

# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I. CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT. No. 1.



## THE PATHWAY.

There's a sweet little pathway that leads  
up to God,  
Where none but His own blessed people  
have trod ;  
Where the waters of life everlastingly flow  
By the pleasantest tracks that a sinner can  
go ;  
Every step of the way is with blood sprink-  
led o'er,  
The traces of One who has gone on before,  
To open the way.—Do you wish for the  
clue ?  
'Tis faith in a Saviour who suffered for you !  
There's an opposite way—'tis a terrible  
road,  
Which leads to destruction, to Satan's  
abode ;  
How vast is the multitude running therein,

Securely encased in the trammels of sin.  
Would you flee from the grasp of this vig-  
ilant foe,  
And God's blessed home and His liberty  
know ?  
Then look unto Christ ? who to save you  
has died ;  
For He is the way, and His Spirit's the  
guide !  
Not one who goes up from this valley of  
strife,  
And enters on faith's happy journey of life,  
But is freed from the burden of guilt and  
remorse,  
For He leaves all his load at the foot of  
the cross.  
A crucified Christ, who has put away sin,  
Is the title by which a poor sinner's brought  
in  
To the path which the Lord has marked  
out for His own,  
Which begins at the cross and leads up to  
the throne !

## MISS GOODENOUGH.

Will you have a tract, my good  
woman ? said my companion, as  
we were walking through a vil-  
lage on our way home one bright  
morning in autumn.

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

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

'There in that row of houses, No. 4. You'll find her at home, busy enough, I warrant, and singing like a lark.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We found it difficult to keep our countenances at the way in which she expressed her good opinion of herself. 'And are there any more girls like yourself round here?' we asked.

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

'Are there any BAD girls or boys then? because those are the ones we want to see.'



'Yes, plenty o' them.'

'Can you tell me who Jesus died for?'

'For good religious people, to be sure.'

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

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

'I thought it said that Jesus died for SINNERS, my little girl.'

We talked a little longer, telling her the wondrous story of the cross of Christ; but she maintained her ground. Poor child, those who puffed her up with her good qualities were most to blame. I suppose she was all that she said; and there was something about the girl that one could not help liking; and I trust our conversation and the little books we left were blessed to her, and led her to see what a sinner she was before God, and that she needed to be washed in the blood of Jesus if she was to be saved.— We asked her to read the 3rd of Romans.

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

How different it was in the

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

A christian, wishing to see if she knew her sinfulness, said to her: 'But are you good enough to go to heaven?'

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

'But you have no goodness,' said he.

'Indeed I have, sir,' she answered.

'And where is your goodness?' asked he.

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

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

May you, dear young reader, find in Him salvation, life, peace, joy, and goodness through faith in His name.

A boy was found out telling a lie. His father, after speaking solemnly to him on the sin of lying, flogged him. On being left alone that boy fell on his knees to confess his sin to God, and he thanked God for giving him a father who punished him for his sin.



## FAITH.

'Heave me up,' said Frances, the gardener's little daughter, as we came along a dark passage to the top of the back stairs.— 'Heave me up,' she repeated in a crying voice; 'and mind you don't fall.'

She knew her tiny feet could not find the steep steps in the darkness as well as mine would and, unconsciously perhaps, she learned at that moment what it was to have no confidence in herself. She trusted to me now; and though clinging tightly to my neck, she counted on my strength to carry her safely.— She could not see the way, but she believed that I knew it; and this was FAITH.

Have you learned this lesson as Frances did? Have you at last given up all hope of helping yourself to get to heaven, and found out the meaning of these words, 'He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in His bosom?'—

If so, you are a happy child indeed; happy because of the love of Him who gave his life that He might be able to carry you safely to glory. But let us never forget what it COST the Lord Jesus, when we thank Him for bringing us out of darkness, so near to Himself. Let

us never think lightly of those years spent in the midst of sin and sorrow, and those awful hours of darkness HE passed through on the cross, when all forsook Him and fled; while God who before had said, 'This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' had then to hide His face from Him because of OUR sins.

And all this He bore for our sakes, that He might be able to bring poor sinners who put their trust in Him now, into the light where God is, so that even a little child who has believed in Him and is thus cleansed in His blood, can now look up and say, 'Abba, Father.'

Do you think I let Frances fall, as I carried her in the dark? Ah, no! I held her fast in my arms until I could set her down in safety to run to her mother. So Jesus says of His sheep and lambs, 'Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.' You are safer and happier there than you can be anywhere else; for you know it says in God's Word, 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.'

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"My son, walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path."



REST FOR A CHILD.

A child would sooner believe what its father or mother says than anyone else in the world, and parents who love their children will not deceive them. A child learns to have confidence in them from its birth, and never calls their love in question.

A little boy woke up one night and finding all was dark around him, was frightened, and began to cry, but his father heard him and went to his bedside, spoke a few soothing words to him and kissed him, when his fears were all gone—it was all right—father was there! He saw no one, but he heard his father's voice, he felt his father's kiss, and he well knew that some one who loved him was looking after him and caring for him, and his tears dried up, and he soon went to sleep again. His little heart was at rest because the one who loved him was there.

And Jesus gives rest, when with the faith of a little child we believe in Him, and trust His loving care.

It says in the tenth of Romans, 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.'—Little Friend.

This is a faithful saying, and WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15.

THE LADDER OF MERCY.

Dear little boy or girl, do you know what a ladder is? Well, I'm going to tell you of a ladder—a very, very long one—the longest ladder that was ever seen—stretching all the way from earth to heaven. It rested on the earth, and its top reached to heaven. Can you tell me where we read about this ladder? I will tell you. It is in Genesis 28, 10 to 22.

Jacob saw this wonderful ladder. He had left home for fear of his brother Esau, who was very, very angry at him, and he came to a place called Luz.—There were no houses there, so Jacob had no bed to lie on, and when it got dark he had just to lie down and sleep where he was, and as he had no pillow he took a stone to rest his head on. As he was sleeping "he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it, and, behold, the Lord stood above it."

Do you know that God has set up a ladder, reaching up to heaven; not one for angels to go up and down on, like the one Jacob saw. God's ladder is for sinners, for little boys and girls,



and for men and women. How can any one get to heaven?—How can a dear little one get to God? You cannot climb to heaven, and you know, when Adam and Eve sinned in the garden of Eden, that God had to shut the door of heaven, for He is holy. "The wages of sin is death." God said He would punish sin. He must punish sin because He has said it, and because He is so holy that sinners can't be where He is unless their sins be put away.

Jesus has come from God to sinners—from heaven to earth—to tell us that "God is love," and to open the door of heaven to us. But, perhaps some one may say, "how can Jesus do this if the sinner is not punished? Well, my answer is, Jesus has been punished. He suffered on the cross because of our sin. He was crucified by wicked men, and was in great agony on the cross, for God put our sins on the blessed head of His own dear Son, and there on the cross, for all who believe, God judged His Son, made Him to suffer, bleed and die.

Now, God can open the door of heaven, and has opened it very wide—wide enough to let in the greatest sinner that lives, and set up a ladder on the earth reaching to Himself. But, per-

haps you ask, 'Who is God's ladder?' It is the blessed Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Christ is God's ladder. Christ is the 'way' to God. Prayer is not the ladder. Being good is not the ladder. Going to church, chapel or meeting is not God's ladder. Are you trying to make a ladder that will reach all the way to heaven? O, how foolish!

A great many people are setting up ladders on the earth, but they are all too short—not one of them reaches to God.—The ladder that Jacob saw in his dream was not too short.—It reached to heaven, and the 'Lord stood above it.' So God's ladder, for poor sinners, which He has set on earth, is not too short; it reaches to heaven and God stands above it. This ladder can't break. God is above it to give you a welcome, dear child, to show you heaven where He is. Do put your feet upon it; don't be afraid; it won't give way.

I once heard of a dear boy who had his leg cut off by the surgeon. A very heavy piece of iron had fallen upon it, and crushed it very bad, and so the doctor said the leg must come off. The little boy could hardly speak, so great was the pain but sometimes he would say,



when the intense pain would let him :

Glory to God, Christ died on the tree,  
To set up a ladder of mercy for me.

The dear little fellow loved Jesus very dearly, and when his wounds were dressed although suffering very much, he would always repeat the two lines above quoted.

This lamb of Jesus' flock lived quite a number of years after, but never forgot the verse he used to repeat when his leg was being cut off, and his dreadful wounds dressed.

A little boy called George, was one day reading about Jacob's ladder, and told his mamma that he would like if Jacob would lend him his ladder, as he wanted to get up to heaven; but surely little George did not know that Jacob's ladder was only for the angels to go on, while God's ladder is for everybody, men and women, boys and girls.

May you, dear reader, get upon God's ladder! Look to Jesus—believe on Jesus and be saved.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," are the blessed words of the Lord Jesus. Have you found rest in Him?

Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

Jesus bids us shine,  
With a pure, clear light,  
Like a little candle  
Burning in the night.  
In a world of darkness  
There we are to shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

There was a little girl eight years old who loved the Lord Jesus and delighted to teach other children to read and bring them to Jesus. She was asked how it was that she loved the Lord Jesus whom she had never seen. Her answer was, 'He loved me first, and died for me on the cross, that I might live.' And then because she loved the One who died for her, she delighted to work for Him.

Jesus says, "In My Father's house are many mansions."

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A Monthly Periodical is published by Thomas Somerville, containing true stories, and articles principally contributed and selected, the object being for the glory of the Lord Jesus in the conversion of sinners, and the comfort and edification of the children of God. Terms and address same as "Sunlight for the Young."

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# THE GREAT SALVATION.

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O wonderful Redemption !  
GOD'S REMEDY FOR SIN !  
The door of Heaven is open,  
And YOU may enter in !

For God released our "Surety,"  
To show the work was done ;  
And Jesus' resurrection  
Declares the victory won !

And now He has ascended,  
And sits upon the Throne,  
"To be a Prince and Saviour,"  
And claim us for His own.

Do you at heart believe it,  
Do you believe it's true,  
And meant for every sinner,  
And therefore meant for you.

Then take this "Great Salvation."  
For Jesus loves to give ;  
Believe, and you receive it,  
Believe, and you shall live,

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

"Jesus said unto them, I am the bread  
of life: he that cometh to Me shall never  
hunger; and he that believeth on Me  
shall never thirst."



# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Vol. I. CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT. No. 2.

## GOD DELIGHTS IN GIVING.

Oh! how God delights in giving  
Little, helpless one, to thee!  
Every moment that you're living,  
Some kind gift from Him you see.  
All the care, so fond, so tender;  
All the love which round you flows;  
He makes loving hearts to render—  
For your constant need He knows.

But no mother's fond caresses,  
Of His mighty love can tell;  
No one God's own heart expresses  
But the Son He loves so well;  
He who left His home of glory,  
Where His Father's heart He knew,  
Came down here to tell the story  
Of His Father's love to you.

All that God loved best He gave you—  
Jesus, all He had, gave too;  
Laid His birthright down to save you,  
Now that birthright shares with you.  
For He's sitting in the glory,  
All His Father's grace to give,  
IF YOU WILL BELIEVE THE STORY.  
That He died that you might live.

Here, by living and by dying,  
Jesus told God's love, and died;  
Wicked men, His love denying,  
Would not listen—turned aside.  
They, like Esau—O sad story!  
Threw God's precious gift away;  
That same Jesus, now in glory,  
Is God's gift to you this day.

## THE LITTLE SINGER.

On a cold, wet night, two gentlemen took refuge from the storm in a public coffee room. When about to leave, they heard the sweet voice of a little child at the door. She was singing, although both cold and wet.—One of the gentlemen kindly and gently took the little girl into the room. She looked up surprised, being more accustomed to rough words and even blows.

'What do you sing?' asked the gentleman.

'I sing you Italian, or little English,' she said softly.

The gentleman had been looking at her shoes. 'Why,' he said, 'your feet are wet to the ankles. Your shoes are full of holes.'

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hair, and folding her little thin



hands. The trembling voice sang so sweetly, and with such affecting simplicity, that several who heard were deeply moved. The little hymn was one well known—

"There is a happy land,  
Not far away."

When done, she turned her eyes, wet with tears—for she was wet, cold and hungry—to the kind gentleman.

'Look here, child, where did you learn that song?' he asked.

'In Sunday-school,' was the answer.

'And do you know there is a happy land?' he enquired.

'I know there is; I'm going to sing there,' she said, quietly and firmly.

'Going to sing there?'

'Yes, sir; my mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick. Then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on the earth, but up in heaven.'

'Well, and what then?'

'And then she died, sir,' and the tears ran fast down her cheeks at the remembrance of her dear mother.

The gentleman was silent for a few moments, then he said,

'Well, if your mother died, my little girl, you may live you know.'

'O no, sir! no, sir! I'd

rather go up there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won't be any pain up there, sir, it's a beautiful world.'

'How do you know?'

'My mother told me so.'

All in the room pitied her, and some money was made up and given to the little one.—The gentleman got a pair of shoes for her; warmed, fed and clothed her, and then took her to her home. Her father was a poor organ-grinder, and was very sick, and unable to go out and play his organ as usual.—The gentleman took the hand of the little child, and went to her house, which was a very poor one.

'O father! father! see what I have brought you. Look at me!' and the child ran crying and laughing into her father's arms.

'Did he give you all this, my child?'

'They all did, father. Now, you shall have soup and oranges.'

'Thank you, sir. I'm sick, you see—all gone, sir—had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve; so God bless you.'

'I will come again and see you some other time,' said the gentleman, and left.



Shortly after, the gentleman again called upon our young friend, feeling deeply interested in the little girl. In going up stairs, he met two or three men carrying a plain coffin. In it was the organ-grinder, being carried to his grave.

'It was very sudden, sir,' said a woman. 'Yesterday the little girl took sick; and the poor man died at six last night.'

The gentleman went up stairs to the little sufferer, who at once knew him.

'Well, my little one, so you are no better?'

'Oh, no, sir; father is gone up there, and I am going too.'

'I wish I could sing for you,' she said.

'Do you wish to sing?'

'Oh, so much, but it hurts me. It wont hurt me up there, will it?'

And the dear child gazed above, as if she could see into those bright regions.

'Good Jesus,' she murmured,

'I want to get away,' she said.

'I used to be so cold in the long winters, for we didn't have fire sometimes; but mother used to hug me close and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way; but some were kind to

me. Mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me, and said the Saviour loved me; and so I trust Him, and He will give me a better home. And oh I shall sing there, and be so happy.— Oh, I feel so sleepy.'

With a little sigh, she closed her eyes. The doctor came in, and he shook his head. She was dying.

Presently her hands moved, and her eyes turned UP THERE, and sweetly and gently she passed away.

Dear children, will the little Italian singer sing again sweet hymns of praise to Jesus? She will; and when Jesus comes to take away from the world all who love Him, the little songster will be among the happy company. Oh, what a meeting that will be! All who ever loved Jesus, and all who will be alive when He comes, whose hearts have been drawn to Him will be in the glory with Him forever. Will you be there?

Jesus is the 'Water of Life,' and whosoever believeth in Him drinks of that water to the refreshing and joy of their soul.

Oh, dear unsaved one, 'If thou knewest the Gift of God,' your soul would be saved and your sins forgiven and you would be truly happy.



A little child of seven,  
Or even three or four,  
May learn the way to heaven,  
Through Christ the open door.

And when the heart believeth  
The precious word of God,  
'Tis then the heart receiveth  
Salvation through the blood.

### HOPING AND HAVING.

Two boys were lying side by side in an hospital; a visitor asked one of them, 'Are you saved?' He answered, that he hoped some day he would be. Then, turning to the other bed, the visitor asked the same question. The boy lying there, with a bright look and cheerful voice replied:

I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary and worn and sad—  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

Is yours a hope to be saved? Is the world between you and Christ? Or are you like the boy, the second spoken to, who came to Jesus, the living Saviour, just as he was? He had proved that His word is true, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'

Oh, try that selfsame love. You may prove its sweetness in your own soul. Keep not back from Jesus. Your happiness for eternity depends upon your coming to Him, of whom, in pain, and upon the bed of sickness, the young believer

said, 'He hath made me glad.'  
—H. A. Faithful Words.

### JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

If you are really concerned about the salvation of your soul and want to be freed from the judgment to which it is exposed, then I want to tell you something that will let God's true sunlight right into your soul. It is this, and isn't it glad tidings, that salvation is God's FREE GIFT, in and by, and through the Lord Jesus Christ.

And you get your soul saved not by doing anything to help but by trusting God—not by doing what people call good works, but by believing what God has said. It is God who tells us this, for in Romans 4th chap. 5th verse it says 'to him that worketh not but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.'

If you have a dollar bill, in itself it is just a piece of paper with some words and pictures on it, but because of the banker who has sent it out with his name on it, it is worth the dollar it stands for, so faith gets all its value from Him with whom it is connected, is counted for righteousness to the sinner who trusts in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is saved, and that



too 'for ever,' Hebrews 10, 14, not by virtue of believing, but by virtue of what he believes.

### A STORM ON LAKE ONTARIO.

A Letter written to a Little Girl, by her Friend.

I went down to B. in the yacht 'Lapwing' with plenty to eat on board. While we were on our way, a big squall came up and we locked some of those who were with us in the cabin, and furlled all our sails but one little one, and then we went faster than we ever went before. Our yacht is a pretty big one and the waves were so high that a lot of them went right over her, but none could get in because we had all the cabin doors and windows locked. The wind blew so hard that we had to hold on to keep it from blowing us into the water. The rain came down so fast and in such big drops that it hurt like a lot of hard peas. The boat was tossed about so that those who were lying on the sofas in the cabin had to hold on with all their might to keep themselves from being thrown all around the cabin.

Now don't you think this was very like the storm the disciples were in in the ship when Jesus was asleep; and they were so

frightened because they did not know that Jesus was able to make it stop, and that He knew all about them and would not let it hurt them, and they had to wake Him up and ask Him if He did not care if they were drowned. And then He got up and said, 'Peace, be still.'

So we were not a bit frightened, because we knew that He was with us and would keep us safe, and that He knew all about it, for now He does not 'slumber or sleep' but watches over His own continually.' So we just waited for Him to say, 'Peace, be still,' and He soon said it, and everything was quite quiet again, and we saw a beautiful rainbow and sunset; and then we got a nice breeze that took us quite fast on our way. So we hoisted all our other sails and let the rest up from the cabin and had a good tea, and got to B. by six next morning. We had a nice sail that night in the moonlight. We took turns steering while the rest slept.

Now then, my little friend, I am going to send you a little book; you'll get it soon. And like you, I would like Jesus to come now and take us away to be with Himself in glory. But while He is away He wants us to be like Him, so good, meek, kind and gentle, and then peo-



ple will know what a good Saviour we have got, and they will come to Him to be washed in His precious blood and have Him for their Shepherd and Lord.

Now dear little B., good bye. If I don't see you here on earth again, I will see you in heaven with Jesus. G. B. J.

### A WALK WITH UNCLE.

'Let us go by the mill stream. I do like to see the fish jumping about as the stream runs from the wheel.'

'Very well, Harry; we will go that way if you wish.'

Harry was a little boy eight years old, who was fond of having a nice stroll with uncle along the country roads, or through the flower-covered meadows.— And nice little chit-chats they were.

'What a pretty place that is, uncle,' said Harry, pointing to a house that was surrounded with trees and shrubs, over whose sides the ivy and the Virginian creeper and roses and sweet pea seemed to be trying their hardest to cover.

'Yes, Harry; and I always look on that house with pleasure, for when I was a little boy I used to go there every now and then, for a dear old christian lived there, and he liked some

of us boys from the school to visit him, and many a little book his dear wife would give us, and in fruit time a pocket full of apples. I do believe he loved us children.

But he had a son who was a cripple, and during his illness God led him to see what a sinner he was, and what a Saviour Jesus was, and he believed what God said, and was happy, and then he wanted to be a little glow-worm for Jesus.

When he was a little better he used to come to Sunday-school, and after the lessons were over he would speak to us, or read some good book out of which he hoped to teach us the way to heaven. Through that dear young man I was saved. Do you think I ought to be quite sure I am saved, Harry?'

'Yes, uncle, because Jesus says, 'I give unto my sheep eternal life and they shall never perish.' John x.

'That's it, my boy; and lots of other verses speak of the safety of every believer in Christ.

Now, here we are at the mill. Seethe splashing, dashing stream running out from under the mill, spreading its foam across and a long way down the stream.'

'This is where you used to play when you were a little boy, uncle.'



'Yes, it seems to run on just the same as it did forty years ago. After school hours we used to fish a little lower down the stream. I remember one afternoon—it was a half holiday—three or four of us were standing up here close to the dashing stream with our rods, trying to catch some fish, when one of the boys who was looking down into the water overbalanced himself, and fell headlong into the rapid stream. We all screamed you may be sure, but before any one could come to his help, he was carried by the force of the water some distance down the stream into a shallow part, and there he was taken out. Fortunately his father's house was close by, and in a little time he was brought round. We were afraid he was drowned.'

'I should think he didn't go close to the mill stream again, did he, uncle?'

'Likely he did not for a time; but he was a bold little boy, and since then he has enlisted as a soldier, and been at the wars. But I don't think he is a soldier of Christ, and using His sword. You know what I mean.'

'Yes, uncle; we were reading about it the other day in the last chapter of Ephesians, where it speaks about the armour, and in the fourth of Hebrews where

it speaks about the sword.'

'I am glad you remember the verses. I hope you will be a little soldier for Jesus.'

But see, there's grandmother looking out of her cottage for us, wondering what has become of us.'

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Jesus is the 'Bread of Life,' and He says, 'He that eateth of this Bread shall live for ever,' and again, 'He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.' Do you feed upon Him; does your soul delight in Him?

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He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. John iii. 36.

Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' John vi. 47.

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"God is Light. God is LOVE."

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"SUNLIGHT FOR THE YOUNG,"

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## “THE LIGHT OF LIFE.”

Who did blind Bartimeus see first when his eyes were opened? It was Jesus, his best friend, his Saviour. Jesus, chiefest of ten thousand and altogether lovely. The first object which the light of the sun enabled him to see was that dear face. The eyes of Jesus looked kindly into his eyes which were wide open and radiant with joy.

Well might he forget everyone else when Jesus was before him. In heaven itself all eyes are turned to Him. In heaven they need no sun nor moon, for He who is the Brightness of the Father's glory is the light thereof.

Jesus said while here, “I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of Life.”

Brightness of eternal glory,

Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?

Who would hush the boundless story

Of the One who came to die?



# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT.

No. 3.

## "I'M HER CHILD."

Little child, why all the day  
Does your mother near you stay ?  
When you call, so quick to see  
What your little wants may be ?  
"Why?" the dear one doth reply,  
"I'M HER CHILD, and that is why.  
I belong to none beside,  
Should you search the world so wide.  
When I'm happy, she is glad,  
If I weep, it makes her sad ;  
She is my own mother dear—  
This is why she keeps so near."

True, dear child, now hark to me,  
And another answer see :  
God has made her love you so,  
That you might His own love know.  
Little ones His love shall find  
Than a mother's love more kind,  
"Why?" you ask. I'll tell you why :  
Jesus for His lambs did die.  
Jesus is God's child, you know,  
And His Father loved Him so ;  
Yet in love for such as we,  
Bade Him die upon the tree.

## THE MAN THAT PAID.

A lady, wandering along the sea-coast of an English watering place, observed a boy intently gazing up at a small space between the clouds. Going up to

him she said, 'What are you looking at, my boy?' The lad made no answer. 'Boy, boy,' said she, shaking him gently by the sleeve, 'what are you doing?' The boy sighed, rubbed his eyes, shaded them, looked up again, and said with earnestness, 'Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God.' The clouds closed, and, as if to comfort himself for the disappointment, he said in a more cheerful tone, 'Matt shall see God some day.'

Just then a little girl ran out of a cottage, calling out, 'Matt, come home; dinner is ready.' The lady followed, and being asked to walk in, she learned that Matt was a half-witted orphan boy, about thirteen years of age, living with an aunt and grandfather.

After this she often called, and one day found the old man ill. A clergyman came in, and read the 18th of Matthew. When



he came to the parable of the 'King that would take account of his servants,' Matt's attention became riveted. When he had finished, Matt turned to him earnestly, saying, 'Parson, read some more.' Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus: 'A great king said' (and in speaking he pointed upwards,) 'Bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence—A GREAT MANY, A GREAT MANY! And he had no pence to pay; and the king said, he shall be put in prison, and never come out till all the money is paid.'

The tears trickled down the poor boy's cheeks; his face showed great alarm, and running to the beach, he threw himself down and wept piteously.

The next day the lady found him again as usual looking up; and not until she noticed him did he notice her.

'What is Matt doing?' she asked.

'Matt was talking to God,' he replied.

'What did poor Matt say?'

The boy, joining hands, looked, up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, and said, 'Good God, Matt has no money to pay!'

And then, shaking his head, he told her, with the deepest emotion, that he was going to be put in prison—God was going to put Matt in prison.

The lady, taking both his hands, to fix his attention, said cheerfully, 'Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt. God will not put Matt in prison now.—Jesus Christ has paid all for Matt.'

A long time did Matt sit in the shelter of a boat SILENT; at length he arose, walked a few paces, and lifting his arms and face to heaven, cried out in a loud, clear voice,—

'Man that paid—man that paid—Matt says, thank you, thank you!'

The grandfather died, and Matt was told that he went to God, and that God would soon send for him also. This took such possession of Matt's mind that he would ask for his new cap, and have his hands washed, that he might be ready when God would send for him. 'God will send for Matt some day,' he said softly; 'perhaps it will be to-day, and Matt must be ready; Matt must ALWAYS be ready.'

One day he asked the lady what kind of a place it was that God would take him to.

'It is never cold there,' she



said ; ‘ no one will be hungry or sick.’

‘ Will any one beat me there?’

‘ No, God will take care of Matt.’

A time of trouble came : his aunt died ; and poor Matt was found, one cold snowy morning, nearly frozen to death in a cave, his voice uttering these words :

‘ Matt shall see God some day, and never be cold anymore. God ! God ! and Man that paid ! O take poor Matt away.’

The young person who found him ran for assistance, but before he was removed, the spirit had passed away.

Happy Matt ! Yes dear young reader, the poor half-witted boy was happy, for he had laid hold upon the Gospel message, that Jesus paid the debt of sin.

The man that paid the costly price of ransom for the prisoner was THE SON OF GOD. Jesus was BOUND—SCOURGED—CRUCIFIED. He died for sinners. O dear young reader, will you not, like poor Matt, receive this blessed, peace-giving truth ?— Will you not give the Lord Jesus the glory of being YOUR Saviour ? Will you not come and taste the joy of a present salvation ? and then you will be able to look forward and upward with delight to the time when you will also be taken home some day.

## THE HIDING PLACE.

There may be many ways in which the blessedness of faith in the Lord Jesus is known, but I question if any way is more striking than the difference between hiding ourselves away from God, as Adam did in the garden after he had sinned, and hiding ourselves in God, ‘ Thou art my hiding place.’

What a thought it is, that God should present Himself, as He does in the gospel of His grace, as THE ONLY REFUGE for a sinner ; as the One alone who is able to take his part, and can effectually do it. Is not this one blessed aspect of the glory of God ? He makes all His goodness to pass before us, and proclaims His own name as just, yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus—the only God—because He is a just God and a Saviour ; and has thus given His challenge that there is no God beside Him ; because He is a Saviour God. There is a refuge from the accusations of Satan—from the frowns of the world—from that which is more bitter than either, self-condemnation ; and this refuge is God Himself. He has laid Himself out to us as the Depository of our every woe, the Sympathiser with our every care, the One



who pitieth every infirmity, the patient Listener to every complaint we have to make against ourselves.

'Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you REST.'

I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

Oh, I am happy, full of praise,  
For I have found a Friend;  
His heart is love, His precious ways  
Of kindness never end.

I love Him, for He first loved me;  
He told me thou art Mine;  
And I through all eternity  
Shall in His likeness shine.

Should trouble be my portion here,  
This friend is near at hand,  
To soothe my heart and bid me cheer,  
Through all this weary land.

Oh, would you know His precious Name,  
'Tis written in God's word;  
To-day and evermore the same,  
'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord.

Receive Him in your grateful heart,  
And He will ever stay;  
If once your Friend, He'll ne'er depart,  
Nor let you go away.

"I WAS ONE OF THEM."

A little girl in my class was asked one day to write down what she knew about the Lord Jesus, and she wrote down a list of things she knew about Him, and about the middle of her list she had the following: 'Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, AND I WAS ONE OF THEM.'

Can you say this, my dear

young reader? Although young she knew that Jesus had come to save her. Do you know it? And how did she know it?—Simply because she believed what the Lord had said about her, that she was lost. And she believed that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, and she was one of them.

Faithful Words.

THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

Willie Lawrence lived with his grandmother in a pretty little cottage on the borders of a park in Sussex. As soon as he left school he got work as a telegraph boy in the post office of a town close by.

I have watched him from my window as he went to his work, with a light heart and quick steps; and he had a kind word for the boy who had taken his cows to the brook for a drink.

He had early found the Lord; or rather, had been found by Him, and 'sat under His shadow with great delight.' All who knew him were thankful for the bright way in which he shone for Christ in his own simple way. As a little telegraph boy I knew him at first, and the next time I was so glad to find he had received a telegram (so to speak) from heaven. It required an



immediate answer, and he was not long in returning it in child-like faith, ‘Lord, I do believe.’ The word went home to his young heart in saving power, and he went on his way rejoicing. Loving hearts there were to speak a word of counsel, and to instruct him, and very sweet and pleasant was the intercourse between those who had borne the yoke for many years and him who had just taken it in his youth.

By and by he was made a letter-carrier and had a higher salary, and it gave him much joy to help his grandmother.

As a young letter carrier he was often the bearer of glad tidings to others, and he himself had received a letter of divine importance, in which he read as to himself, the words, ‘Little children, I write unto you because your sins are forgiven you for His name’s sake.’ And he believed it, and it helped him to go on his way rejoicing.

But ere the flower had scarce opened it was to be cut down or rather gathered for another scene. Peculiar to the disease which was bearing him on towards the grave, hope and fear arose.—What I wanted to do, and in the gentlest way possible, was to get him to look the fact in the face; aye, and to look death in the

face, too, and to see by the light of God’s word that there was not a shade of terror nor a bit of sting. And this he did, the Lord graciously leading his heart on in the knowledge of His love—the love that would never fail him.

So the dear young man only nineteen years of age, was led on by the Lord step by step till he could look forward with joy that the time of his departure was at hand—and say, ‘to depart and be with Christ is far better,’ as one whose hopes and joys, thoughts and affections, were packed up and gone before. And when the time came for him to go he was both ready and willing. And the dear aged grandmother, to whom he had been so attached, is left to mourn the love as well as the communion with her dear boy; but her night of weeping will soon be turned into a morning of rejoicing.

Like the little letter-carrier who received the message and sent back the happy answer, gladdening the heart of the Lord, do you also rejoice his heart by accepting the gift of eternal life, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; for, whoever you are, the word says, ‘unto you is the word of this salvation sent.’

At his funeral there were a



great number of youths, for dear Willie was much beloved both in the post-office and by the boys of the town. I trust those young people felt how uncertain life is, and how awful it must be to die unsaved. To the one they saw buried in the cold grave death had no sting, and the grave no terrors. It was only the body that was put there till the resurrection morning; the spirit was with Christ.

When Jesus comes He will not forget where Willie's body sleeps, but will raise it again.

Dear reader, you may be in health and strength now, but you cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Let me intreat you to accept Christ as your Saviour to-day, and you shall be saved. And then it will be your joy to serve Him and to wait for His coming to take you to Himself.

#### THE LITTLE BURMAN.

Some time ago a missionary went to the far East and toiled and prayed for the good news of salvation to be received by the poor ignorant people that surrounded him. One day a little boy in his school came to him and asked that he might read the Bible ALL the next day, instead of learning his usual lessons.

'Why,' asked the kind-hearted missionary, 'do you wish to read the Scriptures?'

'In order to become a disciple,' answered the dear little boy.

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

'I do,' the child replied, 'because young people die as well as others; and if I should die without becoming a christian, I should go to hell; but if I become a christian, I have nothing to fear.'

'What sins have you done?' asked the missionary, when the dear boy replied,

'I have neglected the true God, who has kept me by night and by day, and who has fed and clothed me all my life, and I, notwithstanding, have worshipped false gods.'

Oh, what a touching answer, dear young reader, from a little heathen boy! His greatest sorrow was not about lying or theft or disobedience, but that he had 'NEGLECTED THE TRUE GOD.'—Alas, how many thousands of boys and girls in this gospel land are daily committing this great sin, without thinking it a sin at all! God, who has given them life, and food, and raiment, and loving parents, is quite forgotten by them; and I know right well that Satan would give a hundred



toys to shut that gracious, loving God out of their thoughts and hearts.

But life, and food, and raiment are not all that God has given—He has shown His love by a far greater gift than these, even the gift of His own well-beloved Son. For sin came into this world, and death by sin, and so God in grace gave Jesus from that bright heaven above to come down here and die for us. And was not that a great gift? And would you dear reader like to forget the Giver of such a gift, and live day after day neglecting such a One? Ah, no! will you reply? If God has loved me with such a love I would forget Him no longer.—How true the words of the little Burman scholar, 'Young people are exposed to death as well as others!' and if you die in your sins, Jesus has said, 'Where I am you CANNOT come.'

Would not my young reader love to spend that long, long eternity with the Lord Jesus—to sing the new song, to be in the Father's home, to share His smile for ever and for ever?—Oh, that bright, blessed, glorious HOME. I am sure you would all love that, and there is but one way of securing all that blessedness; the way the dying thief got it, and went that same

day into paradise; the way every ransomed soul has secured it since that memorable day; and the way in which my dear young reader may get it even now, and that is, by resting in simple faith upon God's own testimony given to us in 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4, that 'Jesus died for OUR SINS, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again, according to the Scriptures.'

Is there some little voice asks, 'And is that all I have to do to make this GREAT SALVATION mine?' Yes, that is all. Jesus has left nothing else for you to do, for upon the cross He said, 'IT IS FINISHED.' John xix. 30.—And if He finished the work, none can add anything more.—It is now but for you to accept, as the gift of God, and give all the glory to Him, for He is worthy.

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## “COME UNTO ME.”

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While the Lord Jesus was here on this earth He called to men everywhere, saying, If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink. He preached in the temple, in the synagogues, in the street, on the mountain, on the sea shore, walking by the way, at meals, by Jacob's well at noon. All moved His pity, and none were sent empty away. And He is the very same loving Saviour to-day, although now the glorified Man at God's right hand.

Listen to the loving words coming from His lips : “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you REST. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find REST unto your soul. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.” “Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” “I am the door ; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.” “I am the Good Shepherd ; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. My sheep hear MY voice, and I know them and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life.”

“I will give you rest.”



# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT.

No. 4.

None, none but Christ can satisfy,  
None other name for me !  
There's life, and love, and lasting joy,  
My Lord, in only Thee.

## THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

The little one lay dying. His mother saw him fading day by day, yet could not give him up. 'Mamma,' said the child, 'read to me again what Jesus said to the mothers.' The book was brought, and the little story read. The child murmured a word here and there. 'Suffer—to come ; that means, Mamma, suffer me to go to Him, doesn't it ?' And the mother's heart heard her Lord's message in the child's words, and answered, 'Not my will but Thine be done.'

Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And He took them up in His arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.'

## "BECAUSE I LOVE HIM."

Some time ago, when I was teaching in a large school, I had to reprove a boy for his inattention and disobedience. My words failing to produce an effect upon him, I was obliged to resort to punishment, and accordingly I called him up, and commanded him to stand for a quarter of an hour in a corner of the schoolroom.

As he was going there, a little boy, much younger than the guilty one, came to me and asked that I would allow him to take the place of the lad who had offended. This astonished me a good deal ; however, I did not put any question to him, contenting myself with saying to him, that if I granted his request, he should pass the whole of the time in the corner, 'and,' added I, 'a quarter of an hour is very long when one must spend it in punishment.'



## 26 O taste and see that the Lord is good.

These words did not shake him. I then pointed out to him the disgrace of being punished, telling him that in the eyes of all the visitors who might enter the school, he would appear a naughty and unruly child. Nothing, however, changed his purpose; he still persevered in his resolution. I then allowed him to take his companion's place in the corner.

I was deeply moved, and silently prayed to the Lord to give me that wisdom that cometh from above, in order to draw from this incident some instruction which might be profitable to the souls of the children who were confided to me.

When the quarter of an hour was up I let the little boy go, and asked him if it was his companion who had induced him to take his place.

'No, sir,' he replied.

'Do you not think that he deserved to be punished?'

'Oh!' said he, 'he deserved it well.'

'What, then, is the motive which has led you to bear this punishment in his place?'

'Sir, it is because I love him.'

What a touching reply! The other children had listened with deep attention to this conversation. I then called the disobedient boy, and ordered him to

go in his turn into the corner.—

At these words there was a clamour of protestations. A multitude of little voices cried out at the same time, 'O sir, that would not be right! that would not be right!'—'nor just either,' added one of the boldest.

'Why would it not be just?' replied I, thinking to disconcert the boy who had said it. 'Has not your school-fellow disobeyed?'

'Yes, sir, but you have punished Joseph in his place; you should not then, on that account, punish him.'

My prayer, thought I, was heard; and in these words:

'Does what has just happened recall anything to your minds?'

'Yes, sir,' said several voices; 'it reminds us that the Lord Jesus bore the punishment of our sins.'

'What name would you give to Joseph now?'

'That of SUBSTITUTE.'

'One who takes the place of another.'

'What place did Jesus take?'

'That of sinners.'

'Joseph has told us that he wished to take his school-fellow's place, and be punished instead of him, because he loved him. Can you tell me why Jesus



wished to die in the place of sinners ?

'It was also because He loved us.'

'Repeat a passage from the Bible which proves that.'

'The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Gal. ii. 20.

'You told me just now that it would not be right, nor even just, to put the naughty boy in the corner after having punished Joseph in his place; what instruction may we draw from this ?

'We learn from it that God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour; and He will never do so; for the Bible tells us that '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.

We talked a long time together on the subject of the grace and love of God. We spoke of Him who 'was wounded for our transgressions,' who 'was bruised for our iniquities,' and by whose 'stripes we are healed.' Isaiah liii. 5.

Has not this little story a voice to you dear reader ? Oh ! it is so true that Jesus died instead of guilty sinners ; and the poor man stated the Gospel so simply

and so clearly that any one can easily understand it : ' Me die, or He die ; He die, me no die.'

### HIDING FROM GOD.

When God made a beautiful garden and put Adam into it, he was not afraid of God. All the fruit of the trees he was allowed to eat except one. And he would think, 'It is God who has given us all these delightful things, how good He is to us.'

But one day God came into the garden, and when Adam heard His voice, he ran away, he was so frightened ; and he tried to HIDE himself among the trees, and his wife with him.—God could see through all the trees, but Adam did what he could to hide ; he could not bear to be where God was.

Shall I tell you why he was afraid now, when he had never been so before ? It was because he had disobeyed God, by taking and eating of the very tree He had told him not ; and he dared not go and meet God now as he used to do.

To do what we know displeases God is SIN, and Adam had sinned. And it is a dreadful thing to meet God when he is angry with us about sin.—God did not hate Adam, for he made him and his wife coats



of skin, but he was displeased with what they had done. And although God had not yet said a word to Adam about it, Adam knew what he had done, and he could not be happy now to go and speak to the Lord as he had done before. Sin made him afraid.

Let me tell you, that very soon 'the voice of the Lord' will be heard again by people in this same world. The Lord Himself will come down from heaven 'with a shout,' 1 Thes. iv. 16, and all those who have learnt to know and love Him will be delighted to hear the word from the lips of Jesus, who so loves them. They will spring up 'in a moment,' will leave the world behind them, to go up in the cloud to meet the Lord, and be with Him forever.

Those who really believe in the Lord Jesus long for that happy moment, and will not want to get behind any trees to hide away when once they know that the Lord Jesus is coming. We say, 'The voice of my Beloved, behold He cometh!' and the very last prayer in the Bible is, 'Come Lord Jesus.'—Rev. xxii. 20. But do you know what is the last prayer before that one? You will find it in the 6th of Revelation, and you will see it is spoken not to the

Lord Jesus to come, but to the mountains and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the presence of Jesus, so that he may not see them! It will be no use, however, crying to the mountains; they will not fall from their places because the people want to be hidden. And if they did, they would not hide any one from God; he can see everywhere. Darkness does not hide from him, nor trees nor rocks. If our sins are not put away through believing in Jesus before he comes, we shall be afraid of him, as Adam was afraid of God; and there will be no place to hide where he cannot see us.

It is much better to confess sins now, and come to God about them, that they may be washed away by the blood of Jesus! And then when he comes instead of trying to hide away from his presence, we shall find a home with him, and in his presence. 'Thou art my hiding place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. 'Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.'

The dearest and most loving Friend I have is the Lord Jesus.



THE HAPPY LITTLE  
CRIPPLE.

I was in the habit of visiting a boy about fourteen, who, with his friends, lived in a garret.— It was a painful sight to behold him, one arm and hand was quite paralysed, and the other almost useless. Besides this, his poor little wasted body was covered with abscesses, which caused him a great deal of pain at times.

He was not able to get into the green fields, for they were far away in the country, but the house in which he had, but a little room at the top was in the court of a back street. But the sun would now and then peep through the great clump of chimney tops, and shine in and cheer him, and now and then a little stray current of fresh air would come over all difficulties and fan his cheek. He could sit and watch the little bits of geraniums in the pots that stood outside, striving hard to look bright and to give him a little fragrance in return for the drops of water that were given them occasionally.

In winter time the snow, with its soft feathery flakes, silently covered the house tops, and made the chimney tops, look like little creatures dressed in

white; and it looked very uncomfortable from the little room, especially as coals were so dear, so that there was not much fire in the grate; but every now and then a little robin would come and perch on the window-sill, and cheer the poor boy with its pretty little notes. He would save a few crumbs from his scanty fare for his little friend.

But his happiness of heart, and his cheerful-looking face, in spite of the white cheeks from which the colour had long since fled, did not depend upon these, thankful as he was for them, but he had been reading the Bible, and God had been speaking peace to his young heart from His own word.

Although he was a little sufferer in body, yet God caused His love to flow into the dear boy's heart in such a manner that more than made up for the sufferings; and then he found in the 2nd of Corinthians, chapter 4, verses 17 and 18, that it said, 'For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' So he



was enabled to look forward to the happy moment when he would go to be with the Lord, and be done with the poor agonized body and the helpless limbs.

Once when we were talking about the rich man and Lazarus, in Luke's Gospel, he said, 'O, sir, I would rather be the Lazarus (and my body seems much like his,) than the one inside in the purple and fine linen, and the feasting, because I have Jesus.'

'Are you satisfied with Him?'

'Indeed I am,' said he, with such an expression that I shall not easily forget, and he added, 'I have a poor body; but I have Jesus, and that's more than enough.'

I can't tell you how joyful it made me to hear a little boy talk like that. Jesus was precious to him, and although he had such a poor body, he had a happy heart, which all the gold and silver in the world could not give—he had peace with God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and he knew from the word of God, that presently he would have a beautiful body, and all the weakness would be gone, when he was with the Lord and like Him. Because he had read in Phillipians iii. 20 and 21, that 'we look for the Saviour, the Lord

Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.'

May many of my young readers find in Jesus a Saviour and a guide through the slippery paths of youth, and they will find that no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly, for it says, in Romans viii. 32, 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things.'

How gracious of God to tell a poor little cripple about His love and the gift of eternal life by Christ Jesus. He saw the boy a poor little needy one, and He made him rich in Christ.—O how much better off was he than many a one living in a big mansion who had every earthly luxury, but who had not Christ as the anchor of the soul.

#### LITTLE JANEY.

'Teacher, stay with me tonight, won't you? And the teacher's hand was held, and a little face looked up pleadingly into hers.

'But, Janey, dear, my friends will be alarmed if I stay from



## I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. 31

home all night; they won't know where I am; won't it do if I come again very early to-morrow?

'But to-morrow I won't be here teacher; I'm going to die to-night, won't you stay with me if mamma sends some one to tell where you are?'

And so it was settled. The teacher stepped out into the hall to give her address, and Janey was satisfied.

Who was Janey, did you ask? A dear little girl who had been sick a long time, and now felt her end was near. Her kind teacher, Miss T., had gone to see her time after time, and read to her in God's word, and tried to show her how God loves us, and the way He took to save us; and you can see how she loved to have her teacher near her.

Miss T. came in soon and sat by Janey's bed.

'Why do you think you will die to-night, darling? The doctor thought you better to-day.'

'Yes, they all think so, but, Miss T., I'm dying, I know.'

'And are you afraid, Janey?'

'Just a little, teacher, of going alone.'

'But, my child, it is to Jesus you go, He will take you.'

'Yes, teacher, but I don't like to go alone.'

Her teacher silently prayed

that the Lord would take fear from the little troubled heart.

'Now, Miss T. read to me once more, and then pray with me.'

Her teacher did so, and late in the night Janey seemed to sleep. The watchers thought she was resting, but it was the last sleep drawing on. When she woke they knew by her changed face that death was near.

She lay still for quite a long time, so long that they did not think they would hear her speak again, when she opened her eyes and looked upward, and with surprise and joy lighting up her face she cried out, 'O! what do I see? something so beautiful! O, it's Jesus! I see Jesus! I'm not afraid now.'

And then she was gone, but the sweet smile, telling of her joy, lingered on her face.

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## "AN EVERLASTING LOVE."

Dear reader, you cannot live very long in this world before you know something of the bitterness of sin. The coldness, the disappointments, and the sorrows of this poor world.

I want you to turn your eyes to One who loves you, yes, loves you; One who will never deceive or disappoint you; One who will never forsake you, if you will but make Him your friend; and He has done the very utmost a friend could do, He has died for you.

Ah! there's no love like the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a love all other loves above. It is a love "which passeth knowledge."

He left the bright throne of glory for the very purpose of dying to save you. He is ready and willing to wash you from all your sins in His precious blood, and thus make you fit for the glory.

**NONE PERISH THAT HIM TRUST.**



# SUNLIGHT,

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT.

No. 5.

## THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

The Saviour is gracious,  
His love is a well ;  
His blood, oh, how precious !  
Its worth, who can tell ?  
He loved us so truly,  
He came from the sky,  
That He, the Most Holy,  
For sinners might die.

The love of a mother  
And father is great ;  
The love of a brother  
And sister is sweet ;  
Yet who but the Saviour  
For us could have died,  
To bring us for ever,  
With God to abide ?

(Written for Sunlight.)

## MARY C., OR PRAISE FROM THE MOUTH OF BABES.

### MY DEAR LITTLE ONES,

I am going to tell you about a little girl I love very dearly, and who, although she is only about seven years old, is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am not going to tell you what a good little girl she is, who never says a naughty word, or never disobeys Papa or Mamma, no, Mary C. is a sinner, just like

you and I ; but I am going to tell you how good the Lord is to her and how she loves Him in return.

Mary's parents are children of God, and very early they taught their little one that she was a sinner and needed a Saviour. She said to me one day, 'I know I am a sinner, Auntie, for God's word says, ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God,' and, 'There is none that doeth good, no not one.' Then she added, 'and I feel that I am a sinner, for there are a great many bad things in my heart, and I often say and do wrong things.' Then when I told her of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came down to the earth to die for sinners, so that every one who believes on Him should be washed from all their sins and live with Christ in heaven. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she said 'Yes, Auntie, I know what th



## 34 Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

blessed Lord Jesus did for sinners like me ; I DO believe on Him, Auntie, and I am sure my sins are washed away. Oh, I am so happy ! I wish the Lord would come soon to take us to be with Him in heaven.'

She used to love to talk about the Lord very much, and many happy times we had together, talking about the One whom we both loved because HE FIRST LOVED US.

It was very remarkable how the mention of the Lord's name would soothe and quiet her, when in sorrow, or when fretful and impatient. One day, she and her little sister were invited to their cousin's birthday supper. Just at the time they should have started it began raining very hard. Mary was very impatient, and when it continued raining for some time, she began to cry and fret and said from time to time, 'Why does it not stop raining.' I happened to pass through the room as she said this, and going to her said softly in her ear :

'Who sends the rain, Mary ?'

After a moment's pause she answered,

'God does Auntie.'

'And are you finding fault with what He does, my dear little girl ?'

She made no reply but at

once the expression of her face was changed from that of impatience to quiet submission ; and although it continued raining for some time after she did not complain or find fault any more, but played with her little brothers and sisters until her Papa called her to go.

Another time when her Mamma bought her a new hat—Mary took it, and instead of thanking her for it, she hid her face in her hands and sobbed out :

'Why, Mamma I did not want such a plain hat as this ; I wanted one with flowers on it.'

'My dear child,' said her mother, 'when the Lord Jesus comes for us, He will make us look beautiful, for we shall be like Him ; but this is not the time for us to shine, in a world like this.'

Mary was comforted right away, and taking her hat she kissed her mamma and came with us to Sunday School. On our way she said to me,

'Auntie, did the Lord Jesus wear beautiful clothes when He was upon the earth ?'

'The Word of God says that He had not where to lay His head, Mary,' I said, 'for although the whole earth was His and everything that is in it, He was often hungry and thirsty and



tired, but He did not mind that; all His care was to do His Father's will.'

'Oh, Auntie, I would rather be like Him then, I do not want gay clothes either.'—L.

If the Lord will we will have something more about little Mary next month.

### WHY SHOULD YOU LOVE THE BIBLE?

First, because it tells you of the best friend you have, of the best home you can ever enjoy, of the best company you will ever find, and points out the way to that home, and can make you sure of it, so that you can call it your own—yes, your own. It is the Bible that tells you of the Friend of sinners, of that holy, happy world, called heaven.

Do you love the Bible? Do you pay attention when it is read, or, if you can read it, do you love it better than any other book? or, is it the case that you do not love the Bible; and that you would rather read a foolish book or an idle tale? If you have no love to the Bible, it is because you have no love to the Saviour, and you have no love of heaven for the sake of its holiness or its company; and, if so, then the dreadful consequence is that your happiness and pleasure are in such persons and things as are opposed to God,

His holy word, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only real friend of poor sinful, helpless little ones like you. Trust that precious Saviour.

### THE STORM.

One day a party sailed down the harbour in a boat. The weather was fine when they started; in the afternoon a black cloud arose, the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, occasioning great alarm among the ladies. One lady was more frightened than the rest; her little daughter nestled close to her. Taking her hand, and looking up into her mother's face with a look of pity and surprise, she said, 'God is in the thunder; can't we trust him when he speaks loud as well as when he speaks easy?'

'Yes, my child,' replied the rebuked mother, with a tear in her eye. 'And pray, Mary, that I may have the perfect trust of a little child.'

Little Mary's faith was very precious. God loves to be trusted. Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Why, what are little children born for if not for God? Dear child do you trust in the Lord Jesus?—Is He your Saviour? 'A Man



(the Lord Jesus) shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place ; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' O believe in that precious Saviour.

#### A LITTLE PRAYER.

A little fellow about three or four years old had climbed, as little boys, and even some little girls, are too fond of doing, upon a large stack of wood in a farm yard. He did not think when he was climbing up how he was to get back ; indeed, he did not once stop to think, until his companion called out,

'Mind, Bertie, you will fall.'

He then looked down and got so frightened ; but what do you think he did ? Why, he raised his head, and put up his little hands, and said in his funny way, 'GOD HELP THIS BOY !'

Instead of falling, he seemed to gain courage after he had said his little prayer, and got down in perfect safety.

Bertie's father and mother are christians, and have taught their little ones to love God, and to trust Him at all times ; and that if they know He gave His only begotten Son to die to save them (John iii. 16,) and wash them in His precious blood, they will

love to look to Him, not only in trouble and sorrow and danger, but to put beautiful thoughts into their hearts about heaven and its untold glories, and they will not only long to go there, but they will also desire to tell their companions about Him that they may be happy.

#### "I AM SO HAPPY."

A little girl about eight years old was, one day, sitting on the grass in front of her father's cottage in Prussia. Her father was a common laborer. They were quite poor and she was plainly dressed, but she was a little Christian. She knew Jesus loved her, and it made her very happy to think about Him and sing sweet hymns in his praise. This was just what she was doing at the time of which I am speaking. She was singing about Jesus, and her eyes were filled with tears. While she was singing a nobleman, who lived in that neighborhood, passed by ; he was rich, and indulged in all kinds of wicked pleasures ; he was an infidel, too, and was very fond of making a mock of religion and religious persons.—As the little girl was singing he heard her sweet voice, and saw her happy-looking face, and yet her eyes were filled with tears,



and he stopped a little to talk with her.

‘Why do you weep, my little girl,’ asked the count, ‘Are you sick?’

‘No, sir,’ she replied, ‘but I am so happy!’

‘Then how can you weep if you are happy?’

‘Because I love the Lord Jesus Christ so much.’

‘Why do you love him so much? He has been dead a long time; he can do you no good.’

‘Oh, yes, sir! Jesus died, but He lives again in heaven.’

Well, suppose He does, what benefit is that to you? If He could help you, He would give money to your mother, that she might buy you better clothes.’

‘I don’t wish for money; but the Lord Jesus will take me one day to heaven.’

‘Oh, nonsense,’ said the count, ‘your grandmother, or some such foolish person, has told you this.’

‘No, sir; it’s not nonsense,’ cried the child, but it’s true.—I know it’s true; and it makes me glad.’

The count turned and went away, but he could not forget what he had seen and heard.—The happy face of that sweet child, with her bright eyes filled with tears, seemed to be before

his mind all the time; and her earnest words, ‘It’s true, and it makes me glad,’ were ringing in his ears wherever he went.—‘This is very strange,’ he said to himself. There’s nothing in infidelity to make a poor child like her so glad. There must be something in religion that I don’t understand.’ Then he would try to put away these thoughts from his mind. But he found it impossible; and after a hard struggle he gave up his infidelity, and became an earnest and devoted Christian.

#### AN AFRICAN STORY.

One evening a little African girl, about eight years old, was lying near the door of her father’s dwelling, when four wolves rushed in upon her. One seized her by her arm, another by the shoulders, and two others by the legs, and carried her off. Her screams were heard, and the wolves were overtaken and forced to release the poor child, who was dreadfully hurt by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer, but could not heal her wounds. As they thought the child would not live, they wished to get her out of the hut before she died, for the Kaffirs fear to touch a dead body. Her father carried



her a long distance from her home, and laid her down near some trees, where no one could hear her groans, and there left her to die.

As the poor little girl lay in this place, she thought of the missionary, and knowing where he lived, said, 'I will creep to his house, for he is kind; he will not cast me out.'

She slowly moved with great pain over the rough places, and at length reached his dwelling. When he saw the bleeding child his heart was filled with pity.—He heard her story and counted fourteen wounds made by the teeth of the wolves. Laying the child upon his bed he washed her wounds, put ointment upon them, and bound them up with linen. Day after day he watched her till she got well.

While he nursed her he told her of that Saviour who done more for her than he could do. When the marks were almost gone he asked her if she wished to go back to her parents. 'O, no,' she said, 'they cast me out; you took me in; I will stay with you.'

One day, as the missionary was walking near his home, he heard the voice of a child praying. He looked, and soon saw the little stranger, among the tall reeds praying to her Father

in heaven. The dear little African girl had her heart opened to receive the story of the Saviour's love.

And what about my young friends, the readers of this touching story? Are your sins washed away in the blood of Jesus? If not, oh, my dear young friends, I plead with you not to trifle with the offer of salvation?—Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.'—He died on the cross for sinners. He died instead of the sinner. He bore the punishment in place of the sinner. Oh, what love! Jesus lived and died and rose again to save from everlasting ruin and death. He is a Saviour at God's right hand; yes, the risen one who saves sinners, even the chief. Will you not then come to Him and trust in Him?

'For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, CHRIST DIED FOR US.'

If you receive Jesus for your Saviour then let your lives tell out His praise, and the one desire of your young hearts be to make Him known to others.

This is a faithful saying, and WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i. 15.



THE LITTLE SWEEP.

A Sunday School teacher, knowing that all the boys in his class were constantly occupied during the week, feared much that prayer was some times neglected. He insisted, one Sunday, on the importance of prayer. At the close, he asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life, in the service of a master sweep, "And do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes! Sir." "And when do you do it? You go out early in the morning, do you not?" Yes, Sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then." "When, then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little while when we are at the top. Then I sit upon the top of the chimney and pray."

JESUS

Loved me and gave  
Himself for me.

"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.

TRUE OBEDIENCE.

A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

'You need not be afraid,' said they, 'for if your Father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind, that he will not hurt you.'

'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, 'why I should not touch them. True he may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else.'

Was not this an excellent reason?

'Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.'

Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In Thine atoning blood,  
By it are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

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## SALVATION, OH ! SALVATION !

“Salvation is of the Lord,” and a soul saved is God’s work, and therefore a work for eternity. It is a work that Satan can neither do nor undo.

There are two events which may occur at any moment ; the second coming of the Lord, or death ; and if you are unsaved you are prepared for neither.

Oh, then, at once “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

LOOK NOW by simple faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved, for His word is, “ Look unto Me and be ye saved,” and then, until He come, live and work to please Him, who has saved you.

Christ has shed His precious blood for sinners and knowing this can you be longer careless ? Can you bear to turn away from such love as His ?

**JESUS IS A LOVING SAVIOUR.**



# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT.

No. 6.

## JESUS CAME FROM HEAVEN.

Jesus came from heaven,  
Many years ago,  
Left His Father's glory,  
For this world of woe.

Here He lived and suffered,  
Here it was He died,  
On the cross of Calvary  
He was crucified.

'Twas for sins He suffered,  
In the sinner's stead,  
And the Father raised Him,  
Even from the dead.

Now in glory's brightness,  
Jesus lives on high,  
And He still is calling  
By His word so nigh :

"Come to Me, ye weary,  
I have rest to give,"  
Hearken then unto Him,  
And your soul shall live.

He has peace and pardon  
For the sin-sick soul ;  
Come to Him, believing,  
He will make you whole.

"There is none other name  
under heaven given among men  
whereby we must be saved."

"I have esteemed the words  
of His mouth more than my  
necessary food."

(Written for Sunlight.)

## MARY C., OR PRAISE FROM THE MOUTH OF BABES.

[Continued from last month.]

### MY DEAR LITTLE ONES,

I will now tell you something  
more about little Mary.

Often she would say to me,  
'Auntie, do you think it will be  
very long before the Lord Jesus  
comes? I want to see Him so  
much! I want to thank Him  
for coming into this wicked  
world to die for me. Oh, how  
good and loving He is!'

Another time she said, 'I can  
feel His love in my heart; it  
seems to me He is right here  
by me just now. Oh, how I  
shall run to the Lord Jesus  
when I see Him.'

It is thus, dear children, that  
this beloved child would speak  
of the Lord. Her little heart  
was full of love to God, and her  
lips poured it out before Him.



## 42 Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

Some time ago, Mary's parents went to live in a distant city, and now she writes very sweet letters home to Auntie. I will read you one of them to show you how she rejoices in the Lord Jesus' love to her :

MY DEAR AUNTIE :

I would love to see you very much. We miss all of you, and I wish we could go back to — and see you once more.— We children go to the Park very often. The other day I gave a tract to a policeman there. The next day I went to him and asked him if he liked the little tract ; he said he did not care enough for the Bible to read it. I was so frightened. I suppose there are a great many people in this great city who do not love the Lord Jesus. I know that my sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Last night I dreamed the Lord had come, and I saw you all—the dear ones we had left behind ; and the Lord Jesus was in the midst, and there were lots of little children in His arms and resting on His bosom. In the morning I thought I was in heaven. I told Papa and he said the next time it might be true.

My dear little reader, would you be afraid if the Lord Jesus should come to-day to take all

those who believe in His name? You know the Bible says He is coming soon. We expect Him every day. If your sins are washed away by the precious blood of Christ, you need not be afraid, for when He comes you will be among those who will love to see Him. The Lord loves little ones you know. But if your sins are not washed away you may well be afraid, for none can enter into God's presence with their sins.

Oh, then, if you are not ready to meet God, do not put it off. Do not wait until to-morrow, for you may not live until to-morrow, or the Lord may come to-night. Go to the Lord at once, tell Him all about your sins and your sinful self. Take your Bible and read the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of John: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Then about your sins, you read what becomes of them in Hebrews x. 17, 'And their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.' I could tell you of many more places in God's word which tell of His love to lost sinners. The Bible is full of them. Oh, that every child on the earth knew the Lord ! But



as dear little Mary said, there are a great many who do not love Him. Are you one of them? Or can you say with Mary, I know that my sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ? May God grant it for Jesus' sake. L.

#### GOD'S EYES.

I remember reading a story about a wicked man who was put in prison for his sins. The cell in which he was put had a roof over it so shaped that it gradually came to a small hole in the top. The punishment he had to endure was confinement in this cell and some person's eye ever looking at him through the hole in the roof. No matter where he was in that cell an eye was ever looking at him.—It troubled him very much, and he tried to hide from its gaze by lying on his bed on the floor and pulling the clothes over his face, but the eye seemed to him to look through the clothes, and when he slept he dreamed about that ever watchful eye.

But there is an eye that does really ever see you. 'The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth.'

Does it make you happy to know that 'Thou God seest me,' that His eye never slumbers or sleeps. If you are a believer,

one who trusts in Jesus, whose sins have been washed away in His precious blood, it is indeed joy to remember day by day that God's loving eye is watching over you.

But if you are not a believer in the Lord Jesus, remember you will have to meet Him if not now as your Saviour, very soon as your Judge—whose eyes will be as a flame of fire, and His voice as the sound of many waters, and whose face will be as the sun shining in his strength.

To-day accept the great salvation and then you will never know 'the wrath of the Lamb.'  
—T. S.

#### LOVE THE BEST MOTIVE.

A little girl, who was naturally untidy, allowed her drawers to remain in great disorder. Being anxious to overcome her bad habit in order to please her mother, she wrote on a piece of paper, 'To be kept tidy for mamma's sake,' and put it in her drawer, so that whenever she went to it she might thus be reminded of her mother's wishes. And keeping this before her, she soon kept her drawers in neat order. Christians should stamp on everything they do, 'To be done in the best possible way for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake.'



## THE WHITE FLAG.

When I was a little girl, I was travelling one day to Manchester with my mamma. We had to go a long railway journey, in order to reach the place where we were going, but all was new to me, and I liked to watch the people getting in and out of the cars.

Mamma gave little books to all our fellow-passengers, and I watched the different ways in which the books were received.

At last at one station, an old man got into the cars; he had a nice face, and looked both happy and sad, and I wondered what made him have that look upon his face.

When mamma gave him a little book, and spoke to him of Jesus, the sad look went quite away from his face, and he smiled and said, 'Ah, yes! I too love the Lord Jesus.'

I think mamma had noticed the sad look on his face, for she said something to him about the 'Comforter,' and about God being 'the God of all comfort and consolation.'

Then I saw the old man bend forward and tell her that only the week before his wife had died; 'fallen asleep in Jesus,' I think he said.

'I should like to tell you

something about her if you will let me,' the old man said; and mamma told him she would like very much to hear about her.

'I am a station-master at a small station on the line,' he said, 'and my wife used often to sit in the little window of our parlour, and watch me waving the different coloured flags as the trains came in. We both loved the Lord Jesus, and used often to speak together of Him we loved so dearly, and of His great salvation. She was an invalid, and at last began to droop rapidly.'

One evening she called me to her, and said, 'John, there will be a flag held out to-night—a flag in the hand of Jesus. It will not be a red flag, for there is no danger; and it will not be a green flag, for, thank God, there is no doubt; but it will be a pure white flag, for all is perfect safety and peace, and I am very nearly at my journey's end. And that night my wife died.'

I cannot remember any more of the old man's story dear children; but whenever I see the white flag waved, I think of the evening at the little wayside station, when the sick woman's earthly journey was ended, and in perfect safety she went home to God.



Would there be a white flag, or a red flag held out to-night, if you were called to your journey's end, dear child?—C. A.

### THE HEAVENLY RAILROAD.

“From the mouth of babes and sucklings,  
Thou hast perfected praise.” Matt. 21, 16.

The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came into a car carrying a little parcel under her arm. She took a seat and then commenced eagerly looking at the faces of the passengers, but all were strangers to her. She appeared weary, and taking her parcel for a pillow, she tried to take a sleep. Soon the conductor came along for the tickets. She asked him if she might sit there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked her for her ticket. She told him she had none, when the conductor asked her,

‘Where are you going?’

She answered, ‘I am going to heaven.’

He asked again, ‘Who pays your fare?’

She then said, ‘Mister does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?’

He answered, ‘I think not. Why did you think so?’

‘Why, sir, before my ma died, she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice, and talked so kind, I thought this was the road.— My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board, but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I would take the cars and go to ma. Mister do you sing to your little girl about heaven? You have a little girl, have't you?’

He replied, ‘No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven.’

She then asked, ‘Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?’

By this time every person in the car was listening intently, and a number of them weeping. Some said, God bless the little girl!

Speaking again to the conductor she asked him, ‘Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love Him, He will let you ride to heaven on His railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there. He will let you in too, and everybody who



## 46 What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.

will ride on His railroad; yes, all these people. Would'nt you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?'

These words brought a gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were on the heavenly railroad, shouted for joy.

She now asked the conductor, 'May I lie here till I get to heaven?'

He answered, 'Yes, dear, yes.'

She then asked, 'Will you wake me up then, so that I might see my ma, your little girl, and Jesus? for I do so want to see them all.'

The answer came in broken accents, and very tenderly spoken, 'Yes, dear, yes, God bless you!'

'Amen,' was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again on the conductor she said to him:— 'What shall I tell your little girl, when I see her; shall I tell her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?'

This brought a fresh flood of tears from the eyes of all present, and the conductor kneeling by her side, and embracing her, wept the reply which he could not utter.

The car door opened and the brakeman called out H— S—.

### THE PRAYING BOY.

There was once a little colored boy living in Africa, who had been a slave, but he was taken from his cruel masters by some kind hearted men who loved God, and who taught the little boy about Him and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day his schoolmaster heard him praying in a low voice outside the school-room.

This was the little boy's prayer:—

'Lord Jesus, I thank Thee that the wicked men came and took me from my parents, and made me a slave, and that the English ship brought me here, where Massa Thompson has taught me to read, and to know Thee. But I have a great favor to ask of Thee. Let other bad men take away my father and mother, and let an English ship bring them here, that they too may learn about Thee, and that we may all go to heaven.'

The master was much surprised to hear this prayer, and thought about it a great deal.— That evening, as he was walking by the sea-side, he met the little praying boy. In a kind voice he said, 'What are you doing here, my boy?'

The little fellow replied, 'I have been praying that the Lord



Jesus will bring my parents to this place, and I am come to see whether He has granted my prayer, and brought them here.'

That evening his parents did not come. The boy went every day to visit the shore, and to watch all the ships that arrived.

One evening he came to Mr. Thompson, leaping and dancing and clapping his hands, saying, 'My prayer is heard; my prayer is heard! My father and mother are come!'

Then he took Mr. Thompson by the hand to the sea-shore, and pointing to his father and mother, said joyfully,

'These are my parents! My prayer is heard!'

This poor little colored boy, when he heard of Jesus and His love for little children, believed in Him, and longed to have his father and mother believe in Jesus too.

Dear young reader, how often you have heard and read about Jesus. You have heard how He was born into the world as a little baby, and grew up an obedient, holy child; and when He was a man He went about curing sick people, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, making the lame to walk, and raising the dead; and that He died on the cross and shed His precious blood that He might

wash poor sinners from all their sins and make them white as snow—fit for heaven.

Do you trust in that precious Saviour? Do you talk to Him like the little boy you have just read about? He loves children and wants you to know what a loving Saviour He is.

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He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. John iii. 36.

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## JESUS

### Loved me and gave Himself for me.

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Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In Thine atoning blood,  
By it are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

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#### "GLAD TIDINGS,"

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#### "SUNLIGHT FOR THE YOUNG,"

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The object being to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ, whose own blessed Person and truth its mission it is to declare.

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Dundas P. O., Ont., Canada.



The world is under the judgment of God because of its rebellion and its sin, and now God's only way of saving souls from the 'wrath to come' is by the death of Jesus, who bore the judgment in the sinner's stead. There is no possible way of escape for any one save by the death of God's Beloved Son.

God could never forget what is due to His holiness and glory. A ruined sinner could never have appeared in the light in His presence, if that living Man, the Lord Jesus Christ were not on the throne of God—THAT ONE who, before He took that place, went to the cross and bore its shame and woe. And now a stream of life flows down from that risen Man to me; I am brought into fellowship with the Father, and can stand in the light in God's presence, rejoicing with ever fresh delight at the blessedness of His having given that Son to bear all my sins.

### How shall we escape if we neglect so great SALVATION.

Is it be Christ I am occupied with, and my heart is engaged with Him, then He will guide my hands by His word and Spirit.

'Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."—Job xxviii. 7, 8.

A little girl went out walking one dark night with her mother. She was afraid in the darkness and so clung very closely to her mother's side, but did not say anything. She held her mother's hand very tightly, and her mother quietly said: 'The darkness and the light are both alike to God.' Although so young, she felt the power of God's word, and after that she never showed any fear in the dark.

"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 preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor. i. 18.

"Flee from the wrath to come."

Jesus says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' John vi. 47.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." Isaiah xlv. 22.



# SUNLIGHT.

FOR THE YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS THE TRUE LIGHT.

No. 7.

## "MIGHTY TO SAVE."

The rock of my refuge and strength,  
The source of my hope and my joy ;  
My soul has found anchor at length—  
An ocean that knows no alloy,

There 'neath the deep swellings of love,  
I ever, forever would bathe,  
I know his bright smile from above,  
The One who is "mighty to save."

He, from the deep pit of my sin—  
All guilty and vile there I lay—  
Stretched forth His strong arm me to win,  
His grace and His love to display.

My soul, like a freed captive bird,  
Now higher and higher would soar ;  
While by His great love I am stirred—  
An ocean that never knows shore.

O Jesus! the brightest and best—  
Of beauty the glory and crown—  
The Highest—the most fully blest—  
The Rose—and the Plant of Renown.

My Saviour, to sing of Thyself,  
Is my tongue's most blessed employ,—  
To know the deep mine of Thy wealth,  
Makes my heart o'er-bubble with joy.

"Nothing shall be able to separate me from the love of God."

## THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

Would you like to know who was the happiest child I ever saw? Listen, and I will tell you.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I met in the cars travelling. We were both going to the same city, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, the sky, the grass, flowers, trees, and birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives ; but still she was quite happy.

She was alone, poor thing, having no friends nor relations to take care of her on her journeys, and be kind to her ; but she was quite happy and content. When she got in the car she asked, 'Tell me how many



people there are in the car? I am quite blind and can see nothing.' A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. 'No,' she said, 'I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always kind to me.'

I soon found out the reason why she was so happy, and what do you think it was? She knew the Lord Jesus loved her and her young heart loved Him fondly in return.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I very soon found that she knew a great deal of it. She went to a school where the teacher used to read the Bible to her.

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all about Jesus, and was very fond of the last three chapters of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I read those chapters to her.

When I was done, she began to talk about heaven. 'Think,' she said, 'how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And Jesus will be there, for it says the Lamb is the light thereof, and we shall always be there with Him. And besides this, there shall be no night there; they will need no candle, nor light of the sun.'

Just think of this little blind girl taking such pleasure in talking of Jesus, and rejoicing in the beauties of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

'What will it be to dwell above,  
And with the Lord of glory reign?  
Since the blest knowledge of his love  
So brightens all this dreary plain.  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,  
What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell.'

### CLINGING TO THE WRECK.

At an early hour one New Year's Day news reached Whitehaven that a few miles down the coast a vessel was sinking about a mile from the shore.

A number of brave men set out to see if they could rescue any of the crew. When they reached the place they saw that part of the wreck was still above water, and a man was clinging to it, the sole survivor of a crew of four. The side of the vessel was soon reached, but though the men in the boat shouted to the poor fellow to let go his hold of the mast to which he was clinging; it was no use, he still remained clinging and heeded not. At last one of the men in the boat swam through the surging waves, and laying hold of the man unloosed his numbed frozen hands, and brought him safely to land.



## The rock of my strength and my refuge is in God.

Is not this just what poor unsaved sinners are doing?—Clinging to a wreck; death on all sides, and they themselves just ready to drop into the terrible abyss? But Jesus comes with His offer of salvation and of life. He has come to you. He has plunged into those waves and billows of death to reach you, in order that He might lay hold of you, and you are clinging still to the shivering timbers of your own imagined righteousness and rejecting His offer of mercy.

You say you cannot 'feel' as you want to do. Could that poor man 'feel' anything; even his danger? No! he was benumbed with the cold, and not till returning life and consciousness came to him, could he feel what his danger had been, and what love and gratitude he owed to those who had risked their lives to save him.

Poor sinner! clinging to a wreck in the midst of the storm, just drop into the arms of love that are stretched out to save you.

Do you feel too weak to go to Jesus? Then just lose your hold on what will be certain death to you ere long, and TRUST yourself to Him who has gone through the terrible death of the cross that He might save you.

A dying woman once said to a Christian who was visiting her:

'I am too weak to go to Jesus.'

The answer was, 'Just fall down at His feet.'

She did so, and was saved.

Jesus has come that you might have life; and you are choosing death, in spite of those arms stretched out to save you, and in spite of the loving entreaty, 'why will ye die?'—C. A.

### THE NAME OF JESUS.

A few persons were standing round a blind man, who had taken a seat on a bridge over a canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by the charity they liked to give, he was ministering spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home was led by curiosity to listen. Just then, the poor man who was reading in Acts iv., lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last words he had read, 'None other name—none other name—none other name.'

Some of the people smiled at the old man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying



## 52. My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

many ways to get peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits—all could not relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their sweet music in his soul—‘None other name,’ When he reached his home and retired to rest, these words like evening chimes, were still heard, ‘None other name—none other name—none other name.’ And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like morning bells, the strain continued—‘None other name—none other name—none other name.’ The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life.

‘I see it all! I see it all!—I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To Him I will look.’ ‘Neither is their salvation in any other.—For there is none other name—none other name—none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.’

Do you know the power and preciousness of the name of JESUS?

There is a name, the name of Jesus,  
Far above all other names;  
All in heaven delight to hear it,  
All delight to own its claims.

Ruined sinners learn its meaning,  
And rejoice with those above,  
Find it more than all things precious,  
Taught of God that name to love.

Many name the name of Jesus,  
Strangers to its power still;  
Who are they who love him truly?  
He who reads the heart can tell.

### THE SAVIOUR A CHILD CAN TRUST.

‘Charlie,’ said I to a little fellow of eight years, who was sinking fast by sickness, ‘are you not afraid to die?’

‘Oh no,’ he said, ‘I am glad to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.’

‘But how do you know that you are going to be with Christ?’

‘Because,’ He says, ‘Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,’ and so I came.’

‘But,’ said I, seeking to test the boy’s notion of true faith, ‘can you trust everthing which Jesus Christ says?’

‘Trust what Christ says?’ said the boy, with a look of indignant surprise, ‘I never kened that He could be doubted.’ ‘Oh,’ said he, lifting his head faintly from the pillow, and looking at me sadly and anxiously, ‘ye little ken my Saviour, if ye think He could deceive me or anybody else.’

Dear little reader, do you believe in Jesus? No one can know Him and not love Him.



S. SIMPLE FAITH.

One Lord's Day evening, after our Scripture lesson, the simplicity of the gospel came so sweetly to my soul that I could not help exclaiming to my scholars, 'You have but to look dear children, and you are saved!—Behold Jesus hanging on the cross! Look and live!'

After I spoke, Laura, a lively joyous child of about seven years of age, raised her eyes, and with much earnestness told me that she had indeed looked with her heart upon Jesus.

Faith is the look of the soul. This little girl looked upon God's sacrifice, the Lamb slain, and the greatest of saints have done no more to get life; for, 'as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' John iii. 14, 15.

God's children 'LIVE BY FAITH,' as they have received Christ by faith. That is, we take God's word day by day and follow it. This little Laura was enabled by the Lord to do. She brought her joys and her cares and sorrows to Him. 'I was praying, and I knew then that I should find what I had lost,' she told me in one of her small troubles;

and very shortly afterwards her prayer was heard.

We have only to look once in order to be saved, but we have to keep on looking, so that our steps may be pleasing to the Lord.—Faithful Words.

“MAY I BE SURE?”

“May I be sure, mamma,” said Kitty, as the good news of God's free love was read to her, and she was told there was forgiveness for her.

“Yes, my dear, you may.”

“But how, mamma?”

“Simply in believing what God has said; for God tells no lies and breaks no promises.”

“And what has God said?”

“‘He that believeth HATH EVERLASTING LIFE!’”

‘I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU.’

There was a loving little boy who was in the habit of coming to his father's study when he wanted anything. If he wanted a pencil sharpened, a sheet of paper, or a picture book, his gentle little tap was sure to be heard at his father's room door.

The father always attended to his little boy. Come when or with what he might, he was always sure to find a willing ear and a ready hand. He wanted



his children to find in him what they could not find in any one else. He felt it a sweet and sacred duty to attend to his child, and he was right.

One day the father was in his room when he heard the well-known tap at the door.

'Come in,' he said, and the little boy walked in.

'Well, my little man, what do you want now?'

'Notin' papa; I only 'ant to be wit' ou.' And he made his way to a corner of the room and remained quietly alone with his father.

This is a very simple little story, but it taught that father a lesson which he has never forgotten. The lesson is this. Do we ever go to our Heavenly Father when we do not want anything? Do we go to Him simply for the pleasure of being alone with Him? We go to Him with our wants; and we do well. He would have us to do so. He invites and exhorts us to go to Him with all our wants, all our cares and all our sorrows, and he never sends us away—never, no never. Never reproves us for coming too often—never says, 'Go away, I cannot attend to you now.' He may at times keep us waiting—at times withhold things which we ask because He knows they

would be bad for us, but He never sends us away from His dear presence. He loves to have us near Him. He delights to hear us telling out all our need, all our weakness, all our exercises, into His gracious and ever open ear. All this is so of a truth; but do we ever go and tell the Lord that we do not want anything but only to be near Him? Do we ever go and lie at His feet in the calm satisfied condition of one who finds all the deep longings of the soul met in the simple fact of being

NEAR HIM.—C. H. M.

#### MARY'S WAY.

'Mary,' said her teacher as they walked home together, 'do you think you are getting any stronger?'

'No, Miss Smith, I'm getting weaker all the time. Mother is afraid I will not get better.'

Her teacher thought so too, as she looked down into the pale face, and felt her thin little hand; and she asked her what she thought.

'I think mother is right, Miss Smith.'

'And are you afraid to die, dear Mary.'

'No, teacher, that is, not so very much. Mother says I'll go to heaven if I'm good.'

'And are you good, Mary.'



'Not very ; not as good as I ought to be.'

'Mary, how good do you think you will have to be for God to say, 'Now you are quite good enough to please Me?'

'Oh, very good indeed, I should think ; quite good altogether.'

'Did you ever know of any one quite good altogether?'

'No, teacher, only Jesus.'

'Then you see, dear, you would have to be as good as Jesus. Shall you ever be as good, do you think?'

'O no, Miss Smith, I know I never can be that good.'

'Then, don't you see, my child, you can never be good enough to please God, and so you can never get to heaven in your way. Now will you listen to God's way? He does not say, 'be good.' He knows we can't; but He says, 'Look at the cross; who died there?'

'Jesus.'

'For His own badness? no for yours.'

'When you think of Jesus hanging on the cross, say to yourself, 'That is as if I hung there, as if I was punished for all my sins.' So now God can say, 'I have nothing against you ; I want you to know that and be happy.'

Are you trying to be saved

in Mary's way? that is, by what you can do? If so, stop and take God's way, that is, what JESUS HAS DONE. 'Jesus did it all.'

I know that if you really believe this in your heart you will want to serve the Lord Jesus more and more with the free and happy service of love—because he has saved you.

A little girl, between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, requested her sister to read respecting Christ's blessing little children. The passage having been read and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus; he will soon take me up in his arms—bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and said, "Do you love me?" "Yes my dear," she replied: "but, don't be angry, I love Jesus better."

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LITTLE FRANK'S  
GOSPEL.

One sunny day little Frank was coming from school, when as he neared home he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging a branch of a tree, which the wind a few days before had blown down.

'Let me help you, Eliza,' said the kind-hearted boy; and he lifted up the other end of the bough, thus lightening the burden for her.

'Thank you, Frank,' said the woman. 'Ah! if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier.'

'But Eliza,' said Frank, 'my mamma says we don't need to carry ANY of the burden of our sins. Jesus Christ has carried it ALL for us, if we believe on Him.'

'Ah!' said Eliza, as she told the story, 'that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says, 'Who Himself bear our sins in His own body on the tree.' I went home believing this, and I have been happy ever since.'

'There is life in a look at the Crucified One.'

FREELY.

When the Lord Jesus bled upon the cross He paid, as it were, not only the just due of the sins of all those who believed God up to the time of His death, but He satisfied justice for every one who trusts Him until the end of time. God wrote in His book "without money and without price," before Jesus died, because He knew that Jesus would pay the price in due time, and now that Jesus has paid the price God has in His book, "Freely."

Love bids YOU come and welcome, "whosoever will let him come" with nothing but your need to the boundless stores of God's love and mercy.

God is satisfied with the price of the blood of Jesus, and as you think upon what satisfies Him surely you may thank God and rejoice in His full provision for sinners. **GOD IS LOVE.**

Love always begins on God's part, and our love is the effect of believing His love to us.

It is the outward look that gives the inward calm, 'Looking unto Jesus.'

'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

'And they crucified HIM.'



# Sunlight for the YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS "THE TRUE LIGHT."

No. 8.

## THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,  
To be shattered by the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death!

And as thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy with his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the Captain shouted  
As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Isn't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kiss'd the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchor'd safe in harbour  
When the morn was shining clear.

'Our help is in the name of  
the Lord, who made heaven  
and earth.'

## "TRUE BLUE FOR EVER."

Jim Smith, a boy not fourteen years of age, got his living as a sort of handy boy at odd jobs in the docks, at the east end of London. Being constantly in the company of a class of men who are noted for their wicked lives and conversation, the boy was soon on a fair way of being their equal in all that is bad, so that he was treading the downward road very fast. In the midst of such scenes, and among such characters, who are bold and daring in their wickedness, there are godly men, who are equally bold in seeking to save some from the abodes of sin by fearlessly presenting the gospel, sometimes at the peril of their lives. These men are mostly those who have themselves been rescued from the hand of Satan. During the preaching of one of these noble-hearted servants of Christ, Jim



had stood awhile to listen, and to join in the mockery that is sometimes heaped upon the preacher.

God's eye had been upon this poor wretched boy, and God's hand directed some words from the preacher's lips to his conscience, and those words were like sharp darts rankling in his heart, and he felt himself a miserable sinner, just as though for the first time in his young life, he had seen himself in a looking-glass—in God's looking-glass—and there seen Jim Smith, the sinner, in all the blackness of sin, even as God saw him.

He had no rest or peace for some time, but went about his work, the picture of misery. In vain his companions strove to draw him into their old courses of sin, but poor Jim had just had such a glimpse of what sin was in the sight of a holy God, that he hated it; but hating it was not deliverance from it, so the more he floundered about, the worse he got, till at last he could bear it no longer, and one evening he got into the corner of a dark shed, and there opened his heart to God, all about his sin and misery. Jim's heart already began to feel lighter. Shall I tell you why? Although he did not know it, he was just doing what God want-

ed him to do—confess himself a poor sinner. He had not yet learned that God says, "Whoso confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them, shall find mercy."

Feeling happier, though he could not tell why, in a burst of gratitude he exclaimed, "O Lord, if thou wilt give me peace, and forgive me my sins, I will be TRUE BLUE TO YOU FOR EVER!"

We each of us have our own way of expressing our feelings, and use language that we think best expresses our thoughts. No doubt Jim's idea of "true blue," as he had picked it up from the docks, meant fidelity, loyalty, and faithfulness. He had often seen the Union Jack floating in the breeze from many a ship that bore our sailors to all parts of the world, and knew that those hardy sun-burnt tars would rather die than forsake or lose their colours, and thus he felt he could die in faithfulness to Jesus, if he had but peace. Jim went to God with his load of sins, and rose up, with a sweet sense of God's pardon and peace. With a light heart he now went about his work—a new creature indeed. His work was done better, he was quicker on his errands, and what he did was done with a good will and heartiness that commended itself to those who did not care a bit



about heavenly things. But Satan did not mean to lose him without a struggle.

A man who had noticed the change in his character attempted to trip him up. He was passing one of the warehouses at the same time as Jim, and, taking hold of him, pointed to some article inside, at the same time shewing a half-crown to the boy's gaze, and saying, "There's nobody there, Jim; if you will get that article for me, I will give you this half-crown." A few weeks before the tempter would not have needed to ask twice.

Jim was taken all of a heap—as he would say. The sight of a half-crown, was for the minute a temptation. But just then he remembered his resolve. He closed his eyes for a moment, saying, "Lord, I promised to be true blue for ever; help me to be so." The prayer was heard, the struggle was over, the victory won. He looked at the man, saying, "No, Jack; can't do it. I'm a Christian now, and I want to be true blue to Jesus who has made me one." The defeated enemy turned away from the boy, convinced of the reality of the change in his heart and life.

You see, when we are converted, we are not taken out of

the place of trial, but God leaves us there to shine for Christ in the darkness around. I trust any of our young readers who are christians will never be afraid of standing up for Jesus, whether in the workshop, or at school, or at play, and may they have grace and courage—as I wish myself to have—to be "TRUE BLUE FOR EVER!"—My Little Friend.

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"I'LL TAKE YOU  
ACROSS."

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Passing through the city the other day I noticed a blind man standing, and anxious to cross the road, but as vehicles of every kind were coming and going in all directions he dared not venture. The blind man waited in silence for a few moments, when a little ragged boy, of about eight years of age, with a large box of fuses round his waist like a tray, went up to him with—"Come on, mister, I'll take you across," and then, without hesitation, the blind man put his hand into that of the boy's, and was safely led to the other side.

My first thought was, perhaps this little act of kindness has lost the boy a penny; and the next this verse, "a little child shall lead them," and I then thought how happy we



## 60 Not of works lest any man should boast.

should be if, like that blind man confident in the child's care, we surrendered ourselves trustingly to Jesus.

The blind man was not in the least afraid that the little boy would leave him in the middle of the road; but he immediately laid hold of his word, and hand. And to you, sinner, in the darkness of your nature, comes the word of Jesus. He bids you trust only to Him. Have you faith to believe?—The helplessness of the blind man forced him to depend upon a strange child's voice and hand; shall not your helplessness, poor sinner, teach you to accept the loving voice and strong arm of the Eternal Son of God, who is the Friend of sinners? Faith is surrendering yourself to and resting in another.—Jesus is near you now; will you not put your soul into His hands and be safely brought to God?

### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TOOK OUT THE "IF."

A little girl was awakened to anxiety about her soul at a meeting where the story of the leper was told.

Leprosy is a dreadful disease which soon covers the whole body. When any one became

leprous in Israel they were obliged to go outside the camp, and when any one came near them, to cry, "Unclean! unclean!"

Leprosy is a marked emblem of sin. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

One day a poor leper came to Jesus and worshipped him, saying, "Lord IF Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I WILL; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

Well, this dear little girl, who was anxious, said, "I noticed that there was an 'IF' in what the man said, but there was no 'IF' in what Jesus said; so I went home and took out the 'IF' by my granny's fireside, and I knelt down and I said, 'Lord Jesus, Thou canst, Thou wilt make me clean; I give myself to Thee.'"

My beloved little reader, have you thus come to Jesus? And, if not yet, will you come now? Oh, do come to Him! He can, He will make you clean; yes,



whiter than snow. You are a sinner, and sin is a far worse disease than leprosy. Nothing can take it away but the blood of Jesus. Come to him this very minute. For "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

"I SO HAPPY."

One day a little boy was playing with his toys, when he said, in a quiet tone, as if giving utterance to that which was passing in his own mind, "I so happy! I so happy!" On his mother asking what it was that made him so happy, he said "I been thinking Jesus up in heaven loves me. I love Jesus so much. Jesus loves Harry."—Dear young reader can you say what Harry said? Are you nestling in the loving arms of Jesus.

God gave HIS SON. "The Gift of God is eternal life." O reader, it is a gift—A GIFT—A GIFT. If thou knewest this! Thou canst not buy it; thou canst not merit it. The One who knows you, and all you have ever thought and done, sets before you Jesus the crucified; Jesus the risen one; Jesus the glorified. Dost thou know HIM, THE GIFT OF ALL GIFTS.

## THE FIRST TWO CHILDREN.

Read Genesis iv., 1-15 v.

This part of God's book has a story about the first little boys that ever lived. Once there were no little boys and only two people in the world, Adam and Eve, and they were never little like us but were made out of the dust of the earth by God speaking. Then bye and bye they did what was wrong—disobeyed God, took the fruit he told them not to, and that was SIN and that is what doing one's will is still. I mean liking to have our own way instead of God's. Well, the Bible tells us that the wages of sin is death and so the first two people that ever lived had to die. Wages is what I get paid for my work; and all that we can ever get paid for doing sin is death.—Adam and Eve after they sinned had two little boys—the first one Cain, the other Abel.—Cain was a tiller of the ground, that means he was a farmer. Abel was a keeper of sheep, that is a shepherd. I used to wonder why he kept the sheep, for they did not eat meat at that time, and then I thought it must be for the wool they had. What do we use it for? To make clothes with. Now



we have found out about the two little boys Cain and Abel and their father and mother, Adam and Eve, but we have not heard about God yet. Now all of us some day have to meet God, and it is best to know the way He wants us to come to Him. Well, after a while, Cain the eldest brother brought an offering to the Lord of the fruit of the ground; the wheat that grows is that and apples on the trees, &c. What did I say the wages of sin was? Death. Now there was no death in the fruit of the ground, and Cain seems to have forgotten all about what God had said to his father and mother about surely dying.

But Abel brought of the firstlings of the flock—that means the very best of them. He went and picked out a lamb of the flock and killed it upon his altar that he had built, but Cain's offering had no death in it like this. Now which of the offerings would make us think of Jesus soonest? Abel's, because Jesus is called the LAMB OF GOD—Cain took the fruit of the ground and God had said "Cursed is the ground" and so what grew in it was not fit for Him. Abel's little lamb then was killed and the blood poured out upon the altar so that there was death on Abel's

altar and that is the wages of sin. But how did Cain get the fruit he brought to the Lord? He worked for it. He tilled the ground. Then what did he do? Pick the worst? No, but the very best—all the good he has he brings to God. But who did the working to get Cain's offering? Cain. And who did it to get Able's? God. So one was Cain's work and the other was God's. God had respect unto Abel's offering but unto Cain's he had not. That means he liked one and it pleased Him and He did not like the other. But this made Cain very wroth, that means he was very angry. Now what made Abel's offering please the Lord was because it was a life laid down in death and this paid the debt of sin for Abel or it pointed unto Jesus who was coming to die upon the cross as God's lamb.

If Cain had done the right thing as Abel did would not God be pleased with him? Yes, dear children. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain"—one that pleased God better. Abel offered unto God the best of his flock and he gave his offering to God by faith, that means, he believed what God said. Now Cain did not, but



## He shall save them because they trust in Him.

just brought what he thought would be best. Abel owned he was a sinner, one who had done what was wrong, that God must punish sin and that so he deserved to die and so he put his little lamb on the altar before God and that is like one of us now trusting in Jesus who died for us as the Lamb of God. Abel offered the little lamb and God accepted his gift. He took it for Himself. Abel owned that he deserved God's judgment—that he must die, but the judgment came down upon the little lamb instead of him.

Cain must have thought that he was good enough and he would offer what he got out of the ground, forgetting that God had said it was cursed. But the reason why it would not please God was there was no blood in it, and there was not faith in Cain who offered it, and "without faith it is impossible to please God." That is, he did not believe what God had said nor own that he deserved judgment as a sinner. And so there is no offering of blood in what we can do, but Jesus died on the cross and shed His precious blood there and God wants us to believe what He says about our sins and trust only in Him. Yes, God has accepted that Lamb and raised Him

up to heaven and now if we only trust in Him God is well pleased. Able's offering, then you see, was like Jesus dying for us and God accepted it and said that Able was righteous that means, with no bad things put against him. And that is what God does now, when we own that we are sinners and believe His word and trust in Jesus who died for us. He counts us to be like Jesus because we are trusting in Him. And so it is not our goodness or badness God looks at but the goodness of Jesus. And Jesus is God's blessed Son, and before He came to die for us He was up in Heaven with His Father. But when He died for us God accepted Him as the offering for our sins and see where He is now, up in heaven at God's right hand. And look at what are in His hands, the prints of the nails that they nailed Him up to the cross with. So children, God looks at Jesus there and has accepted Him; and that is how He accepts us now who trust in Him, and love Him for His great love to us.—W. G. H.

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The Holy Ghost is always true to Christ—points to Him. "He shall testify of Me," says Christ.



COULD NOT KEEP IT.

A New Zealand girl brought over to England to be educated, was converted and became a Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said, "Why go back to New Zealand now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people; everybody will have forgotten you!"

She said, "What, do you think that I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there."

I was walking one day with a little child, and we were talking about heaven and the glory. The sun was shining brightly overhead, and I said, how much brighter the glory would be.— We were going to see a poor woman, and the child asked my leave to ask her if she loved Jesus, and if she would like to see his glory. The answer the woman gave her was a very

happy "Yes," for she was a christian, and the child added, "I should too." What answer would you give to this question?

**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 friend, "I HAVE FOUND A FORTUNE."

Christ meets all the poverty of His saints by His unsearchable riches. Christ in His fullness should be the entire, absolute object of our hearts.

Jesus has not only a heart that sympathizes, but He has power to help.

This is a faithful saying, and WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. i.15.

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# Sunlight for the YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS "THE TRUE LIGHT."

No. 9.

## THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR.

The Son of God, who dwelt in light  
Unreach'd by mortal eye,  
Came forth as man the foe to fight,  
And won the victory.

In perfect light was sin laid bare,  
And met its utmost due;  
While perfect love in triumph there  
Revealed salvation too.

Who but the sinless One could be  
Sin offering meet for God?  
And who in heaven or earth but He  
Could cleanse me with His blood?

To save the sinner Jesus came,  
To set the captive free:  
And now my willing lips proclaim  
What He hath done for me.

His finished work is all my trust,  
And now He lives above,  
Eternal proof that God is just  
In all this way of love.

Delivered from the wrath to come  
I soon shall see His face;  
And praise in God's eternal home  
The riches of His grace."

## THOSE GOLD WORDS.

It was Sunday afternoon, and a little ragged boy was slowly wending his way along one of the less frequented of the London streets. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and presently

he came to a stop, attracted by something pretty. It was a card that had been dropped from the bible of a Sunday-school girl. The boy picked it up carefully, holding it at the edges lest his dirty fingers should spoil it. It was pretty, he thought. The colours of the border were so bright, and the gold letters shone in the sunshine. How he wished he could read those words, but that was impossible, for the poor child had never been taught. Fearing some of his companions would come and take his pretty card away from him, the ragged boy put it into his pocket, saying to himself, "I'll get old Molly to read them words to me to-night. I bet they're something good, or they wouldn't have taken the trouble to make 'em so pretty."

So saying, the boy walked on, and being soon after joined by some of his companions, he forgot the card for a time. But in the evening, before he re-



## 74 The eyes of the blind shall be opened.

turned to his home, he went to a house in the same court, felt his way up a dark staircase, and opening the door, called out, "I say, Molly, are you there?"

"Yes, come in, Jack," answered a shaky voice. So he went in, and there, by a rickety table, on which stood a rush candle, sat an old woman trying to read.

"Now, Molly," said Jack, "I want you to read these gold words to me, I don't know anyone else as can."

"Allright, my boy," answered the old woman, "I'd do more than that for you, Jack, for you be always ready to do a kind turn for me."

She took the card in her hand, and after admiring it for a minute, read slowly, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"What does that mean, Molly?" asked Jack.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you, boy. I don't know much about them things."

"But who is the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I have heard say that He is the Son of God, who lives up in the sky."

"I wonder what 'thou shalt be saved' means; what are we to be saved from?"

"I think I can tell you that,

Jack," said Molly. "When I was a child like you I used to go to Sunday-school, and I used to learn a few things there, but I have nearly lost them now. I do remember that they used to tell us sometimes that anyone who was wicked and didn't serve God as they ought, would be put into a big fire when they died—a fire called hell, and I expect it is that we want to be saved from."

"Well," said Jack, "I wish I knew more about that Lord Jesus Christ, that I might believe on Him, 'cause I shouldn't like to be put into that fire at all. Good night, Molly." And putting his card into his pocket again, he went home to bed, but it was along time before he slept, his mind was so full of the verse on his card.

The next day, he made up his mind that he would try and find some one that would tell him something about Jesus Christ, and when he was going out of the court, seeing Molly in front of him, he asked her if she knew how he could find anyone who knew anything about Him? She said there was a gentleman that lived at one of the houses where she sold oranges, who she guessed would tell him all he wanted to know, and show-



ing Jack where the house was, she went on her way.

It was some time before Jack could get courage to knock at the door, but he did at last, and it was opened by a servant, who thought he was a beggar, and wanted to send him away. But the gentleman passing near the door, saw him, and asked him what he wanted. Jack pulled out his card, and asked him if he would be so kind as to tell him what those words meant. The gentleman smiled kindly, and taking Jack by the hand, led him into a room, and bade him sit down while he explained the verse. "My boy," said the kind man, "God made everything. He made this world. He made us. God is a holy God and hates sin. All the bad things we do are sin. And God must punish sin. You cannot hide your bad doings from God, and He knows all your thoughts. But God is love. And He sent His own Son into this world. Jesus is His Name. Jesus came here from heaven over 1800 years ago. He came to tell man that God is love. He came also to die for man, and to bear the punishment against sin which we deserve. It was a cruel death, Jack, that Jesus died. Wicked men nailed Him to a cross of wood and

hung him up to die. While He was dying there He was bearing our punishment. God laid our sins upon him. When he was dead Jesus was put into a tomb, but God raised him up from the dead, and Jesus is now in heaven. He is full of love, my boy, and waiting to receive you. He will forgive all your sins and make you ready for heaven. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Jack did believe, and his face was radiant with happiness, for he felt that he had found a Friend who would never leave nor forsake him, and when he left the house he felt that he had begun a new life. And now, little children, which of you will believe in Jesus as Jack believed, and be saved?

"Oh, unutterable exchange—the sinless One is condemned, the guilty goes free; the Blessed bears the curse, the cursed gets the blessing; the Life dies, and the dead live; the Glory is covered with shame, and the shame is covered with glory."

"Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost."

"I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."



HEAR THIS CHILDREN.

What bread is to the hungry, and water to the thirsty child, Christ is to the one who longs to know sin forgiven, peace with God, and heaven as his home.

If you know and feel that you are naughty ; that you often do what is wrong ; if you are afraid to meet God's holy eye just as you are ; and if you want your sins washed away—then you are what the Lord Jesus calls "thirsty." He says, "If any man THIRST, let him come unto ME and drink." And in another place He says, "I am the bread of life, he that cometh to ME shall never HUNGER ; and he that believeth on me shall never THIRST."

If you are hungry and thirsty Jesus is the One to go to. As soon as you go to Jesus and believe on Him, you will be satisfied, you will have all you want.

But what are you to believe ?

That Jesus, God's Son, came into the world to save sinners, and that, as you are a sinner, He came to save you ; that He died, and put away sin on the cross, and that he has risen again, and lives in heaven for you.

And why should you believe this ?

BECAUSE GOD SAYS IT.

ALL GONE.

A little boy once said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins that God forgives, mother."

"Why Charlie, can you tell me where all the figures are you wrote on your slate yesterday ?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then ?"

"Why, they are nowhere, they are gone," said Charlie.

Now, when we believe in the Lord Jesus, it is just so with our sins, they are all washed away by the precious blood of Christ, and not a stain remains.

Sin is a dreadful thing, and nothing but the blood of the Son of God can blot it out ; and now, dear reader, if you believe in Him you need never think a single sin will be heard of again, for every one of them is gone for ever.

THE WONDERFUL NEW DRESS.

Alice found a poor woman one day resting under a tree.

"Do you want something ?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she said, "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico ?" asked Alice.



"That will fade too soon," answered the poor woman.

"A plaid, a beautiful plaid," asked the child.

"That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the woman.

"Do you care about the fashion?" asked Alice.

"I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!" said the old woman.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy; do you expect to live so long? A thousand years is a great, great while; and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that," said she.

"I will ask my mother," said the little girl, much puzzled, "If she knows what dress would suit you, and perhaps she will buy it for you."

"Your mother dear child is not rich enough to buy it," said the old woman.

"My father is rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed like a King's daughter!"

"The old woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself; she

talks so queer. I don't know where you'll get such a dress, said she aloud; something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled, added the old woman: "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining."

"Oh!" was all Alice could say; then she added, "I should like such a one, I am sure.— Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the old woman, "The dress would let itself out so as to suit you always."

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?" she asked.

"It is the garment of salvation, the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ," said the old woman tenderly. "Christ came and died to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us this pure white robe, thus making us children of God, and fit to dwell with him forever. Would you not like to have this garment, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"I do want to be one of God's children. Will he give



## 78 The solitary place shall be glad for them.

me a heavenly dress, do you think?"

I do not know what the woman said in reply, for, although knowing so much about the garment, she did not speak as one should do who knows she has it.

No one on earth can buy that dress, but GOD GIVES IT NOW to all who trust in that precious blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, and makes us fit to go at once into the blessed place where they sing. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." It is put upon them that believe, (see Rom. iii, 22), whether old or young; therefore, if you are a believer in Jesus, it is even now upon you, and as God Himself puts it there, you may be quite sure that it will be enough to cover you for ever, and will never be soiled, never wear out.—Good News.

"PLEASE, SIR, TRY TO  
SAVE ME."

'Fire! Fire!' The terrible cry rang through the vessel from stem to stern. "Fire! Fire!" Every eye glanced rapidly away from the tongues of flame and curling wreathes of smoke behind, to where, afar off, some had sighted the long blue line

of land not long before. Would the burning mass reach it before the engines ceased to work; While the affrighted passengers were anxiously watching the vain efforts of the crew to stay the flames, and shouting words of encouragement to the brave steersman who, singed by the fire and half suffocated by the smoke, still courageously kept to his post, one of their number pressed through the crowd, hastily fastening a belt around him as he urged his way to the extreme end of the vessel, and at length stood there, prepared to attempt at the very last moment a swim for life.

'Please, sir, can you swim?' It was a little girl who spoke. She, too, as children most mysteriously do sometimes, had forced her way through the crowd, and now stood there clinging to the vessel's side.—'Please, sir, can you swim?' She had seen him hastily cast off his coat and boots, and had watched the anxious look that scanned the far off shore, and measured the too slowly lessening distance.

'Yes, little one, thank God, I can swim; but I fear,' pointing landwards as he spoke 'not so far as that, and through such a sea as this, but I shall try.'

'Oh, please, sir, will you try



## The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

to save me? There was an indescribable agony in the child's face and in the imploring tones of her quivering voice. How could he save her, and bear also through the angry waters the gold for which he had toiled so long? Without friends or money he would be helpless in that strange land. But in a moment it flashed through his mind that a young life was better worth trying to save than the belt of gold, with which he had thought to win the shore. There was but a slight hesitation before the strong man hastily unbuckled the belt, and casting it from him, exclaimed, 'Yes little girl, I will try to save you.' Stooping down, he bade her clasp her arms around his neck. 'Thus, child, not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make for the land.'

The final moment at length arrived. 'Are you ready?'—'Yes' said the child. 'Then hold firmly, and may God help us both.' The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung for dear life to her good friend; as, with an arm thrice strengthened, and a heart thrice nerved, he plunged with his burden into the ocean and struck out for the shore. 'Wave after wave washed over them, but still the brave man

held out, and the dear child held on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the dear treasure from him, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Recovering his consciousness, the form of a dear child met his earnest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute, but eloquent, benedictions.'

Now, my dear young friends, surely there is an all-important lesson to be learned from this very interesting story. Most solemnly would we warn, affectionately would we entreat every reader of these pages, both young and old, to flee from the wrath to come. The clouds of judgment are gathering, and soon they will break. No escape then, no refuge then, no strong and powerful swimmer to bear you to land. But why perish when the door is yet open, and the Lord waits to be gracious?

I have to tell you of good news, of glad tidings. On man's side there is no hope, no remedy, no salvation. But I can tell you of One mighty to save, willing to save, and gracious enough to save. Jesus the Son of God, in a love altogether His own, has taken up the cause of the poor sinner, died under the judgment of God, exhausted the



curse, and has now gone to glory in proof of His finished work—a work the value of which is eternal and glorifying to God. The guiltiest sinner may now be righteously cleared from all charge of sin and guilt, and cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus. O there is no limit to the boundless grace of God. There is salvation far more sure, more certain, more immediate, and more complete than that enjoyed by the saved girl from the burning vessel.

May I come to Jesus? Is the door open for such as I am? I am very young; will Jesus have me just at present? Must I not make myself good before I go to him? He says, 'Come unto Me: I will give you rest.' I went to Jesus when I was BAD, and he has saved ME. Yes; yes; the invitation is to you, dear young reader; it is world wide—'WHOSOEVER will may come.'

It does seem so strange, does it not, dear young reader, to be told that salvation does not in the very least depend upon the doings, feelings or experiences of the sinner—that I must completely turn away from my own works to the work of Jesus finished on the cross, THERE to rest satisfied. Oh, dear young friend, who can fathom or sound the

depth of His most precious work! And God has raised Him from the dead and given Him glory in the heavens.

The risen Saviour is God's answer to the sin and guilt of man.

Come then, dear reader, whoever you are and trust Him.

God is the giver. Come who will, there is enough and to spare: "all things are ready." This is the great essential truth of the gospel. So far from looking for anything in man agreeable to God, the glad tidings come on His part on the express ground that all is ruined, wretched, guilty, on the sinner's part. "Let him that is athirst come; yea, whosoever will."

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

"Behold, I come quickly."

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# Sunlight for the YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS "THE TRUE LIGHT."

No. 10.

## BETHANY.

One spot there was to Jesus dear,  
Where he could rest his aching feet  
When wearied in the desert drear:  
A humble, quite, sweet retreat.  
Oh, show me where the spot could be?  
'Twas Mary's home in Bethany.

He came to do His Father's will,  
And toiled beneath the noonday sun  
His loving mission to fulfil;  
But when his daily task is done  
Where does he find a home? Ah, see?  
He wends his way to Bethany:

There he would find a sweet relief  
From that great sorrow in his breast—  
Man's ruin, sin, and unbelief,  
Which on his soul so sorely pressed;  
And thus it was he loved to flee  
To trustful hearts at Bethany.

But though no more on earth to roam,  
Though crowned with glory now above,  
Oh, does he not still seek a home  
In hearts responsive to His love?  
Then let my heart forever be  
Like Mary's home—His Bethany.

## I AM ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

One Sunday afternoon, a great many children were gathered together for a children's service, and many grown-up people had come with them to hear of God's love.

Let us look at a small group in the large hall. It is a nurse and two little children. The eldest is between five and six years old. Her large, bright eyes lit up a most endearing face, with a very unusual look of intelligence upon it. As the child shakes back her fair, curling hair from her face, her fragile look makes us tell that she will need tender care and love to enable her to pass through this rough world.

The speaker arrives, and few of his young hearers pay more eager attention than our darling little F. With flushed cheeks, she listens to the story, how that the Lord Jesus left His glory, and came down here, becoming a little child, and growing up in this world, and at last dying on the cross for sinners. She listens to the message how that old and young may have all their sins forgiven, and be ready to go to be with the Lord when He calls His loved ones.



home, and how that they all should be really on the Lord's side.

Little F.'s heart was full of joy. Young as she was, she had known and trusted the Lord for many months. When, in closing his address, the speaker asked all the little ones who were "on the Lord's side" to come and speak to him, little F. slipped down from her seat, and stole gently up the room, and then clasped her little hands in those of the speaker.

Many a grown-up person's heart was stirred at the sight! The little child, forgetting herself and the crowds around her, and thinking only of the Lord, whom she had already learned to love!

After the meeting was over, and the children had gone to their homes, little F.'s first greeting to one who dearly loved her, and had taught her about the Lord Jesus, was this: "Oh, auntie dear, I am so happy! I danced nearly all the way home. I am so happy I am on the Lord's side." Her auntie knew that this joy was not the work of a moment, for, when only four years old, F. had learned for the first time that the Lord loved her, and that He had died for her, and her intelligence in understand-

ing the truth was most marked. Her heart entered into it, and she learned by God's teaching that she had a sinful nature, as well as that she needed forgiveness of her sins. But little F. saw in Jesus all that she needed, and often said, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus, and I am saved, for he died for me."

The dear child was anxious for her friends to know Him too, and would ask them all if they were saved, telling them that Jesus the Lord had died to save sinners. Many a time she would leave her dolls and toys to talk to her aunt about the Lord, and when she had learned to read, it was her joy to spell out the chapters she loved so much, chiefly those commencing "Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem," and "Now on the first day of the week."

Our little F. also loved to hear of the Lord's coming to call all who love Him to meet Him in the air, and to be forever with Him, and she knew she would be one of the happy children who would be called then. Dear little readers, will you meet our darling F. there in the glory?—L. T.—Faithful Words.

'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'



SAVED FROM DEATH.

A 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, or 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 her hand. By the mercy of God her life was thus 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 going either to HEAVEN or to HELL. Your sinful thoughts and words 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 any one believes in Him, even the bright angels in heaven rejoice that another has been added to the number of the saved. Dear child, will not your name be found among those happy 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 the 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 the 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."

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Sweet rest for children—all are welcome, young and old, rich and poor, to His blessed rest.

#### A LITTLE TEACHER.

Terrible neuralgic pains compelled Mrs. N. N. to weep in agony. A fair little one, not yet three years of age, was standing by, trying to wipe away with his little handkerchief the tears of his dear suffering mamma.

"Why, mamma darling, do you not send for Dr. Y.?"

"It is no use, dear; man can do me no good: Jesus only can make me well, or give me patience to bear the pain."

The little child suddenly knelt down, joined together his little hands, put his head down, and, with beautiful simplicity, fervour, and liberty, prayed thus:



“ Good God Jesus, I don't like to see my mamma so ill: Dr. Y. cannot make her well, you can send away the naughty pains.”

One hour after that PRAYER OF FAITH the sick mother was relieved from the fearful pains of the tic douloureux. The mother, with her heart full of grateful praise to God, could not refrain from kissing her darling child. The little one seeing his mamma smiling smiled too. It was the intelligent smile of faith. “ I knew, mamma, you would soon be better, because Jesus can make us well.” “ Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”

“ SIN, SIN, SIN ; LOVE,  
LOVE, LOVE.”

Oh ! what rest, what happiness for the poor soul, when he sees he has to do with One who has conquered all enemies for him, and in whom He has treasured up all glory for him ! Before he came to the consciousness of this, the book of his daily transgressions appeared to ascend up before God, and black with the catalogue of his offences, on every leaf of which was written—sin, SIN, SIN ; but now

these blackened characters are effaced, and on each page is transcribed, in letters of blood, in the blood of God's dear Lamb—love, LOVE, LOVE ; all the dark spots are now obliterated, for He who is for us has triumphed ; He took the load of sin from off us, and has suffered the punishment due to the commission of it, and this silences all Satan's accusations.—J. N. D.

#### BILLY SMITH.

Billy Smith (for such I will call the little boy about whom I am going to tell you) was the son of a drunkard. He had not, like many who may read this, a happy home. For the money which might have made their home comfortable was spent for drink.

Most of Billy's time was spent in the streets, seeking to earn a crust where he could. He had a mother, but she was abused by her drunken husband ; and furniture and nearly everything he had went for drink.

Billy had, perhaps, never been taught anything about God or his Son Jesus Christ ; but one day when he had been wandering, hungry and cold, about the streets, he saw a crowd listening to some one preaching. He pushed his way in amongst



the people, and strange but soothing words fell upon his ears. Words about the Lord Jesus, who came down into this world, leaving His bright throne of glory, and died, that those who trust in Him, might have everlasting life. He listened attentively, and no doubt his thoughts wandered to the wretched place he called home, and compared with it the home of never-ending happiness in heaven above. When the preacher had stopped speaking about the way of salvation, he gave out the hymn with the chorus—

“I will believe—I do believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free.”

Poor little Billy caught up the strain; he kept saying, “I will believe, I do believe that Jesus died for me,” all the way home; and when he got into the room in which his father, mother and he slept, and although his poor miserable father was there, as usual, drunk, he could not keep from saying, “I will believe, I do believe.”

His father said he would turn him out of the house if he did not stop his noise, but he kept softly singing that beautiful verse. When his mother took off his tattered clothes, he crept on the top of an old cupboard,

his poor bed; his mother drew over him a piece of an old carpet, he sang sweetly, “I will believe, I do believe that Jesus died for me.”

How strangely these words must have fallen upon the ear of that poor woman. But how happy was this dear boy. That old cupboard seemed as soft to him as a feather bed; cold, hunger, all of earth was nothing to him, he had got Jesus and he wanted nothing else.

The next morning his mother called “Billy, Billy,” but there was no answer. She turned down the old carpet; was he asleep? Yes, asleep in Jesus. He had gone to sleep to wake up in the likeness of that blessed One who had died for him.—His mother saw but the lifeless body, for Billy’s ransomed soul had gone to be for ever with the Lord Jesus Christ.

My dear reader you may be only a little boy or little girl, but you are not too young to believe in Jesus. Can you, like little Billy, say from your heart,

“I will believe, I do believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free.”

If you can say this from your heart, how happy you must be. But, oh! if you cannot—if you do not know your sins are forgiven, if you are not saved, let



me tell you, Jesus is ready and willing to receive you. His arms are as ready to receive and bless you now as they were when He was upon earth, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. You are not too young to die. Where would you go if you were to die unconverted? The Lord Jesus, too, is coming soon, to raise up all those who have believed in Him, whose bodies are lying in the quiet grave; and those who are saved and are alive, will be taken up together to dwell with the Lord for ever. Little Billy Smith will be amongst that gladsome throng; will you too make one of that blessed number? Jesus said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,"

"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."

### YOU NEED HIM.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that

are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Matthew and Mark and Luke tell the very same story. The reason all three have given the account was to bring out that one thing, that Jesus had come to save sinners. I was once with a lady to whom a despatch came, "Dear mother, I am very sick." The next train brought her.

Do you think, sinner, she would go any quicker to her boy than Christ would to you? He is a physician who never lost a case, and some pretty hard ones have been brought to Him. Paul said he was the chief of sinners, and he was saved, so there is hope for every one else. The greater the sinner the greater the need of a Saviour.

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A Monthly Periodical is published by Thomas Somerville, containing true stories, and articles principally contributed and selected, the object being for the glory of the Lord Jesus in the conversion of sinners, and the comfort and edification of the children of God. Terms and address same as "Sunlight for the Young."

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## FAITH.

Marion was a little girl about nine years old. I have nothing wonderful or unusual to tell you about her, but I want to help you by this simple story to understand what FAITH is.

One day Marion went out with her mamma and grandmamma. It was a hot summer day, and the sun poured down on the white stones of the pavement, giving everything a glittering look, which was very trying to the eyes. Little Marion's were not very strong, so the sun tired them sorely. She longed to shut them, but she was afraid to walk along blindfold lest she should fall. But was not her mamma by her side, and would she not take care of her little daughter? Marion knew that she would, so without saying a word, she closed her tired eyes, and slipping her hand into her mother's, walked along in perfect safety close to her mother's side. And was she now afraid of falling? No, for her mother held her hand, and she felt perfectly safe although her eyes were shut.

When Marion's grandmamma saw how the little girl trusted in her mamma, she said, "That is a true type of what faith in God is, to trust Him perfectly,

and to know that we are safe near Him."

## LOST !

Lost! Can we fathom its meaning? A lost child in a dangerous wood, what alarm it creates; what interest it commands. To be lost amidst darkness and tempest in a ship at sea, with the dread filling the heart of each moment being dashed upon the awful rocks; who can tell its solemnity? But to be lost in a dark eternity—to be cast a wreck on perdition's stormy coast—to sink helpless into the iron grip of the second death—to fall back from the presence of God into the foaming billows of the everlasting lake of fire; to grapple with its surging waves for ever! O may these realities lay hold of us that we may account this moment salvation.

Simeon said, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," thus peace rolled into his soul.

Jesus said to Zaccheus, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Thus salvation—in its fullest sense to the sinner—is receiving Jesus. All is rapt up in Him.—E. M.—Salvation of God.

"Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable Gift."



# Sunlight for the YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS "THE TRUE LIGHT."

No. 11.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

The gentle Jesus pities you,  
Poor thoughtless little child;  
He bends on you a look of love,  
So tender and so mild.

He knows your little foolish heart  
Prefers a worthless toy  
To all His love, which, once believ'd,  
Would give you lasting joy.

He tells you, in His holy word,  
How joyfully He gave  
Himself—the spotless Lamb of God—  
His wandering sheep to save.

The child that knows His sin forgiv'n  
Through His most precious blood,  
Is made a lamb of Jesus' fold,  
A happy child of God.

## LITTLE PAUL.

In the city of S. lives a little boy who had been an invalid for a few years; and as his Mamma had a baby, and his Grandma was living with them, she used to nurse and care for little Paul, (for this was his name,) as though he had been one of her own. So, of course, Paul dearly loved his Grandma, and told her what he would have told but few.

He was now about five years of age, and as he was growing much stronger, his dear aged Grandma left him for several months, to go and see one of her daughters.

Before leaving, when little Paul would ask her if she would do this or that some day, her answer would be, "Yes if I live," for she was very aged, and she knew that she must shortly leave her body to await the resurrection, if the Lord did not come very soon. This troubled Paul, and during his Grandmother's absence he often got his mother to sit down and he would dictate to her what to say to his Grandmother. He wrote nice letters and always inquired about her health.

But soon something else than his Grandmother's health troubled him, and perhaps you will be surprised, dear little reader, when I tell you what this was. It was nothing about Grandma or anyone else; but it was about



himself, about his sins, and about where he would spend that long, long eternity, if the Lord came to-day.

Again he wrote and told his Grandma, and said, "often I am so worried because I am afraid I don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." This surprised her very much, for she had often heard him speak of Jesus very nicely, but knowing the great difference between talking about Jesus and really believing on Him from the heart, she once more told him of the love of God to poor sinners, and how he had said in the 3rd Chap. of John, the 16th verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and that God was willing to save him, for He said, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in to wise cast out;" and "Suffer little children, to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and "That the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." John vi, 39; Math. xix., 14; 1 John, 1 7.

Well, dear little Paul, thought of all this, and went and told his papa, who read him many more passages of scripture, and

asked the Lord for his little son. Soon after this Paul accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and wrote his Grandma, that "now, this worriness was all gone, and he was happy, for he believed in Jesus, and was sure he was saved, for God said so."

Since then, he has had no more trouble, but has been happy in the thought of going to be with Jesus.

And now, dear little reader, what about you? Do you think perhaps that you have never done anything very bad, and of course you will go to heaven? Little Paul had never done anything very wrong, but he knew that by nature he was a sinner, and he had had some naughty thoughts, and other such things, and as God was perfectly holy, and sin could not enter His presence, he could not go to God in his sins, and so needed a Saviour.

And you too, my dear children, you all need a Saviour, and you must not wait until you grow up before you think of these things; for the Lord says, "Surely I come quickly;" and oh, think of having Papa, Mamma, brothers and sisters, perhaps gone, and you left behind! Oh, no; do not delay it one day. "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold,



now is the day of salvation." ii Cor., vi. 2.

In conclusion, dear young reader, do not think that because your parents are Christians perhaps, and have often prayed for you, that this will save you. Oh, no; you must do like little Paul, think of yourself, of your sins, and where you would go were you to die to-night. Satan says, never mind, wait a little, there is plenty of time; but God says, NOW, do not delay; for poor little ones, there are only two places, with Jesus or away from Him for ever. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi, 30, 31. M. L. A.

#### WHY NOT OPEN THE DOOR.

Dear, child, if you were poor and naked, cold and hungry, and some one told you of a rich, kind man, who was always ready to give food and clothing to any one who asked him for them, do you not think you would use great haste in running to his house, and knock at the door, so that you might get in and make your wants known to him? And if the door was not opened at once, you would knock again and again, each time louder than before.

Now, dear little friend, let me tell you of the state in which you are by nature. You may say, "I am rich, and have need of nothing;" but the truth is that you are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." You were born in sin, and as soon as you could speak, and were old enough to know right from wrong, you began to commit sin; and so you have gone on up to this present time, loving the ways of Satan and hating God, unless He, by his grace, has given you faith in Jesus. Oh, if you have not been led to Jesus, do listen to what I am now saying to you.

Your sins are great. God is holy and pure; He dwells in a bright and happy place, called heaven, and He will never allow anything sinful to enter it. Your soul must either go to heaven or to hell. For your sins you deserve hell; but God, in His great love, sent His dearly beloved Son to become a man and die upon the cross, that His precious blood might be shed to wash away sin; and that same blood can cleanse your soul, and give you peace in Him.

If now, this moment you can own truly that you are a sinner, know that Jesus alone can



## 92 What is your life ? It is even a vapour.

save you, and that He is ready and willing to do so.

“Ah, then I will go to Him at once,” perhaps you will say ; “I will ask Him to wash ME and take away my sins, and, if what you say may be true, I shall be forgiven.”

Yes, indeed, my dear child, He is ready and willing to receive you into the arms of His love. He will “never cast out any who come to Him.”

But I have some good news to tell you, that may, perhaps surprise you. You may never have come to Jesus, but He is even now knocking at the door of your heart. (Rev. iii. 20.) Yes, Jesus Himself stands waiting for you to let Him in. Will you leave Him outside ? Oh, have you heard this before ? Have you ever thought of it ? Jesus, the dear loving, holy Lord, who gave up his life for poor sinners ; Jesus who died upon the cross, and rose again to a seat on his Father’s throne ; Jesus who is even now in glory —comes to you. He asks you to believe in Him. He is anxious that you should be saved. Will you still refuse.

Listen to His gracious voice, give heed to his tender words, believe in Him, trust in Him, and He will make you His forever.

What more can I say to beg you to believe in Jesus ?

If one of your kindest friends were to come to your house, would you keep him knocking at the door for a long time ? or would you run to open it to him as soon as you knew he was there ? I think that if you left him standing outside, it would seem as if you did not love him much.

Then why do you not open your heart to Jesus, the best and greatest of all kind friends ? Why will you not love HIM ? If you really loved HIM, you would then be so happy, and have such joy and peace. You have not to go far to get Jesus you have not to do anything to make yourself fit to come to HIM ; instead of that HE stands waiting, yes waiting for you to let HIM, with all the power of HIS love, into your heart.

Is this plain and clear to you ? Oh, do not think of it. Grieve HIM no longer by turning away from HIM, but take HIS free offer of mercy and pardon now, just now, as you are reading this.

### STORY OF A JEWESS.

A young Jewish lady, very rich, was in earnest conversation with a dear Christian lady about a poor Jewish family whom the



Jewess desired to assist.

The Christian lady wished to speak about Jesus, and His love in dying for sinners, and said,

“You seek peace, dear young lady; you seek rest. Ah, that I might bring you to the Lord Jesus, who loved you unto death!”

The Jewish maiden rose suddenly, and said, “I beseech you do not again speak to me of that name, else I will not enter your house again!”

“I shall not,” answered the lady, “but you will allow me, will you not, to give you this little book? and if you ever seek after peace, kindly read it.”

Years passed on; scenes of gaiety were entered upon—all that wealth and the world could impart were the portion of the Jewish lady. Every earthly joy was hers, but alas! He who died and is now in heaven’s glory was unknown; the peace He died to procure, and lives in glory above to give, she knew nothing of.

The little book (a New Testament) presented to her by her Christian friend, lay unopened. Oh, if she had but known the wondrous tidings contained in that small book! Precious tidings of grace to the sinner—a message of love to the guilty

and ruined, direct from God, who gave His Son!

My young readers, know you the Saviour whom the book reveals? Have your eyes been opened by God’s most blessed Spirit—opened to SEE your danger, and opened to behold the beauty of Christ? Oh, the beauties of the Lamb enthroned ’midst heaven’s light and glories! In heaven there is none like him; and who among the sons of men may be compared to Him.

The sense of uneasiness increased in the soul of the really anxious one. She is troubled—she has God to meet; she knows she has neither answered to the claims of His righteousness, nor can she stand in the presence of His glory. God is working in her soul, and who may stay His hand? The still small voice speaks to her conscience; it is the voice of God and all the power of the world and Satan cannot silence that voice.

She opens the New Testament, turning from one page to another. All is dark; she cannot understand it. She sought out her Christian friend, and said,

“I am so unhappy; I feel so poor and miserable; I long for peace and rest. Oh, tell me,



IS THERE A SAVIOUR FOR ME?"

The two friends sat down and read the New Testament together. They read of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, God's beloved Son, accomplishing redemption for the sinner; a victim on the Cross for our sin, laid in the tomb, but triumphant over the whole power of sin and Satan, and now risen, seated and glorified at the right hand of God.

Wondrous Saviour! None but Thee could enter into Calvary's depth of woe and come out to the Glory of God. Thou didst bear it; Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead. All is done—Thy work finished! Precious Saviour! Lamb once slain! Who but Thee art worthy to fill the throne of God? Well may the hosts of heaven encircle Thee telling out in rapturous strains who Thou art, and what Thou hast done!

The Jewish lady from the pages of the New Testament found perfect peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. "IS THERE A SAVIOUR FOR ME?" do you say? There is, One mighty to save, mighty in power, rich in grace, great in love. He will save you now. Oh, that you would only turn to Him; He has been looking out for you long; He has heard

your bleating in the wilderness; He pities you, and would have you near Himself, to shelter you from every storm, and protect you from the blasts of winter. He is a Saviour for the young—for the old—for everyone; but it is sinners He saves. The righteous in their own eyes He cannot save, for they need it not; "the whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick."

#### WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

Not far from the banks of the river Thames, stands a little country church. All up its grey sides the busy little ivy has crept, until it has nearly reached the roof, and its thick leaves almost cover the old-fashioned long, narrow windows. The church-yard is full of tombstones and grass-covered graves. Some are so tiny, that only little children could have been buried there.

But I want to tell you of a little about a boy that used to go to that church every Sunday. We will call him Tommy Turton, because as he is now a man of business, he might not like us to tell tales about him; and if we don't tell his name he cannot be offended.

Well, Tommy was very fond



of going to church. One night as he sat in one of those big pews, which were higher than himself, looking up to the pulpit which he could just see as he sat on the high seat, he listened to what the preacher was saying with very great attention. No doubt it was a very nice sermon, and perhaps full of long, big words, which a boy of Tommy's age could not be expected to understand; because the clergyman was preaching to men and women and not thinking of little boys—but it was the TEXT which took hold of Tommy's attention. He did not remember a word about the discourse, but every now and then the text was repeated, so that he had no difficulty in remembering it. It was about a pair of scales. A wicked king gave a great feast to the noble ladies and gentlemen of his kingdom. Neither the king nor his people loved God; but they used to pray to bits of gold, silver, and even iron and wood, which they called gods—but who could not move from the place where they were put. While they were feasting and making merry, all at once the king turned pale, for he saw a hand write something on the wall, and then disappear. He was very much frightened, and

all the laughing and singing stopped suddenly, and nobody could read the writing. The king sent for all his wise men to see if they could do so, but no; not one could read it. Great gifts were offered to any one who could read the words that alarmed the king.

The queen who was not at the feast, but who heard of the king's fright, came in, and told him of a Jewish captive, named Daniel, who could read the hand-writing. Daniel was sent for, and the king promised to reward him if he could tell him what these words meant. The poor captive said he did not want the king's gifts, but he would read the writing.

Now Daniel loved God, and used to pray much to him, and loved to do those things which pleased God. So he had wisdom given him to understand the words; for the hand was sent from God to write the king's wickedness. Daniel told him the meaning of the words—that God had weighed him in His scales, and that he was found wanting—that is, he was full of evil, and therefore he must be punished that very night.

Yes, those were the words that struck little Tommy, "weighed in the balances, and



found wanting." He used to take things to a tradesman for his father, and the man always weighed the things before he paid for them. If they happened to be SHORT weight he would not have them, because he said it was unjust. So Tommy learnt that this meant the king was not what he ought to be—and from that night this text was always remembered. Sometimes as he lay awake he thought of it; and when he was old enough to go to work, this text about the pair of scales used to come to his mind, and when he thought of the holy God, he felt how sinful he was and thought if he were weighed in those scales, how much would he be wanting—how far short he would come. He hoped he should be saved, but he never met with any one who could tell him how to get to heaven. Many told him he must be good, and do ever so many things; but he found the more he tried the worse he was, till at last he thought he would give up trying—but he was not happy.

Tommy had now grown to manhood, but that text about the scales never left his memory. Many a night he lay sleepless as he thought about his soul. What could he do to be saved? Ah! he wanted an answer to

that question! He thought that if he did the best he could, Jesus would make up the rest; and Satan seemed to whisper that it would be all right but one night he saw a dear old christian reading the bible—he knew she was a christain, and he told her about his troubles, and about the scales which had troubled him so much for years. She read many places in the Bible to show him that if God were to act only in justice, he would have to punish every one that came short of what he required. Then she read to him the third of Romans, where it is said, all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, and how Jesus came, not to make up for our short weight, but to die for us, and so to put away our sins, and save us, because He loved us.

Tommy saw from the bible that God had weighed everybody, and found them all bad. So He sent Jesus to put away sin, and to make us new creatures, and fit for heaven, through believing in Him.

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# Sunlight for the YOUNG.

VOL. I.

CHRIST IS "THE TRUE LIGHT."

No. 12.

## WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree ;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,  
It is very plain, I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain ;  
Were it bordered with gold or purple,  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the spring-time cometh,  
I will build my little nest,  
With many a chirp of pleasure,  
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap ;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet ;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And " life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows :  
All over the world we are found,  
But the heavenly Father knoweth,  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten ;  
Though weak we are never afraid ;  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life in the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray ;

I have no chart or compass,  
But I never lose my way.  
And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Wherever I happen to be ;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,  
A bird of low degree ;  
But I know the Father loves me,  
Have you less faith than me ?

## A LETTER FOR YOU.

The Bible is God's letter to us ; it is full of the story of His love ; in it the way of salvation and of happiness are plainly and simply told. And all its blessings are ours the moment we stretch out the hand of faith, and take God's word as His very words to us. But is this letter for you ? A little boy once ran up to a postman, saying, " Please give me a letter." " I do not know you," replied the good natured man smiling. " Do you know that I only give my letters to the people they are meant for ?" So the little boy ran back not very well pleased.



ustifier of him which believeth in Jesus," (Rom. iii 26 ; " And he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 36.)—F. C. G.

LITTLE ALICE.

A little girl who was so badly burned that she only lived a few hours after, asked her mother to lie on the bed with her, and sing "I am Jesus little lamb."

Her mother tried to press back her grief and sing, when the dear little sufferer tried to put her burnt arms round her neck. Just before going she asked her father to sing "Rock of ages cleft for me," after which her loving little spirit went home to be where there is no more suffering neither sorrow or crying.

APART OR WITH GOD.

There is no happiness apart from God. Surely the miseries and death that have filled the world for 6000 years prove this ! Reader, will you go to hell in order to learn that apart from God all is sorrow ? Oh ? be ye reconciled to God, whose Son has died that ye might be saved and happy forever. Be not as the Pharisees of old, who would not come to Jesus that they

might have life. Be not as the giddy fool who sips of sin's pleasurable cup for a few years, and wakes to thirst in woe for endless ages.

Be ye reconciled to God.—The day is coming when He will impute their trespasses unto men. The time is near when Christ, whose hands were nailed to the cross for our guilt, will open the books of judgment. "Now is the day of salvation." Now is the bright, blessed day when the spirit of God through His people whispers to the sinner, "Be reconciled to God."—Faithful Words.

FREELY ! FREELY !

Once I had a beautiful illustration of the freeness of salvation when travelling along a country road. Beneath the window of a small cottage had been placed by some kind hands a pitcher of clear, cool water.—Upon the window-sill was a mug to lift it with. For whom was the water placed there ? For ME, of course, or for any thirsty way-farer. The day was hot, the road dusty, and the tongue parched. Enough, it met my need. What was FREELY given I FREELY took. As I drank, my heart praised Him who had told about another water—not



to slake bodily thirst, but to satisfy the craving of an immortal soul, vivify the lifeless, and save from the eternal burning thirst of hell, where there is not a drop to cool the tongue. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life FREELY."

Dear reader, may God's "FREELY" sound in your heart, and may its cheering, living note peal louder and clearer above your fear, your unbelief, and the hissing lie of the old serpent until you hear it only, and rest in the blessed fact that God is for us. He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him FREELY give us all things." "I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life FREELY." Rev. 21, 6. "Being justified FREELY by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God has set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare at this time His righteousness, that He might be just and the Justifier of him that believes in Jesus." Rom. iii. 24, 25, 26.

### LITTLE MAGGIE AND THE PRISON KEYS.

Little Maggie Brown started out one afternoon on an errand

for her mother. On her way she saw Jack Hill, a poor, neglected, dirty, wicked boy, sitting on a doorstep. As she passed him he reached out his arm to strike at her with a cane he had in his hand, but the little girl ran quickly by; and as he did not attempt to follow her, she soon lost sight of him.

Jack had no cause for disliking little Maggie, she had never done him any harm; but her Father was one of the keepers of the great prison near by, and as Jack had often done wicked things, and had twice been put in the prison, he was afraid to meet Mr. Brown, and showed his spite by being unkind to Maggie whenever he could.

The little girl's errand this afternoon led her past the prison, and on her way back she caught sight of her Father, who was standing inside the gate, talking to the porter, with a large bunch of keys in his hand. Maggie did not stop a minute; she ran up to him as fast as her little legs could carry her, and put her hand in his.

"O Father," she said, "I'm glad I've met you; are you coming home now?"

"Yes, Maggie, I want my tea; so if you wait till I give up the keys, we will walk back



## 100 Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die ?

together." She followed him as he did so, and then they started on their way home.

"Why were not you afraid to come and speak to me just now, Maggie; don't you know I'm one of the keepers of the prison, and I had a large bunch of keys in my hand? With those keys I can unlock the cells, and very often I have to shut persons up there, and lock them in. Are you not afraid to walk with me?"

"O Father, you do talk in a funny way to-day," said his little girl, looking at him with surprise; "I'm not a bit afraid of you, you won't lock me up," and she put both her little hands over one of his, and pressed it very tightly to show that she had no feeling for him but that of love.

"Why won't I lock you up?" he asked again putting on a grave face.

"Because you are my Father, and I know you love me; besides I have not been naughty."

"Haven't you? I thought you were the little girl that broke my window last week while you were playing ball outside; I know I was obliged to pay a shilling to have a new pane of glass put in?"

"Yes, I was that little girl," said Maggie, hanging her head

and blushing very much.

"Are you not afraid I shall some day take and put you in the prison for breaking it?"

"No, Father, I am not," she answered slowly.

"Because I was very sorry for it I remember, and I cried, and told you all about it when you came home, and you forgave me and kissed me, and said you would not punish me for it, as I spoke the truth; and you are very kind, and always keep your word, so I'm not afraid of you, Father."

Although they were in one of the little streets near home, her Father lifted her up in his great strong arms and kissed her.

"A very good reason, my little girl," he said. "No, you need not be afraid; your Father will never be the means of sending you there, while you love and trust him. Look across the road; THERE is one who does not like to meet me. Why is that?"

It was naughty Jack, who rose from the doorstep as they drew near, and slunk off.

"Oh, that is Jack Hill I don't wonder that he is afraid to meet you, Father. He tried to strike me as I came along, and he thinks you'll punish him for it; besides, he is al-



ways doing naughty things and he LIKES to do them, and then he doesn't love you, or know how good you are ; and Jack Hill isn't YOUR little boy," said Maggie, with a skip and a jump of delight.

"After tea you will know why I have been talking to you in this way," said her Father ; and Maggie began to wish that "after tea" would come.

It came at last, and she reached down the great Bible, as her father told her. Then he read, "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not ; I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth and was dead ; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have have the KEYS of hell and of death."

"You were not afraid of your Father when he had the keys of the prison, Maggie, but Jesus Christ; the Son of God, holds the keys of the prison-house of hell. And some people are very much afraid to die for fear God would send them to hell. While I tell you what sort of people they are, see if you are at all like them. They are those who HAVE NOT had their sins forgiven, who DO NOT know God as a loving Father, who have not made a Friend of Jesus in this

life. These people must meet the Lord Jesus another day as their Judge, and then when the sentence is passed upon them, it will be this, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'

"Oh, think, what a terrible thing it will be to be sent into that everlasting fire, by One who is willing and anxious to be a Friend now.

"Jack Hill is afraid to meet me because I am not a friend of his, and he has no love for me. In the day of judgment, and even now, those who have not Jesus for their Friend, fear to meet him.

But there are others—those who believe on His Name, those who are saved through the blood of the Lamb, and who have learned on earth to love and trust Him. They have no fear when they think of Jesus as the One who holds the keys of hell and of death. They can look up to Him knowing His perfect love which casts out fear, and say, my Saviour has 'the keys of hell and of death.' The One who has showed His love by dying on the cross, that One will never send me away from Himself into everlasting punishment.

Then Mr. Brown knelt down with little Maggie and prayed



that she might know Jesus as her Saviour and Friend in her early days, and so have true peace and happiness.

### FREE PARDON.

While visiting an old man who was anxious about being saved, I found great difficulty in making him understand that pardon is the free gift of God, through the precious blood of Christ.

At last I said to him, "Now suppose I were to go to a shop, and buy something for you, and pay for it, and tell you to go and fetch it, need you take any money with you?"

"No," answered the old man, brightening up; "it would be paid for."

"Need you make any promises to pay at some future time?" I then asked.

"No," he replied, "I would have it for nothing."

"So," I continued, "is it with forgiveness of sins. The Lord Jesus has paid the full price for it! He has had the groans—the sighs—the tears—the wrath—the punishment—yea, all that sin deserved! He bore it all! He paid the whole. Yes, bought forgiveness with His precious blood, and now He gives it as a gift to all who bring their sins to Him."

"Yes," said the old man, as his eyes filled with tears, "I see it now; it is pardon FOR NOTHING! Pardon for nothing! Christ has bought, and He will give it me!"

The thief on the cross was, as fit to go to heaven as Paul, and he went there; and none go not fit. I know there is growth; but there is no meetness, fitness for heaven, except the work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Just see for a moment what blessings come to those who hear and believe the words of Jesus: "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." John v. 24.—Could anything be more plain, more sure, more blessed?

### "GLAD TIDINGS,"

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