhappy life.

O teacher! teach a present salvation, a present peril to shun, a present heaven to win. And do it now, on this Sunday, and on every Sunday you meet and greet your scholars. It will not do to wait.

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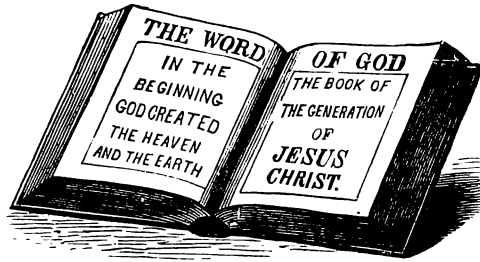
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FOR



THE

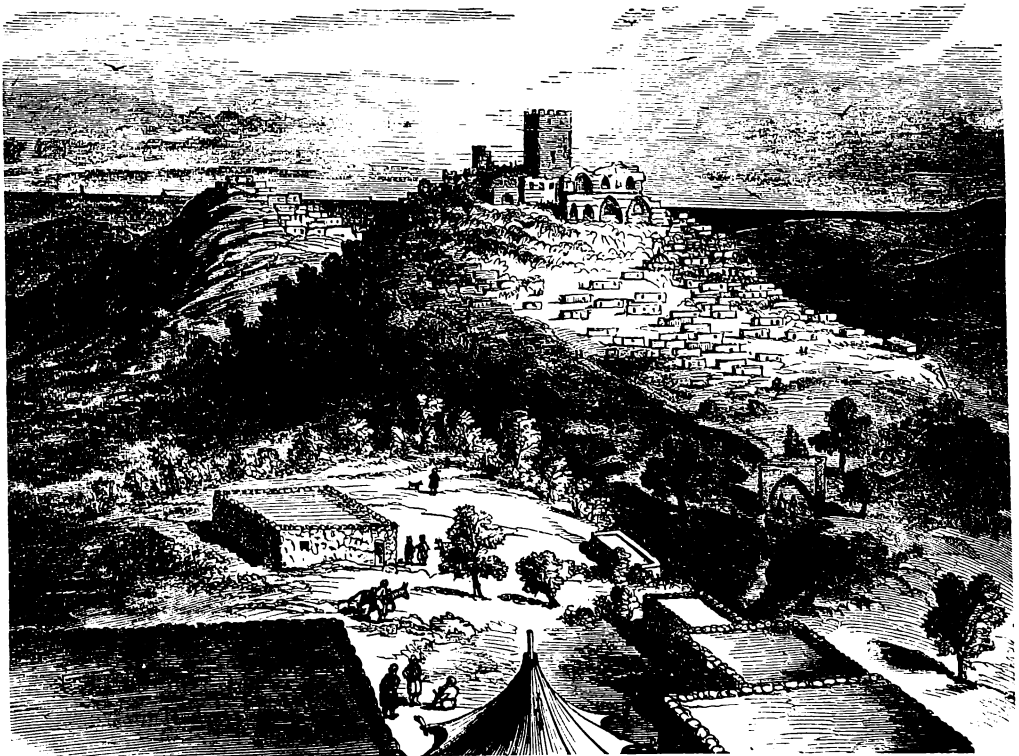
LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1878.

No. 5.



The City on a Hill.

SAFET, in Palestine, twelve miles north of the sea of Tiberias, is one of the sacred cities of the Jews. It is held so, not because it is mentioned in their Scriptures, for it is not, nor in ours, either. But because, for hundreds of years, it has been the dwelling place of their great teachers, and of men esteemed for piety.

It is the belief of those Jews that look for Christ, that He will first come here, and after living forty years among His own, will go out to conquer the nations. For many centuries it has been the desire of the most religious Jews to die there, and so, in the neighborhood, are hundreds of tombs of their celebrated men.

As soon as men get outside of what God says, they run into all sorts of superstition. So the Jews say of this, and the three other "holy cities," that if prayer should cease to be offered in them, the world would instantly come to an end.

You see how high it is. It was, and is, a custom in that land to build the cities and villages on hills. But this is the highest in all the country of Galilee.

On the top of the hill stands one of the noblest of ruins, a castle built by the Crusaders. Over forty years ago, a terrific earthquake destroyed a great part of it, and only some portion of the walls and the tower are now standing. The prospect from this height, in a clear day, is one of the grandest that this country of hills and valleys can afford.

I have written thus much that the reader may have some little knowledge of a place that gives force and meaning to the words of Christ about a city set on a hill. You see it cannot be hid, but must be a bright guide for a traveller, even at a great distance. The great thing is that it would be seen and known as such by all.

So the Lord Jesus, in speaking to His disciples, on the Mount (Matt. v.), of what they, as the gathered remnant of His earthly people should be, compares them to such a city. And so it will be when He brings again the captivity of His people of the Jews, and gives them a place, the whole world shall behold His kindness to them and His blessings upon them. They shall be the light of the world, and the world is to be grandly benefited by them, as God said, in the beginning, to Abraham, that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed.

Just now, God is calling out a people not of the earth, and making those who receive Christ, sons of God, and because they are sons of God, the world does not know them, even as the world did not know Him. It

belongs to the believer of to-day to be with Christ, and so to be rejected.

If we try to live on principles that the world can understand, we shall fail to honor or please God. The more the children of God live according to His will, the less they will be known, for the Holy Ghost who leads them is not received by the world, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him.

Are you willing to take your place with the world, rejecting Christ, rejecting the Holy Spirit, and rejecting His own people, and then being rejected by Him when He comes? Or will you, resting in the Lord Jesus Christ as the One who had to die for you, and did die for your sins, quietly endure suffering for His sake now, for the little while, and then reign with Him in heaven?

The way is before you, and God would have you as His now, through Jesus Christ.

The Place of Security.



WE remember meeting somewhere a very striking incident which occurred on one of those vast and trackless prairies which abound in the western part of this continent. A party of travellers were making their journey under the conduct of an experienced guide, when suddenly they perceived him halting and looking very anxiously behind him. He stooped down and put his ear to the ground that he might assure himself of the true state of the case. That practised ear soon caught the dreadful sound of fire. The prairie was in flames behind them; and, what was most appalling, the wind was rapidly driving the flames after them, so that in a few minutes they must be consumed.

Quick as thought the intelligent guide struck a light and set fire to the prairie *in front of his party*, thus clearing a space, on which he placed every one of them. There they were perfectly safe from the devouring flame, for the simplest of all reasons, that they were standing on ground already cleared by fire. They had been transferred, in a moment, from a place of imminent danger to a place of safety—from a place in the which they were, of necessity, filled with anxiety and terror, to a place in which they might lie down and sleep in perfect repose and perfect security. It was impossible that

the fire could touch them, inasmuch as it had already done its work. The very flame which they once dreaded had cleared for them a place of safety. The once dreaded enemy had become their best friend. The danger had past and gone.

Now, in all this, we have a beautiful illustration of that true place of safety in which the believer in Christ stands. He too, like the travellers on the prairie, has been in a place of danger. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment" (Hebrews ix. 27). "Every one shall be salted with fire" (Mark ix. 49). There is judgment coming. The flames of divine wrath are rolling on in terrible volume, and must, ere long, overtake all who are in their sins. Men may not believe this; but it is true. They may seek to forget all about it; but that in no wise alters the weighty fact. They may try to put off the solemn moment, but it is of no use. Every throb of the pulse brings them nearer and nearer to that terrible hour in which "the dead, small and great, shall stand before God." The great day of reckoning is at hand—the day of vengeance must come. It is only a question of time. The acceptable year, the day of salvation, will soon close. The door of mercy will be shut and shut ever, and the devouring flame of God's righteous indignation shall roll over all who die in their sins.

Here is the place of safety—the only place. "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (Romans viii. 1). How can there be, seeing that He was condemned in their stead? He went down under the full weight of their sins, and has taken them clean off the ground of judgment, and placed them on the ground of divine and eternal security. He has settled every question that could possibly be raised between God and the believing soul, and, having done so, He has become our subsisting righteousness before God. It is as impossible that any charge of guilt could be made good against the believer, as against the risen Saviour. He did once stand charged with guilt; but He has put it away for ever; and now all who believe in Him are in a place of perfect safety, where judgment can never overtake them, because the judgment is past and gone forever.

Forgiveness of Sins.

NOT long since two women sat talking together in a hamlet in the west of England, about the *possibility of knowing the forgiveness of sins in this world*. One of the two believed it to be possible; the other did not. The one who did believe it, endeavored, upon the authority of God's word, to show her friend that God had laid upon Christ, when He was upon the tree, the sins of all who believed in Him, and that He put them all away forever before He left the cross; that He is now in heaven without them, and, therefore, that they are all gone forever from Christ and forever from all who trust Him.

Did not Jesus *say* to the woman in Luke vii., "*Thy sins are forgiven;*" and does not the apostle John, in 1 John ii. 12, say, "I write unto you, little children, because your *sins are forgiven* you for His name's sake;" and do not Eph. i. 7, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace;" Col. i. 14, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" and Rev. i. 5, "And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," prove beyond a doubt that all saved persons ought to *know* that their sins *are* forgiven them, and to praise God and the Lamb for it?

Annie W., a little girl of about twelve years of age, the daughter of the woman who believed, sat and listened to the conversation between her mother and her friend, and drank it all in; anxious about her soul, she went up stairs, shut the door upon her, and kneeling down, asked God to forgive her all her sins, and to let her know it before she got off her knees. Sweetly came the words of Jesus to her soul, "*Thy sins are forgiven,*" which her young soul believed. She thanked Him for forgiveness.

—♦—♦—♦—
"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).



The Robe of Beauty.

I SUPPOSE almost every little boy and girl, as well as larger ones, are very happy, now that the dull days of Winter are gone and the bright Spring sunshine has come, with the singing of birds ; and seeing the grass springing up so green, and the little flowers that venture to put their little heads above the ground so

early, and the trees and shrubs which have stood all the Winter looking so lifeless without their green foliage, now sending forth their leaves and flowers to us.

It seems wonderful when we look at the rose trees in the Winter time, and remember what beautiful flowers we picked from that now dead looking tree in the Summer.

But this all reminds us that there is a power that does this beautiful work, which we cannot see with these natural eyes. And let us remember, how dependent we are upon Him who exercises that power, and causes the earth to send forth her fruit.

Let us also remember how faithful God is in bringing everything in its order, sending the rain as it is needed, and the hot sunshine, and the snow to keep the earth warm in the Winter. Everything is brought in its order, and if it pleased Him to withhold one of these blessings from us when it is needed, we should soon realize how helpless we are, without His watchful care.

I have no doubt, too, that when the trees and the earth are clothed in their new foliage, that the little boys and girls are thinking that they must appear in their new clothes as well as the trees and the earth.

I remember a little girl who was always very glad when the time came to have new clothes on, but I am afraid it was only a proud heart that made her glad, for she was always glad to go out and show them.

But, dear children, let us remember that those of us who are in God's fold have a better robe than all the silks or velvets that money can buy; a robe which cost no less than the blood of God's only begotten Son. "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who has been made to us wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30); "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might become God's righteousness in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). And all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ shall shine in this robe throughout eternity.

Little ones who do not know Him, and have not this robe, come now to Him. He is waiting to welcome you, too, as His own, that you may dwell with Him forever. May your hearts bow to Him now in grace, before whom God says every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father (Phil. ii. 10, 11).

But while it is very nice to know that God has clothed us with such a rich robe as His own righteousness, our hearts must not be occupied with that, but with the One who has purchased it; with Him who, though He knew no sin, when He knew that it was

God's will to make Him to be sin for us, and that He should suffer, and bleed, and die, in our stead, said, "Not my will, but Thine be done." He is the One who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and who is coming again to receive us unto Himself, that where He is, there we may be also (John xiv. 3). And it is with Him our hearts are to be occupied now, and all through eternity.

E. C.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE FIG TREE.



THIS tree is the first tree mentioned by name in the Bible (Gen. iii. 7), and it is very frequently mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments.

It is a grand tree for a hot country, for it grows to a considerable size in Syria, and its leaves being very large and its branches very thick, it affords a beautiful shade, cool even in the hottest days. Thus it was one of the special blessings of that good land the Lord was leading Israel to when He brought them out of Egypt, that it was "a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and FIG TREES" (Deut. viii. 8). And when at last, David having conquered all their enemies, Solomon reigned over them in peace, it is given as an example of the peace and rest they enjoyed, that "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his FIG TREE" (1 Kings iv. 25).

In Cyprus each cottage has its clump of fig trees round the door, their dense foliage forming a perfect shade even in the hottest days of autumn.

Because of their cooling shade they are frequently planted by the well side, and travellers tell us of many wells whose waters are kept cool by the beautiful overshadowing branches of the fig trees planted near them.

But not only is the fig tree highly valued for its shade, it also affords a staple article of food. Dried figs and dates, along with barley-cakes, are the usual provender of the wayfarer for his journey, as well as the cheapest food. Thus we read in 1 Sam. xxv. 18, that Abigail took "two hundred cakes

of figs," for food for David and his men; thus also when David's men found an Egyptian in the field who had been without anything to eat or drink three days and three nights, "they gave him a piece of a cake of figs;" and again "cakes of figs" were part of the supplies brought to David when Israel made him king at Hebron. These "cakes of figs" were figs dried and pressed into cakes the same as you see them for sale in the stores here.

So we see that the two chief things about the fig tree are its shade and its fruit. Now I am sure that few of my little readers would have to think very long for an answer if I should ask them who is He that can alone give the soul rest and food? Surely, surely, it is the Lord Jesus. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And He is the one who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness;" and who said, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger."

And just as the food and shade of the fig tree were amongst the blessings of the land that God gave to Israel, even so food and shade are amongst the blessings of that heavenly land that God will bring every soul saved by the blood of Jesus into. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Now we come to a peculiar thing about the fig tree: I have told you about its leaves and its fruit, but not about its flowers. Why is this? Let the naturalist tell us: "The fruit, unlike any other in this country, is an enlarged, succulent, hollow receptacle, containing the imperfect flowers in its interior. Hence the flowers of the fig tree are not visible until the receptacle has been cut open."

Is there not something here that can teach us of the Saviour? Do we not first have to feed upon Him as the bread of life, and find the need of our souls met before we can appreciate those lovely things in His character, that we might compare to flowers? Is He not still the "despised and rejected of men," having "no form nor comeliness,"

"no beauty that we should desire Him," "despised and rejected," by all but those who have understood and believed that "He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities?" (Isa. liii.). Ah, yes indeed. It is only in feeding upon Him that I discover the flowers. The fig tree has flowers, but they are only seen by opening the fig. Thus the beauty of Christ is only known by those who have received from Him the rest and food He has to give.

C. H. B.

The Stranger not a Stranger.

IN the early settlement of the city of Cincinnati, there was only one way for persons to get there, and that was by means of the flat boats that passed up and down the river.

On one occasion a boat landed there. It had come down the river from Pittsburg. There was a company of people on board that boat who were going to Cincinnati to live there. Their friends were expecting their arrival, and had met down by the side of the river to welcome them. As they left the boat their friends gathered round them to shake hands with them, and give them the warmest kind of a greeting.

But in that company which had just arrived there was one who was a stranger. He had no friends or any one that knew him in Cincinnati. There was no one there to shake hands with him, or bid him welcome to the place. He had been feeling lonely before; he felt ten times more so now.

The crowd was beginning to scatter, leaving that stranger alone on the boat. Leaning over the railing of the boat, he called after them, saying:

"Friends, if there are any of you who love the Lord Jesus Christ, I am your brother."

In a moment half a dozen of them were at his side. They shook him warmly by the hand, and bade him welcome to their houses.

How different Cincinnati seemed to that stranger now to what it did a moment before! The place, indeed, was the same; but, oh, how different the company seemed! He was among friends now, and that made him feel at home.

How real and precious is the bond that the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and faith in Him, makes. The word of Christ to His Father that all might be one, is acknowledged with joy. For each one to have been taken out of all bondage and guilt, and judgment, and made a son of God, makes them know each other as well as if they had always lived together.

There is really nothing on the earth like this, in closeness. And then to think that directly all shall be with the Lord Jesus Himself, in heaven, knowing Him, and each other in Him! There will be no strangers there.

Can you say what this man said, that you are a brother to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ? You can say so if you are a believer in Him, for then you are *in* Him. You do not have to do something to get there. It is only to know you are lost and sinful, and to rest on the precious blood of Christ, who was offered for sins.

He is fast gathering out His own. Do, therefore, now take Him as your Saviour, made for sinners, made to be sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

The Red Apples.



SHOULD think Charley Patterson was a likely Christian! He is the stingiest, greediest boy I ever knew."

"This is rather a severe assertion, Willy," said his mother. "I think you are not practising that charity that thinketh no evil."

"Well, mother, the Bible says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Just as we were passing Mr. Swett's store, Charley came out with two bouncing red apples; and we (Johnny and Dickey Rea and I) called him, and asked for just one bite all round; and all he said was, 'I can't.' A stingy thing!"

"Stop, stop, my son! hear me! And, because he refused you for reasons that he had a perfect right to keep to himself, you call him names," said his mother. "I am grieved that my Willy should so far forget himself as to speak of a little companion so unkindly, and for such a trifle as a bite of an apple."

Willy was sullen. He was displeased with his mother for reproving him, and displeas-

ed with himself for being so hasty in accusing Charley; but he was not yet humble enough to confess the wrong.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Merriam, Willy's mother, called upon a sick lad who had been confined to his bed for a month on account of a fall from a horse, that had so injured his back as to render it doubtful if he would be able to walk for many weeks.

As she entered the room, the first object that met her eye was a large red apple upon the mantel.

She sat down by the lad; and after asking poor Johnny Lee how he was, and giving him some fine grapes, she spoke of the beautiful apple.

"Oh, yes'm!" said Johnny. "Charley Patterson brought me that, and another one just like it; and I do believe he saves every penny he gets, and spends for me. I don't believe he has spent a cent for himself since I have been sick. If he is a Christian, as they say he is, then I should like to be one too, and just like him; for he is always doing good to everybody."

In the evening, and just before Willy went to bed, his mother said, "How about Charley, my son?"

"To tell the truth, mother, I am sorry I called him names; but still I think he was stingy."

"I have been to see Johnny Lee this afternoon," said Mrs. Merriam; "and, while there, I saw a red apple on the shelf; and Johnny said that Charley Patterson brought him that, and another just like it, yesterday afternoon."

"Then why didn't he tell a fellow?" said Willy in an excited tone.

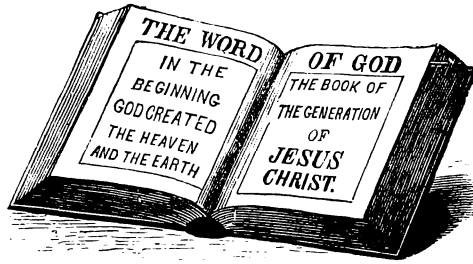
"Because the Lord Jesus has told him when he did good not to let his left hand know what his right hand did," said Mrs. Merriam.

Willy sat looking at the fire for a moment, and then said, with tears in his eyes,—

"Mother, I *did* wrong Charley; and I do believe, after all, he is the best boy in the school. But I did feel cross to-day because *he* had a perfect lesson, and *I* failed; and it made me feel better to call him names. But I am sorry for it; and, if Jesus will help me to be a better boy, I will never do such a mean thing as to call anybody names again."

PURE STREAM

FOR



THE

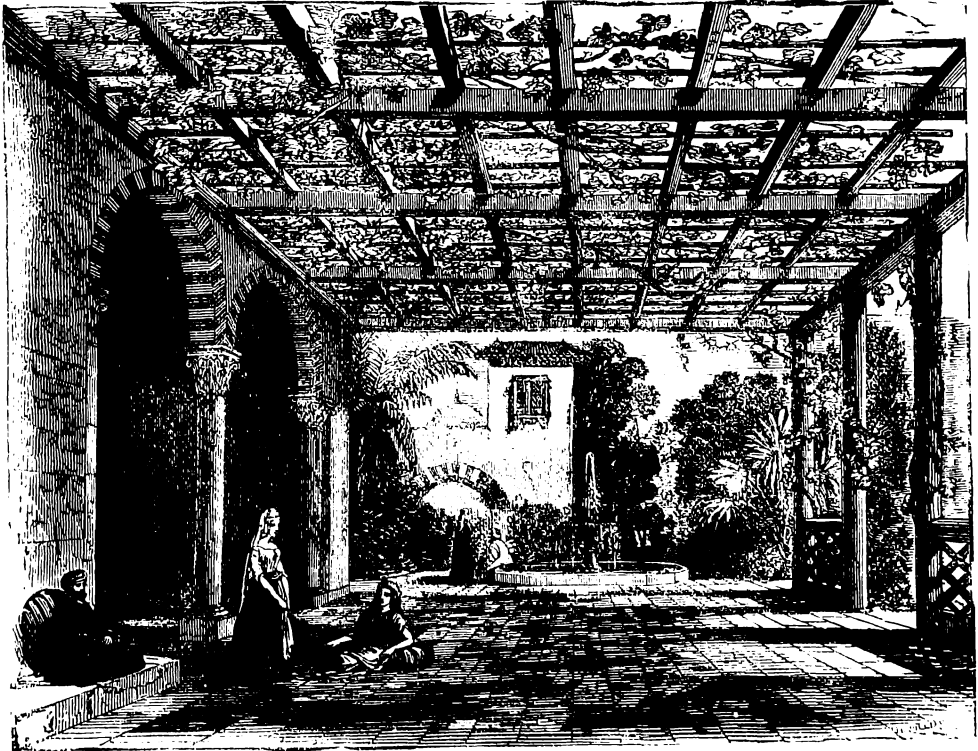
LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1878.

No. 6.



Under The Vines.

IS it not a cool and pleasant place for sitting, beneath the full rich shades of the vine? The Summer, with all its heat, brings this relief that it makes the deep and the cooling shade for us.

This seems to be a scene in some Eastern country, probably some place spoken of in Scripture, where the vine has so much said of it.

It was one of the choice plants of the good-

ly land into which God led His own people of the earth. And it is rather a wonderful thing, as showing His own heart, that He compared that people to a vine, when we think how valuable the vine is to us, for its luscious fruit as well as cooling shade.

What was this, but God saying that He had His people to be a means of refreshment and comfort to Himself? Is not that surprising?

Many would think of God being so high, so great, so rich and so far off from man, that He could want for nothing from him.

But His real enjoyment is in having a people that He does all for, and then seeing them happy in Himself and in all He has done.

If people only knew God, they surely would enjoy having Him with them, and would never want a thing without Him.

This is the great work of the Scriptures to unfold God, to reveal Him. And this was the meaning of Christ's coming to the earth. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

And if we take knowledge of God, as He reveals Him, and use Him as thus known, we do refresh His heart. For it is a delightful thought that God has been seeking company. He will take up with anybody, however low and foolish and sinful, so that He can make them enter into His liking, into the enjoyment of His things. Their joy in all He gives in redemption refreshes Him.

Would you like to be as rich and as happy as God? Well, you can be. This is freely offered you. He is delighted with Christ, and the whole new creation is to be established in Him.

Is not my son in my house as rich as I am? He may not take in the full value of all the things that we have together; but he may grow to them. So he that receives Jesus Christ as his Saviour, comes right away into all the fulness of riches that God has. All things are his.

Ah, people turn away from God everywhere and all the time, and children do, too, going according to their own hearts, and they have nothing for themselves, and going with Satan who has nothing in the whole universe as his own. He is a liar and a murderer. But do you want to have possession with such an one?

Now, God offers freely to the poor, you and me, all that He has forever.

Recall the fact that Christ, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.

There, I have got to thinking of God and His gift so much that I have not described this picture. But it is hard to look at anything pleasant, and not to think of Him who is the Chief among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely.

And so it is the precious thing, as you see anything sad, to think of Him who delivers from all sorrow, by cleansing from all sin.

Lost in the Exhibition.

IN the Centennial Exhibition, held two years ago, where so many thousand people were moving in all directions, there was a great liability for companies and family parties to get separated from each other. To meet this possibility, and to secure children that were lost, a place was specially provided for such as were lost, to go to wait.

One little boy who went with his parents to see the great sight that man thus provided to draw attention to his own doings, was so eager to go about looking for himself, that his father, fearing that he might be lost, told him of this arrangement.

He was but eight years old, and it was not very likely, if he got astray from his parents, that he could ever find them by himself, or they him; so he was told to go to the first policeman that he saw, after knowing himself lost, and just tell him about it, and he would lead him to the place of refuge for the lost. And, sure enough, by and by, as the little fellow was busy with looking, on turning to speak to his father, he found no father to answer him. He was actually lost, though he did not think there was much danger that he would be.

There is more loneliness in being lost in a crowd than out of one, for, though so many are around one, not one face is familiar, not one person cares especially for him. How suddenly the loved ones become dear then, and home and their faces the most longed for of all things. The beauty of the exhibition had lost its attraction, though it was

all so new and so grand, and those that were so familiar were the objects of all things, desired.

Then it was that this brave and sensible boy, after the first terror had passed away, thought of the directions he had received, and, going to a policeman, said to him :

“Please, sir, I have lost my father. Will you please help me to find him?”

He was immediately taken to a place provided for such, and soon after his father found him there.

But why do I call him brave and sensible, eh? Because he was willing to acknowledge himself lost, and take the remedy provided for such. He made no effort of his own to find his parents. If he had he might have spent the whole day and never have found them. But he just gave himself with entire confidence to the one provided to take care of him. It belonged to the policeman to do the rest, and not to have taken care of him would have been unfaithfulness which would have brought punishment on him.

Now I feel sure that this true story, while telling itself, is also telling another very clearly, and so has a lesson for little readers, and big ones, too.

I wonder if any of you will apply it to yourselves.

The world is having its great show all around us, and in it all there are many poor lost ones, lost to God, lost in soul, lost without knowing their way to God. They can never find it themselves.

People often speak of seeking God, but they never find Him. They only waste time and show their own folly thus. They are not willing to own themselves helpless and lost, as this dear boy was.

But when one does this, what then? Immediately he finds Christ the way and the refuge. *He has been especially provided for lost ones.* He says of Himself that it was written of him that He delighted to do the will of Him that sent Him, and that will was to bring poor lost ones to God; to save sinners. How wonderful that is!

You will never know a thousandth part of what God is till you know you are lost, and a sinner. Then we find everything provided for us. All that God is doing and telling now is on that ground of people being lost. *He is not showing the great exhibition,* but finding the lost ones in the midst of this

exhibition which the world shows under Satan.

You are surely lost in it. But if you own yourselves lost He is sure to find you. The way and the person is Christ; believing on Him, we are *saved*.

Oh, let Christ do it all. For what has He been appointed if not for that? Would you make Him useless in creation? For what did He suffer on the cross if not for sinners, that they might be saved? Would you make that of no account? You owe it to Him now to be saved by Him.

Dear children, there is such a thing as being lost forever. This is by turning away and despising Jesus Christ. There is such a thing as being saved forever, and that is by believing on Him.

Jesus the Saviour.

Jesus is the Saviour,
Say it not in fear;
Sweetest name that ever
Falls upon the ear.
Jesus left the glory
Which He had above,
For our sakes to suffer;
Say it, then, in love.

Jesus is the Saviour,
For our sins He died;
And to wash us from them,
From His pierced side
Flowed His blood most precious,
Wiping out all stains;
Coming unto Jesus,
Not a spot remains.

Jesus is the Saviour,
Guiding all His sheep;
And He goes before them
Up the wayside steep.
But the lambs He carries,
In His bosom true—
Come, dear little children,
He is calling you.

Jesus is the Saviour,
God's beloved Son,
Unto God is bringing,
Many a little one.
Soon in brightest glory
They His face shall see;
Come, then, now to Jesus
If you there would be. M. A. W.

“Praise ye the Lord,” so often found in the Psalms, is the same as “Hallelujah.”



Sketching.

THIS is just the season for going out into the woods and fields, and very few that can get out will stay in the house. It is a way to train the eye to observe the beautiful and useful things about us everywhere, to attempt to copy them upon paper.

I suppose almost any boy or girl could by careful practice learn to draw. It cannot be much more difficult than learning to write a good hand.

And there are all around us so many things to copy, and to read. Many a one who has thus educated himself to observe,

will by a single walk in your neighborhood bring more things to your notice than you have seen in a whole lifetime.

And certainly if God has taken the pains to create things around us, so wonderful and so beautiful, it must be good for us to trace His hand.

You know how often the Scriptures speak of these things. The Psalms are full of descriptions of things in creation, and so are the Prophets. And in the New Testament how much of what lies about us in the storm and the sunshine, the flowers and the trees, is spoken of.

This young woman is busy with her pencil sketching the lovely objects around her. Some pleasant scene, or some choice bit of landscape, some trees or animals, with light and shade and attitudes; and thus she is learning the language of objects and their groupings. You remember the lines of the hymn:

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

How often one has to think of that! In the midst of all man is an enemy to God, and cannot of himself see God in anything. Many think they can worship God in these objects of sight; but there is no way of knowing Him except through the gift of Christ, His own Son.

It is not now, “Herein is love, because He made the fair creation, and the love of human hearts, and sustains all,” but “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” (1 John iv. 9. 10).

The great difference between God and man is, that man will not take into account the dreadful fact of sin in his nature and his conduct, and God does.

Now, do you find yourself going about in everything on the fact that you are a sinner and liable to go wrong all the time? I suspect, rather, that you forget that you are really unable to keep yourselves, or to do that which will please God.

What would you think of a man, whom you knew to be so poor that he never owned a cent, and had to be fed by the kindness of others, going about offering to make large purchases, as if he were rich? You would think him crazy. And many crazy people do just such things. But then they *are* crazy.

And so when one gets down to the truth of his own condition, bringing in the fact of sin, and of himself being a sinner, then he comes to himself, to his right mind.

That was the way with the poor prodigal of Luke xv. He went on as though he had everything. But he began to be in want, and then he came to himself; that is, he acted on that fact that he had nothing.

And, did you know, the father all the time had the right thought about him in that condition—that he was “lost” and “dead.”

But you see when he went back to his father, all that the father had was his.

He was as rich as his father. So if we only take the place of being sinful and lost, and get to the Father, that is God, who gave Jesus Christ for us, for He is never Father aside from the giving of Christ, we shall find we are having all the things that God has. It is a real truth that we sometimes sing—

“Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
We still were poor.”

Well, now, children, I hope you will enjoy the beautiful things that God has made all around you. But what you need for yourself is to be made new, to be children of God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And that is the only way.

I have thought while this young woman was sketching, we might have sketched her, and while you might be observing the things around you, there is One who has sketched you, and the picture is on exhibition in Romans iii. 9-20; Eph. ii. 1-3.; iv; 18, 19.

But there is another sketch of Christ and of God, right after these sketches. God is rich in mercy and of great love. And He is showing His righteousness in saving sinners.

May you be of these that are saved!

Bible Lessons About Trees.

THE SHITTAH TREE.



WILL plant in the wilderness the cedar, THE SHITTAH TREE, and the myrtle, and the oil tree (Isa. xli. 19). This tree is very interesting to us, as being that of which the ark of the covenant, the altar, the table, the boards, and all the wood-work of the tabernacle were made.

This tree is now called the Acacia seyal, and is the only timber tree of any size in the Arabian desert. It is a gnarled and thorny tree, the branches covered all over with thorns like spikes. It flourishes in the driest situations, and is found scattered all over that desert through which the children of Israel passed when on their way from Egypt to the promised land. “Its leaves are

small and pinnate, and in spring it is covered with its round tufts of yellow blossom, which grow in clusters round the branches like little balls of fibre."

"But it is best known for its commercial value, as yielding the gum arabic of trade and medicine, which is exported in great quantities from the Red Sea. The gum exudes from the tree spontaneously, but is also obtained more systematically by making incisions in the bark; and the Arabs not only collect it for sale, but for food in times of scarcity. They also say that it allays thirst."

All these things serve to illustrate to us precious truths regarding the Lord Jesus. And as we are told in the New Testament that the Ark of the Covenant (which was made of the wood of this tree) was a type of the Lord Jesus, we love to think upon it, and learn more of that divine wisdom that designed all things for Him.

Not only the ark (Ex. xxv.), but also the table, and the altars (Ex. xxv.; xvii.; xxx.), and the boards and bars of the tabernacle (Ex. xxvi.) were all made of this wood, and then overlaid with gold. All these things are pictures of Christ: the shittim wood, a type of him as a man, and the gold of Him as divine. Now, when we see this, it makes us think that God must indeed have made the shittah tree just on purpose to teach us of His Son, for, as we look at its thorny branches, we cannot help thinking of Him upon whose head the wicked soldiers placed the crown of thorns that they had platted. "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and Pilate saith unto them, 'Behold the man!'" Yes, let us behold Him too; behold Him as the One who wore the crown of thorns for us; as the One who "was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities."

But also let us see him as Paul describes Him (Heb. ii. 9); But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

"Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns.
Thy seat the Father's throne."

Yes, He "who once hastened the weary desert through, once fully tried and tasted its

bitterness and woe," is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Thus also the ark, table, and altar of the tabernacle were not only made of shittim wood, but covered with gold, and adorned with a crown of gold round about.

But there are other things about this tree that we must notice. It is the tree from which the gum arabic, that is so useful for medicine, is procured, which also, we are told, the Arabs allay hunger and thirst with. Again, this reminds of Him who, crowned with thorns, and pierced by the nails and spear, is the balm that heals the wounded conscience and satisfies the weary heart, while travelling through this wilderness.

The last place that Israel encamped in, before crossing into the promised land, was called the plain of Shittim (Num. xxxiii. 49), so called, no doubt, because of its shittah trees, which still are found there. And now God is leading another Israel, even "the Church of God," composed of all who love the Lord Jesus, and He is leading them too, through a wilderness world, to bring them into that rest that remains for them in heaven. Meanwhile, to the very last, it is He who trod this weary desert before us that is our example, our shelter, our medicine, and our food; and while we are here, He is here in spirit with us.

And one other thing we must be reminded of: Its blossoms, which cover it in spring, we are told, grow in clusters, making little balls of yellow flowers. I have a picture of it before me while I write, and it at once makes me think of Him who, though rejected and crucified once, will, in the spring time of this earth, rise like the bright yellow sun that warms and gives life to all. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings" (Mal. iv. 2). That will be the millennium. When Jesus comes, and not till then, will sorrow and sin be chased away.

Let us then learn and remember these things. And oh! may all of us, young and old, love more that precious Saviour, who, in such love to us, bore the cruel thorns and nails, to save us from the wrath to come, and secure us a home in glory. C. H. B.

—————
"Messiah" and "Christ" mean "the Anointed."

“You Must be Dead!”



HIS was what was said by one little boy to another as they sat together looking over some books, one day.

One who was near them, but unobserved by them, was startled to hear one speak out in this way:

“Sinner! what hinders you from coming to Christ, *now*?”

And the other answered, “Nothing!”

“But you must be dead to come to Christ,” replied the first one.

Now, whether he meant to go to Christ in heaven, one must die, or whether he was repeating something which he had gathered by hearing others around him, and at the meetings for preaching, say, is not known. But it is a truth, that to go to Christ, we must be dead, in this way, that we must know ourselves as nothing but lost, helpless sinners, that deserve the death that Christ suffered.

And thus believing on Him is seeing His death in our place, though we deserved it before God, and so counting ourselves to have died. If we are saved, we have become new creatures, new children, new men. God could not find any good thing, anything that would suit Him, in us. But He is pleased with Jesus Christ.

And so when we believe on Him, He counts us in Christ Jesus, and all the old living and acting gone.

People think too much of themselves ever to apply to Christ at all. They have to learn that by nature they are totally unfit for God and for heaven and must be put away. When they do know this they are willing to take just what God gives, and be saved in His own way. And then He *does* save them.

It is blessed that salvation, eternal life—Christ life—is for nothing. It is all given to us, just because God is so gracious.

There is nothing so simple and so clear as being saved, if you will but receive it, for it is but to own you are a sinner and then take God’s word about Christ.

And He beseeches you to do this.

Edom and Idumea are the same.

Safe, or Thinking Yourself So?



WE were reading this morning, in the family, the seventh chapter of Genesis, where Jehovah said to Noah, “Come thou and all thy house into the ark: for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.”

In the course of the conversation that came up, we came to speak of the security of those that were within the ark, and I asked one of the little ones who has some sense of fear, if she thought she would have felt afraid in that ark, as the fountains of the great deep broke up.

“I think I would,” she answered. “I am afraid I would be expecting to be wrecked in the great storm.”

“But then you see it was God that told Noah how to make the ark, the same God that brought on the storm and the flood, and He knew how terrible that would be, and He provided the ark to meet it, and then told Noah and his family to go into it. And then *He shut them in*. Do you not think that would make them safe?”

“Oh, yes indeed!”

“Well, so it is that God knows the judgment that He is going to bring upon the world and because of it. He has provided a means of safety for all who will accept it. And that in Christ. All who believe in Him are forever free from judgment. This is because God provided. He so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

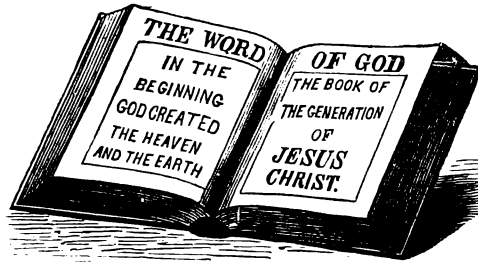
Then we went on with the reading. But I could not help thinking of that sense of safety because God made them safe, and what a difference there would have been if men had gone to work to provide their own arks, to save them from the flood.

In the first place, each would have made it according to his own belief of the nature of the danger, and not having ever seen anything like a flood, and most of all not caring for God, they would not feel very deeply what was coming. So their arks would not be worth much, and would be sure to go down with themselves when the flood came.

I do not think I would give much for them; would you? And would you have liked to trust yourself to anything else than

PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

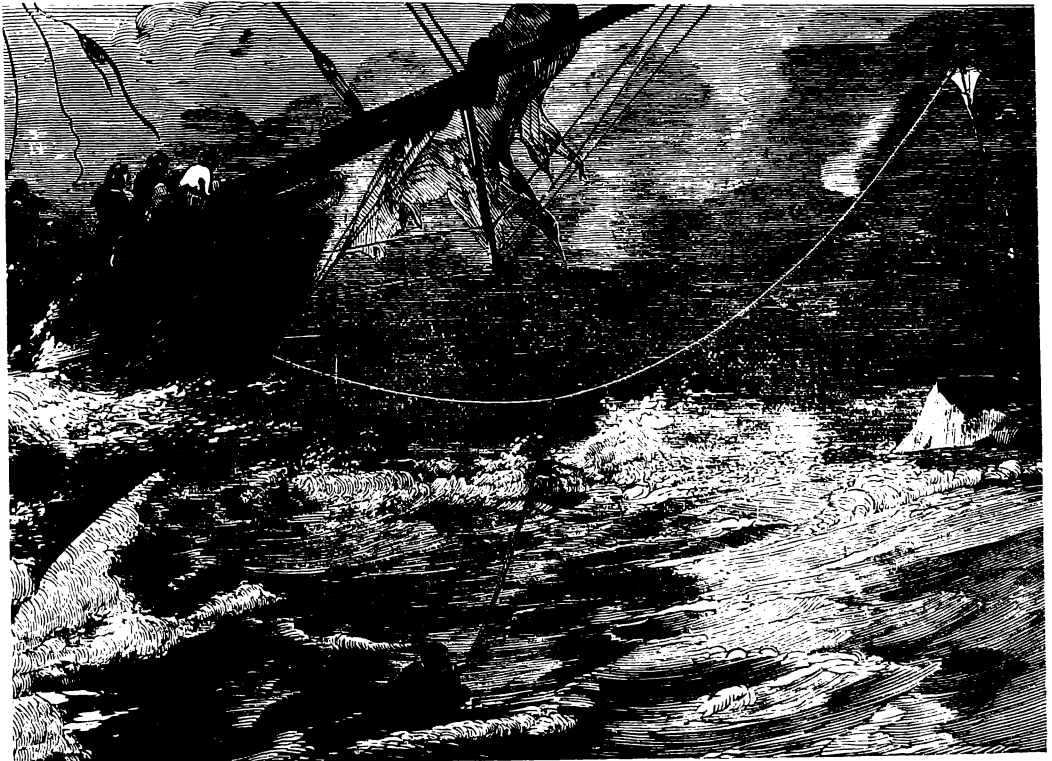
LITTLE ONES.

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

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A Life-saving Service.



WHAT do we see here? The fore part of a vessel with men upon it; and one man on the water upon a life-buoy, and a thin line of light, a simple string attached to a kite which seems to be standing over a cliff, against which the waves are beating with violence. Now, what does it all mean? Perhaps

the children can guess it out by means of the heading to this article. That little string is the life-saver in this case.

You will see that the wish is to connect this vessel with the shore, so that the crew and passengers can be taken off in the storm from the threatened wreck. If they can get a string to the shore, they could fasten a heavier one to that and pull it in, and then a heavy line or rope, and so make a means of passing.

All that a man has will he give for his life. What moments these are for these eager men! The great thing is to get communication with the place of safety.

So a kite is sent off which flies with the wind to the shore, and this man on a life float, attached by a line to the kite string, moves along the string towards the kite, bringing it down over the land, as boys take hold of the string of their kites and move towards it to bring it down. If he can do that and get to the land, the rest may be done.

Now, for us all in a worse sea, this world, where Satan rules, and sin is everywhere wrecking and ruining all, the grand thing is to have connection with a place of safety too.

How do you say this is done? Possibly you will say by prayer from us, just as this line is cast out from the vessel? No, the communication comes from the shore, the other direction. Christ comes down to bear us away. He is the way, and there is none other. And now do you know your danger? As a sinner you must be saved, and saved by Christ. May God make you see it, and take His salvation now.

“Is That All!”

“Is that all!” Such was the exclamation of a little boy who had been listening to a devoted servant of Christ simply telling out the love of God to poor sinners, in a much frequented promenade by the sea side. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” said he, “and thou shalt be saved.” “Is that all?” said the little fellow. “Yes,” was the reply, “that is all.” And the boy walked away.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE OLIVE TREE.



HIS tree, so abundant to this day in Palestine, is very frequently mentioned in the Scriptures. The sign of peace and plenty, it was one of the special blessings promised to Israel that their land should be “a land of oil olive and honey” (Deut. viii. 8).

It is the sign of peace, for when there is war the trees are neglected and cease to yield fruit, and die out. “The culture it needs is very simple, but it is indispensable in order to obtain a harvest.” Thus it can only thrive when the land is at peace. And it is the sign of plenty, for it is a tree that yields vast returns for the little labor it demands. “The produce of oil is enormous—from ten to fifteen gallons a tree—and the fruit of the olives is one of the first necessities of life in the East. Not only does the lamp depend upon it, for candles are rarely used and are much more costly, but it supplies the place of butter; every dish is cooked with it, and the bread is dipped in it. The soap of the country is exclusively made from it. The berry pickled is the husbandman’s only relish; and when he goes to the field to his day’s work, his dinner consists of a handful of olives wrapped up in the thin top barley-cake.”

And while, as one says, “The olive is to our Western eyes scarcely a beautiful tree,” yet we can well understand that to the Oriental dwelling in a parched country, “the coolness of the pale blue foliage, its evergreen freshness, spread like a silver sea over the slopes of the hills,” must have seemed beautiful indeed (Jer. xi. 16; Hosea xiv. 6).

There are so very many things to be said about the olive, that I hardly know how to begin, and I am afraid that I shall not know when to stop.

Let us look first at the first passage in which it is mentioned in the Bible, “And again he (Noah) sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and lo, in his mouth was an olive leaf plucked off. So Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth” (Gen.

viii. 10, 11). What a sign of peace this was! For it was not a stray leaf floating on the surface of the water that the dove brought to Noah, but "an olive leaf plucked off," plucked from a tree that had been under those waters of judgment. Thus Noah knew that the waters must have gone down. And how that reminds us of the peace that is preached to us in the gospel! It is a peace that has been obtained from death. Judgment upon sin having taken place (for Christ was sunk under the dark waters of death for us) peace is preached to all the world. And just as Noah knew that the waters were abated by the dove bringing the freshly plucked olive leaf, so we know that judgment against sin has been borne for us by the Holy Spirit bringing such a message of peace to us as He does in the glad tidings of God's grace. "Having made peace through the blood of His cross," He "came and preached peace to you which were afar off" (Col. i. 29; Eph. ii. 17).

Passing over Gen. xxviii. and xxxv., which tell of Jacob anointing his pillar with oil, we come to the book of Exodus, where we find the product of the olive tree—oil so frequently mentioned. It was used in the meat offerings, and in making the anointing oil, and oil for the light; and in all those things it is a type of the Holy Spirit; for John says, "Ye have received an unction from the Holy One, and know all things." The Christian is taught by the Holy Spirit.

We will take this verse to consider. "And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always" (Exod. xxvii. 20). We see from this verse that the oil was obtained from the olive berry by beating—"pure oil olive beaten." A traveller through Palestine says he has seen many stone presses that were used to press the oil out, in places where the olive tree has not existed for hundreds of years.

This shows that the presses used then, as now, were made of a large circular stone to press the oil out, and a stone trough beneath, to receive it. These presses were very simple in their construction, and one served for the whole village. The oil thus obtained was "for the light, to cause the lamp to

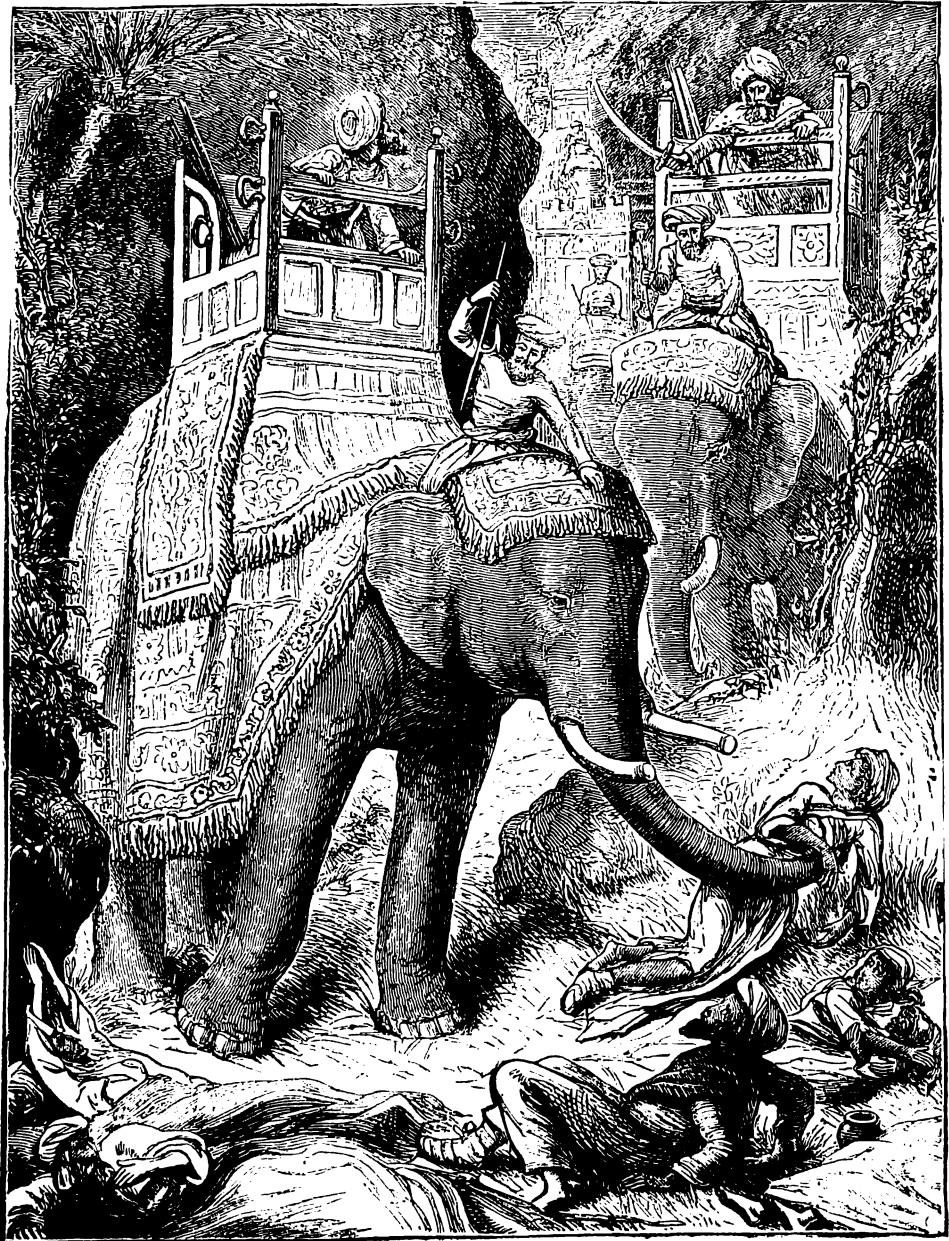
burn always." The Lord Jesus said, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John xiii. 12). But how did we come into the possession of light? Jesus must die, be pressed, as it were, in suffering, beaten for us, that now having died for our sins, He shed forth the Holy Spirit to give us light, to give us understanding of the things of God. So He said to His disciples when they sorrowed because of His departing, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you," and "when He, the Spirit of truth, is come He will guide you into all truth" (John xvi. 7, 13).

Thus putting these two lessons together, we learn from the olive tree and its oil, of a peace that has been obtained for us by death, the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for us, and of the Light of the Holy Spirit given to those who have accepted that peace which Jesus thus made.

And now, my dear little reader, how is it with you? Can you say as it is in Rom. v. 1, "Therefore being justified by *faith* we have *peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ?" If so you shall find that the land you are brought into, the position God has given us, is a place of wondrous blessings that may well be described as "a land of oil olive, and honey, wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it." C. H. B.

A young convert in Ireland, whose beaming countenance told of the happiness of his soul, was asked by a bystander, "What is it that makes you so happy?" He replied, "I've found Christ, He has saved me; and if that is not enough to make a person happy, I do not know what is." Yes, Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory, will cheer the saddest spirit, and brighten the most sad place on earth.

Moses foretold the rise of the Roman power 800 years before its existence, and pointed out the siege of the cities and castles. All this you will find in Deut. xxviii. 49-57



A Humane Elephant.



HE favorite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was a noble creature. The great Nabob was about to hunt in the neighborhood of Lucknow. The preparations being complete, and a train of Indian nobility assembled,

the procession began to move off for the field.

After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsmen entered a meadow which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure and

fresh air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden.

Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feasting his cruel eye with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot.

The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the Nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace; but when he arrived at the spot of the sick people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him, the driver goaded him, and the Nabob cried, "Stick him in the ear!"

All, however, was vain. More humane than his superiors, the elephant stood firm and refused to violate his better feelings.

At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless and unable to move themselves out of his way, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any of them.

A celebrated writer, well acquainted with the writings of the ancient heathen, Greeks and Romans, and of their habits of life, says, that apart from Christianity there never was any true benevolence or philanthropy, that is, love for man and care for his feelings. God taught the Israelites that they should love their neighbors as themselves, and be kind to strangers; but they had nothing to do with the world as such.

It is since the coming of Christ and the blessed truth of salvation, that real love for man has been shown. Herein is love, that God sent His Son.

The natural man hates God, and, of course, he hates his fellowmen, and cares for himself. What a sad state this incident shows, where a beast is gentler than a man.

And I do not doubt that the beast could teach many a wholesome lesson to men, though people are often called beasts as a term of disgrace.

Think, then, children, how much you owe to Christ. The very kindness that you receive daily from others, is the result of His

having come into the world. And now turn to Titus iii. 4, 5 and read this:

"But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

That is God's way of showing His kindness and love to men, becoming their Saviour, making them new in Christ Jesus, not asking them, as they are, to do something good, for they cannot. The ruin is too great. Children, you are sinners, and God comes to save you, making you sons of God. Is not this kindness?

The whole depends upon what Christ has done on the cross, and all you have to do is to believe on Him. Rejoice in a kindness that shall be told out forever and ever in the presence of earth and heaven (Eph. ii. 7).

It Pays.

A MISSION SCHOOL STORY.

"WHAT'LL yer gimme ef I go there?"
"Give you? I'll teach you how to be happy and good."

"I'm happy enough, you bet, and I don't want ter be good. It don't pay, bein' good don't. There's Gabe Whistler, he tried bein' good, an' he stuck to it ever so long, but peanuts was too much for him, an' he giv' in; an' there's Tim Simpson, he got a place with a pious chap—giv' him a old suit o' clothes and promised him half a dollar a week. Tim was awful good, went to the boss' Sunday-school, said he liked it. One day the boss said, 'Tim, why did you tell that customer that the sugar was second quality?'"

"Cos it was, sir."

"But you might have said it wasn't."

"My Sunday-school teacher said I mustn't tell lies, sir," said Tim, as pat as anything.

"I wont have impertinent boys in my service," says the pious boss, and turned Tim off right away, and never paid him no wages neither, though he'd been with him six weeks. So Tim found goodness didn't pay, and he's giv' it up."

"The Bible says, 'Godliness is great gain.'"

"I never seed no Bible, but that—what do you call it?—some kind of goodness—aint gain for us boys. It wont let a feller *hook* anything, an' it wont let a him tell a *fib*, an' how else is he to get his dinner half the time?"

The speakers were a district visitor for a mission school, and a street boy of undecided age, who, apparently feeling that he had wasted too much of his valuable time and attention already upon his questioner, vanished with small show of courtesy around the corner.

Three weeks had passed. Sunday came, bitterly cold. A driving storm of snow and sleet kept most people who were blessed with such luxuries close by their firesides. "A thin school to-day," said the visitor, "at least so far as the teachers are concerned," and he opened the door and went into the plain but attractive mission building. Within all was warm, bright and cheerful, and to his glad surprise, every teacher was in his or her place, surrounded by little groups, which if they lacked the innocent beauty of childhood, possessed bright, interested faces, showing a curiosity which might tax a good teacher to satisfy. Near the door stood a group of new scholars which it was his duty to classify, and approaching them he was somewhat surprised to recognize his street companion of three weeks before. "So you thought better of it and came," said he, pleasantly.

The boy looked confused for a moment, then looking up he said, boldly, "I didn't come for what you said, but it's cold in the street to-day. I got locked out o' the lodgin' house last night, and I dunno where to go."

"You are welcome for any reason," was the answer; "let me put you into a class."

"I wont go unless it's with that teacher over there," and without a word he was led across the room and given into the charge of a fair young girl who might have graced a ball-room, but who preferred to give to her REDEEMER'S service "the kindness of her youth."

Johnnie Balfour—for so he had given his name—was so much absorbed in looking

at the young lady's drooping eyelashes and golden curls, and in studying the delicate hues of her dress and the thinness of her wonderful kid gloves, that he kept quite still for fully five minutes; not even listening to the lesson which had already commenced, till he heard a boy who was reading stop and say:

"What's *fasting*, Miss Amy?"

"Going without food," said she.

"And didn't He (Jesus) have no dinner nor no supper, nor no breakfast for forty days? I don't see how he stood it! I couldn't."

The reading continued.

"Why didn't He tell the stones to be bread ef He could do it?" said another boy.

"Because it would have been wrong; and not to save His life, nor for all the world would Jesus have done one thing or said one word that was not right."

"I'd like to see myself going forty days or four days, or one day either without bread when it was lying beside me. That man, teacher, must have been a regular—"

"Hush, hush," said the young teacher, "it's the Lord Jesus Christ we are talking about, you mustn't say such things about Him."

"Who was He?" said Johnnie. "What did He go without His dinner for? Tell us about Him."

But the superintendent's bell rung, and Miss Amy had only just time to whisper "come again," when she was forced to stop.

Johnnie did not come again for a long, long time. The Sundays were pleasant and his old pursuits alluring; but he never forgot the strange man who went without his dinner forty days rather than do wrong, and somehow the thought made his hand tremble so that he was not half so adroit in "hooking" apples and cakes as had been his wont.

At last there came a rainy, windy March day, when Johnnie had appeared again before the teacher who had almost forgotten him.

"I've come to hear the rest of that story," said he, abruptly, "about the man who went without His dinner cos He wouldn't be bad."

Very lovingly the story was told; the

wonderful old story of self-sacrifice and death. It was told again and again, for Johnnie came every Sunday now, and the gentle young voice made very plain the way by which the most ignorant and sinful may be saved by the LORD JESUS. One day he startled his teacher by saying:

"Miss Amy, would you be a Christian if there wasn't that place—where—where they sell overcoats cheap?" (heaven).

"Yes," said she, answering his thought, and taking no notice of the grotesqueness of the words expressing it. "Yes, it pays to be a Christian even in this life, because the LORD JESUS is so good, and makes His children so happy."

"Well, I'd like ter be one. Do you think He'll listen to a feller what don't know nothin' 'cept ter lie, and steal and sich, ef he's very sorry? cos I'm that feller."

It was a boys' prayer-meeting. The Holy Spirit had been poured upon the mission and many stood up to testify for Christ.

"Boys," said Johnnie Balfour, "it pays to be a Christian. I didn't use to be able to pass a store where there was candies, or nuts, or apples 'thout slippin' some o' them inter my pockets; but now I can pass by and not even think of 'em. Jesus aint goin' ter let me steal and disgrace Him. Yer may get a beatin' sometimes ef yer won't tell a lie, but it pays not ter feel sore inside an' outside too. The Lord forgave all my sins, an' they was a good many, an' I asked Him not to let me lie, an' steal, an' swear, an' He don't. I had a hard time at first. Sometimes I didn't have nowhere ter sleep, an' sometimes I didn't have no dinner nor supper, but I remembered Jesus, an' thought ef He could stand it for forty days I could for one, an' He never let me starve. Now I've got a place with a man what wanted a honest boy. Miss Amy got it fur me. I guess the Lord telled her to, an' he trusts me an' I trust Jesus, an' I'm happy now, an' I'm going to be happy in heaven. Boys, it pays; let's sing 'Hallelujah, Thine the Glory.'"—*S. S. Teacher.* M. E. W.

COME FORTH TO THE FIELDS.

Come, let us go into the fields and see the lambs at play,
Go quickly out, the sunny hours are stealing fast away;
How bright the trees, how green the grass, how blue the open sky,
And those white bosom'd clouds up there, how grand they look, and high.
The happy birds among the leaves are busy with their nests,
Or fly about in search of food, or sing, as suits them best.
How sweet the flow'rs about our feet—we press them as we pass—
Like precious gems they look amid the cool and tender grass.
The busy bees go roving round, into each blossom dive,
And gather out the golden dust, and honey, for the hive,
While, mid the scene the butterfly, like to a winged flower,
With noiseless undulating flight, enjoys the balmy hour;
See how it opens wide, and shuts its broad and fanlike wings.
What doth it here in this rough world, with such a fragile form,
With watchful foes, as pitiless as is the wintry storm?
Ah, there, that mail-clad dragon fly hath seized it for its prey,
Despoiled it of its downy wings, and borne it far away.
Though beautiful as all around unto the eye appears,
We know the world is at the best but as a vale of tears.
The earth that God made beautiful affected by the fall,
Became a place of violence, and sin pervades it all.
No sooner does a flow'r expand, its hues begin to fade,
And death destroys the fairest thing, that God in goodness made.
" 'Tis very good," He said, when all the world His will obeyed,
Fresh from His hand its loveliness the bright green earth displayed,
While Sons of God, the angel hosts—beheld the wonders rise,
"Till shouts of joy and gladness broke, vibrating through the skies.
But soon a fairer scene than this shall waken songs of praise,
When Christ—"who is our life"—shall come, His sleeping saints to raise,
When we shall meet Him in the cloud, above this world of strife,
For all around Him there shall teem, with resurrection life.
Oh, glad the heart anticipates the glories of that day,

The precious blood of Christ speaks peace to every troubled soul that will simply lean upon its imperishable virtue.

When tears, and grief, and troubles have forever
passed away ;
For we shall look upon the Christ, who had for
sinners died—
Forever know Him as our own ! forever glorified.

J. T.

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."

God is Near.

MYRIAD voices testify that God is near. This truth was found beautifully realized, a little while ago, by one who was visiting in one of those courts in London, where the houses are crowded with inhabitants, and where every room is the dwelling of a family.

In a lone room at the top of the houses the visitor met with an aged woman, whose scanty pittance of half a crown a week was scarcely enough to keep her alive.

He observed, in a broken teapot that stood in the window, a strawberry-plant growing and flourishing. He remarked from time to time, how it continued to grow, and with what jealous care it was watched and tended.

"Your plant flourishes nicely ; you will soon have strawberries upon it."

"Oh, sir," replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I grow it."

"Then why do you take so much care of it ?" he inquired.

"Well, sir," was the answer, "I'm am very poor, too poor to keep any living creature ; but it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God ; and to see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

A WORD IN SEASON.

IT WAS spoken to a boy of only four years old, by a friend of the family, who took up the child in his arms, and said to him "There is such a thing, my dear child, as the pardon of sin, and there is such a thing as knowing it, too." This loving appeal went to the conscience of the child. Often and often, as he grew up, did he think, "There is such a thing as the pardon of sin, and there is such a thing as knowing it, too ;" and at fourteen years of age he began in earnest to seek this great blessing. God gave him his desire. He lived to be a man, and a minister of Christ, and in the year 1793, became the first editor of the "Evangelical Magazine," a well known periodical, which exists to this day. His name was John Eyre, and he fell asleep in Jesus, March, 28, 1860.

Egypt is now the "basest of kingdoms," according to Ezek. xxix. 13-15. The prophecy says, "and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt," and this has been fully verified ; for the last 2,000 years there has not been a native Egyptian prince to govern it.

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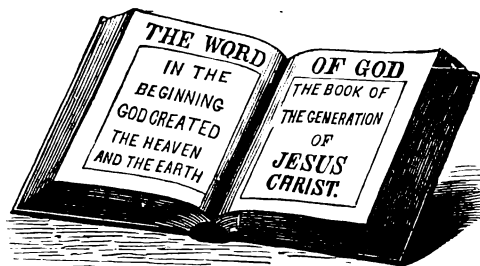
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PURE STREAMS

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. 8.



Jonah in Nineveh.



INEVEH is in Scripture called "that great city." I have no doubt that men thought it great, for it was wonderfully large and strongly built, and walled in so that no enemy could get into it.

It seemed to contain all that man could think of to gratify himself, or express his thought of what living is. God means to tell us this, to give it that peculiar character, a specimen of man's greatness, for the first mention of it, (Gen. x. 11, 12,) speaks of it as a great city.

Man's *city* is where he gathers all his best things. But then it is away from God, like Cain's city that he built when he had gone "out from the presence of God." What good is it then? It but increases in all evil and rebellion. All its growth, all its allurements, all its improvements will be away from God, not towards Him. Man never comes to God. "There is none that seek after Him."

To this great city full of wickedness, that had nothing for God, He would send a word from Himself. While it did not think of Him, He thought of it. He spake of its wickedness which is come before Him, and tells His servant to cry against it; but we know from the last chapter of the book of Jonah, that He was thinking with pity of many in it, of the little children, and of such as are like little children.

You do not know, dear children, how it hurts God to have to cry against any, to punish any one, how it hurts Him for any to sin!

But Jonah would not go! Do you suppose he was more tender than God and could not bear to tell evil tidings? Oh, no; he was one of Israel who had so many hundreds of years tried the patience of God, and been borne with in grace, that he says he knew God would repent of the evil and spare the city, if they repented! You see nobody, no sinner, no saint, no servant, can keep up with God in His ways of righteousness and love.

Well, then, *he* has to be prepared for this by having righteousness taught him by going down into the depths of the sea; and then learning mercy by being brought up again on dry land; though he did not learn this at that time. And so the story of Jonah himself getting dealt with, comes in before we see anything more of the people of Nineveh.

Now, when Jonah has been set free, God tells him to go to Nineveh and preach the preaching He told him. And then we learn

while he is going through the city, something about it that was not told at first. See if you can find the difference. It is in Jonah iii. 3.

There you see the city was "exceedingly great," or "great to God," which tells us something deeper, and the greatness is three days' journey. When it is looked at with God come into it to deal with it, we get a great deal more in the description than when it is spoken of from the outside.

And God's three days' journey tell us how long and how far He has to go to get to the end. This was its greatness to God—three days' journey.

Would you understand if I apply this to men everywhere, to man as a sinner? It is very easy for any one to say that man is a sinner. But when God comes to measure him as a sinner, how far does He go? He goes to death and the grave for three days, in the person of Jesus Christ. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." In three days He came to the end of man. Thus the word of God tells you that the gospel is "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, that he was *buried*." These are the three days. Then comes resurrection. The third day Christ arose. So it would not tell the complete thing if God stopped on the first or the second day. The third day is God's measurement of dealing with sin and man.

And so they were saved! God goes down to the bottom of things when he saves. This proclamation of Jonah is like the word of the Holy Spirit to-day. "Now is the judgment of this world." The forty days of Jonah are the present time for you! Will you bow before God and own your sin and His justice, and be saved by the death and resurrection of Christ?

Saved from Death.



LITTLE girl was one day playing in a pretty garden, picking the fruit and flowers, and merrily enjoying the moments as they flew. All at once she ran away from her companions, and hurrying along was soon in a position of great danger. The garden was at the top of a cliff, at whose foot the deep sea lay, and in

one part of the garden there was neither wall, hedge, nor railing at the side that was nearest to the cliff. The child ran on, not knowing what was before her, and reaching the edge of the terrible spot, would have been dashed over on the rocks below and killed, had not one of her friends pursued her and grasped her firmly with one hand. By the mercy of God her life was saved, but the scene was never forgotten.

Dear young reader, every week, every day is gliding rapidly away. Time is flying, and every hour you are growing older. You are going on, on, ON ; let me ask you WHITHER ? Are you rushing on, without seeking to know where your steps may lead you ? Let me tell you that you are either going to HEAVEN or to HELL. Your sinful thoughts are more in number than the stars in the sky ; and unless you have already come to Jesus and received the pardon of your sins, you are in awful danger. " But, if it be so, how can I get rid of sin ? " you may ask ; " for I have heard that God will never admit sinners into heaven." Sin can be GOT RID OF only through Jesus. God, full of tender love and pity for lost, PERISHING souls, sent His Son Jesus to die on the cross. Listen now to His words—" Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life ; " and now every one who believes in Him IS SAVED. This is a simple, but a most blessed truth.

The hand of Jesus is stretched out now to save sinners, to save them from going headlong down to destruction, and if you believe that Jesus died and rose again, and trust to Him for your salvation, Jesus will hold you safe in His hand, from which NOTHING can ever pluck you. Every attempt that a sinner makes to put away his sin, and appear holy in the sight of God, is QUITE USELESS. Jesus knew this ; He knew that nothing but His own blood could wash the guilty sinner and make him clean before God, and it was for this that He died, and is now perfectly willing to receive all that come to Him.

Many boys and girls have lately, through the power of the Holy Spirit, been led to " believe in Jesus," and thus their sins have

been put away by His precious blood, and when one believes in Him, there is joy in the presence of the angels in heaven. Dear child, will not your name be found among the happy saved ones ? Oh, how sad it would be if it were left out !

COME TO JESUS ; then most certainly you will have all your sins forgiven, and God will remember them no more against you.

COME TO JESUS ; He will guide and care for you while you are down here, and at last receive you unto Himself.

COME TO JESUS ; if you are called upon to die, He will comfort you on a bed of death, and soothe you in all your pain and suffering.

COME TO JESUS ; and having done so, when He comes you will rise with joy to meet Him !

Come to the loving Redeemer, and just as the little child was saved by her friend from falling over the cliff, so will you be snatched by Jesus from eternal death and hell ; you will be made a child of God, and an heir of the glory and bliss of heaven !

" Come to Jesus, all ye weary,
Burdened with a load of sin ;
Come to Jesus ; He is ready
To receive such wanderers in.

Come to Jesus ; He'll receive you ;
He will cancel all your guilt ;
'Twas for this He came to save you—
'Twas for this His blood was spilt."

His Tender Love.

Happy they who trust in Jesus !
Sweet their portion is and sure ;
When the foe on others seizes,
God will keep His own secure :
Happy people !
Happy, though despised and poor.

Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But His presene
Keeps us safe by day and night.

Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are :
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share !



The Sower.

BEHOLD a sower went forth to sow." This is the way the Lord Jesus began the story of the whole work of giving the word of God. You will find this account in Matt. xiii. 3-9, and its explanation in the same chapter, 18-22.

It is the word of God scattered everywhere among men, for God is very rich in His grace and loves men, and says as He presents Jesus Christ as the One whose death saves, "Whosoever will, let him come!"

As this man sowed, some seed fell on rocky ground, where there was no depth of earth, and you know that the little roots go downward, while the plant springs upward. But here was no room, for the rock was underneath. This is the way of those who take the word of God only for their feelings, but the conscience is never touched.

God means to show us our guilt and ruin, and presents Christ for us as *sinner*s, guilty sinners. A person may feel glad to hear all the kind and tender words of the gospel. But you must remember that it comes according to righteousness. God must have holiness before Him. Are you holy? Why, no! Then what must be done with you. Christ must die for you, or you must die, must be banished forever from God. Now, if you see the death of Christ for your sin and sinfulness, that is letting it sink into the conscience. God must deal with you in Christ, before He deals with you as children. You are not children of God because you are little children, and may be good and amiable. Take Christ as a sin-bearer, and you will find Him a sin-purger.

Some seed fell by the wayside, and the birds found it. This is the way of those who do not receive the word at all. How often have you gone to meeting where the gospel was preached, and not taken a word of it? How much that is true and precious is being told of God's grace in saving sinners. Take care that it is not passed by or forgotten. Take heed how you hear. "To-day, if you will hear my voice!" "Now is the day of salvation."

Some that sprung up was choked by thorns, which Christ said were the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. Do not let anything in this world, your play, or your work, or companions, hinder you, for these are the thorns. You see in each case the word is the same, and it is heard.

Now, what excuse can you give for not being saved when the gospel has been given to you? God wants you, and He waits for you that you may be saved.

There was some seed that fell on good ground, and brought forth plentifully. As soon as the word is really received and gets the chance at the heart and conscience, it shows itself.

But remember, faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Believe on Him and be saved.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE PALM TREE.



HIS month we wish to talk to our young readers about a tree that I dare say none, or a few of them, have ever seen. It is a tree that is especially a tropical tree, which means that it is peculiar to those hot parts of the earth called the tropics. I have no doubt many of us have thought we were living in a hot country this last month, and yet we have not seen any of these trees growing here; but we must recollect that we have cold weather too—too cold for any tropical trees to thrive in.

The tree, then, that we will consider this month, is the palm tree. But I wish you could all see the picture of a grove of palm trees that I have before me just now, for it is so different from any trees that belong to this country. Perhaps the kind editor of PURE STREAMS will some day be able to give you a nice picture with palm trees growing in it.

And there are so many things about it that remind us of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of believers as blessed in Him, that I would so much like you to know. It has no branches, each leaf shoots out from the stem. Thus also every Christian is joined to Christ. He is the life of *each* believer. He is just as much the life of the weakest as of the strongest, and the strongest are just as much dependent upon Him as the weakest. He bears each one up; each has need of Him, and each one has Him to supply that need. And how precious is this to every little heart that is trusting Jesus. He is *mine* as much as He is the strongest one's.

The seeds and flowers, therefore, are not borne by the branches (for it has none), but by the stem itself. They are found in a sheath in the tuft that crowns the stem, which sheath will sometimes contain as many as 200,000 flowers. Thus again with

our Lord Jesus ; all the beauty (and oh, how much there is), and all the seed are His. And just as the flowers are contained in the crowning tuft above all the leaves, so is Christ above us all up there, His loveliness and His life adorning each believer.

“One spirit with the Lord,
The Father’s smile of love
Rests ever on the members here,
As on the Head above.”

The trunk of the tree does not increase from year to year like other trees, but only rises higher, sending forth a new coronet of leaves each year, while the lower circle, which may be six or seven years old, gradually withers away. Thus the stem of a tree, not twenty feet high, is as thick as those of trees which are from fifty to a hundred feet in height. Thus we learn another thing of our Lord Jesus. While *He* remains the same, yet does He lift us up higher and higher towards heaven, farther and farther from the earth. Some may be taken away to the Lord by death, yet will the church itself be borne up by her Lord, until at last all together are caught up to be forever with the Lord. Thus every Christian may sing :

“And though by storms assailed,
And though by trials prest ;
Himself our Life, He bears us up,
Right onward to the east.”

In Psa. xcii. 12, it is said, “The righteous shall flourish like the *palm* tree.” The Lord Jesus is *the* righteous One, and every believer in Him is righteous also. What we have already seen in the palm tree may show us why the righteous are compared to it. We may also add to those reasons, that “it flourishes in a barren soil ; it requires constant moisture ; it is always growing so long as it lives, and it is always green. Also, its growth is upward, even when loaded with weights.”

It is a common saying among the Arabs, that the palm tree has as many uses as there are days in the year. In the oases, where it is the principal tree, every part is used. Thus again is Christ everything to the Christian. He is his life, his food, his shelter, his strength, indeed, *He* is everything.

In Rev. vii. 9, saints are described as

“clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.” The palm leaf was used as an emblem of triumph ; through the Lord Jesus all the saints overcome. “Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God” (1 John v. 5) ; and Paul says, “Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ” (2 Cor. ii. 14).

Palestine was once a land of palm trees (Deut. xxxiv. 3 ; Judg. i. 16 ; Neh. viii. 15 ; John xii. 13). So common was it, that the Greeks and Romans called it Phœnecia, “the land of palms.” But now, as a traveller has said, “it breaks the uniformity of the Syrian landscape by the rarity of its occurrence, no less than by its beauty.” And another tells us that the palm groves of Jericho have given place to the thorn tree and other wild trees, and now in that place once called “the city of palm trees,” one solitary wild palm, growing outside the present village, is all that remains to remind the traveller of its past glory.

And this reminds us of another glory that has for the present passed from that land so favored of God. It is well called the “holy land,” for surely a holy One chose it for His abode. But, alas for them, that nation rejected Him. “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.” Now that land, once blessed with such fertility and graced with its multitude of lovely palms, is a witness of the truth of God’s word, that predicted it years before : “The harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth ; the pomegranate tree, the *palm* tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered ; because joy is withered away from the sons of men” (Joel i. 11, 12). C. H. B.

—◆◆◆—
The Bible tells us that Jesus came
From glory, bright and fair ;
God’s perfect, sinless, spotless Lamb,
His mercy to declare.

The Bible tells us Jesus died
A sacrifice for sin ;
The gates of heaven to open wide,
That we may enter in.

The Bible tells us Jesus rose,
And left the silent grave ;
Triumphant over all his foes,
The mighty One to save.

What Hast Thou Done for Me!

O BLESSED Saviour, Jesus, Lord!
 What hast Thou done for me!
 Were the broad sky one outspread page,
 My pen the smallest tree;
 Were rivers, oceans, lakes and seas,
 Ink gathered into one—
 And I to write, and write and write,
 Until this world were done—
 Lord Jesus! well I know, full well,
 That I could not the one-half tell.

Unto my tongue were given a power,
 Omnipotent to speak;
 So that each word thus spoken would
 More than a thousand make,
 And all the weeks, and months, and years,
 Were days rolled into one,
 And I to talk, and talk, and talk,
 Until all time were run—
 Lord Jesus! ah, I know full well,
 That I could not the one-half tell!

Were my heart larger than the world,
 No earthly thing within—
 Were it completely emptied out,
 Entirely free from sin—
 A mighty heart, and time to fill,
 Until expired the sun;—
 Ah, me! it would be bursting full,
 While time were but begun!
 Lord Jesus! all Thy love untold,
 It never could the one-half hold!

Lord Jesus! Oh, Thou blessed One!
 All Thou hast done for me!
 A thousand tongues can never tell
 The fulness that's in Thee!
 A thousand hearts can never hold,
 What thou to me hast giv'n.
 A thousand worlds cannot contain
 The glory there in heav'n.
 Lord Jesus! well I know, full well,
 That nothing human e'er can tell!

E. C.

How Lily was Saved.



AGENTLEMAN whom I knew, and who was living a moral, godless life—if such things can exist—sent for me, to come at once if I could, to visit his little daughter who was dying. She was fifteen years of age.

“You can go into the bedroom,” he said to me, “and see what a little angel she looks. If any one enters into heaven at once, she will,” he added, “considering what she has suffered.”

“O, sir!” I answered, “how can you talk in this way? If your dear child is saved, it can only be through the sufferings of

Christ, and His precious blood-shedding received by faith. Nothing unclean can enter the pure paradise of God. It is a prepared place for a prepared people.”

“Don't tell me that my child is an unclean sinner,” he said, “for she is not. She has never done anything wrong; she has never been away from us for a day; her life has been blameless.”

“That may be, sir, so far as you know,” “but she is born in sin, a partaker of the same nature as you and I. The word of God says, ‘For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God’” (Rom. iii. 33).

After a little more conversation he took me into the bedroom, where his wife and other relatives had gathered together, as the death of the child was expected to take place soon. The dear little maid knew me, and smiled when our eyes met. She certainly looked very sweet and peaceful, although her poor frame had been sadly tortured with pains, borne with extraordinary patience for several years, her spine being affected.

I drew near the bedside and kissed her. Then I said:

“Dear Lily, I am so happy to see you once more, for your dear papa tells me you're very ill. But tell me, darling, have you any idea where you are going?”

“Where I am going?” she answered; “I am going to be with Jesus, where He is.”

“Can you tell me, Lily, without much trouble, what Jesus has done for you?”

“He—died—for my sins—on the cross,” the little voice slowly replied.

“That's enough for me to know, my dearest child,” I said. “Bless the Lord! for flesh and blood hath not revealed that precious truth unto thee, but the Holy Ghost.”

I looked across the bed to her father and mother, almost choked for joy. Lily knew that she was saved, not through her sufferings, but, as a lost sinner, through the death of Jesus. Before leaving, I asked her if I should speak to the Saviour in prayer, and thank Him for His great love toward her. She nodded that I should do so. They all knelt around the bed. Lifting up my voice, I told the Lord all I had on my heart for each of us there. When I rose up, they

were all weeping. Lily was too weak to speak, but her looks were heavenly bright and happy. I bent once more over her, and gave her the last earthly kiss. Two hours only after this scene, her spirit passed away into the spirit land.

I learned afterwards that a Christian nurse who attended upon Lily during the latter part of her illness had spoken to her about eternal things, quite unknown to her parents, who had a great aversion to anything of the kind being told her, fearing it might distress her. The Lord blessed the words of the faithful nurse, and the soul of the child was saved.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

Christian Courage.

ON board a man-of-war, there was a midshipman, who in spite of the ridicule of his companions, was in the habit of kneeling in prayer at his berth. This was such an unusual practice, that the other middies resolved to put it down; so they watched him, and the moment he knelt, he encountered a volley of caps and shoes. This was repeated again and again, but still the midshipman persevered in his devotions. At last one of the superior officers informed the commander of the ship, who summoned the whole of the midshipmen, and calling the persecuted one to the front, asked him to state his grievance. The lad said frankly he had no complaint to make. His commander said he knew he had good cause of complaint, and told him to speak out. But the praying midshipman persisted in stating he had nothing to complain of. The commander then dismissed them, at the same time signifying that he knew how matters stood, and trusted that there would be no more of it. That evening the midshipman knelt as usual in prayer, but without experiencing the smallest annoyance. While so engaged, he heard footsteps quietly approaching, and was expecting some disagreeable interruption; but, to his surprise, a midshipman—the youngest on board—knelt down by his side.

Shortly afterwards came another, and another, till fourteen of his companions, under the influence of his noble example, were kneeling beside him. This was told in a certain company, and Mr. —, who was there, saw that the gentleman who was sitting next to him was much affected by it. The cause of this was explained when the gentleman whispered to him, "That lad is my son, and I have only now for the first time heard of it."—*From The Golden Fountain.*

A SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

His ears are open to the softest cry—
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye,
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.]

A FATHER'S CARE.

"In life's short voyage the Christian finds
The force of adverse waves and winds;
But let him not in storm despair,
His Father is the Pilot there."

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us; we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21).

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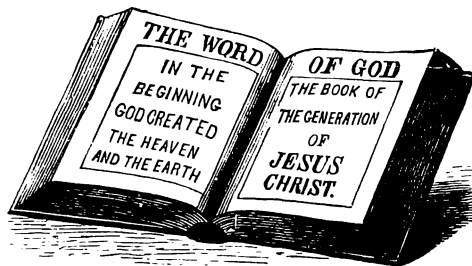
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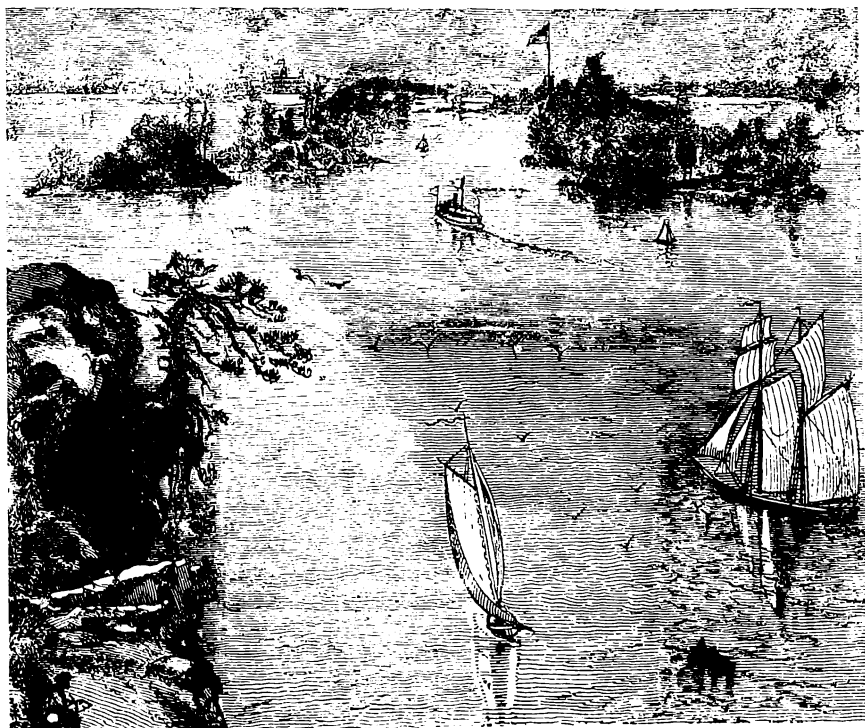
LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1878.

No. 9.



A View Among the Thousand Islands.

IN the River St. Lawrence, beginning at the outlet of Lake Ontario and extending for about twenty miles, are the Thousand Islands, which form a world of beauty, and which all visitors gaze upon with admiring eyes. There are in fact nearly two thousand of these islands—the actual count, according to the report of the returning board, giving the whole number as one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven.

It is almost bewildering enough to give one the headache to think of the great numbers of people who are travelling at this season. It seems as though all the people are moving away from their homes, to Europe or to other foreign countries, to all the watering-places, and nice country resorts among the mountains and hills and islands in this land.

What does it all mean? What is it for? Multitudes of these go because of ill health, with the hope that they may be made stronger in body by change of air and place.

And then there are tens of thousands of those who are not sick, who go because they have money, and others go, and they want a change. It is clear that if they are not sick they are uneasy and unhappy, not knowing what to do unless they can change from place to place.

Do you know the reason of this? They cannot bear themselves. They do not like to be alone with their own thoughts. There is too much chance to let God in, so that He can ask some questions of the conscience that will be hard to answer.

What do you think these questions would be? Something about their sins, and about the death of Christ, which God can never forget. It lies yet at the door. It has been done, and it had a most awful meaning of hatred and daring defiance of God and His love.

Do you think He ought to let men run away with His world in the way they are doing it? Do you think He ought to let all this dreadful fact of the crucifixion of Christ be, since it happened so long ago?

There will be no peace in any man's case, nor in the world's case, till this is all looked into. It seems to me that many are trying to turn away from this fact. How useless.

It is like a man that has committed murder, fleeing to get out of the way. But, poor thing! He has to let it out some time. Very few can hold very long such a dreadful secret.

Even so it is best for men to come out with this murder of God's Son. It has been done and the world is judged on account of it.

Oh, it becomes wearisome to look at the masses of people that are trying to kill time, trying to drown conscience, memory, thought,

longing, all that is unhappy in them, by getting into company or fine places.

But there will come the day when this running away will be over. The end approaches! How blessed will it be to meet God, if all has been settled; how awful, if not!

These places all through the earth are beautiful and grand and inviting, and one who has peace with God can enjoy them if God calls him there. It is the Lord's earth, though Satan owns so many people and systems and governments in it.

But to enjoy anything to the full we must be happy within, and that is only by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

The time is short, soon He will come!

The Straying Child.

NOT many days ago, in a large city in Canada, a little child, scarcely three years old, slipped away while his mother was busy, and wandered out into the crowded streets as fast and as far as his little feet could carry him.

Soon the watchful mother missed her boy, and search was made everywhere in the house; but he was not to be found. Then, with anxious hearts, the mother ran one way and the father the other, calling him by name and looking, until at last he was found far from home, among a noisy crowd, listening to a band of music.

You may imagine with what joy and delight that father carried that little wanderer home to his mother, rejoicing that their darling was no longer lost, but found.

Perhaps there may be some who will read this story, very like that straying child. You have known the Lord Jesus; the story of His dying love has been told, and you have believed on Him, and your sins have been washed away in His precious blood, and you have been very happy, feeling quite at home with Jesus, fearing to say or do anything that would grieve Him. But after awhile some band of music or circus, or some such amusement has attracted you, and your heart has got away from Jesus, wandered as it were from its home, its quiet resting-place.

Dear little wanderer ; do you ever think how it grieves Jesus that you should have left His side for anything that this world can offer you ? Do you ever think that even *now* He may be looking for you, calling you by name, anxious for you only to turn and catch sight of Him ? and He would gather you in His arms, rejoicing that the lost one was found, that the wanderer was brought back ?

“ Jesus seeks the little ones,
Wandering far in sin ;
They little know the patient love,
That seeks their souls to win,
And saves lost little ones.

Jesus died for little ones,
On that dreadful tree ;
Oh ! what bitter pain He bore,
And untold agony,
To save poor little ones.

Jesus lives for little ones
In the bright heaven above ;
And ne'er forgets the precious lambs,
Who've trusted in His love,
And are His little ones.”

C. A. D.

The Peace of God.



HAVE a story to tell of a precious thing that God did, of which I learned a few days ago.

There was a man and his wife in Switzerland, who for having learned and acted on the clear truth of God's grace, in the midst of a neighborhood of great profession of religion, and deadness of heart and conscience toward God, was badly treated by his neighbors.

They carried their persecutions so far that one day some of them came to his house and began to tear the roof off his house, tile by tile, shingle by shingle, as we would say.

While they were at it, these dear people remained quietly in the house, kept happy in God. At length, as the time for their regular meal came, they set about preparing a large dinner, and when it was ready, the gentleman stepped out and called up to those on his roof :—

“ My friends, you have had a hard day's work, and are no doubt tired and hungry. Come down and refresh yourselves. We have dinner all ready !”

The men hesitated awhile, but after his urging them to come again and again, in

such a way as showed that he was sincere, they came down and partook of a hearty meal.

The man and his wife waited upon them with pleasant attention, as though the men had been working hard for them, instead of against them.

After eating, they went out with different thoughts from what they had during the morning. They climbed to the roof again, and began work, but it was not to tear down, but to put back all they had taken away, and leave the house as well as, or better than it was before !

Was not God in that ? But where ? In the quietness and happiness of this man and woman, His dear children, giving His peace. And then, second, in softening the hearts of their enemies to make them undo all they had done of mischief.

I have no doubt this did not end here, but God brought them to see more of Himself.

Can you think that things that seem against you are really for you ? Would it not be grand to take every hard and bad and sad thing thus ? Can you do it, children ? Not alone ; you must have the grace of God, the knowledge of His love in saving you as sinners ; peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ first. Every good action flows out of that.

But it would be a most blessed thing if all of us, being so happy in Christ and in God, would just take everything as *for* us, and nothing that is even the worst as *against* us. Think, that every boy that says ugly things to you, or strikes you, or would injure you, is only bringing you the opportunity of being patient, and gentle and gracious !

Think of every disappointment being the best thing that could happen. What right has anything on the earth to rob one who knows God of blessing ?

May God make you receive His Son as Saviour, and then His peace for your heart !

RICH.—A boy went from Ireland to America a few years ago to seek his fortune. Some time since he found the Saviour, and became a happy and rejoicing child of God. He wrote back to his friends, “ *I have found a fortune.*”



The Good Time Coming.

PEOPLE often talk and sing of the good time that is to come; but they think of it as brought on by man, and his improvements. I am sure, however, if they will but examine, they will find that after so many thousands of years, men are not a bit better than in the beginning.

Do men love each other more than they did, and themselves less? Are children any more obedient than in the early days of this earth? Are people more honest, or pure, or free from selfishness and pride and hatred?

I do not suppose any of the little children of to-day are better than in Noah's day.

What is the reason? Because the nature will never be any other than it is. It is bad and it cannot bring anything better than what it is itself.

But God having made this earth, does not mean to have it forever go on under the present race of men. The world is to be better. All things are to be new, and the glory of God is to be seen on the earth.

Just now, because men will not have the Man Christ Jesus whom He sent, but put Him to death, there is glory to God in heaven, in the highest, as we find in Luke xix., and "peace in heaven." And so God is gathering out a people for heaven. Are you one of them? If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, the rejected One of the world, you are, most certainly.

But soon the Lord Jesus will come to take away all that are His, to heaven, to dwell with Him forever.

And then when all things are made ready here by God Himself putting down the evil with great judgments, and not man doing it by his work, the Lord Jesus will come to reign over the earth and the world, and His saints with Him.

Do you want to be of that number? Believe on Him now as the One who died for you. God will keep you till He comes, safely, and He will see to it that you are not left.

Then shall be on this earth what is told in Isaiah xi. 6-9, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like an ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This is what Christ is to bring in. Well may we care for His coming. Men may talk of getting better, but the Man they rejected, God's own Son, is the One upon whom all this depends.

And the good time will certainly come. He that shall come, will come. Now, as you look at this picture and think of all this, remember the Christ who is offered to you is to do all. Oh, take Him for yourself. There is no other way, there is no other name.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE VINE.



HIS the most frequently mentioned of all trees in Scripture, is, from the variety of the allusions to it, one full of interest. Nearly every dispensation of God,

past, present and future, is illustrated by some fact connected with the vine.

It is first mentioned in Gen. ix. 20. "Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the vine, and was drunken." This was somewhere in Armenia, the native country of the vine. How sad, that the very first time it is mentioned it should be in connection with sin! Now wine in Scripture is often used as a type of joy ("Wine that maketh glad the heart of man," Psa. civ.), but joy that man manufactures but leads to sin. Nothing is said of Adam drinking wine, though the garden of Eden was somewhere in the native district of the vine tree, for man in innocence had not joy. The curse came in, and Adam was expelled from God's presence. Evil increased, and God sent a flood; but saved Noah. Set in a place of responsibility, man again fell. He sought to gratify self, and sinned. Man can have no true joy, as long as he has himself, and not God, as his object.

Passing by, for the present, some allusions to it in the lives of the patriarchs, we find (Gen. xl.) that the vine had been introduced into Egypt. Other passages also show that at this time it had become common there. Joseph had been sold into Egypt at this time; Jacob came there, and Israel began to be a people in Egypt. Wine then had become a product of Egypt, just as the world has its joy. But God was about now to call His people out of Egypt,

to lead them into a land which above all others is suited to the cultivation of the vine; a land where they should find every earthly blessing.

But meanwhile they must pass through the wilderness. Here they would find no vine trees, and they brought no wine with them from Egypt, for we leave the world's joy behind us when we start on our pilgrimage. Redeemed from Egypt by the blood of the Lamb of God, the Christian can well afford to leave the world's joy behind, and while the wilderness affords no wine, it does springs of water opened by his God, and he knows that the land he is journeying to is one of great joy, a joy that God Himself gives and shares, just as the hearts of the journeying Israelites were cheered by the description Moses gave them of the land of Canaan, and by the foretaste they had in the grapes of Eschol.

At last, through Solomon, fairly established in peace, one mark of their prosperity was that "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his VINE and under his fig tree" (1 Kings iv. 25).

Though the vine will grow in many climates, yet "there is scarcely any region in the world more admirably adapted for vine culture than Palestine. It is the true climate of the vine. The rocky hillsides, with their light gravelly soil and sunny exposures, the heat of summer, and the rapid drainage of the winter rains, all combine to render it peculiarly a land of vines." If we bear this in mind, we shall see the reasonableness of the Lord's complaint against His people, whom He compares to a vine. "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparest room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land" (Psa. lxxx. 8, 9). "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?" (Jer. ii. 21). Not only was Israel as a vine favorably situated, but every care also was taken; thus Isaiah says (v. 1-7), "My Beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and He fenced it (Israel was separated by ordinances from the Gentiles) and gathered out the stones thereof (the Canaanites were

driven out of the land), and planted it with the choicest vine (Israel), and built a tower in the midst of it (towers were for the watchers to decry the foxes that spoil the grapes. Thus God sent prophets to keep watch over and to warn Israel) and also made a winepress therein; and He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." Israel, whom God selected as a choice vine, to see what could be done with man under the best circumstances, brought not forth good fruit, but wild grapes, that is, the fruit of nature. God, therefore, says, "I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste." That which has happened to the once fruitful land of Canaan, has happened also to Israel. It is a nation trodden down and laid waste to this day.

C. H. B.

Jesus is Here!

WHEN the billows beat around me,
And the fierce waves higher roll,
Hold me closer, closer to Thee,
Let Thy glory fill my soul.
When a chastening hand restrains me,
Oh, forbid that I should fear;
When deep sorrow gathers o'er me,
May I know that Christ is here.

When high mountains rise before me,
Difficulties dark I greet;
When the path has grown so thorny,
Every step they pierce my feet;
When all seems chaotic darkness,
Oh, forbid that I should fear;
Hold me closer, closer to Thee,
I will know my Lord is near.

When the things I love most dearly,
One by one float down life's stream;
When thick clouds obscure my pathway,
Things beyond my wildest dream;
Oh, Lord Jesus, blessed Saviour!
Midst it all be Thou more dear;
Fold me still more closely to Thee,
Faith will know that Thou art here.

Though an alien, blessed Saviour!
Poor, despised, forsaken, lone;
Jeers receive from those that loved me,
Though an outcast from my home;
When there is not one to love me,
Oh, forbid that I should fear;
Hold me still more closely to Thee,
Faith will know that Thou art here.

E. C.

A Sweet Surprise.



LET me see if I can call back a little incident of several years ago, that came then with sweet power, but has reminded me of richer things of late, since God has brought me where I have seen His heart in wonderful fulness.

It was about a birthday party, that darling Floy, six years old, wished to have.

It was to be a select party of six little girls of about the same age, and to give proper dignity and a sense of responsibility in the case, and keep it from slipping into anything like a make-believe supper; it was determined that little Florrie should do her own making and baking of biscuits and cake for the occasion.

Accordingly all the needful ingredients were procured and brought together, and then her mother took her work and sat in the kitchen, so as to be able to give directions as they were needed, and encouragement, too, to the young baker.

She did all well, too, setting about it with no more awkwardness than belongs to tiny hands unused to great blundering tools that were made for the strong and big. The biscuits were made up with that beautiful foamy lightness so dear to one anxious to please, and the cake passed through its various stages, till it came forth from the oven brown and light and luscious. It all looked like work with a heart and mind in it, and the mother's eye gathered all the grace and nimbleness displayed, with great gratification.

Then she bethought herself, whether she might not add to the healthful delight of her child, by quietly slipping in some sweets for the tongue and the eye, altogether as a surprise.

So she ordered ice cream for each, and six choice little bouquets, that each plate might be adorned. And truly it was a beautiful sight, under the light of several different colored wax candles, just the thing to meet the growing taste of a sensitive little girl.

When Floy came to the table with her guests, and hostess-like cast her eye over the table with the sense of responsibility that so many know when they have been especially anxious to have all things done according to

the planning, she caught sight of that frosted cloud of cream and the delicate nosegays, and her heart swelled up instantly.

Clasping her arms about her mother, she burst into tears of joy and thanksgiving, and then seating her friends, she bowed her head with the word, "I cannot begin until we have given thanks to God," and then told out her heart in praise for it all.

There is one family where these things are happening often. A family where the Father never grows old, and the more the children learn of Him, the younger they seem to get. How is that? Because of His rich love that is always flowing out, for the very atmosphere of this house is love and joy. He makes it, not they.

It is the house that one was welcomed into in Luke xv., with the feast of the fatted calf and the ring and the robe and the music and merriment, and when the Father said, "Let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, was lost and is found!"

It is God and His dear children. Are you one of them? Are you believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and happy in Him? Then I am sure God is adding to what you have already got a great deal more to delight and refresh your heart, like the mother added to the little feast the girls already had.

If you have Christ now as yours, you will find that there is One who is most blessedly occupied in taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto you. He likes to add a little more all the time. He brings new things to adorn and cheer.

How do we find this? In the word of God. He has said, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." And what more could God give you than that which fills His own heart with constant joy? And that is Christ.

Oh, children, this will be heaven; it is heaven now, just more and more to see Him and learn Himself, and go on with Himself!

But suppose any of the little girls liked neither biscuits, nor cake, nor ice cream, nor flowers! What a poor supper that would have been for her, while others were enjoying it all as a feast.

So if you do not care for Christ, then you

cannot enter into God's joy with His family. How can you get to enjoying Him? By knowing Him as a Saviour for you as a sinner. You are that, are you? Well, Christ has come to deliver you. Take Him as a deliverer. Oh, take Him now.

What God Wants.



MISSIONARY was "preaching Christ" to a party of Indians. The hills around echoed the challenge with which he closed. "*Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?*" Then the plumed and painted chief, a giant of a man, stood forth with compressed lips, and in tremulous tones said to the missionary:—

"Did the Son of the Highest do all that for us? I should wish, then, to send Him a present by you. Would He accept a poor Indian's *hunting dog*? No Sioux has a finer."

The missionary replied that the Lord Jesus Christ does not need Indians' hunting dogs. He looked disappointed, but soon recovered himself, and holding out his rifle (*everything* to an Indian), he said, "Would he accept poor Indian's *rifle*, then?"

The missionary answered as before. Again he looked disappointed; then, stripping himself of his brilliant blanket, bedecked with beads, and scalps, and trinkets, he said, "Will He accept poor Indian's *blanket*?"

The missionary declined the blanket also for his Master. Now the chief hung his head as one baffled. Suddenly he flung down his rifle and the blanket by the dog, and stretched forth both his hands, and gazing intently into the blue sky, he said, "Will the Lord Jesus Christ accept poor Indian *himself*?"

Dear reader, God expects nothing less from you. He wants yourself. Jesus says, "Come unto me!"

"Wash and be clean, believe and live, are the words to you from heaven."

The Magnet.



Remember once hearing a very interesting account of a conversation between two little boys, on the subject of the Lord's coming. They had just

been put to bed, and ere their kind attendant had left the room, she overheard the conversation which in substance we now relate.

T.—"I do not understand, H., how the Lord will catch up His people. How will it be? Can you tell me about it?"

H.—Yes, A., I can tell you. Did you ever see brother R. playing with his magnet? Did you ever see him holding the magnet over the needle, and bringing it nearer and nearer, until the needle was drawn up to meet it? That's how it will be when the Lord comes. He will descend into the heavens and draw up His own people to Him just as the magnet attracts the needle."

Dear little T. added, "I would like to go to Jesus this very minute."

In a few weeks after he fell asleep in Jesus, at the age of ten years and seven months.—*Things New and Old.*

I'd like to go to that heaven so bright,
For joy beams in that world, on each face,
But if there I would go,
On earth I must know,
As my Saviour, the Lord of that place.

JOSHUA is called "Jesus" in Acts vii. 45: Heb. iv. 8.

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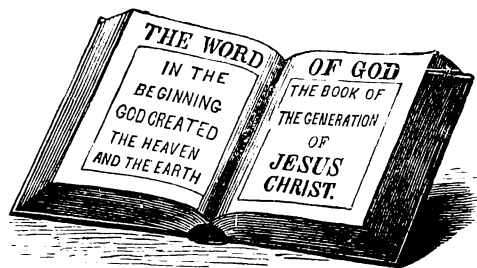
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1878.

No. 10.



Hard At It.

THERE seems to be pretty serious work here, do you not think so? Evidently, this little fellow has about as much as he can manage for the present, and his kind friend who sits so closely by him, seems to think so, too. But look at those eyes, I mean his friend's eyes! They seem as if they would devour

as eagerly as the mouth of the little boy does. He, certainly, has a desire to render help in this great undertaking.

See how everything about him seems alive with interest, as if he were saying from his erect ears to the tip of his stub tail, "Can I be of any assistance to you, dear Charley?"

I think Charley will try it alone for a while, and then reward his attentive friend for his kindness and interest. He, certainly, deserves his share.

But can that boy be hungry with such fat, chubby arms, and legs, and cheeks? How much bigger does he want to grow? It seems marvellous! I suspect it is greediness after all, that is meant in the picture, a selfish care for one's self, and a desire to gratify the appetite beyond what is needed.

The great desire of man, is to get everything for himself; to do the best for himself. It is expected of every one in business, in pleasure, in anything whatsoever, that he will take care of himself, please himself, get gratification out of whatever he goes at, for himself. This self is a very important person, you see.

And is it not right to look out for one's own self? Well, let us see. Did Christ please Himself? Did He ever think of Himself? Do you read anywhere that He spoke of anything He liked, or of going anywhere, or doing anything for His own pleasure?

Now, then, examine the Scriptures on this matter, and see if there is anything that shows this in all His conversation. I was, a little while ago, looking over the account of the life of one of the greatest men, in many respects, that ever lived in this country.

While grand things were told of him all the way through, his own sayings and speeches, and letters, there was this keeping self well cared for. And this was not unusually so at all, but just what everybody liked in him. It is the way of man. But do you know that it is a poor self to look after, this man that at his best is a rebel, a sinner, a stranger to God, really bad? The less you keep up a bad thing the better.

Now, is there any way of doing better? Why, certainly, Christ did; His goodness extended to men. The reproaches that were cast upon God fell upon Him. He went

about doing good, not receiving it. He was here as One who served, not was served.

Can you be like Christ? We are told to walk like Him—that means to act like Him. He was the only One that God was pleased with, and you remember that God spoke from heaven twice to tell that He was well-pleased with Him.

Yes, we are to be like Him. But first we must let Him do everything for us. He must save us from sin, from being ourselves, from guilt, from all that we are and have done. And that is through His blood. Your first thing is to believe on Him as your Saviour. And then God gives the Holy Spirit, after you have become a new child, a new kind, and He leads us to live like Christ. But it will not be to be wanting everything to please our own desires, but to please God. That was Christ's way. He always did the thing that pleased the Father.

Dear children, God is wanting to make you immensely rich by giving you all things in His Son, making you sons. Do believe Him; do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Made it for God."



PRECIOUS little girl, who was accustomed to all nice work, like painting little pictures of flowers, and gathering together all the pretty things she could find or make, whose taste was of that delicate character in all the presents that she made, was one day observed by her mother to be very busy, in a quiet, mysterious manner.

She seemed to be taking extra pains to fix up a kind of scrap-book of pictures, of the most choice selection, working industriously the whole day.

The mother kept watch of what was going on, and was greatly amused with the movements and progress of the work of those tiny fingers, thinking she was preparing a present for some one of the household.

At last it was done, and then she left the room with her work. Shortly after it began to rain, and the mother, on looking out, saw the beautiful book lying on the grass.

She called the attention of her child to the book lying on the grass, saying that it would be spoiled.

But her daughter, just old enough to talk, coming close up to her ear, said, quietly and bashfully, "I made it for God!"

The mother felt answered, and so left it on the grass.


I suppose you all feel that God should have the best things, and that no labor nor pains could be too great to make anything suitable for Him. In 1 Chron. xvii., you will find that David, the great king of Israel, thought so too. And so he was going to set about building a temple for God. But God sent him word that He wanted nothing, but that He was going to do great things for David, things to last forever.

And so, dear children, God does not need anything we can make with our hands; but He does need us to be empty and to know ourselves needy, and to be ready to take everything from Him.

The great gift is eternal life and salvation through Jesus Christ, and this God bestows upon those who believe on Him.

Doubtless this little babe did according to her knowledge of God, but if we know Him in Jesus Christ, we go to Him with praise and worship, and let Him be all to us.

Prayer Answered.

 YOUNG girl in Edinburgh went in search of a situation, and while on the way she observed a girl who was in charge of some children, and who looked very sad. Being unsuccessful in her mission, she returned, and again met the young woman. Seeing her countenance still troubled, she went up to her, and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"Who bade you ask that?"

"The Lord bade me."

"The Lord," she wonderingly repeated; "I have been praying that if there is a God in heaven, He would send some one to speak to me about my soul."

She then went on to tell how she had come with her mistress and family on a visit from Aberdeen, and how she had heard Mr. B— preach from the text, "The harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and we are not saved," which had troubled her very much. Maggie (the girl who had spoken to her) tried to show her the way of salvation;

but her efforts did not appear to be successful. At last she said:

"I must part from you; but I will just leave Jesus' bare word with you; 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Two days after the girl found her way to Maggie's home, and said, "I have come to tell you that I have found Jesus;" and then they rejoiced together. A week or two after she brought her sister, and wanted Maggie to speak to her. The three had a little prayer-meeting, and the sister, too, went home rejoicing at peace with God.

The touching sequel to this interesting chain of events is found in the following letter, received a few days afterwards from the father of the two sisters:

"MY DEAR MISS M:—You will perhaps think me rather forward in writing to you; but I feel as if my heart would burst with gratitude for the kindness you have shown to my two daughters in being the means of leading them to the Saviour. I have long prayed for them both, and when they left here to go to Edinburgh I prayed that the good Lord would save them both before they came back. He has heard my prayer. On the same day that you spoke to Mary I was ill in bed, and as I prayed for them I felt the preciousness of the text, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' You can perhaps fancy my joy when, by the next post, came a letter to tell me that Mary had found Jesus from that very text. Dear—dear Miss M., I cannot thank you enough; but the Lord will reward you for the joy you have brought to an old father's heart. You will excuse the writing; I am well nigh seventy years old. I have only one thing to ask you: If you get a holiday in the summer, come and see poor old Davie; you will be made as welcome as the angels in heaven. Mary says you are an orphan; but you will never want a friend, lass, as long as Davie Ferguson breathes the breath of life; and at the judgment you can take my Mary and Jane up to Jesus, and say, 'Here are two that, by the Spirit's help, I led to Thee.' We all send our greatest love to you."

Cæsar and Augustus were names common to the Roman Emperors.



Treasure Hid in the Field.

WHAT have we here? An oddly dressed man who is kneeling among some rocks in a hard looking field. But look at his eyes, and the expression of his countenance! There seems to be a story in that face, and that eager glance of delight.

He seems absorbed in something which he holds in his hand. It must be very valuable to him. If you would know about it, you will find the whole thing told in one verse, the 44th, in Matt. xiii.

Though it is all in one not very long verse, it is a wonderful story that has a very

precious explanation that really is going on now. But let us read it. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found he hideth and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

Now, who is this man, and what is the treasure, and what is the field, and what does he sell? These four questions we will see if we can find answered in this chapter.

This is one of seven parables that the Lord Jesus spoke, four of which were in the presence of, and three, of which this is the first, to His disciples alone. They are all about a kingdom which should come on the earth, by giving the word of the gospel.

Two months ago we had a picture of the sower, which is the first parable. You will find that Christ explained this parable as well as the second one, when he had His disciples alone, and in that explanation He tells us the "man" was Himself.

So we shall take that as the answer to the first question. This man, so earnest in his work, and so delighted with His prize is Christ, having found something for His own heart.

In the explanation, He tells us that the "field" is the *world*—this very world. So the third question is answered at once. There is something very valuable to Christ in this world, which He finds here with great joy. Do you follow it that far?

Well, let us take the fourth question. What did He sell? All that He had. We learn in 1 Cor. vi. 20, that "we are bought with a price," and 2 Cor. viii. 9, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet, for your sakes, He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." Then, we learn in 2 Cor. v. 15, that "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again."

These verses, and many like them which you can think of, will answer two questions. He gave up all that He had—His life—for "all that a man has will he give for his life." So He gave up, or sold out, all that He had. And He did it "for joy thereof." This prize gave Him such joy, that He gladly gave His life for it.

And what was the prize? These verses say "ye." They mean believing saved persons, those who are Christ's.

But it tells us He bought the whole field too. And so He did. Christ has purchased the whole world to have His kingdom in after a while, when He comes. He will put away everything that is bad from it, just as a man cleans his field that he has bought, and will have it all as His joy. "He shall see the travail of His soul," that is, the result of His death, "and be satisfied!"

Now, if any of you ever think you have to beg God to save you, as if you were anxious and He is not, will you not see in this little parable the one word "joy," and in Luke xv. the same word "joy" so richly expressed and illustrated, and know that Christ was delighted to go to the cross for you as a sinner, and God is delighted to save you for what Christ has done?

It takes the Scriptures to set us right on all this matter, and make us know the fullness and freeness and assurance of salvation through Jesus Christ.

The difficulty with people is, they want salvation of their kind in some other way. But salvation through Christ is God's grand work, and He is at it now with all His heart, never failing in regard to any who really take Christ.

Christ leaves His treasure—His people—down here in the field, hidden for a while. But in a little while He will come for it, to take us to Himself. Did He not say so in John xiv.? Look to Him now, dear children, and be waiting for Him. Oh, the riches of grace that loves and saves for nothing!

The Story of Victor Doyle.

THE little boy I am going to speak to you about was eleven years of age, but was very small. His father died when he was about eight years old, and since then he had been brought up by a bad, drunken stepmother. She was very unkind to little Victor, scarcely giving him any food to eat; and in winter he had to go with his bare feet.

The way Victor lived was this. He went out every morning with a bag over his shoulders, and searched about for scraps of

any kind—bread, cloth, nails, old iron, or anything, in short, he could lay his hand upon honestly, for Victor was an honest boy. At night, on his return from his day's labors, he would carefully separate the things he had gathered, and then sell them for what he could get. The little he thus made paid the rent of the wretched hovel he dwelt in.

Victor had learnt to read while his father was alive, and had never forgotten the lessons he received then. He would carefully gather up every scrap of printed paper he could find, and thus kept up, as best he could, his reading.

One day he found amongst the rubbish he had collected, a leaf of a hymn-book. It was crushed, dirty, and torn, but nevertheless poor little Victor managed to make it out. It was a few lines of poetry, and ran thus :—

“Christ is merciful and mild,
He was once a little child ;
He, whom heavenly hosts adore,
Lived on earth, despised and poor.
Then He laid His glory by,
When He came for us to die ;
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love for *me*.”

“Ah,” said Victor, “I know ; I heard about Christ at the Mission School last Sunday. I wonder if He got poor on purpose ? That's very strange. I wish I could get rich. ‘Came for us to die !’ Can *that* be true ? Who did He die for ? For the folks that made this little book, perhaps, but not for me. Nobody loves me enough to die for me. ‘He was once a little child !’ I wonder if He was as big as I am, and had enough to eat ?”

Victor read the sweet little verse of the hymn over and over again. Then he carefully laid it aside, saying, “I'll learn that verse to say, as the boys did last Sunday ; and I'll ask the teacher more about Christ, and who did He die for ; and if He is alive anywhere now, so that I can go and see Him.”

Yes, Victor, Jesus is alive, and you may go and see Him. He welcomes such as you. Although in glory, His heart and love are unchanged. His love, oh, His love, it is too deep to fathom ! too vast to scan ! He died on Calvary's cross for sinners. He bled, agonized, and died ; but now He is risen out

from among the dead, and Victor's wish to know “if He is alive anywhere now, so that I can go and see Him,” can easily be answered—He is “alive,” and any of my young friends “may go and see Him.”

The next time that the poor boy went to the Mission School, he heard all about the wonderful story of Jesus and His love. He was told that Jesus was wanting *him* ; that there was One in heaven who loved him, if none else did. The poor, desolate boy found a Saviour in Jesus Christ, and a Friend all his life through.

Jesus loved us *first*. I know it, because God, in His own blessed book, says so. God loved us when we *were* sinners ; not after we turned good, but when we were *bad*. “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Have you, then, my dear young friends, drank in the story of His wonderful love and grace to sinners ? Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ ?

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE VINE.—*Continued.*



LAST month we were reading of the vine as a picture of Israel, the vine taken out of Egypt, which never brought forth any but wild grapes.

This month we will see what vine God has instead of the old one.

We find it in John xv., “I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.” We see that there are four things here ; a vine, a husbandman, branches and fruit. The vine, the Lord says, is Himself ; the branches are Christians. None can bear any fruit then, that is, do anything that will really please the Father, unless they are in the Vine. For just as a branch cannot bear fruit of itself, but only as it abides in the vine, “No more can ye,” says the Lord, “except ye abide in me.” Therefore the first thing to do is to believe on the Lord

Jesus, be saved, and become a branch, and then bear fruit by abiding in Him.

Now let us see what is the fruit that the Father seeks to cultivate and longs to gather. We have in Phil. i. 11, "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God," and we have in Gal. v. 22, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These are the things that God desires to see produced in us; but all these things are *Christian* things; it was in Christ only that they were found in perfection. How then can I behave like Christ if I am not in Christ. He is the vine, I cannot bear fruit of myself. As we saw last month, all the fruit that man produced without Christ was only wild grapes, so God put aside the old tree, and brought in a new one—Christ, the true vine.

So you see, one does not get to be a branch (a Christian) by bearing fruit, but because he is a branch he bears fruit. He must first then be a branch. How can I have a share in Christ? How can I have Him as my life? Jesus says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

The next thing is, How can a Christian bear fruit? By what power can he do those things that the Father is pleased to see? The answer is, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." Now to abide in, is to remain, to rest in a thing. So the Lord would have us to be remaining, to be acting in Himself. I can never bear fruit by trying to do it, for then I am thinking of myself. The Lord would have us thinking of Him, knowing that the more we feed upon Him, the more we shall be like Him, the more fruit we shall bear. And then He tells us four things of Himself, we are to abide in. They are His love (ver. 9), His joy (ver. 11), His friendship (ver. 15), and His choice (ver. 16); all *His* things. Not our love, our joy, our friendship, or our choice; but His love to us, His joy in us, His friendship to us, and His choice of us.

Surely if we are thinking of these things it will make us happy, and loving, and more like Himself.

And He tells us that the Father takes means to produce fruit: "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth (pruneth) it, that it may bring forth more fruit." He does not prune it to make it a branch, but because it is a branch, and a fruit-bearing one. He takes constant care of it. And pruning may often be a severe thing. In the south of France, the branches are trimmed almost to the stem every year; and in Palestine only three or four leaders are left from the top of the main stem. No tree requires such constant and severe pruning as the vine.

Now what God uses to purge the branch is the word. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." How we need then to pay constant attention to God's word, and to obey it continually. It may cut off many things, but never anything of profit to us or the Lord, but only those things that would hinder us bearing fruit.

C. H. B.

Old Betty, or Submission.

SOME years after I was converted," said Miss F——, "it pleased the Lord to lay me aside from active occupation, and to confine me to a sick couch for full two years. This inactivity was very grievous to me, and my constant prayer was for restoration to health, and power once more to go about visiting the sick and teaching the ignorant.

"When visited by kind Christian ministers and sympathising friends, my constant request was that they would pray for my recovery, and that I might have faith to believe that the Lord would heal me.

"Still I grew no better. About the end of the second year, I one afternoon received a visit from a minister unknown to me, who in God's providence was then visiting the place where I lived. He read and prayed with me, he sympathised with my sufferings, and listened to my troubles. I lamented to him my weak faith, which I felt assured was the cause of my continued weakness of body.

"Miss F——,' replied the minister,

'have you never heard the story of Betty, the old match-seller?' I had not. 'Old Betty,' said he, 'was brought to the knowledge of Jesus in her old age, and from the time of her conversion never thought she could do enough for Him who had loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood. She went about doing good. She was ready to speak about her Lord and Master to all she met. She would nurse the sick, visit the afflicted, beg for the poor and for the heathen; she would give to those poorer than herself portions of what the kindness of Christian friends bestowed on her. In short, she was always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"'But in the midst of this happy course, she caught a violent cold and rheumatism, and was confined to her bed; there she lay day after day, and week after week, and I believe lay there till the Lord called her home.

"'On her sick bed, Betty was as happy as she had been in her active duties; she was much in prayer; she repeated hymns and passages of Scripture; she meditated on the good things she had learned, and on the home to which she was hastening.

"'One day Betty was visited by an old friend, a minister, who had long known her. He was astonished to see his once active and useful old neighbor so happy in her bed, and he said to her, "I little expected, Betty, to see you so patient; it must be a great trial of your active mind to lie here so long doing nothing."

"'Not at all, sir; not at all,' said old Betty; 'when I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;' and I used to do it as well as I could; and now I hear Him say every day, 'Betty, lie still and cough.'"

Miss F— told me this story as she heard it from her visitor, and she said it had a very strong effect upon her mind. She began to think it was self-will, rather than faith, that made her so anxious to get well and be active again; and she humbled herself before God, begging for grace to bear His will rather than seek her own. She became tranquil, happy, and contented on her sick bed, and almost immediately after it

pleased the Lord to restore her to health, and to continue her in it until the time when I met her.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

The Lambs of Christ.

Each lamb of Christ is purchased

By precious blood;

Each lamb of Christ is nourished

With heavenly food;

Each lamb of Christ is tended

With loving care;

Each lamb of Christ is destined

Life's home to share.

How happy to be folded

Upon His breast!

His purchased lamb, there ever

In peace to rest;

To fear no condemnation

Since He has died;

To have full salvation—

To none denied.

Dear child, and art *thou* loving

This precious One?

Art *thou*, by faith, rejoicing

On God's dear Son?

Fly to His loved embraces,

He waits for thee;

Accept His offer'd mercy,

And happy be.

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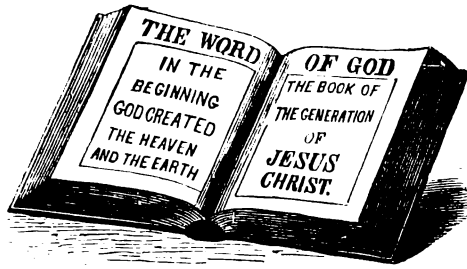
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PURE STREAMS

FOR



THE

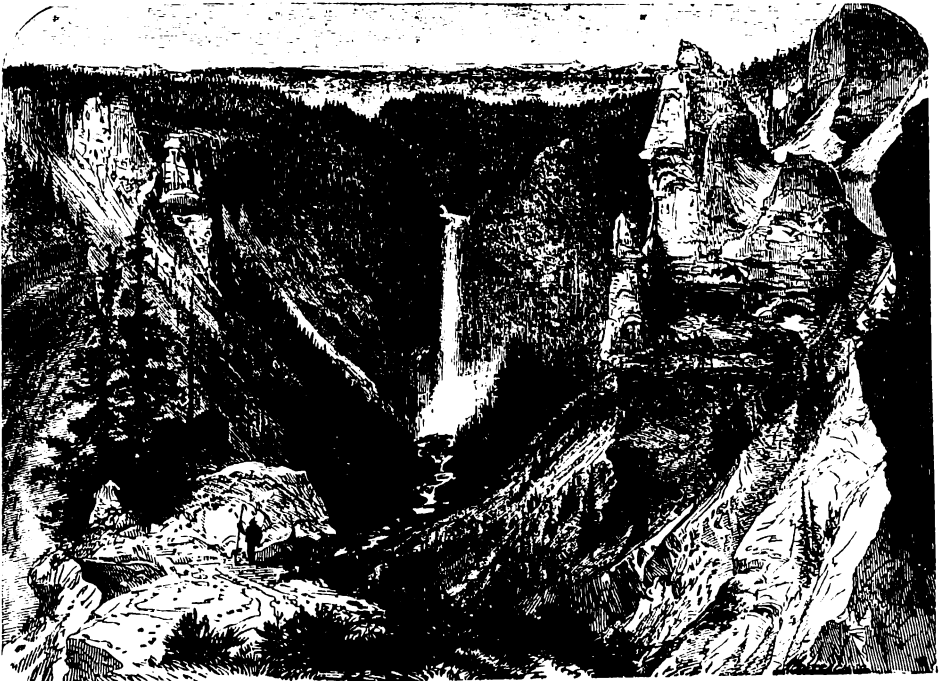
LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1878.

No. 11.



Pure Streams from the Rock.



WHAT are pure streams? Those of you who have been among the hills and mountains can tell me. You have seen the clear, sparkling water as it came rippling down over the rocks. How refreshing to see such streams, where not only man, but the little birds and the wild deer can quench their thirst; these busy fountain heads refresh the land and keep the face of nature dressed in her rich robes. Thus the goodness of God is shown in His never failing provision for His creation. But I hear you say, "That is not what 'pure streams' means in our paper." Per-

haps some of you can tell me what you think they are—as you have read them for some time, and drank from this fountain.

Do I hear my little reader say, "Pure streams are the words of Jesus"? Yes, the words of Jesus are pure, and all who drink them find their souls refreshed. Jesus says, "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled."

Do you ever hunger to be righteous, to be like Jesus, to do His will? If so, you must drink from the only pure stream that can be found; it is the water of life, clear as crystal, flowing out from the throne of God and of the Lamb (Rev. xxii. 1). That stream is free for all, and its springs never dry up or fail. Jesus was pure, and the words of the "pure are pleasant." Scripture says that every word of God is pure, and if you will turn to Psalm xii., you will find that the words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. All was wisdom that dropped from His lips, while down on the earth. Jesus was the true wisdom. He it was that cried unto men, but they would not hear.

What does wisdom cry for you? Listen to Prov. viii. 17, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Now, my children, do not wait till you grow old to believe in the Lord Jesus. He loves children, and rejoices when their young hearts accept His gifts of love. Do you need a Saviour? Do you want a Saviour? He can supply your need and your want.

If you accept Jesus as your Saviour, He will make your life His own. He will teach you things more precious than gold and silver, and your whole life will be like a pure stream, a blessing to all about you. C. H.

The Garret Home.



AGENTLEMAN was one day visiting some destitute families in one of the poorest parts of London. After climbing a number of stairs, which led to the top of one of the houses, he observed a ladder leading to a door close upon the slates. He thought it most unlikely that any living being would be found living there; but, in order to satisfy himself, he resolved on ascending the ladder. On reaching the door he found it so low that he was obliged to

stoop to enter. "Is there any one here?" he inquired.

"Come in," answered a feeble voice.

He entered, and found a little boy, the solitary tenant of this wretched home. There was no bed—no furniture of any kind. Some straw and shavings in one corner formed the poor little fellow's seat by day and his couch by night.

"Why are you here?" inquired the kind visitor. "Have you a father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, sir; mother is in the grave."

"Where is your father. You must surely weary very much for his coming home in this dark, solitary place?"

"No, sir," replied the boy sorrowfully. "My father gets drunk. He used to send me out to steal, and whatever I stole he spent in drinking."

"Does he not make you do so still?"

"I went," replied the boy, "to a school where I was told about heaven and hell—that Jesus Christ came to save sinners; and I believed on Him, and resolved, from that time, I would steal no more. Now," continued the little sufferer, "my father himself steals, and then gets tipsy; and then he gets angry at me, and is cruel to me, because I will no longer steal."

"Poor little boy!" said the gentleman, deeply interested in the sad history. "I am sorry indeed for you. You must feel very lonely here."

"No," said the other with a smile on his face; "I am not alone. God is with me; Christ is with me. I am not alone!"

The gentleman took out his purse and gave him a small trifle, promising that he would come back again and see him on the morrow.

"Stop," said the little fellow, as his kind visitor was preparing to go down the ladder, "I can sing." And so saying, he commenced, in simple strains, the little hymn with which he loved to cheer his solitude:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

The gentleman was touched with the tale of distress, and the character of the desolate child; and the next day he told the case to a lady he knew would feel interested in him. The lady requested that he would

kindly accompany her to the boy's dwelling, to which he readily consented. Taking along with her a bundle of clothes which might be useful to him, they made their way together up the dark stairs of the house, till they reached the ladder. On ascending the steps and coming to the door, they knocked; but there was no reply. They knocked again; still no reply! Again; but still no voice as before, calling "Come in." The gentleman opened the door. The bed, the straw, the shavings were just as he had left them. The body was there, too; but he was DEAD! The boy lay on the bed of straw; but the spirit had fled away to Jesus, and everlasting rest.

Deliverance.

IN a cold, wintry afternoon, a few children were seen leaving the village school of Sk., in Northern Russia.

Their hearts were light and their spirits high, for the nearness of one of their festivals with its enchanting prospects, kept them in a high state of excitement.

The road they were following was bounded by gardens and farms, then afterwards entered a dark forest of fir trees which they had to traverse to reach their dwelling, a little distance further, in a large clearing.

They had already come up to the wood, when their loud talking and their peals of laughter were suddenly interrupted by a succession of dismal sounds!

It was the howling of wolves announcing the near approach of these animals, formidable in that region by their numbers and ferocity.

The first impulse of the dear little ones was to run home with all their might, when they saw the feared animals come out on the road in advance of them, and galloping towards them with open mouths and angry eyes.

For a few seconds they seemed to be paralyzed with fear, but the oldest girl drawing towards her her younger brothers and sisters and covering her head with her apron, dropped on her knees and called aloud on God to deliver them. She had read about Daniel and his deliverance from the lions, and she thought the same God could shut the mouths of wolves.

And it was done according to her faith, for when she removed a little corner of her apron to look at the wolves, lo! they had all gone.

Our dear young friends arrived home happy, and it is to be hoped that the lesson they learned in their hour of danger was not lost for them. S. M.

God Sent You.

KITTY went to spend the day with Mrs Carson. Mrs Carson had no little girl, and she loved Kitty dearly. The sun shone when she went. At noon clouds rose in the sky, and in the afternoon it rained.

"You can stay all night, Kitty," said Mrs. Carson; "your mother will not expect you to come home in this rain."

"Sleep away from my mamma," thought Kitty; and the thought troubled her little heart. When Mrs. Carson left the room, Kitty looked out of the window. Rain, rain, rain. "I wish the clouds would stop till I get home," said Kitty; but the clouds did not mind her. The drops only fell faster. Tears filled the little child's eyes. "Papa," she said—"Papa, wont you come and fetch Kitty home?" Her papa could not hear; he was far away.

Then Kitty thought of God. God could hear. God knows. And she prayed to God that if He pleased He would tell her mother to send for her. It was a great comfort to think of God. God sent the rain. He knew every drop. God made her, and saw where she then was. "If God thinks it best for me to stay here away from my mamma," thought she, "I can." But, her little heart swelling at the thought, tears filled her eyes. "I can, I can, if God sees best;" and again she brushed away the tears.

While trying with all her might to feel contented, who should come to the door but Bridget, with a great umbrella, to fetch her home. Kitty's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Your mamma sent me for you," said Bridget.

"No, Bridget," said the little girl, with a sweet seriousness on her face; "it was God sent you."

"May be," said Bridget; "but it was your mamma that handed me the message."—
(From the *Child's Paper*).



The Glass of Cold Water.

THIS picture is made to match a pretty story of a poor drunkard who, having taken half the pennies out of his little girl's money-box, that he might pay for liquor, went out in the morning to his shop.

As he passed by a neighboring house he was seen by two ladies who spoke of him in the presence of a little girl, the daughter of one of them, and wondered if something could not be done for him, something to drink be provided for him when the great

thirst came on that made him go to the liquor saloon.

They spoke of even a glass of water helping at such a time, but felt afraid to go out and offer it to him lest he might be offended, and then sighing, gave it up.

But the little girl kept thinking it over and over, and as she thought her heart became more interested in doing something for this poor man.

He went to his work, but his hand was unsteady, and his head was all in confusion, and when some people came in to inquire if their long promised work was done, he showed that his heart was all wrong too, by getting angry at their rebukes over their disappointment. Poor man! He was doing all he could to ruin himself and his family.

Well, there was that money which he had stolen from his little girl, he would take it and get just one more dram to steady his nerves, and make him strong for his work. So he passed out of his shop with his poor, unsteady and weak steps to go to the dram shop.

Just as he had got by this house which lay between his shop and the saloon, this little girl came out with her cup of cold water and offered him a drink, which, though greatly surprised, he took.

"I thank you, my dear," fell from his lips, as he handed back the empty cup, and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn away but stood between him and the tavern, looking up into his face. He took a step forward, but she caught him by the hand.

"Oh don't, Mr. B.," she cried, with a tone that went down deep into his heart.

"Don't what, little darling?" he asked in surprise.

"Don't go in there any more," she answered, with a great earnestness.

Mr. B. drew himself up and stood very still for many seconds. Then he stooped and kissed her forehead, and then turned and went back to his shop.

(God had put it into the heart of this little one to minister to one in great need, and He used this act to save the man. And how dear that cottage became to him!

It was but a cup of cold water. But Christ spoke of blessing going with such a cup, and that the giver should receive reward.

You will find opportunities of serving others all the time. The best, the choicest blessing you can bestow on any one is to bring the love of Jesus Christ to such. The fact of meeting the raging thirst of this man did nothing more than stop his drunkenness at the time. But God can use anything done for Him.

But, dear child, do you know Christ for yourself, so as to tell about Him to others? Keeping them sober will not do for their souls. You must bring to them the knowledge of the love of God that sent His Son, of the precious worth of the blood of Jesus Christ, and that we that believes in Him have eternal life.

Have you eternal life? A great many times that question has been asked in PURE STREAMS, and a great many times the way of life has been pointed out through Christ Jesus alone. Have you believed on Him? If you have, you have His life in you, and you are forever His, and He may use you to bring to others many a thing as refreshing to the soul as the cup of cold water to this man at that moment.

It is likely that after this year, PURE STREAMS may not come to you any more. Has it been a cup of cold water to any thirsty soul? It has been meant as such, to tell of the only One who can do any good to any. May God make you His through this precious Saviour.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE VINE.—III.



WE must now notice a few things about the vintage and the wine presses. When the due season came, the grapes were gathered and cast at once into the wine press, without being carried home. Every vineyard had its own wine press, which was of very simple construction, being made of two large vats, or troughs, cut, one below the other, out of the solid rock. Into the upper one the grapes were thrown, and from two or three small holes near the bottom, the wine flowed out into the lower trough. Many of these wine presses, made perhaps three thousand years ago, are still to be seen.

God uses this practice of gathering grapes

and casting them at once into the wine press to illustrate coming judgment: "And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire, and cried with a loud voice to him that had the sharp sickle, saying: Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth, for her grapes are fully ripe; and the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great wine press of the wrath of God" (Rev. xiv. 18, 19).

The way in which the wine was, and is still pressed out, was by the simple process of treading. "The treading was effected by several men, according to the size of the vat, who encouraged each other after the invariable Oriental fashion of shouting. "He shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes" (Jer. xxv. 30); "None shall tread with shouting, their shouting shall be no shouting" (Jer. xlviii. 33). The treaders had their feet and legs bare, but, as they leaped upon the grapes, their clothes were dyed with the juice (Gen. xlix. 11); and it was hard labor, never undertaken by one alone. The Lord uses all these things to illustrate the fierceness of the judgment that He Himself will inflict upon His and Israel's enemies when the right time comes. "Wherefore art there red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat? I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me, for I will tread them with mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I stain all my raiment, for the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed has come" (Isa. lxiii. 2-4). The Lord will deliver his redeemed of Israel, by judging their enemies, slaying them in the great battle when the nations are gathered against Jerusalem.

The vintage being the latest crop gathered in the autumn, was a season of great rejoicing. This is referred to in Isa. xvi. 10, in speaking of the desolation of the land of Moab, in contrast to its former happiness. "And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyard there shall be no singing. The treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease." Thus when the vintage of God's wrath is

passed, there will remain one of joy, and this forever. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt" (Amos. ix. 13).

What a happy time that will surely be when all judgment is passed forever, and there will be nothing but the cup of joy to drink of! God is now waiting in patience; by and by, after Christ has come, then will be the time for His joy. Can you and I wait till then?—wait patiently now, putting up with a little reproach or suffering for the name of Christ, that when His time for joy comes we may share it with Him.

But how can poor sinners have a share in His joy? How has such a privilege been secured for them? We may find an answer in 1 Cor. x. 16, where, speaking of the Lord's supper, Paul says: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?" It is the blood of Christ that has secured blessing for the believer. That shedding of His blood to put away sin does bring blessing, full joy and blessing, to every soul that has faith in it. The Lord Jesus was made a curse for us on the cross (Gal. iii. 13), that we who deserved the curse He bore might freely have blessing. He drank the bitter cup of woe (Matt. xxvi. 42), but the sorrow and the judgment that we might find in that, and through that, our blessing. He died that we might live. Would you like to know the way to obtain this cup of blessing? Only those may think of it that are justified by believing in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26).

C. H. B.

The Little Persian Girl.



LITTLE GOZEL lived on the borders of a beautiful lake in Persia. Many of the people of that land are idolatrous heathen. When they pray in their temples they bow before a fire which is always kept burning. When in the open air, they kneel to the sun, and offer to it their prayers and praises. Others are the followers of a false prophet named Mohammed.

It was not many years before she was

born that pious men carried the light of Christian truth to her land. Before that time none of the women could read; there were no schools for female children to attend, no books for the people in their own tongue, no true knowledge of the way in which a sinner could be saved. We cannot tell how sad it is to live in such a state.

A Christian minister, named Henry Martyn, went among them to preach, and to give them the New Testament in their own tongue. After his death, others went to this land. They heard of the state of the people, and longed to do them good. They set up schools, taught in the streets and houses, and gave the whole Bible to those who were able to read it. Soon there were some who felt that they were sinners, and that they must seek for pardon and peace through the Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit began to work on their hearts; and, believing in the Lord, they were filled with joy.

Among those happy ones was the father of Gozel. He went to the Sunday-school, though he was getting rather old. There he learned to read the word of God. When a man feels a real concern about his soul he will not mind what he does, so that he may become wise unto salvation. He will be willing to become as a little child, so that he may be taught and guided in the right way.

Gozel was his only child. He loved her very much. He was glad that he could send her to school, and have her trained to know the Saviour of the lost, whom he found so dear to his own soul. He longed that she might give her heart to Jesus, and live on earth as one of Christ's lambs.

The little Persian girl grew up to mind what was said to her. She tried all she could to please her parents and teachers, as all good children will do. As her mother did not know how to read, her little girl taught her as soon as she was able.

But all this time Gozel was not a true Christian; nor did she show any deep feeling about her soul. She was kind to everybody, was gentle in her manners, and willing to learn, and to obey those that were over her; but then she did not feel that she was a sinner, and that she needed a Saviour (Matt. ix. 12, 13).

Some months passed away, when it was noticed that Gozel was much changed in all

her ways. Often was she seen to go aside to read the Bible and to pray. It was plain to those who loved her that she was thinking of those words, "What must I do to be saved?" And of the answer to them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Did this concern about her soul hinder her as a scholar in her studies? Not at all. She never got on so well before, for she seemed to learn faster than she had ever done. Gozel went to live at the mission-house along with other scholars, but when holiday-time came she went back to her home. Her conduct on her return pleased all who knew her. The Bible was her delight, and she was as constant at home as when she was with her teachers. She was a happy little girl, trying to make all happy around her. And there is no surer way of being happy ourselves, and of making others so, than by walking in the fear of the Lord.

One evening Gozel took her Bible and went into her room to read it and pray. It was the last time she was to do so. No one can tell when he prays or reads God's word, that it may not be for the last time. Gozel then lay down to rest, but she never came again from her room. A sad disease called the cholera seized upon her before the morning. Her strength was quickly gone, and, after a few hours of pain, she died.

The scene of the funeral was very touching. Her parents laid her Bible on the coffin, and then sat down by its side and wept, though they did not sorrow without hope, as they once would have done. The gospel had brought light and hope to their minds. Her mother could only cry, "Gozel is gone. My little teacher has left me. My sweet Gozel has gone." But the Saviour, who had first given to her His grace, had now taken her home to Himself to await that blessed moment when she, with all His, shall be glorified (1 Thess. iv. 13-17).

Little Florence.

FLORRY was a bright little girl of eleven years old, when I last met her, a few days before I left T. Kind friends, a happy home, and health, God had given Florry. But, the very next thing I heard of her, nearly two years after that spring day, was that she was dead.

Sudden illness laid her low in a few short hours; and her kind aunt, who filled a mother's place to the orphan child, asked her "if she ever prayed?"

"Yes, Auntie."

"And what do you pray for, dearest?"

"That my name may be written in the Lamb's book of life. And I know it is there, too."

"But *how* do you know it?" asked Miss

Half reproachfully, Florry replied, "Because all that ask shall receive."

A few days after, and when Florry was much worse, her aunt said, "You have been very ill, my darling, to-night."

"Yes," she replied, with her bright smile, "but I am better now."

"Ah yes! you are better now, but you may be worse again. Suppose the Lord should take you away from us, are you happy to die?"

A little startled, she answered, "No, auntie, I should like to live a little longer yet; I do not think I am quite good enough to live with Jesus now."

"But you remember, my darling, what you told me the other day? That still holds good."

"Yes, auntie, but I want a good long talk with you."

No more talks did little Florence have with her aunt. The conversation was interrupted, and fits soon came on. After this, she looked on them all, as they stood around her bed, and exclaimed, "Oh, I am so happy; I am going to glory!" Seeing her dear aunt weeping, she said, "You really must not cry for me; I am going to glory;" and, putting up her fingers, wiped the tears from her aunt's eyes. Florry sent messages to her sisters and brothers, and thanked those around her for their kindness. Then she gradually sunk; but they heard her saying, "Blessed Jesus!—white robes! blood, *precious blood!* Himself—happy," and so she breathed her spirit into his bosom.

Dear children, in Florry's first account of how she knew, or thought she knew, that her name was written in the book of life, two things may be observed. First, she applied to herself, as a sinner, a promise made to the Lord's own people. Secondly, her confidence rested on the fact that she

had asked, and she believed the Lord would give what she had asked. No doubt there was true faith here; but it was so mixed up with something else, that when death came nearer, she was not quite happy to die, and wanted a long talk with Auntie. Instead of this, the Lord had evidently revealed Himself to her soul, and talked with her Himself; so that in her triumphant departure, it was Jesus Himself—his precious blood—and robes made white in that blood, that made her happy. It was neither her asking, nor her being quite good enough for Jesus, but that Jesus was quite good enough for her, and His blood precious enough to make her clean, and save her forever. May you know this precious Saviour, and know that He is yours.

Scripture Enigma.

Can you find me the name of a man who was blind,
Till healed by David's Son?

And of her who once showed she knew how to be
kind,

When the truth her heart had won?

And the name of the stones on which were 'graved,
'The names of Israel's tribes?

And the servant who feared the Lord and saved
One hundred prophets' lives?

And the king that had lived over thirty-seven years,
Ere he reigned from Zion's hill?

The first letters you take, and then plainly appears
What avails for sinners still. O. H. B.

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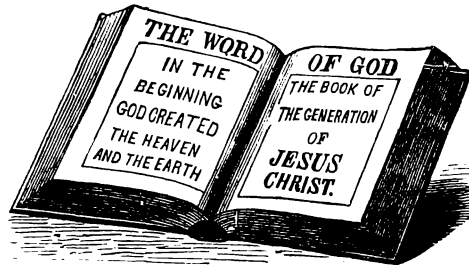
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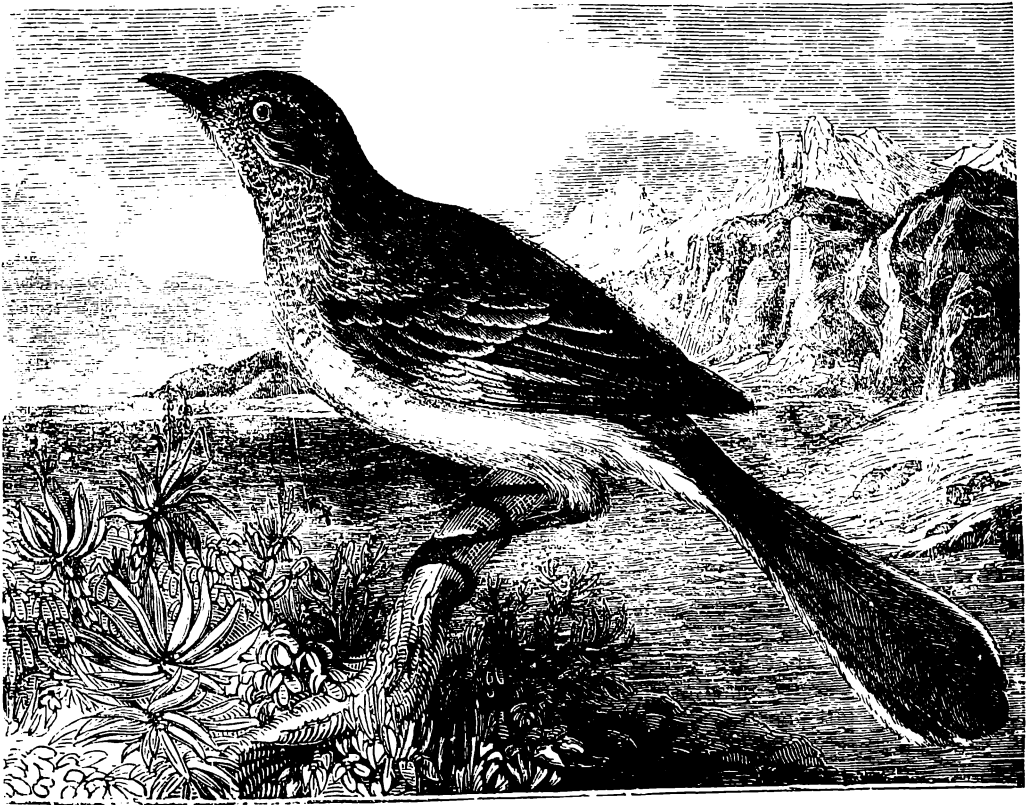
LITTLE ONES.

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

VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 12.



The Mocking Bird.



PERHAPS of all the feathered songsters the Mocking Bird is the most favored as regards its singing qualities. Its notes are so melodious that Audubon does not hesitate to rank them far above those of the Nightingale. In addition to

this it possesses the wonderful power of imitating perfectly the songs of other birds, and even the cries of some animals. It is found in the woods and groves of the Southern States. In passing through one of these groves you may hear the mellow whistle of the Red Bird, the call of the Jay, the mewing of the Cat Bird, the clear melody of the Wood Robin, the shrill cry of the Woodpecker, and also the clear sounds of "Whippoorwill" and "Bob White," and all proceeding from the greatest musician of Nature. Interspersed with these will be its own exquisite music notes.

In the northern part of the country we know the bird as caged rather than free. But even when confined it seems to be quite cheerful, and willing to give its prisoners its wonderful imitations and songs.

It has a peculiarly rich and melodious song of its own, which the male bird will sing as he sits on a limb not far off from the nest where the female is sitting to hatch her young.

In the day time it generally is occupied with the sounds around it, and falls into imitations rich and splendid, and sometimes stronger and sweeter than the original. But at night it leaves all this playing with the sounds of others, as if wearied with trifling, and bursts forth with its own grand and triumphant songs.

Is it not a splendid fellow, giving out all the time something to cheer every one, and flitting about with its wonderful spring, so quietly, as if not to interfere with its own music, that all may be made happier by his presence?

Could you not learn something from this? Are you forgetting yourself and making everybody more comfortable and happy wherever you are? We are each to seek, not our own but others' good. So did Christ, and so will they that are Christ's. But how? By being happy in Him.

And there is but one way for that. You must know yourselves saved by His blood in order to be happy in and with Him. This is in believing on Him. I know not of any way of being really of use according to God's mind, in this world, except by being His. Men apart from God all live unto themselves.

But I am a good deal interested in this

little songster's lesson about the difference between his day songs and his night songs. It seems to me I have known something like this elsewhere.

God's own children find that when they are out in the world among all its sounds and sights, the tendencies are to imitate them, to fall into the ways of men. You will find boys and girls who know better and really desire to follow the Lord Jesus; when they are in the presence of others—on exhibition as the mocking bird seems to think himself in the daytime—they are afraid to be like the Lord Jesus, but will go along with the foolish and evil things around them, imitating their companions. It is so easy to do this, is it not? But when we really turn to see that it is night, that God says so, that all the way of the world is darkness, and that they who believe are Christ's, and so are called children of the light and of the day, then the true song is brought out. We are not on exhibition any longer, but alone with God, and He draws out the sweetest, truest language of the heart. "He gives songs in the night."

It is a blessed thing to be kept in real cheerfulness and happiness, and that requires, while we are here, that we should be disciplined by trials and sorrows. The pleasantness that comes from easy circumstances here is only nature's amiability. I think I will give you this song which I have found. It seems like a song in the night:

"I know not if the dark or light
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

"It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

"Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

"One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

“He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fail ;
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

“Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this ;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.”

The Solemn Question.

HAVE you ever thought, my dear children, of measuring eternity, of conceiving it as a period of time which has no beginning, and which shall have no end ?

If you have not, may God in His grace lead you to think of it as He led a boy of my acquaintance several years ago.

As I thought you might like to hear his story, I will relate it to you as briefly as I can.

That boy had just left home to go and reside in a distant city of Southern Europe.

Free from parental control, and having not the fear of God, he plunged boldly into sin. Do not believe he was happy, however, for though the satisfaction of his lusts, whose slave he was, gave him momentary enjoyment, he was soon a prey to such wretchedness that thoughts of suicide began to haunt him more and more, so true is it that “there is no peace for the wicked.”

Although quite young, he had imbibed infidel notions, was a hater of those professing to serve God, and he used at times such profane language as to horrify all those who heard him.

One day, as he was walking alone, his thoughts took a serious turn ; eternity was the subject ; he tried hard to compass it, but he felt altogether his inability to measure with his finite intelligence what was really infinite, and he dropped the subject, which was far from pleasant to him, but which had presented itself to his mind in such a persistent way, that he had not been able to shake it off.

It was God Himself who was beginning to work in his soul, as you will see.

A few evenings afterward as he was returning quite late to his lodgings from the haunts of vice and dissipation, he heard, as if it were a voice, putting him this question :

“Were you to die to-night, where would your soul go ?”

“To hell for ever !” he had to answer.

His conscience had at last been roused to its utmost depth. He felt himself a lost sinner, undone and justly doomed by a holy God to an eternity of woe.

Fully realizing the peril of his situation, but hoping there might perhaps be a deliverance for him, he quickened his steps, ran up to his room, lit his lamp, took his Testament from the bottom of his trunk, and began eagerly to read it.

The more he read the worse he felt, until in his agony he dropped on his knees and cried to God for mercy.

He found peace that very night, and without any human instrumentality whatever, but he was led by the Holy Spirit, through the Scriptures, to believe that the Lord Jesus had borne his sins on the cross, and that though his sins were as red as scarlet they had been washed as white as snow in the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

And the following morning, when he went down to his breakfast, his heart was overflowing with peace, joy and praise, and he could not but speak to others of the great good God had done to his soul.

Now, my dear young children, let me in all love ask you the same question that was asked of this boy : “Were you to die to-night where would your soul go ?” To an eternity of bliss with the Lord and the redeemed, or to an eternity of woe with Satan and his angels ?

May you take the place of lost sinners before God, and believe that He so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believes on Him should not perish but have everlasting life (John iii. 16).

S. M. M.

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

- B-artimeus (Mark x. 46).
- L-ydia (Acts xvi. 14).
- O-nyx stones (Exodus xxviii. 9).
- O-badiab (1 Kings xviii. 4).
- D-avid (2 Sam. v. 4, 5).

Silvanus, mentioned in Thessalonians, and Silas in the Acts is the same person.



' The Vineyard Let Out to Husbandmen.

THERE was a certain householder who planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruit of it.

“And the husbandmen took the servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again he sent other servants more than the first, and they did unto them likewise.

“But last of all, he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son. But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and let us seize on the inheritance. And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him. When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen? They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons. Jesus said unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is to become the head of the corner, this is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes” (Math. xxi. 33-42).

This is the story as Christ gave it, and our picture represents “these wicked men” just ready to kill “the heir” who is coming to them. And who do you think the householder means? And who is this Son? You know, do you not, that it was God sending His Son, and that man rejected Him instead of giving Him anything, or doing anything for God, and then put Him to death.

What then could the Jews and the Gentiles—the world—deserve, but to be miserably destroyed?

But strange as it must ever be, according to all notions among men, in their way of dealing, God raised up His Son from the dead, and now sends word again to the world that forgiveness of sins and eternal life are given freely to those who will now believe on Him. Can anything exceed this? This is why it is such a joyous thing to know God, and talk about Him. In this is manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.

Yes, it is now to be life through and in Him. The old life is forfeited, that is doomed to death. But giving up that life to be “miserably destroyed,” we get a new life in Him—the Son—a life that shall last with Him in heaven forever.

And this is all done in believing in Jesus Christ who died. Thus it is that God wants us dead, so that none of the old sins and rejection of Christ shall be any more against us, but we shall have a new life, His own, and be His forever. “This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, *that you may know that ye have eternal life.*”

Oh children, how He longs for you, and how have we been trying to tell you of this love for the eight years that this little paper has been published. Some in that time have learned how precious Christ can be to their own hearts by believing on Him. Have you?

Now this publication is to cease until God shall provide the way of going on with it. It has been conducted only for Him, that His love might be told to the children, and their parents also. All that has been done by it is His. All the failure is ours. It has been a sweet service, and if it is further needed and He gives the means, can be taken up again. Until then its issue from this time is ended.

A FRUITFUL vineyard smiling lay,
And spread its clusters to the day :
A tower within, a wall around,
Secured the grape-empurpled ground.

The Householder had formed it, then
Had “let it out to husbandmen,”

And “for a long while” gone away,
In other lands far off to stay.

But when “the time of fruit” draws near,
His servants at the gate appear,
And claim their Master’s lawful share
Of all the produce ripened there.

But insults, blows and threats they meet,
And bruising stones for clusters sweet ;
Such bitter fruit alone is found
For the great Owner of the ground.

Yet still His patience was not spent :
His Son, His well-belov’d He sent.

But Him with wicked hands they slew,
And from the vineyard basely threw.

Ah ! living picture of the love
Which God has shown us from above :
How has he sent us “line on line,”
And wooed our souls with grace Divine.

But His great purpose shone most clear,
When JESUS, His own Son, drew near
And deigned “without the gate” to die,
That we might live eternally.

Bible Lessons about Trees.

THE VINE OF SODOM.



WE have read of Israel, the vine out of Egypt, and of Him who is the True Vine; we will now close this series by looking at that which is in contrast to both, the vine of Sodom.

It is but once mentioned in Scripture (Deut. xxxii. 32), where in speaking of the Gentiles God says, "Their vine is of the vine of Sodom and of the fields of Gomorrah, their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter." The expression, vine of Sodom, is popularly identified with the apples of Sodom, of which many strange tales have been told by historians—those

"Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips."

Several plants and trees have been noticed by naturalists as being perhaps the one referred to. One called by the Arabs the osher has a light, spongy bark, large leaves, large white blossoms, and bright yellow fruit. It bears flowers and fruit together, but the fruit on being touched bursts. Another is the chedek, which bears a brilliant red fruit, which contains black seeds. But the naturalist to whom I am indebted for this information concludes that the fruit alluded to is the Colocynth, and there seems no doubt but that he is right. The Colocynth "has long, straggling tendrils or runners like the vine, with a fruit fair to look at (of the size and color of the orange), but nauseous beyond description to the taste, and, when fully ripe, merely a quantity of dusty powder with the seeds inside of its beautiful orange rind. It is, moreover, abundant on the deserted shores [of the Dead Sea], and we did not notice it elsewhere."

What a plain lesson this teaches us of sin! "Their vine is as the vine of Sodom"—yes, all the fruit we bear, all we do, until we are born again, is, to God, but as these ashy fruits. And as the experiment of it proves, pleasures—those sins that look so fair to the eye—do indeed "turn to ashes on the lips." Perhaps some of my young readers do not think so yet. "No," they say, "pleasures

are nice." Well, those who will not learn it from God's word, will surely learn it by experience, and what if it is not learned until, like Sodom, they suffer "the vengeance of eternal fire"?

And there seems no doubt that the "wild gourd" mentioned in 2 Kings, 38-40, is this same Colocynth vine. "Elisha came again to Gilgal, and there was a dearth in the land. . . . And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds, his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage: for they knew them not. So they poured out for the men to eat; and it came to pass as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O, thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof."

How much that is like what many young people I know of (and old ones too) are doing: gathering things they know not, with the idea that it will be food for them, but they will at last find that they were but gathering the fruit of the vine of Sodom—they were but gathering death. And what are *you* gathering from? Are you feeding upon Christ? is He the fruit you enjoy and long for, or are you aiming for that which will surely in the end prove but ashes—death?

Well, what did these men do when they discovered their mistake? They cried out to the man of God, they told him the fact, "There is death in the pot." And thus will any sinner who has at last awakened to the fact that all that he had been gathering together, all he had been doing, was but sin. Brought to repentance he owns that he has been feeding on death, he is poisoned, and unless God delivers, he must perish.

But what did the man of God, Elisha, say? He said, "Then bring meal. And he cast it into the pot, and he said, Pour out for the people that they may eat. And there was no harm in the pot." He who alone can cure our death is, of course, the Lord Jesus Christ, He has borne death for us, in our stead. When I own my sins before God, He at once has a remedy, that which can make death harmless. It is He who "through death destroyed him that had the power of death," Jesus Christ—the One who was made to be sin for us that we might be the righteous.

ness of God in Him. When He is brought before the soul, there is a remedy for what sin has produced, and that which the fruit of the vine of Sodom never gives, though it promises—food.

C. H. B.

The Fruit of Grace.



YOU have probably heard of the wicked slave trade, how poor Africans were torn from their families by cruel slave hunters, and sold to large dealers on the coast, who shipped them to America to work on the sugar, coffee or cotton plantations.

Several boys of a village of Upper Guinea had gone to the neighboring forest to gather berries ; they were getting a good supply of them for their mothers, when they were pounced upon by some men who had been watching them for some time, and in spite of their cries and entreaties, they were forcibly carried to a boat, which sailed down the river until it reached the white settlements at its mouth.

They were landed, marched to a large wooden building on the bluffs, critically examined by the trader's assistants, and then confined with hundreds of others in a kind of shed surrounded by a high fence.

A few days later a ship hove in sight, and immediately the embarkation of the poor captives began. I will not relate the sufferings of the unfortunate blacks during the passage, which though severe when the slave trade was carried on openly, became a hundred times more terrible when the principal maritime powers of the world had declared slavers to be pirates.

At last one of the West India islands was sighted, and soon the living cargo was landed, housed in a large barracoon, and after a few days of rest, was offered for sale at public auction.

One of these boys, which we will call Jake, was with some other lads and girls knocked down to a planter, who took them the same day to his estate a few miles in the interior.

Though his master was not cruel, Jake found his lot very hard ; often big tears rolled down his dusky cheeks at the thought of his parents he would never see again, and then quickly followed a fit of anger with sup-

pressed threats of vengeance against the man who had kidnapped him, and who was no other than a close neighbor of his father.

Several years had elapsed ; Jake had become a young man, when a friend of his master came from England for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to these poor Africans. Constrained by the love of Christ, he spoke to them of the love of God who had not spared His only-begotten Son, but had freely given Him so that any one believing on Him might have eternal life.

God blessed His word for the conversion of several of the servants. Jake in particular was full of joy in believing the glad tidings, learned rapidly how to read the precious Word of God, and succeeded to win in such a manner the respect and confidence of his master that the latter made him a foreman and afterwards the overseer and manager of his estate.

Later, on a visit to England, he presented him with his free papers, but Jake would not leave his post. Not only was he attached to his earthly master and to his property, but his Master in heaven had appointed him to a stewardship among the saints in that locality, and he felt that his joy, his privilege and his duty were to stay where he was.

During his master's absence, having occasion to go to town on business, he visited the auction rooms where a lot of newly-arrived Africans were offered for sale. There was in that lot an old decrepit negro, who soon monopolized Jake's attention ; he thought he knew the old man, and speaking to him in the language of his own tribe which he had not forgotten, he soon was sure he was not mistaken. A few words passed between Jake and the dealer, and the old African was sold for a trifle to the former slave. Addressing his countryman in their native tongue, Jake told him to cheer up and come along with him, assuring him that he would be well treated. Stopping at the inn where his horse was, he had a good meal served to the old man, bought a serviceable suit of clothes for him, and on leaving town insisted on his mounting his horse, preferring, as he said, walking to riding.

On arriving at the plantation he was met by his wife, who asked him whether the stranger on the horse was his father ? " No,

he is not." "Is he your uncle, then?" "Not at all." "Who is he then, Jake?"

"Well, if you want to know who he is, he is the man who kidnapped me, and whom in the time of my ignorance I hated so intensely. Now, I have been praying for him for a long time, and the good Lord has heard me and brought him to this place."

"And what are you going to do with him?"

"Take care of him as if he were my own father, for is it not written 'Love your enemies, and if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head?'"

The story does not state whether the old negro was converted, but I should rather think that such a love from one he had so terribly wronged must have broken his heart.

Dear children, is it not what God has done to us? Has He not given His own Son to die for His enemies, for such we are declared to be by nature? May God bless this little story to your souls.

S. M. M.

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M. C.A.



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