

# M LITTLE FRIEND Annual









MY LITTLE FRIEND

MILK FOR PUSS,



# MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL.



L O N D O N :  
OFFICE OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND," 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.







# — P R E F A C E —



THE Summer is over and gone—and a glorious time it has been—while the flowers that graced our meadows, vales and hill sides, making a scene of loveliness not easily expressed, have fallen beneath the keen edge of the mower's scythe, or died by the keen winds that find out where the shyest of them love to hide. Autumn, too, with its gorgeous hues in wood and forest, with its ripened grain, and its fruitfulness in garden and orchard, has also passed away; and Winter, with its nipping fingers meddling with everything, picking off the few leaves left, and scattering snowy wreaths and icicles hither and thither, has come; and with it too has come the closing of our volume—the end of another year's labour of love.

Has it been in vain, we ask ourselves? We can cheerfully answer, that not a tittle of work done in the name of the Lord and for His glory, can fail; and so the husbandman, after sowing, and weeding, and watering, has long patience, in waiting for the fruits of his labours, and with



gladness of heart welcomes in the harvest time, so with thankful hearts we desire to wait till the Lord of the harvest gathers in His precious grain—and then we hope to meet many a little one who has received into his heart the word of life, which we have sought, again and again, to sow in the pages of our Magazine.

To our contributors we desire to express our hearty thanks for their fellowship, and to our many, many readers we trust our Magazine has not only been interesting, but helpful alike to the understanding and the heart.

Again we commend our volume to Him who graciously accepts whatever is done for His glory. To Him be all the praise.

With Christian love to all our little friends,

THE EDITOR.

PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.

*December, 1884.*





# CONTENTS

|  | PAGE       |   | PAGE |
|--|------------|---|------|
| Ready to Go  | 2          | The Old Log                               | 50   |
| God's Messengers—I.  | 2          | Milk for Pass                             | 50   |
| The Red Indians  | 3          | The God News                              | 51   |
| The Story of a Little Boy                                      | 5          | Bible Scraps                              | 51   |
| The Captain's Letter   | 6          | A Serious Dilemma                         | 52   |
| "Taken"  | 7          | The Sailor's Grave at Sea                 | 53   |
| Dot's Corner, 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, 47, 56, 64,<br>72, 80, 88, 96 |            | The Broken Window                         | 58   |
| Making Bread   | 10         | Humble Missionaries                       | 60   |
| "Be sure your sin will find you out"—I.                        | 10         | Ho Knows Best                             | 61   |
| A Baby kept from Danger  | 11         | A Funeral at Sea                          | 62   |
| Luther at Home   | 12         | May I Spend a Farthing To-Night?          | 63   |
| The Story of a Summer Holiday                                  | 13         | The Late Earthquake in England            | 63   |
| God's Messengers—II.   | 15         | A Missionary Story                        | 66   |
| "Be sure your sin will find you out"—II.                       | 18         | A Blessed Knowledge                       | 67   |
| A Young Girl's Reply   | 19         | I didn't ask you for a Half-penny, did I? | 67   |
| The Story of Stephen   | 20         | "Out of the Mouth of Babes"               | 68   |
| A Mother's Devotion  | 21         | Giants and Giant-Killers—I.               | 69   |
| God's Messengers—III.  | 22         | A Child in the midst of them              | 71   |
| The Busy Ants  | 23         | The Children's Treat                      | 74   |
| Little Dora's Lesson   | 26         | Giants and Giant-Killers—II.              | 74   |
| A Little Ship was on the Sea                                   | 27         | The Way Home                              | 76   |
| Temptation   | 29         | Johnnie and Ethel, or Seek and Find       | 77   |
| The Rainbow  | 30         | A Sweet, but Dangerous Morsel             | 79   |
| God's Messengers—IV.   | 30         | Little Kitty at Woodbine Cottage Farm     | 82   |
| Our Voyage to New Zealand                                      | 31, 46, 54 | Warfare                                   | 82   |
| God's Messengers—V.  | 31         | Charlie's Disobedience                    | 83   |
| Unable to Sleep  | 35         | A Glimpse at Geneva                       | 84   |
| Story of the Earth-worm  | 36         | The Shipwreck                             | 85   |
| What Elephants do in India                                     | 37         | All the Way to Heaven                     | 87   |
| The Ark and the Flood  | 39         | "On the Road to School"                   | 90   |
| The Conscription   | 42         | Something Better                          | 90   |
| The Story of Cyril   | 44         | Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones         | 90   |
| Who Loves You?   | 45         | Some Hard Questions                       | 91   |
| A Happy Girl   | 45         | Salvage of Indulgences                    | 93   |
| God's Messengers—VI.   | 47         | The Morocco Shoes                         | 94   |
|  |            | A Funny Place for a Nost                  | 95   |

## P O E T R Y.

|   | PAGE |                                | PAGE |
|---|------|--------------------------------|------|
| Jesus Died for Me - - -                 | 9    | The Sea Picturo - - -          | 54   |
| Shut Your Eyes and Run Away - -         | 6    | The Children's Class - - -     | 59   |
| "Dear Little Bird, come home with me" - | 11   | A Little Child—One of Many - - | 67   |
| Who will Work for Jesus? - - -          | 15   | The Holly and the Rose - - -   | 70   |
| The Caged Bird - - -                    | 19   | On the Sea Shore - - -         | 72   |
| The Shepherd's Care - - -               | 22   | Fragments - - -                | 75   |
| The Pearl of Great Price - - -          | 23   | Dan the Miner - - -            | 79   |
| The Rainbow - - -                       | 27   | Dr. Watts - - -                | 80   |
| The Nursery Clock - - -                 | 31   | Memories of the Sea - - -      | 82   |
| The Glowworm - - -                      | 35   | Our Sunday School - - -        | 83   |
| The Bible - - -                         | 35   | Little Elsie's Prayer - - -    | 86   |
| Sunday Evening - - -                    | 42   | The Blackbird's Song - - -     | 92   |
| Life, Rest, Joy, Peace - - -            | 50   | A Precious Possession - - -    | 94   |
| A Child's Hymn - - -                    | 51   | Acrostic - - -                 | 96   |

## I L L U S T R A T I O N S.

| Milk for Puss - - -                   | FRONTISPIECE | Cyril before the Judge - - -             | 44 |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|--|----|
| Mary's Home in the Country - - -      | 1            | A Happy Girl - - -                       | 45 |
| An Indian Chief - - -                 | 4            | The Sick Boy - - -                       | 48 |
| Harry going to the Sweet-stuff Shop - | 5            | Sitting on the Old Log - - -             | 49 |
| Their Evening Meal - - -              | 8            | Playing with the Young Ones - -          | 52 |
| Grinding Corn - - -                   | 9            | The Funeral Service - - -                | 53 |
| Luther in his Family - - -            | 12           | Ruins of an Old Castle - - -             | 56 |
| In the Garden - - -                   | 13           | He picked up his Ball - - -              | 57 |
| A Castle - - -                        | 16           | The Vaudois Valleys - - -                | 60 |
| View of Malta - - -                   | 17           | Children at Prayer - - -                 | 61 |
| Ornamental Text - - -                 | 20           | Digging the Well - - -                   | 65 |
| The Stream across the Common - -      | 21           | The Sisters at Play - - -                | 68 |
| A Cottage - - -                       | 24           | "Under the branches of the old Elm Tree" | 69 |
| Little Dora's Lesson - - -            | 25           | The Children's Treat - - -               | 73 |
| A Little Ship was on the Sea - -      | 28           | The way home - - -                       | 76 |
| Temptation - - -                      | 29           | They were very fond of each other -      | 77 |
| At Play - - -                         | 32           | Little Kitty at Woodbine Cottage Farm    | 81 |
| Watching the Big Ships - - -          | 33           | View of Geneva - - -                     | 84 |
| Earthworms - - -                      | 36           | The Shipwreck - - -                      | 85 |
| Wild Elephants in the Jungle - -      | 37           | On the Road to School - - -              | 89 |
| Interior of a House in Jerusalem -    | 40           | The Blackbird's Song - - -               | 92 |
| The sick little boy Jonas - - -       | 41           | Sale of Indulgences - - -                | 93 |







# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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Mary's Home in the Country.



## READY TO GO.

"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."  
—ISAIAH XXXII. 20.

**I**T is now nearly two years ago, and Mary was about nineteen years old, when she left her father's house in the country for a situation in London. This was not because her father was unable to keep her, nor yet that her home was not comfortable, as far as this world goes; but it was a public-house, and it was not always seen to as it should be, so that things often occurred which gave her much sorrow, more especially as things of eternity were pressing heavily upon her soul; for she saw her neighbours, day after day, taken from their homes to the dark, cold grave, and she knew her turn must come, and it might be soon, for the young as well as the old, and the rich as well as the poor, and she longed to be ready. Her soul thirsted for salvation, and she felt she could do anything, or endure any privation, so that she might obtain it, and be prepared for that day. Her sisters did not feel so, therefore they could be cheerful and happy as things were, but Mary could not, her heart was sad.

But when she came to London, it was still the same, for she could not get what she wanted. Though her situation was quiet and peaceful, and everything she might reasonably expect—she could have time to be alone—yet she could not find rest for her soul; there was still an aching void within, do what she would, or strive.

Things went on in this way till she left that place, and took another at the West-end of London, and there she attended all the churches and chapels she could; but all to no purpose, she was as sad and sorrowful as ever, till at last she thought all hope for her was gone; she had always been so bad, that it was no use for her to try. Others, she thought, might get the blessing, and be happy, for they were not like her—so vile and bad, and so far gone, that she was beyond the reach of mercy.

Thus things went on, till, one evening, she was passing through Hyde Park, and, if possible, more sad and sorrowful than ever, feeling as if she was alone in the world. But, on lifting up her eyes, she saw, a little way off,

a company of people standing, and, wondering what they were doing, she went to see, and found a man was preaching the gospel.

This surprised her very much, more especially as he did not look like a minister, but seemed as if he worked with his hands. She listened, and found he was telling the people about *Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God!* how He came into the world, and *died, and rose again*, "and put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." "*And by him all that believe are justified from all things,*" without any goodness of their own in any way whatever. (Acts xiii. 38, 39.)

Oh! she said to herself, this will just suit me. I want to be justified before God, and I find this is to be obtained by simply believing in His dear Son: and there is no goodness of my own required for my soul's salvation. Oh, how glad I am to know this, it is what I have been striving for so long, and I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. And why should I not be happy, notwithstanding all that I am, *because it was for sinners like me He came to die.* (1 Tim. v. 15.) And with that her heart became filled with that peace which passeth all understanding. She received the Lord Jesus Christ, and passed from death unto life, and went on her way rejoicing.

There was no excitement about it, but from that moment everything was changed with her, she was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and could now serve God with joy and gladness, for her burden was gone, her sins were forgiven, her soul was saved, and she was happy.

## GOD'S MESSENGERS.

## I.

## THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**I**T was a dull, chilly day in the end of March. A mist was coming up from the river, and filling the streets, in of the poorest and dirtiest neighbourhoods in the south of London. It was between two and three in the afternoon, when a group of dirty children who were playing in one of the close courts, were interrupted in their games by a girl, about 11 years of age, suddenly rushing among them calling out at the top of her voice,



"Ada, Lizzie, Polly, are you coming to the new Sunday school? Me and my Alice are going."

She stopped short, quite out of breath with running and shouting. The children stopped their games, to listen. Sunday was generally a very dull day to them.

"Now Sunday school!" exclaimed a big, good-tempered-looking, untidy girl, of 13. "Where is it?"

"Up at the Mission Hall, just by the railway arch. I'm going now; it ain't far. Come, Alice." And, seizing her little sister by the hand, she started off at a quick pace, followed by about twenty boys and girls, and soon reached the door of the Mission Hall.

Here they stopped, shyly, but a kind-looking lady, who stood at the door, smilingly invited them to enter. A few ran away, but about a dozen went in. A kind of fairy land it seemed to the poor children. They went up a short flight of stairs into a large, bright hall, spotlessly clean, with a large fire burning brightly, and on the walls texts in large letters, and printed so plainly that all could read them. "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD." "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE;" and many others. The service began by the singing of one of Sankoy's hymns, and very heartily did the little rough, untrained voices join in singing the words—

"I am so glad the Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

Then the classes were formed, six or eight chairs were placed in a circle round the teacher, and the children were like mice, as they sat and listened to the story of the Good Shepherd, who left His bright home of glory above, to come and live a life of sorrow on this earth, and then to die a shameful death on the cross, that He might gather in all the lambs, that none might be lost.

School seemed over very quickly that afternoon, and when the closing hymn and prayer were over, the superintendent, a young, bright, and earnest christian gentleman, asked all those present, if they would not only come

again next Sunday, but try to bring some more children with them. The children readily promised, and were soon hurrying through the streets to their homes. Among them were our two little friends, Carrie and Alice Baker.

L. C.

*(To be continued, if the Lord will.)*

## JESUS DIED FOR ME.

**W**AFT, ye winds, and tell the story  
Over heaven, and earth, and sea:  
Tell aloud in realms of glory  
Jesus! Jesus died for me.

When the vine and fig-tree blossom,  
When my mind from care is free—  
Whisper by the Spirit's mission,  
Jesus! Jesus died for me.

When, as oft, by cares surrounded,  
Sorrow all around there be,  
Ever hear the echo sounded,  
Jesus! Jesus died for me.

Onward, onward through my journey;  
Home, abroad, where'er I be;  
Tell me name and work so worthy!  
Jesus! Jesus died for me.

In the coming day of wonder,  
When Christ's bride like Him will be,  
All shall hear above and under,  
Jesus! Jesus died for me! E. E. S.

## THE RED INDIANS.

**W**HEN Columbus, and others, first set foot in America, it was thought that the new world might be part of India. Hence they named the savages, "Indians." They have also been called Red Men, because of their copper-coloured skins. They are now spoken of as Red Indians.

The red man is not very tall, yet he looks so, because he carries himself very erect. He has a square head, which is flat at the back, and his forehead is broad and low. The women are short and stout. Both men and women have small hands and feet. Some are

gentle and inoffensive, but others are thieves and murderers. The race is now fast dying out, and ere long that race will have gone, leaving only its name and history.

No European tourist ever gazed upon any of America's wonders in the days when the home of the Red Indian was an unknown land. No English tongue or voice was heard

on Niagara's banks, nor admirers from distant lands, to return and tell of its grandeur. From forest to forest, and from bank to bank, the wild Indian roamed afar at his pleasure.

The canoe of the red man was a common sight, skimming the watery surface; while a little hut in the forest told of his home life. His hut was called a *wigwam*, his wife a *squaw*, and his children, *papoose*. He lived by the chase, and saw in the buffalo, the elk, or the

antelope, only food for him and his. Hence the redskin cannot understand why the white man should kill such animals, when he does not require the flesh for food.

Now that his country is in the hands of the white man, the wild forest and the broad river are no longer free to the Red Indian; so that he cannot fish where he may, and hunt where

he was wont. It is a sad day for the poor Indian, and so he mournfully says, "White man come, buffalo go; when buffalo go, squaw and papoose die."

The Indians who formerly lived in North America are called the Iroquois, and this term includes five nations. A relative of mine went to see one of their reservations, (that is,

a grant of land given by the government, where the red man is expected to till the ground, and sow his corn, as whitemen) and wishing to see those who had professed Christianity, found his way to the meeting-room. The congregation had not yet assembled, but about a dozen Red Indians were seated there. Some women were there also, who had laid aside the native style of dress, for they had found more scope for the showy taste of the savage



An Indian Chief.

to be seen, and therefore had a very gay appearance. All were singing, in a very touching way, the following well-known English hymn:—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."



## The Story of a Little Boy.



THE little boy's name was Harry; he has now grown to be a man, so what I am about to tell you occurred a good many years ago, when he was quite a boy.

Like most little fellows, he was very fond of visiting the toy shops, and also the shop where sweets were sold. He was not only able to look through the windows, and gaze at the pretty things exposed there for sale, but nearly every week he made a small purchase on his own account, because his kind mother used to give him a halfpenny.

I do not think he had a missionary box, as many children have in those days, or else his halfpenny might sometimes have found its way into the box, instead of the pocket of the woman at the shop.

Well, one day, early in the week, he was looking in the woman's window, and he saw a new kind of sweetmeat, and immediately he wanted to taste what it was like. Saturday was so long to wait for his halfpenny, and he wanted to enjoy his treat at once. His mind was soon made up, and into the shop he went to make a bargain with the woman, and to go into debt for the first time in his life.

He told her he should have his money on Saturday, and then he would pay her. He

did not stay to think if his mother would approve of his doing this, all he wanted was to get the sweets; and soon he came out of the shop, with the prize in his hand. But sweets soon disappear, especially with Harry, and before he reached home, all was gone.

I do not think he felt quite happy about the matter, for he did not mention at home what he had done, lest he should be scolded. Saturday will soon be here, and then I can pay her. But, alas! when Saturday came there was no halfpenny for Harry, for he had been a bad boy in some way, and, as a punishment, he was to have no money this week.

This made poor Harry feel very uncomfortable, for what would the woman say? Never mind, he would not go past that way till a whole week had gone, then surely he could meet her, and settle her claims. However, he was not to get off like that, for the woman at the shop came to wash, on Monday, for his mother, and she mentioned what Harry had done, and how he had forgotten to go on Saturday, as she supposed.

Here the story was all out. Mother knew about it too, and when she looked grieved about it, the big tears would come into Harry's eyes, and trickle down his face, and he has never since forgotten that day.

How well it was for Harry that his fault had not only been found out but repented of! Faults are easily checked and broken off at the beginning, but if allowed to pass unnoticed soon become habits which cannot so readily be got rid of.

When I heard him speaking about this incident, he finished up by saying, "Be sure your sin will find you out."



Harry going to the Shop.



### The Captain's Letter.

THE rays of the October sun were shining pleasantly in the open window of the room in which Bobby Green still lay. The month was drawing to its close, but the day had been unusually warm, and in compliance with the sick boy's request, his couch had been wheeled into his favourite corner. There Bobby could lie, and gaze out on the trees and fields in the distance, and watch the golden light, as it rested on one object after another in the pleasant landscape. From this sheltered spot he could also see the long, faint outline of the Malvern hills, a sight of which Bobby never wearied, for, to his childish eyes, they always seemed to touch the sky. It was on these hills that Bobby was gazing now, his pale face lighted up by the soft, mellow sunlight, in which at that moment everything in the neighbourhood seemed bathed. "Jack," he said, suddenly turning towards his brother, who sat reading near, "wasn't it good of God to let me have you? I wanted you *so badly*, dear Jack, so I asked about it. Wasn't it *good* of Him?"

"I wanted to stop too, laddie," said Jack, closing his book, and coming at once to his little brother's side; "but I couldn't see how I could stay, till I had the captain's letter this morning. I had asked, too, Bobby." Jack's tone had a strong earnestness in it, which Bobby at least could understand. "It's all right now, isn't it, Jack dear?" said Bobby, smiling. "The captain said you might stay another week, didn't he?" "Ten days," responded Jack, as he took the letter from his pocket, and glanced over its contents. The letter had arrived that morning, and, to sailor Jack's joy and surprise, had informed him that, through unforeseen circumstances, his ship could not sail till ten days later than the time at first appointed for her to do so.

"Yes, God is *very good* to both of us, Bobby," continued Jack, as he laid the open letter on the table. "I did not dare to hope *for this*." And sailor Jack's eyes wandered out to the golden sunlight with a wistful look, that his mother saw, and wished to understand. Jack rose, and, advancing towards the table, replaced the letter in his pocket. The next

moment he was at his mother's side, gazing affectionately on her care-worn features.

"Mother," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "the Lord could have made Bobby well again, if it had been *His* will to do so." "I know it, my boy," said his mother, with a sigh. "And, mother dear," said Jack, his voice a little unsteady as he spoke, "if you would but trust Him; *He knows best*." Nancy answered only by her tears. She had meant to comfort Jack, but Jack's words had reminded her that he had a Comforter of whom she knew nothing. Her tears fell faster still, as, with gentle, earnest voice, Jack sought, as he had done many times since his arrival, to speak of the love of Him "who doeth all things well"—"the old, old story," that has comforted so many sorrowing hearts, was repeated again in Nancy's ears. Perhaps at that moment she did not gather from it all the sweetness and comfort she might have done. But the day was not far distant when, parted from both of her children, the mother turned to the Friend of the needy.

"Mother," said Bobby, as Jack finished speaking, "it'll be *so nice there*. Mrs. Seymour read to me all about the beautiful home that Jesus has prepared for those who have trusted in His precious blood."

"And, better than all the rest, Bobby, *Jesus will be there*," added Jack, softly.

"Yes, yes, Jesus will be there, and I shall see Him." And, with the sweet thought in his mind, Bobby closed his weary eyes, and fell asleep.

M. V. B.

### Shut Your Eyes and Run Away.

ONCE two little ones were playing,  
Bright and sunny was the day,  
Round the garden walk they rambled,  
Singing like the birds in May.

They were glad to be together,  
Walking mid the lovely flowers,  
Playing in the golden sunshine,  
Hiding 'neath the ivy bowers.

Now they stop to pick a daisy,  
Or to hear the sweet birds sing,  
See them sip a drop of water  
From the pleasant little spring.



Now they start away together,  
Hand in hand I see them go,  
Hearts as light as any feather,  
Neither care nor sorrow know.

All at once I see them stopping  
Just outside the parlour door,  
Peeping through the little window,  
What—is pussy on the floor?  
No; inside you see no kitty,  
She is sleeping in the sun,  
Well, I wonder what they see there.  
Stay, I'll tell you, little one.

Creeping closer, and yet closer,  
Little hands outstretch'd to take  
From a table near the window  
Such a lovely piece of cake,  
See the little hand withdrawing.  
What is that! the children say,  
'Tis not ours—we must remember,  
Shut your eyes and run away.

Lord of heaven, bless the children,  
From my inmost heart I pray,  
Teach them, over bless'd Saviour  
Thus from sin to turn away,  
May they shun this earth's attractions  
Lead them, gracious Lord, to Thee,  
Keep them 'midst the world's distractions  
Ever following after Thee.

When the wicked wily tempter  
Spreads for them his subtle snares,  
Teach them, Thou loving Saviour,  
To remember Thou art near.  
May they learn of Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Gentle, kind and true to be,  
Ever to Thy word obedient,  
From each youthful lust to flee,  
Till they hear Thy voice, Lord Jesus  
Calling them to meet above,  
There to know, in all its fulness,  
All the wonders of Thy love.

C. G. C.

### “TAKEN.”

**M**Y young readers may remember the likeness of a little girl, whose name was Laura, in the February number, 1882. One Sunday afternoon lately, she was engaged in looking over the first volume of the Magazine. Some time after, her father, turning over its leaves, saw a word written in a child's hand that struck him very much. It was on page 5,

where she had been reading the piece headed, “Taken or Left.” At the close of the question, “Let me ask you, my little friend, should you be taken or left if Jesus should come *now*?” was this word written in pencil, “Taken.” When he showed it to her mother, she said: “Oh yes, I remember seeing her standing by the sofa, with a book open, and pencil in hand.”

Now I would press this same question home to the heart of each one of you, my dear young readers. And another question on any who have not yet come to Jesus, and are still unsaved. “If the word spoken through angels proved steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect [or ‘make light of,’ as in Matthew xxii. 5], so great salvation?” (Heb. ii. 2.) A salvation wrought out for us by the blessed Redeemer, when He “suffered for sins once [*once for all*], THAT HE MIGHT BRING US TO GOD.” 1 Peter iii. 18.

My young readers were, no doubt, dreadfully shocked on hearing of the awful occurrence at Sunderland, on Saturday afternoon the 16th of June, when as many as 189 children lost their lives in that terrible crush. A gentleman who was one of the first upon the scene, and helped in rescuing many of the living, says that these stretched out their hands calling, “Take me! take me!” When I read this, I thought of little Laura's word written in pencil, and also the prayer at the end of some lines headed, “The pictures of my nursery,” in volume vi., page 39,

“Lord, me obedient to my parents make;  
And coming to Thee, me as Thine own take.”

If you can really say this from the heart, then you may be *certain* that Jesus would take *you*, if He came while you were living on the earth; and if you die first, you are still “the Lord's,” and “He will receive you unto himself,” in renewed body, soul, and spirit; yes, “like him,” that you may “ever be with the Lord.” Read Romans xiv. 9; Philippians i. 23; 1 Corinthians xv. 52; 2 Corinthians v. 1–4; John xiv. 3; 1 John iii. 2; 1 Thessalonians iv. 14–17.

LAURA'S PAPA.

## MY LITTLE FRIEND.



### DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

It is now time for me to write to you once more, and as we are brought to the commencement of another year, it is well for us to have a change again, in order not to weary our little friends. So this year I hope to have the corner all to myself, to chat to you about those things which, I trust, interest us all.

Many dear young ones have written to me during the year that has now passed, and I cannot expect them always to write without having a resting-time. We will say, then, that it is my time to write now, and pleased I am to have this privilege.

The girl and her little brother, in the above picture, are sitting in the window with restful satisfaction, enjoying their evening meal of bread and milk. They are taking that which will strengthen and comfort their bodies, and I must try to feed my little readers in another way. The mind requires food as well as the body, and that most precious part of us, the soul, needs heavenly food, to sustain it in a state of health and vigour.

On entering a new year, I think our first thought should be to thank God that He has

kept and preserved us through the one that is past, and to count on His grace to bless us in the new year. Do my readers think to do this, I wonder? I remember once a christian man being on a steamer, going for a voyage, and during the voyage he happened to engage in prayer in a public way. The next day, a gentleman who had been present, and heard him, took him apart, and said, "How dared you, last night, to pray like that? Why, you seemed to be at home with God." Ah! poor man, he did not understand what it is to be a Christian.

Well, I think that is how all little ones should come to Him now—not be afraid, for He loves you. The Son of God, when down here, said, "Suffer them to come unto me." Then go to Him, and tell your sorrows and your joys; thus will your heart be filled with joy and peace. We all desire to be happy in this world, but many seek happiness in the wrong way, like a boy I saw, not long ago, who thought the way to be happy was to have all the toys for himself, and leave none for his sisters; but I hope he has found out his mistake by this time.

Now I must say, Good-bye, but I want you all to read the following verses out of your Testaments: Romans x. 6-9.

Your affectionate friend, DOT.

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### MY LITTLE FRIEND ALMANACK, 1884.

Contents—Scriptural Dial. I'm going up there. Brother Ben. The punishment of the Stocks. Buried in the Sea. Chatterboxes. A Little Stranger. A wet Half-holiday. Sparrow and a Worm. Golden Fishes, &c., &c.

*In Quantities for Schools at Special Rates.*

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



Vol. IX. No. 98.—February, 1884.  
Price One Half-Penny.

Grinding Corn.



## MAKING BREAD.

**T**HESE two women are at work at a very familiar occupation in the East—they are grinding corn. They do not grind a great deal to last many days, but just as much as they think will be wanted during the day.

They have two flat, smooth stones. The bottom one is fixed firmly, the top one has a handle, and a hole in the centre, through which the grain is dropped. Then the women sit close to the mill; both of them take hold of the handle, and turn round the top stone. This soon grinds the wheat into flour; they can then make their dough cakes, as Sarah did, at Abraham's request, when the three men visited him.

Their loaves are not so large and square as ours, but flat and thin, to be more quickly baked on the hearth, after the stones or bricks are made hot.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

**H**, I shall not read that," I think I hear some boy or girl saying. "What a gloomy title, it makes one miserable to think of it."

But I trust you will read on, for this text is found only once, I think, in the word of God, and it is such a strange one—it is only one short sentence, yet it seems to have four distinct sounds: "Be sure," "your sin," "will find," "you out."

My dear young readers, let us together look at this, and I trust we shall leave it with different thoughts from when we first took it up. I think one of the beautiful points about it is that all the words belong to the infant class, as one may say, for the longest word has only four letters.

If I were to ask my little girl, of seven years, if she understands what I mean, when I say, "Be sure," she would say, "To be sure I do." Then the next two words, "your sin," no one reading them can mistake to whom they apply, for it means me, my sin; the others also are quite as simple—there is no

doubt but *it* is, "WILL FIND." Ob, then, *it is ME* again, "YOU out." Oh, what words they are!—"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

I should like you to notice that it does not say, your sin will get found out—that mother will find out that you pushed the baby down; or that, when she was not looking, you stole the sugar. It does not mean that the boy who began to steal by taking a penny from the till, will get found out by his master; but it means that YOUR SIN will FIND YOU OUT.

Let me try and give you an illustration, but it is from memory. It happened about twenty years ago. I was quite a lad, and at the time was doing duty as signal-boy on board H.M. Despatch Vessel, P—. We were lying in the beautiful harbour of Selima, in the island of Malta. Things were going on in an every-day kind of way, and we had not the slightest idea of being disturbed from our quiet retreat.

As I was pacing the deck, ever on the lookout toward the Admiral's palace, where the tall flagstaff reared itself above the tops of the surrounding buildings, I saw a signal run up to the masthead, and at the same time our ship's number was flying, which I instantly answered, and read off the message, which ran thus:—

"Prepare for sea with all despatch."

Quickly reporting these orders to my superior officer, we were all soon in commotion, making preparation for our cruise, whatever it might be. We were not long kept in suspense as to the kind of errand on which we were to go, for the orders came on board that some runaways—three soldiers and two sailors—had stolen a boat, and a box of money and valuables from the officers' quarters, and had decamped to sea.

These were the particulars, and we were to go after them, toward the island of Sicily, which it was supposed they would try to reach with their ill-gotten gain, and bring them back to justice. In about an hour we were ready; our buoy was let go, and round went the paddlewheels. We quickly cleared the harbour, and stood out to sea. How my heart beat at the thoughts of the chase after those miserable creatures—thieves and runaways.

I think every one on board wished that we might find them, for most sailors despise a thief, and consider flogging quite good enough for him; and so on we went. The look-out is called for, and it is my turn to go to the mast-head, to scan the surface of the water, looking out for anything that might appear in sight. The hour ran by without anything particular being reported, and I was relieved. As time went on, our captain was bailing the mast-head man, time after time, telling him in which direction to look out. At last the shout is heard, "Something like a boat on the star-board bow, sir," and the glass is soon pointed in that direction, the vessel also steering towards the object. As we approached, we could hardly make out what it was, for they had no sail set; yet there was a nice breeze, but they seemed to be just drifting about anywhere. When we came up to them, we found this was so. Ah, *their sin had found them out*; yes, *before* we found them out, they had dearly proved this (as we heard after they were got on board). I will tell you how this was done, for I wish to warn my readers against sin, and to prove to them, that the way of transgressors is hard.

But I must leave the rest of my story till next month, as I find it is longer than I anticipated.

"Dear Little Bird, come home with me."

"DEAR little bird, come home with me,  
A sweet soft bed I'll make for thee;  
I'll deck it with leaves and flowers so fair,  
And you shall be happy beneath my care."

"Sweet little maid, my nest is made,  
Three tiny eggs are in it laid;  
And I must watch for my young ones three,  
I cannot come to thy home with thee."

"Dear little bird, I love your song;  
To me you should warble the whole day long.  
I'd sit by your side, and talk to you,  
And buy you a cage so bright and new."

"Sweet little maid, your face is fair,  
And kind are the thoughts that I see there,  
But what is a cage of gold to me  
Compared with my nest in the old elm-tree?"

"Dear little birdie, the cold will come—  
Then what will you do in your tiny home?  
You, and your dear little children three,  
You will be cold, as cold can be."

"Sweet little maid, I will not fear,  
Though the wintry days are long and drear,  
The summer's sunshine's warm and bright,  
And the leaves are deck'd with golden light."

"Dear little birdie, you must come,  
And twitter about my pleasant home;  
Some nice fresh crumbs I'll spread with care,  
And every day you'll find them there."

"Sweet little maid, when winter comes,  
I will not forget to pick up the crumbs;  
And I'll sing you a song as sweet can be.  
Then fly off to my nest and my birdies three."

M. V. B.

### A Baby Kept from Danger.

DAY by day, and hour by hour, God, in His great mercy, spares us, that we may complete any work which He may have sent us to do. And also to learn of His love towards us, and how He wants to draw our hearts to Himself. This has been most strikingly shown in many instances besides the one which I am about to tell you.

In a small family, where the baby was accustomed to sit in her high chair to breakfast, with the others, it happened that one morning she was not awake in time for breakfast, and so her place was left vacant; but they had not been eating long, before a large portion of the ceiling fell, over the place where the child would have been sitting, had she been at breakfast, and would, no doubt, have killed her. But God, in His mercy and love, had watched over His little lamb until it was out of danger.

And if you, my dear readers, when you pray, ask God to take care of you, and keep you out of danger, I am sure He will, for He loves and cares for you just as much as He did for this little child, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

ELLA.





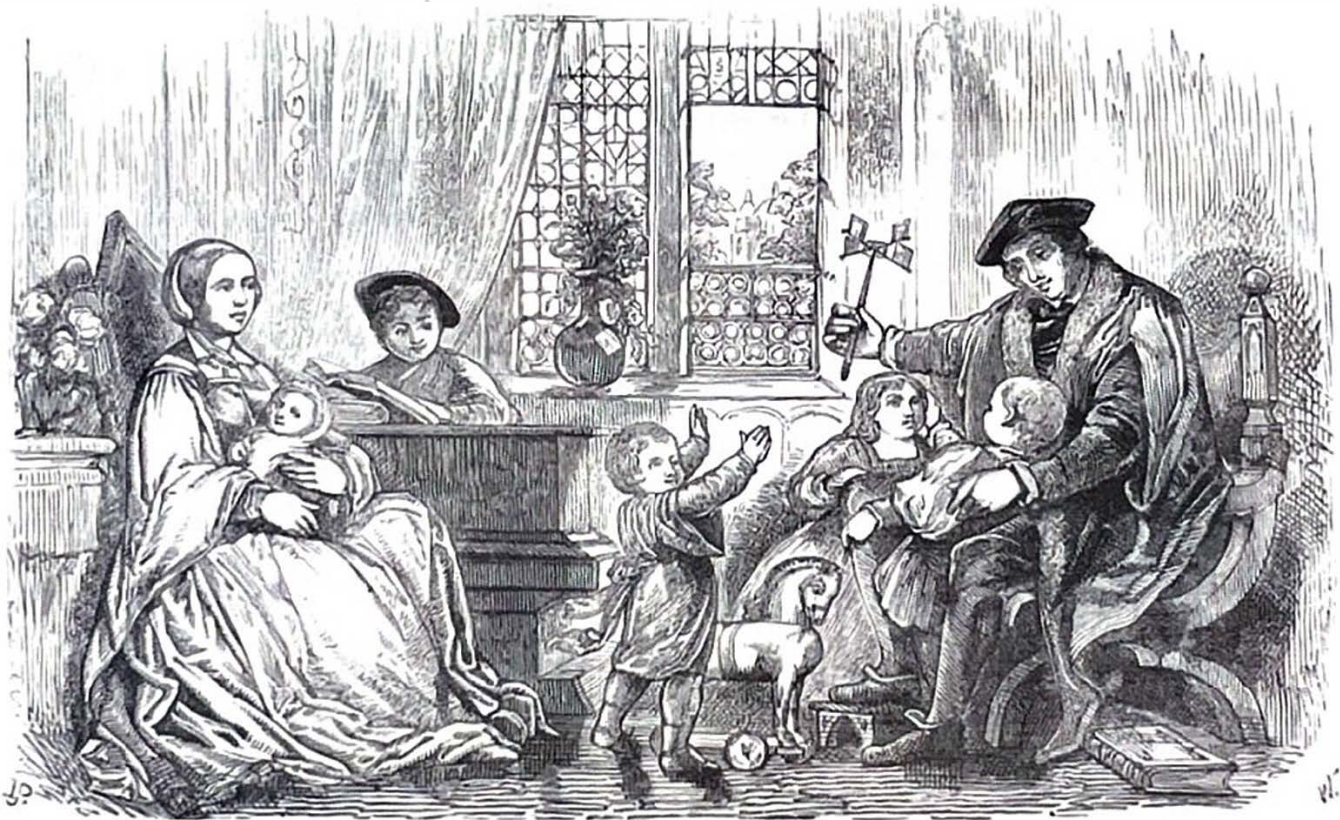
## Luther at Home.

**M**ARTIN Luther thoroughly enjoyed himself in his family. He had in all, six children; and his great desire was to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

When worn out with his work, he would take his flute and sing one of the hymns he had composed for use in the church; or, calling his wife and children round him, they would sing all together.

sinned! How I admire your tints, O rose, but which would have been more brilliant but for the fault of the first man. Nature does not show its ingratitude like man; for the murmurs of the streams, the perfumes of the gardens, the breath of the winds, the rustling of the leaves, are so many hymns chanted to the Creator; whilst man, made after the image of God, forgets Him entirely since his sin!"

Luther was stern in his discipline with the children. On one occasion he would not allow his son John to see him for three days. His



LUTHER IN HIS FAMILY.

"There is nothing sweeter," he used to say, "nothing more beautiful than a happy marriage, where the husband and wife live together in peace and concord. It is the best gift of heaven next to the knowledge of God and of His word."

He was also fond of his garden; and when his brain was overwrought, or he felt harassed by Satan, he would seek relief with the spade. But here his thoughts were busy. Bending over the violet he would say, "Poor violet, what a perfume you exhale; but how much sweeter it would have been if Adam had no,

wife was distressed, and interceded for the boy, and some of his friends did the same, but to no effect. "I would rather my son were dead," said Luther, "than badly brought up. I will not forgive the boy until he has written me a letter, humbling himself and asking for pardon." I should think he would have enough of the punishment by three days, and be glad to do as his father required, and so be received again into favour.





## THE STORY OF A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

**R**EST after hard work of any kind is always sweet, and I am sure that every reader of "My Little Friend" will agree with me in saying that a holiday, when it has been fairly earned, is and ought to be a very pleasant time.

And now I am going to tell you about a very happy holiday I spent with some dear friends not long ago. Indeed every memory of it is so bright and precious that I enjoy thinking of it as a gift from the hand of my loving God, from whom comes every good and perfect gift.

But I must not forget to tell you our names, and where we were going. There were just six of us; Frances, Annie, two Marys, Harriet and Charlotte. Almost all of us live in a busy city, and so were glad and thankful to have even one day far away from all the noise and bustle of crowded streets, one day to spend wandering through green fields or resting under shady trees.

Two of our party were deaf and dumb, but as we all could talk with our fingers, they were able to enjoy not only the pleasant resting time, but much that was said, and I may as well tell you a little secret. Our holiday was all the happier for having those dear silent ones to love and care for. The words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35), are quite true, are they not? And some of my

young readers, those who love Christ, will be interested in knowing that all our party could say of Him, He is my Saviour, "He loved me and gave himself for me." So all of us were learners in the school of God. And our lessons (just like yours, dear children) often seem hard and long. And sometimes tears will also fall fast, that we can hardly see to read the bright words, "God is love," that we know stand at the head of every page in the lesson book from which we are learning,

it is only because we do not always understand just what the Lord wants to say to us. But our Teacher is so wise and patient that we cannot help trusting Him, even when we cannot quite understand.

A short ride by train, and we found ourselves at a railway station about two miles from the place where we hoped to spend some hours, so we set out on our walk with light hearts and bright faces, though the provision baskets some of us carried were just a little in the way when we



All were glad to rest and enjoy dinner.

wanted to say anything on our fingers; by passing them from one to another we got on very well. But as the day, though very fine, was hot and dusty, and rather trying, we noticed that one or two of our number began to look tired, though of course nobody would confess to being so; we turned from the high road and after a little climbing over some rough ground, we reached a shady grassy spot where all were glad to rest and enjoy dinner, and from which we were not in any hurry to go, for taking out our bibles we had quite a nice



long talk about the Saviour in whose bright presence some whom we had known and loved were already resting. The word of God does not tell us very much about heaven, the home where all who belong to Christ are going. But we are told much about the Lord Jesus, "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (1 Thess. v. 10.)

Our little bible reading over, rested and refreshed we set out again on our walk. The dusty road lay behind us, for our onward way was across a broad breezy common, and as we walked we told each other just a few of the secrets that we knew were hidden in leaves and flowers—secrets of the wisdom and power of God. And there were some pleased listeners to a wonderful story of "The Earth Worm." I should enjoy telling it to you, but think I had better keep it for another time, or you might get tired of my story before I got to the end.

The afternoon passed very quickly, but though we all agreed in saying, "What a delightful walk," I do not think we were sorry to be told it was time to make the best of our way to the house of the friend, whose loving thoughtfulness had called us together, where tea was waiting for us. I need hardly tell you (need I?) that all of us were quite ready for tea. Tea over, we went out for a little while into the garden, where we made good use of the permission to gather flowers.

Half-an-hour later, we were all in the drawing-room, some round the piano, where while skilled fingers moved lightly over its keys glad voices joined in singing hymns.

But, perhaps, dear young reader, you would have been still more interested in seeing how the deaf and dumb were occupied. I wish you could have seen their bright faces as they followed the rapid finger movements of a friend who without one spoken word was telling them a true story. Shall I read it?

It was that of a poor boy, a deaf mute, who lived in the south of Ireland some years ago. His father and mother were very poor people, and Frank, for that was the boy's name, had never been sent to school, or even taught at home. I do not think that at the time my story begins, Frank even knew that he had a soul. But the Lord, who knew all about and

loved the poor neglected boy, put a desire into the heart of a christian lady, whose home was not very far from the cabin where Frank lived, to teach

#### THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY

not only to read and write, but in some way to tell him about the love of God in giving His Son to die for sinners. (John iii. 16.)

It was very slow work, though Frank was not at all a stupid boy, but learning was quite new work to him. He had been used to run about all day without shoes or stockings, and I do not think that at first Frank at all liked sitting still.

But his teacher was very kind and patient, and in time Frank could talk (on his fingers) quite well, and made fair progress in reading and writing.

One day Frank was having a bible lesson. His teacher was explaining to him about the death of Christ for sinners. But poor Frank did not quite understand; he looked very unhappy, and when asked to tell why his face had such a sad troubled look, said (on his fingers), "Christ is one, we are many, I could understand how one could die for one, but I want to know how could one die for many?"

Not a very easy question to answer, but Frank's teacher knew that the Lord was able to give her just the right word to meet the boy's need, so simply looking to Him for wisdom, and telling Frank she would not keep him long waiting for an answer, she closed her bible, and sent Frank to work in the garden, making him understand that he was to sweep the paths. It was autumn, and the leaves were falling fast, so Frank had soon swept up quite a large heap of dry leaves. His friend went into the garden, and taking a valuable ring from her finger laid it upon the heap of leaves, then turning to Frank asked by signs, "Which would you rather have, The one ring or the many leaves?" It did not take Frank very long to make up his mind. He answered, "I would choose the ring, for it is very good. I know there are many leaves, but they are only fit to burn."

Then Frank understood when he was told that as the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, His death upon the cross was of such value, that God can and will forgive every poor

sinner who trusts only in His finished work, His precious blood.

So Frank believed the good news, and believed in the Lord Jesus as his own precious Saviour, and so became a very bright and happy christian boy.

Now, is not this a very interesting story? I thought so, I can tell you. But our holiday, though drawing to a close, was not quite over. After another happy helpful bible reading we returned to our city houses, tired, you may be sure, but bright and thankful to the Lord for our happy holiday, for His word tells us that "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (James i. 17.)

C. J. L.

### Who will Work for Jesus?

**C**OME work for Jesus while 'tis day,  
And help the wanderer home,  
To flee from every sinful way  
And to the Saviour come.

The poor, the blind, the sick, the sad,  
Give them a helping hand,  
And those that have not known His love  
Help them to join His band.

To work for Jesus we may have  
A heavy cross to bear,  
But then, if we stand firm all through  
We shall His glory share.

Then, help us, Lord, to bear our cross,  
However hard it be,  
Until we reach fair Canaan's land  
And Thy blest face we see.

E.

### GOD'S MESSENGERS.

#### II.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

**N**OT a very bright place to call home was the house to which Carrie and her sister Alice hastened. First of all they turned down a lane, that looked poor and dirty enough, and out of this lane ran a court, that looked more like a back-yard than anything else.

There were no paths; half-starved dogs were trying to find a bone among the heaps of rubbish, and rough men and boys stood in groups, smoking and talking.

Half-way down this court Alice stopped—No. 6 was her home; such a tiny house, with

four tiny rooms, and they had not even these for their own use, for the upstairs rooms were let to another family, so that twelve children and four grown-up persons lived in that little house.

As soon as she entered, her baby sister Rosie—but whose face was certainly not like her name—ran up to her, and wanted to be nursed. Rosie was a pale-faced little thing, two years old, with brown curly hair and bright eyes, but such a tired, old, little face. "My Rosie," her eldest sister always called her.

"Well, my girl, and what did you learn at your new Sunday school?" asked her father, kindly.

"Oh, father, lots of things," was the excited reply. "Alice, say the text the lady told you."

Alice, half shyly, half proudly, stood before her father, and repeated it: "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

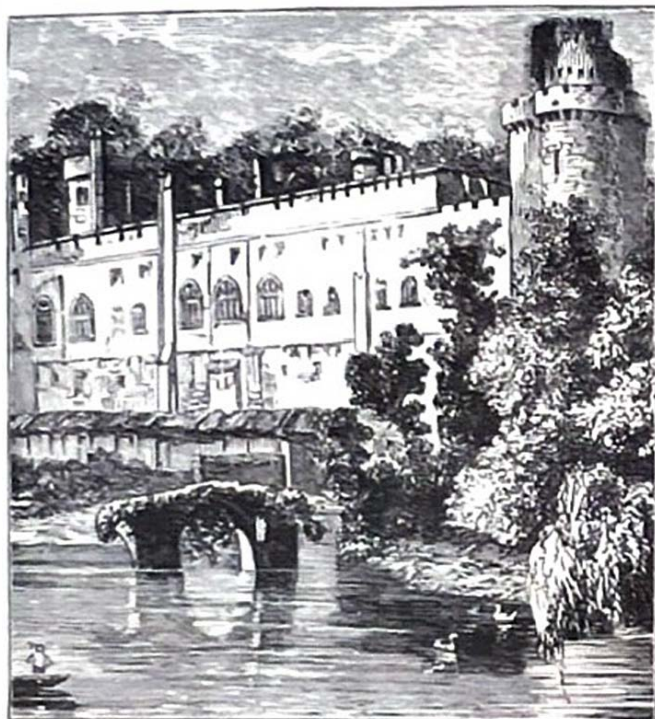
You will find out what it was made home so sweet to poor little Carrie. She had a kind father and mother. They were very poor; both father and mother had to work hard all the week, and it was Carrie who took care of her little sisters while mother was at work. Carrie, who tidied up the room, and got supper ready for her father and mother, and big brother George when they came home late at night. Carrie was the one who was always up first in the morning, to get her father's breakfast ready by five o'clock. It was a hard life for the little girl, and perhaps some of you, little friends, who read this story may feel less inclined to murmur, because *all* your time is taken up with those tiresome lessons and that troublesome music practice every day. It was a great treat to poor Carrie to be able to go to school in the afternoon, but this could not be, if her work was not all done in the morning.

One of her friends was Annie Blake; she was a year older than Carrie, and worked all day chopping wood at a fire-wood factory. Poor little children! No time for play; but a kind, heavenly Father had His eye upon them. He knew that they were worth more than many sparrows, and could even use these poor children as His chosen messengers.

L. O.

(To be continued, if the Lord will.)





### DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

This is a picture of a castle, and I am going to tell you a short story about myself in connection with a castle. I was one summer enjoying a holiday, far away from the busy scenes of man, in a small village in Scotland. And how we all enjoy a holiday, when it comes only once a year! The fresh air is delightful, especially when we have a sense of being free from tasks of all kinds—can quietly read a book, or take a stroll through the green fields, or along the coast, admiring God's fair creation, whether it be shewn in the fresh green blades of grass, or the restless waters of the ocean.

Well, while staying thus at the Scotch village, a friend asked me, one day, if I would go with him as far as a certain castle. I replied that I should be very pleased to take the walk, and see the castle too. A time was therefore arranged, and at the appointed hour we started on our way. I cannot now remember all we saw to interest us along the narrow footpath, as we went up hill and down dale: but what I want to tell you is what occurred when we reached the castle.

My friend said we could, on payment of

sixpence, go into the castle, and see the various parts of it—its turrets, dungeons, strong walls, &c. We went up to the doorway, where hung a very heavy door, studded with immense nails, and in the corner we found a bell-rope. This we quickly pulled, to gain admittance, and, in answer to the bell, the door opened, and a man appeared, who asked for our tickets. We replied that we had no tickets, but were willing to pay whatever was necessary. He then told us that entrance tickets had to be purchased at a stationer's shop in the village, and that no one was allowed to pay at the gate, but, as the owner of the castle was there that day, he would ask if he would make an exception in our case, and let us in. He then went in, and closed the gate. We waited some time, to see if he would return, but at length grew weary, and turned away. Simple as this was in my summer holiday, it left an impression that I have never forgotten.

You see, it was not that we were unwilling to pay, but we had not come in the right way—in the appointed way—and the owner of the castle was so rigid in keeping to his own plan, or rule, that he would rather turn visitors away than make any exception. To us, dear readers, it was not much loss, but I could not help thinking how different it will be for those who do not come to God in the way He has appointed. Some people think He is not particular, and that if they are not worse than their neighbours, God will be merciful to them; but He says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter therein."

I must now say, Good-bye.

Your affectionate friend,

Dot.

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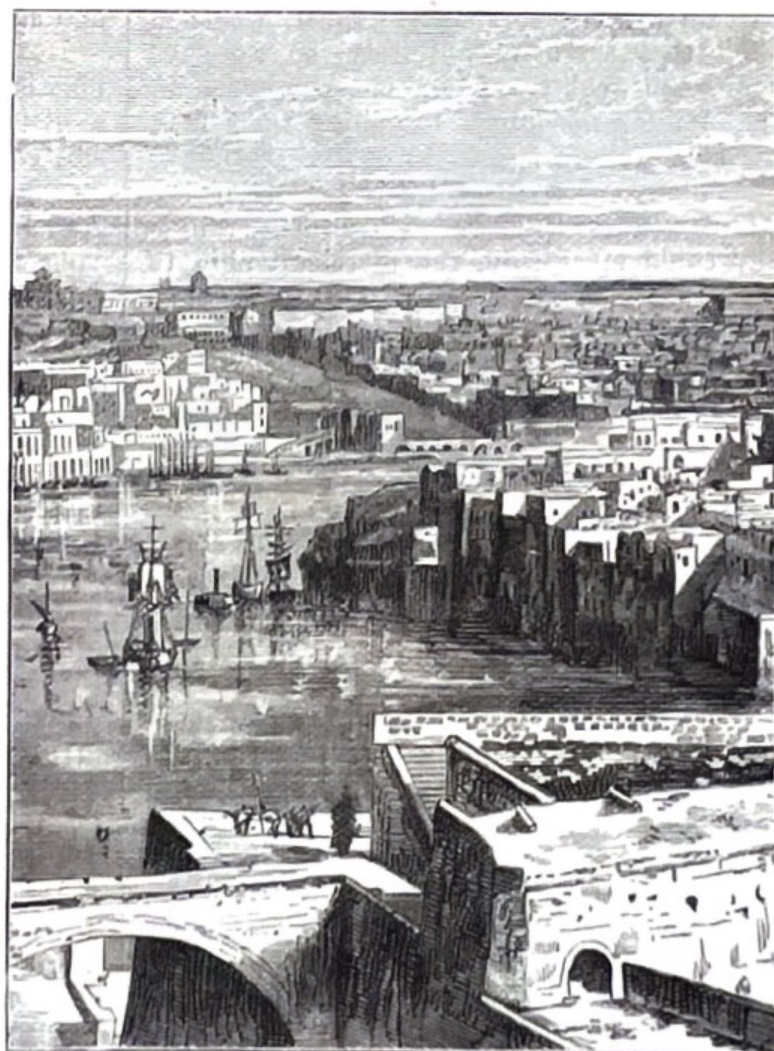
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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



Vol. IX. No. 99.—March, 1884.  
Price One Half-Penny.

View of Malta.



"Be sure your Sin will find  
You Out."

## II.

**A**RRANGEMENTS had been made on board for their capture as soon as they came in sight, six marines were placed on the opposite side of the deck, standing with loaded rifles at the ready position, while five men were stationed at the top of the gangway ladder, with a piece of rope each, to secure the men as they came on deck, which they were ordered to do, one by one. Their arms were securely lashed behind their backs, and with very downcast looks they walked aft in silence. The boat and its contents being secured, we made for the shore again.

Being allowed to speak to them, we soon found they were very thirsty, so we gave them some weak tea, and then they began to talk of their misdoings, bewailing their fate. The soldiers had agreed to get possession of the money, &c., from their master, if the sailors would be ready with a boat, which they could steal from the merchant ship to which they belonged, and in the darkness they would get quite out of sight of the island, and they hoped to get to Sicily and live a life of indolence, sharing the money between them. They had taken some food, and a small cask of water with them, also they thought they could not do without a keg of rum.

All seemed to go smoothly as they sailed past the lighthouse and got clear out to sea. The young seaman who told us the story was to steer the boat, for he knew he could take them to Sicily all safe; but as soon as they were quite out of sight of land they grew bold and said, "Let us have a song," and the rum keg was passed round again and again, until each thought he knew everything much better than the others. Meanwhile the breeze had freshened, and water began to come into the boat, the water cask also got upset in a scuffle, but no one thought of water to drink, as the rum had got into their heads; and the sail had to be lowered, or they would have capsized. So the morning broke upon them, out of sight of land, and their reckoning lost.

Yes, their sin had found them out, for they each awoke parched with thirst, and sought the water cask, which was lying empty with the bunghole downwards, and with blank despair they began to blame each other for their loss. The sun was now risen, and its rays bent down upon them, adding torment to their sufferings, but there was no help, they could only look at each other; as the day wore on they did not know which way to go, and they had but little energy to manage their boat. Look at them—there they were both

### GUILTY AND LOST,

and even our arrival on the scene was hailed with delight, as we could relieve them from present trouble by quenching their thirst. We speedily handed them over to the police authorities, who put them in irons and conveyed them to the cells, and thence before the magistrate where all were found guilty, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.


But now, my dear young readers as I have no wish to leave you just here, we will have a little further talk, for if you continue in sin, you may "*Be sure*"—remember those two words "*Be sure*"—*your sin will find you out*. And I trust this word of warning will ring in your ears, until you are constrained to come to Jesus, who suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Some of my readers may say, "Oh, but I am not a thief." True, but you are a sinner, for God says all have sinned; therefore let me again press the text, "*Be sure your sin will find you out*." Do you bow your heart to God's word, and is your answer, "yes, I know I am a sinner," then God speaks again by His word, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Will you allow Jesus Christ, the blessed Son of God, the joy of saving you. If so, then stay no longer in your dangerous position, but let the knowledge of its very danger cause you to flee to Jesus in whom is safety. God has pledged Himself to receive all who come to Him by Jesus, and Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Oh, accept this kind and loving invitation, and come to Jesus at once, He will wash away all your sins, and give you peace; the love of God will be shed abroad in your heart, and you will be

able to rejoice in Jesus as your Saviour,  
singing:—

My Shepherd is the Lamb,  
The living Lord who died :  
With all things good I ever am  
By Him supplied.  
He richly feeds my soul  
With blessings from above,  
And leads me where the rivers roll  
Of endless love.

But if you slight, refuse, or "neglect this  
great salvation," "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL  
FIND YOU OUT."

### A Young Girl's Reply.


 LITTLE girl of about eleven or twelve  
years of age was at one of the large  
London railway stations. Her face  
was wan and thin, and it required  
not a searching gaze for any one to tell that  
she was very ill.

This was the case indeed she was at this  
time on her way to the hospital to be treated  
for the disease from which she suffered.

A rough working man who was in the  
station could not help remarking the pinched  
appearance of the girl; and as she came near  
to him he said to her, "It is easy to see that  
you are not long for this world, so you had  
better get ready for the next." To his  
astonishment she answered: "I am ready  
now, but it's my father, mother, brothers and  
sisters that I am thinking of and anxious  
about."

The man said half aloud as he was moving  
away, "I wish I were ready."

### THE CAGED BIRD.

 N a busy London street,  
Glad some notes are often heard,  
Ringing out so clear and sweet  
From a little prison'd bird.  
Trees there are of tiny size,  
And some little shrubs as well,  
Bringing thus before its eyes  
Something of the woody dell.

When a wandering summer breeze  
Passes by its prison door,  
Does it whisper of the trees  
Growing on the distant moor?  
Does it tell the little bird  
Of the multitude of flowers,  
Where the humming-bee is heard,  
In the distant woodland bowers?

And where broad deep rivers flow,  
In the valley, by the hills;  
Where the sun is all a-glow,  
Sparkling in the sunny rills?  
Now and then a hand is seen  
Bringing water, flowers and seeds,  
And a bit of turf so green,  
From the distant dewy meads.

Daily does it flap its wings,  
Soon as morn begins to rise;  
Singing till the evening brings  
Shadows o'er the bright blue skies;  
Longing in the heavens to soar  
Waiting for a friendly one  
Just to loose the prison door,  
Or to leave the bolt undone.

But the little bird aspires  
Sunny skies to reach in vain;  
Beats its wings against the wires,  
Coming to the floor again.  
Still it sings the whole day long,  
With a sweet and thrilling voice,  
Making, with its happy song,  
Many a weary heart rejoice.

Like that little bird of song,  
I am caged in house of clay;  
Waiting, too, the whole day long,  
To the heavens to soar away;  
Waiting for a friendly hand  
Just to loose the prison door;  
So that in yon happy land  
I might sing for evermore,  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the paradise above,  
Resting in the tree of life,  
Singing songs of praise and love—  
Singing as the ages roll,  
To the Holy One of God—  
To the Saviour of my soul,  
Who has wash'd me in His blood.

Unto Him who loved us well,  
(In the 'mansions' by-and-by),  
Censeless songs of praise shall swell,  
From the blood-bought hosts on high.

✱ Let not Mercy and Truth for-  
sake thee, bind them about thy  
neck, write them upon the table  
of thine heart. ✱

Prov. iii. 3.



## THE STORY OF

## STEPHEN.

“YE stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost : as your fathers did so do ye. . . . When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him : and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.” (Acts vii. 51, 54-60.)



### A Mother's Devotion.

I HAVE often read of instances of a mother's love. What sufferings she will endure for her child's sake, what hardships she will undergo for its comfort. But I was lately reading an instance of what I thought was great devotedness.

During the autumn of last year, a part of Lincolnshire was flooded, owing to the rivers being swollen, on account of the heavy rains that had fallen.

On one occasion, a poor woman was going home with her little boy of seven. They were travelling by the usual road, with which she was, of course, perfectly familiar. But, on coming to a low part of the road, where a small stream usually ran across — common to many country places — and by the aid of a few stepping-stones easily crossed, she

was surprised to find it swollen, and running rapidly. But she had often seen it so before, and did not think much danger attended it. So, taking her little one in her arms, she thought a slight wetting would be the only unpleasant part of it. But she soon found her mistake, for a strong current almost took

her off her feet. Boldly, however, she attempted to cross, but in vain. She was overpowered by the violent rush of the under-current, and carried away. Still, she had the presence of mind to hold her boy aloft, in the hope of soon arriving. It was a lonely spot, and no sign of help appeared; and still she was borne along, yet bravely holding up

the child as high as she had strength to do so, till, at last, the waters gained the mastery. Her principal thought seemed to be that she would save her boy at all hazards. During the course of the day, a traveller, passing by the spot, saw the lifeless corpse of the poor woman, but the arms were still holding her charge, and some bushes fortunately stopped its further progress. The boy was saved. It was a touching sight to those who beheld it, as they bore the body to



The Stream across the Common.

the nearest house, to see the arms extended above her head, as though in mute language saying, "Save my child."

Beautiful and solemn picture of a mother's devoted love! But what can we not undergo, when those we love are in danger? I was thinking of that other remarkable case of a



mother's anxious love for her child, where the two women came before Solomon, each claiming the living babe as her own. (See 1 Kings iii.) The king, when each equally laid claim to the living baby, said, "Bring me a sword, and divide the child, and give half to each." Ah! he knew he had touched a string in a mother's heart, and the result shewed the wisdom that God had given him. Yes, divide it, says one. No, says the other; give her the child, but do not slay it. Give *this* woman the child, cries the monarch—she is its mother. A mother's heart yearned over her little one, and could endure anything for its safety.

Happy the boy, happy the girl, that has a mother who seeks to lead them to Him who has such love and such care for the little ones.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CARE.

**N**OW carefully the shepherds keep  
The flocks within their sight;  
So Jesus watches o'er His sheep,  
And guards them day and night.

The shepherd numbers, twice a day,  
The flock beneath his care;  
He knows if any go astray,  
Or sick or dying are.

So Jesus reckons, one by one,  
And numbers all His sheep;  
He knows if but a lamb is gone,  
For He doth never sleep.

The flocks of men are bought with gold,  
And grass is all their food;  
The sheep and lambs of Jesus' fold  
Are purchased with His blood.

## GOD'S MESSENGERS.

### III.

#### THE WOOD-YARD.

“**C**HOP! chop! chop!” from weary morning till night. Oh, how the little backs ached, and how weary the little fingers grew of the incessant toil.

If you had been at the factory door at eight o'clock in the morning, you would have seen, and may still see, groups of children, from twelve to fifteen years of age, and mostly composed of girls, waiting to be let into the wood-yard. Many of them lived a long dis-

tance from their work, and had to start from home soon after seven. They did not leave off work till eight o'clock at night.

It was the dinner-hour, and the girls were chatting away to their special friends, as they ate their dinners, and enjoyed a brief rest from labour.

Side by side sat two friends, Annie Blake and Ellen North. Annie lived in the same court as Carrie and Alice Baker, but Ellen North's home was still further away from her work. Poor Ellen had not a happy home. Her own father was dead, and her step-father was harsh and severe to the poor children. The mother was kinder, but she, too, poor woman, had a hard life, and was obliged to work all day.

The conversation between the two children was about the Sunday-school. “I shall go to Carrie's Sunday-school next Sunday,” said Annie; “the lady there gives away such pretty little books, with pictures;” and Annie pulled out of her pocket a copy of “*My Little Friend*,” which had been given to her friend Carrie.

“Will you come too?” she continued, eagerly. Ellen gave a quiet, half-sad smile, as she answered, “I must ask father.” She was a quiet, gentle child of twelve, with a sweet, serious expression in her eyes. She never complained of the hard life she led. Soe had three little sisters, all delicate and gentle-looking children, like herself, and a look on their faces as though they pined for fresh air and better food than they were accustomed to enjoy.

On the following Sunday, Annie Blake with Ellen and her three little sisters were at the Sunday-school. They were not both in the same class. Annie, soon after she arrived, looked round the class with a very self-conscious and self-satisfied air. Presently the teacher noticed one of the little ones in tears. “Why, Lottie dear,” she asked, kindly, “what is the matter—why are you crying?”

At this gentle inquiry, the poor child quite broke down, and sobbed out, “That girl says I'm a beggar, 'cause my hat's so old.”

“Why, Annie,” said her teacher, “you surely did not mean what you said.”

“Yes, teacher,” said Annie; “her father

can't afford to buy her a feather; *I* always have a *feather* in my Sunday hat."

The teacher smiled, as she replied, "I have not a feather, and I think Lottie's hat quite as nice without one." But she felt sad at heart, at the thought of what had passed. She told them how God looked at the heart, and not at the clothes they wore, and that the thing for them to be certain about, was whether they had that robe of righteousness which God provided for all who love Him and trust Him; but they must come just as they are—poor, wretched, and helpless—for He is ready to save *all* who come to Him, however bad they may be, for He Himself says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The next week Lottie had a new hat, which her teacher provided for her, and very pretty and comfortable it looked, although there was no feather. L. C.

### THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

**A**LL that He had for it He paid,  
Himself He on the altar laid,  
The jewel to redeem.  
Beneath the judgment-billows went,  
That He might to Himself present  
The Church so dear to Him.

The priceless gem, in love He sought,  
Then gave up all He had and bought—  
The cost, His own life-blood.

He saw us in our lost estate,  
And then display'd His power so great,  
To bring us back to God.

Then unto Him be glory given,  
Both now, and evermore in heaven.  
In endless songs of praise.

For He is worthy to receive  
More than these hearts of ours can give  
(Who on His name through grace believe)  
Throughout eternal days.

S. T.

### THE BUSY ANTS.

**I** AM going to tell you a little about those active insects, called ants, and which, in summer-time, we see in the gardens and fields in such great numbers. How busy they are, running in all directions! What a confused mass they look to us—all in a commotion about nothing, we should say, if we did not know otherwise.

But we need not long remain in ignorance as to the habits of this little creature. If our clever naturalists had not found out their ways, by carefully watching them, and examining their curiously-built houses, if we have learnt nothing from these men, we still have the Bible, and what it tells us respecting the ants.

We read of four things that are little upon the earth, and yet they are exceeding wise. The ants are one of these four. They are a people not strong, yet prepare they their meat in summer. We can readily understand that they are not strong, for the tiny foot of my youngest reader would crush hundreds, if its owner were to step on a group of them. But they are exceeding wise, for they prepare their meat in summer. That is to say, while the sun shines, and the weather is dry and warm, they are running hither and thither, collecting and storing all the food they can find, so that, when winter has come, and the frost or snow lies upon the ground, they can stay in their nests, and live on the food thus prepared. If they neglected to get the food in summer, the cold of winter would assuredly kill them, as they issued forth in quest of it.

Scripture also says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise." Now let us consider her ways for ourselves, that we, like them, may be wise. Their wisdom consists in preparing for the future, and truly they are very much in earnest about this. If we, then, are to be like them, we must think of the future, during the present summer-time, or day of grace. God provides for the needs of the ants, and they seize the opportunity He gives them, and store up that which will be life in the future to them. God also has provided for our needs—our great needs—not only the needs of our bodies, but the far higher requirements of our souls, and He tells us in His own word how we may be preserved from the dread winter that is to come to this poor world. Christ is God's provision for us, and He calls on us to lay hold on eternal life, through faith in His dear Son.







### DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The Bible is a wonderful book, and in it are many wonderful things. The Bible, too, is a very beautiful book, full of striking pictures, though sometimes little boys and girls do not see them. I think one of the most beautiful pictures in God's word is where Jesus says, "I am the good shepherd."

Now, I dare say, most of you know what a shepherd is, though some of my little friends in large towns and cities, who are shut in with bricks and mortar (as we sometimes say), and who never get a taste of the fresh and beautiful country air, may not have seen one.

A shepherd is a man whose work it is to take care of the sheep—to feed them, and to safely enclose them in folds, lest they should stray away. The sheep is a very wandering animal; perhaps there may be a small hole in the hedge, or one of the bars of the hurdle broken; it will try, with all its strength, to break out from the fold. The shepherd has to be very watchful and careful, lest one break loose, and stray away.

In Scotland, sometimes a sheep strays away into some dangerous place on the mountain, where the shepherd has to follow, until he hears the poor thing bleating, and then he takes it in his arms, and brings it safely back again to the fold. We read of sheep in many places in the Bible. The prophet Isaiah says, in chapter liii. 6, prophesying about Jesus,

"All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." And then, again, he says (chap. xl. 11), "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

What does Jesus mean, when He says, "I am the good shepherd"? Surely He was not a real shepherd; we never read about Jesus having to keep sheep, and yet He claims to be the Good Shepherd. I said just now, a shepherd's work was to feed and take care of the sheep, and Jesus meant, when He said, "I am the good shepherd," that He was the Shepherd of men, women, and little children. If we read the Bible, we shall find that Jesus did take care of men, women, and children. Once he fed five thousand people who were hungry, and at another time four thousand. He raised the little daughter of Jairus, who was dead, to life again. Oh, what a comforter Jesus must have been to the little girl's father and mother, when they found that He had brought their little daughter back to life again. When the only son of the poor widow of Nain was being carried to the grave, followed by his sorrowing mother, Jesus had compassion on her, and raised the dead son to life again.

Oh, what tender compassion Jesus must have had, when He said to the mothers of the little lambs (as we call them), after the rude disciples had pushed them back, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

My dear children, the Saviour wants all of you to be His lambs. He wants you to let Him take you in His arms, and shield you against the storms of life. Won't you be the Saviour's lambs? Ask Him to give you confidence in His love.

Your affectionate friend,

DOT.

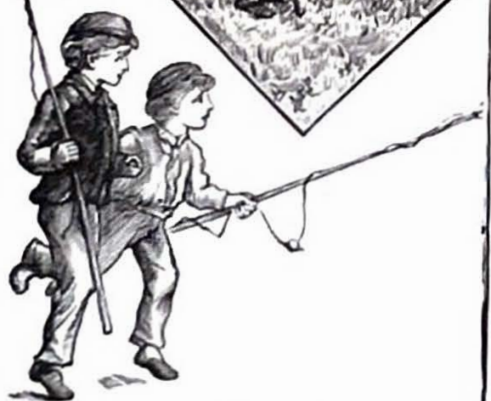
Children of Scripture. By S. E. L. O. Contents—Introduction; Moses; Samuel; Josiah; The Children of Bethel; Ishmael; Timothy; Abijah; The Little Maid; The Widow's Son; The "Laid Here;" The Child of the Shunammite; The Little Children; The Child of Bethlehem. Price 3s. 6d.

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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### Little Dora's Lesson.

**L**ITTLE Dora was what many would call a good girl, that is to say, she was not a wilful or disobedient child ; but she had one great fault, and that was, she always thought that she knew best. But Dora had to learn that sometimes, if not always, she was not quite so wise as older people ; and I will tell you how it happened.

One day Dora's mother was taken ill ; she was out in the fields a few days before, helping to bind the sheaves, when a thunderstorm came on ; poor Mrs. Lee got very wet, and it brought on such a severe cold that she had to lie in bed.

Dora was very sorry that her mother was so ill, and did her best to keep quiet, and not to hinder Mrs. Jenson, who kindly came in to help in the house until Mrs. Lee was better.

But little Dora sometimes found the long afternoons very dull ; in the mornings, you know, she fed the chickens and ran to play in the fields ; but in the afternoon her mother liked her to do a little needlework, for Dora was not very strong, and her father and mother did not like her to run about too much in the hot sun.

Dora disliked sewing very much, and often longed to be playing out of doors instead.

The afternoon I am speaking about, the little girl was feeling particularly lazy and tired ; it was very hot, which was just the reason why she ought to have kept quiet, instead of which, Dora threw down her work and began to move restlessly about ; she looked out at the fowls in the yard cackling and croaking with their dry throats, and she longed to go out with them. "Just to look at my dear little chickens," said Dora to herself, "I am sure mother will not mind ;" and so without asking her mother, as she ought to have done, she tied on her sun bonnet and ran out at the back door.

But after all Dora did not care to look at her chickens, but looked with longing eyes at the cool shady orchard. "I'm sure it cannot do me any harm just for a little while, it is so very hot indoors." So Dora ran into the orchard, and played there amongst the rosy apples some little time. Now you know, dear

children, that when we yield to one naughty thought Satan soon puts other naughty thoughts into our heads, and we always find it harder to do right then, than if at first we had done right, so we often yield again.

It was so with Dora, a merry thoughtless girl ; she soon forgot that she had no right to be out at all, and when Satan tempted her to go just a little farther and to stay out just a little longer, I am sorry to say she did not try to put away her wicked thoughts, but she did as she wanted. Leaving the orchard she ran on to the meadow, and on again to the sea ; for I forgot to tell you that Denby, the village where Dora lived, was close by the sea.

Away, away over the golden sands, away to her favourite retreat, a small cave under the cliffs, ran the little girl. Was it not sad that she should be so forgetful of her kind mother and father's wishes !

Well, Dora ran into her little cave, and being very hot and tired, for she had come a long way, she sat down to count her shells ; all she had gathered she kept in her cave on a high shelf, for unless there was a storm or very high tides the sea never came into Dora's cave. For a long time the little girl played with the treasures that she had, as it were, taken from old ocean's storehouse.

Then closing her eyes, the tired and naughty little Dora went fast asleep. When she awoke it was a little past midnight ; the sun had long since gone down, and the beautiful moon had risen to light the earth in its absence.

Oh how tired and cold Dora felt ; for you know that even in the hottest weather you find it rather cold if you had to sleep out in a cave by the sea, and with only your thin summer frock on. Well Dora felt very cold, and very unhappy too, when she found out where she was. "Oh dear !" she exclaimed in despair, "how naughty I have been, however am I to get home ?" Dora burst into tears ; she was very sorry now that she saw how wrong she had been, and wondered what her poor mother and father were doing, and whether her father was looking for her.

"I must go at once," she thought, and jumping to her feet she ran to the mouth of the cave, but started back in horror. The water had come right up to the entrance. Poor Dora, she did not know that it was the annual high

tide, and was horrified to find that she could not get home.

Every moment too the little waves came lapping nearer, and still nearer, and Dora was afraid the cave would soon be full. "Oh! I shall be drowned," she cried, "and I shall never see dear mother and father again." And then in solemn moonlight, with the fear of death before her, came the thought of God. Dora knelt down on the sands, and prayed very earnestly that God would forgive her for being so naughty and disobedient, and then asked that she might get back home safely. After a little while Dora became more happy; she still feared that the water would come up right into the cave, but she was not quite so sure that her father could not come to save her, and so she sat down and waited, and nearer and still nearer came the little waves, sleepily lapping the shore as they came.

But God who is so very great can say, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He heard and answered the prayer of the lonely little girl, and stayed the waves when they had come about half way into the cave, so that Dora remained safely and quite dry until her father came in a boat in the morning to carry his darling little girl safely back to her sorrowing and anxious mother.

They all thanked God very much that day, for the poor father and mother had been so unhappy until a man told them he had seen Dora go to the little cave on the beach. Mr. Lee went and found her, as I have told you.

F. T. B.

### THE RAINBOW.

THE token of the covenant that God has made with men,

That He will not destroy the earth with water-flood again;

Upon the cloud how fair it looks! on it doth rest God's eye,

And ever while the earth remains He'll not Himself deny.

But tho' He'll not again destroy a sinful earth with rain,

Which Satan ruleth as its prince, and holds as his domain;

We know the dreadful day will come, when from a judgment-seat,

The earth and elements on fire, shall melt with fervent heat.

From whence we look for heavens and earth without a spot of sin,  
And nought that tendeth to defile shall ever enter in;

There righteousness and peace shall dwell, with men be God's abode,

And there in glory we shall shine, the city of our God.

### A Little Ship was on the Sea.

WE give over-leaf a picture taken from the incident to which this little hymn has been written.

When the Lord Himself was in the vessel with His disciples, and as the lines tell us, "It sailed along so pleasantly, and all was calm and bright."

How graphic is the scene depicted—the sun was sinking in the west, &c. All appeared so bright and happy, and the disciples were at rest as to reaching home in safety.

But, as is often the case in this world, a change passed over the scene in a few moments, the brightness and peacefulness were gone—the sea was in turmoil, and the winds blew wildly. But happily they had the Lord in the ship, and the storm served but an occasion to shew forth His marvellous power, while on the part of the disciples, it proved how little confidence they had in that blessed One in their midst.

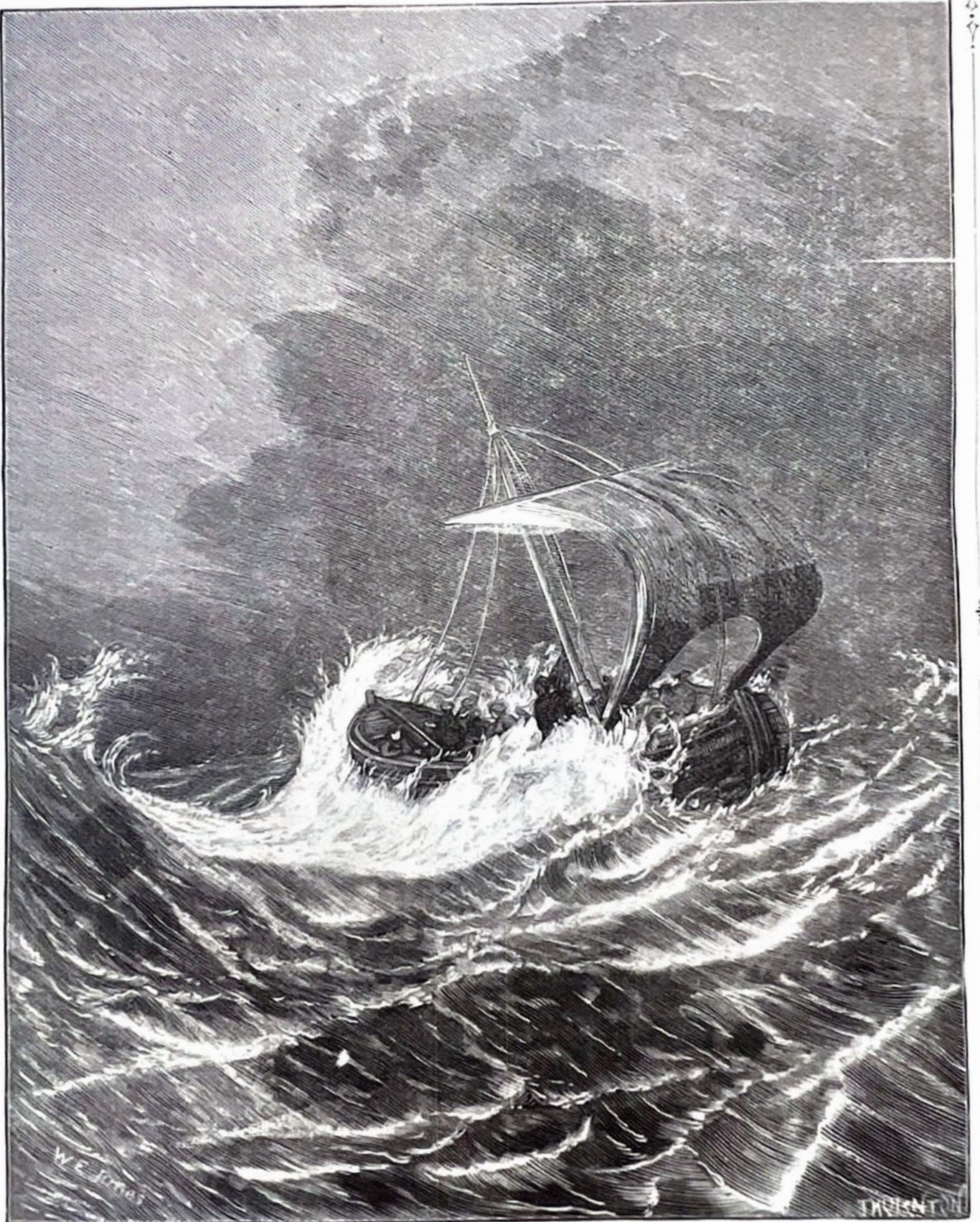
Who could sink in the waters with the Lord of life and glory there? yet had they some thought of His love and power, for in their distress instinctively they turn to Him, and in answer to their cry, almost of despair:

"He rose, rebuked the winds and waves,

And stilled them with a word."

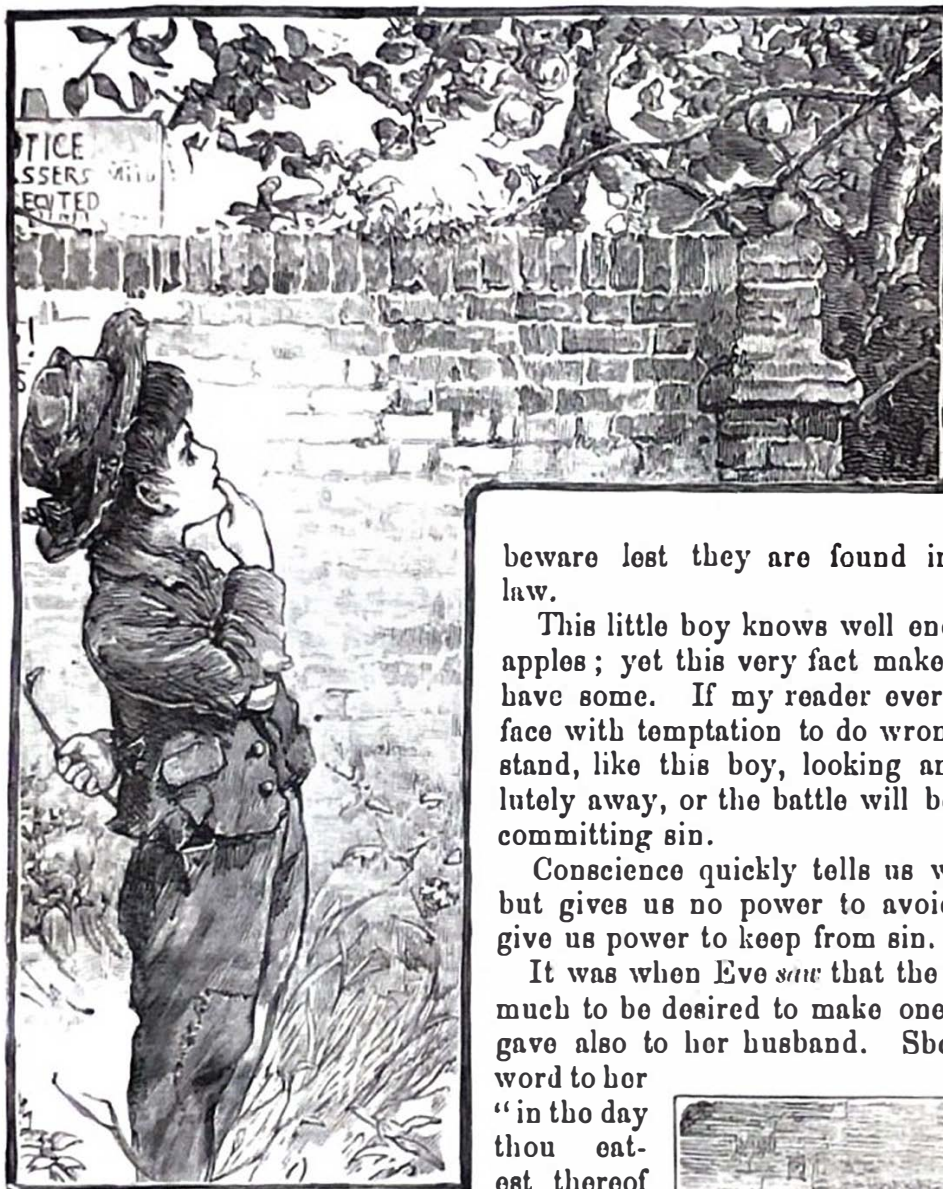
So is it ever now with those who look to Him in distress. No winds are too boisterous for Him to still, no wave too great for His power, for all must yield before His mighty word. How sweet the peace that follows the storm. How calm the rest! And thus is it with those who learn to turn away from all down here and look to Jesus. Like one I know who has recently found the Saviour. She had been driven about like the little ship. Satan had harassed her greatly, but when Jesus said, 'Peace, be still,' then there was a great calm.





A LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA.





## TEMPTATION.

**D**OUBTLESS those apples look very tempting : yet, master Tom, you must turn away. They are not yours, remember, and indeed it would be wrong and sinful to take them. Do you not see the notice-board just over the wall ? it tells us that all who would venture to partake of the fruit, must

beware lest they are found in the stern hands of the law.

This little boy knows well enough he must not touch the apples ; yet this very fact makes him wish all the more to have some. If my reader ever finds himself thus face to face with temptation to do wrong of any kind, let him not stand, like this boy, looking and longing, but turn resolutely away, or the battle will be lost, and he will be found committing sin.

Conscience quickly tells us when we have done wrong, but gives us no power to avoid sinning. God alone can give us power to keep from sin.

It was when Eve saw that the fruit was good for food, and much to be desired to make one wise, that she partook and gave also to her husband. She did not remember God's word to her "in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt

surely die." She did not turn away from the tempter's voice, but she listened, she saw the fruit and the next moment she had sinned.

Thus it was that sin came into the world, and oh, what a sad story it is. From the very moment that Eve in the garden disobeyed the direct command of God, down to the present day, it forms one long, sad, dark story. Yet is there a bright side also, for God, with whom all things are possible, is going to make a new heaven and a new earth, in which shall dwell righteousness.

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."





## THE RAINBOW.

“**T**HERE'S a rainbow ! there's a rainbow !” shouted little Edward to his sister Alice, as he stood, gazing out of the nursery window, one showery April afternoon. As is often the case in that pleasant, but changeable month of the year, a heavy shower had fallen. It was towards its close, that the sun, struggling through the light grey clouds, had produced the beautiful bow which was then spanning the heavens.

“How lovely, Edward !” said Alice, hastening to her little brother's side, and joining in his expressions of admiration. “And here's mother !” she added joyfully, as, just at this moment, their mother entered the nursery.

“I came to tell nurse that it is too showery for you to go out for your usual walk to-day, my dears,” said the mother, as she crossed the room, and stood by her children's side. “Will you tell us a story instead, mother dear ?” asked Alice, in her winning way. “We shan't mind a bit then, shall we, Teddie ?”

“Not a bit !” echoed little Edward, readily. And he found a footstool, and placed it by the chair which Alice was preparing for her mother's use.

“You never seem tired of stories,” said the mother, as she drew Alice and Edward to her side. “I will tell you of something that happened long, long ago ;” and she began : “My story will refer to a time, of which we may read in the early chapters of the Book of Genesis. We were talking together, a little while ago, of the beautiful things that God made when He first formed the earth upon which we live. The wide-spreading foliage ; the sweet, fragrant flowers ; the happy song-birds ; the rippling of the water as it flowed through the beautiful garden of Eden—all bore the marks of the hand of Him who had created them. But sin came in, and soon marred that lovely scene of innocence and peace. Tempted by Satan, Adam disobeyed the command of God, and, as a punishment for his disobedience, was turned out of the pleasant garden which had been his

dwelling-place. At the entrance of Eden God placed a flaming sword, in order that no one might again enter therein. Many years had passed away, and, at the time of which I am speaking, Adam and Eve were no longer living ; but their descendants had multiplied, and spread abroad over many parts of the earth. Yet, as they became more and more ‘mighty’ in the world, no thought of God entered into their minds—no remembrance of the love and goodness of Him who had made them ever came into their imagination. Sin had corrupted all that was once so fair and beautiful. ‘Then God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.’”

“What is ‘continually,’ mother ?” asked Edward, thoughtfully.

“Always, dear,” replied his mother—“no ending to them, always the same evil in their hearts. It was,” she continued, “when God saw how the whole earth had become full of wickedness and violence, that He resolved to destroy mankind by a flood. Amongst the people living at this time was Noah. Of him we read the beautiful little verse : ‘But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.’ One day God spoke to him, and told him of the judgment that was coming upon the world. He also told him that he was to make an ark, in which he and his family should all be saved when the terrible flood came. In His goodness and kindness to Noah, God gave him full instructions for all that he was to do. And Noah obeyed every one.”

*(To be continued, if the Lord will.)*

## GOD'S MESSENGERS.

## IV.

## THE FLOOD.

**I**T was a fine night, and the moon was shining brightly after a rather rough day. Suddenly the inhabitants of all the poorest streets near the river, were awakened by a curious sound of rushing waters, and on rising from their beds and looking out of the window, the streets and courts appeared to be turned into rivers. Water, water everywhere ; the truth forced

itself upon them, and they knew at once what had happened.

Very slowly, but steadily and surely, the waters continued to rise. The moon's cold beams were clearly reflected upon the surface of the waters, and the beauty of the scene seemed to mock the dwellers in the poor houses, to whom it meant ruin and desolation, if not death. They passed the night in fear; but the waters stopped by the morning, and the poor people began to hope that the worst was past. Vain hope! the next evening it was higher than ever.

The houses where Carrie and Annie lived suffered terribly; they lay so low, and so near the river, that the water soon came into the rooms; all day long they had been carrying the furniture from the downstairs rooms to the floor above, for the warning had been given: "The flood will be up again to-night, and will be higher than yesterday."

The people heard the warning and *believed* it, unlike many who are constantly hearing of approaching judgment, they immediately began to prepare for the coming danger. Boards were put up before the doors, and the windows were nailed up. In the house in which Annie Blake lived, the lower rooms were occupied by a family consisting of father, mother, and four children; the youngest was a baby a few months old. The father was away at his work, the mother and children had taken refuge in Mrs. Blake's rooms. Mrs. Miller was not an unkind mother, but unfortunately she was under the influence of that dreadful curse of drink, which makes so many homes miserable, and casts a shadow over the lives of so many little ones.

When she got upstairs Mrs. Blake asked her: "Why, Mrs. Miller, what have you done with your baby? you have not left her downstairs?"

Yes, it was only too true, dear baby was fast asleep in her cradle, and was forgotten.

The water had already begun to enter the room in which the Millers lived. Mrs. Blake rushed downstairs, but the water had already risen two feet more, and she was forced to go back.

Oh, little children whom God has placed in happy homes, and surrounded with so many, many comforts, how much you have to thank

Him for. You know nothing of the trials and privations that thousands of little ones as young and helpless as you have to endure. And yet they are as precious in God's sight as you, and the Lord Jesus shed His precious blood for them as well as for you. Poor, helpless little baby, asleep in its cradle! It knew nothing of the danger which surrounded it. But a deliverer was at hand. L. C.

*(To be continued, if the Lord will.)*

## THE NURSERY CLOCK.

ON the mantel-piece stands the nursery clock,  
So its face we often see,  
For it keeps us busy the whole day long,  
And we love its company.

At six in the morn it wakes us up,

With its cheerful little voice.

Then we jump out of bed with a laugh and shout,  
Like happy girls and boys.

"Tick! tick! tick! tick!"—says the clock the  
live-long day,

As its hands are spread before its face, like a  
little child at play.

In the busy hours of the happy day

We work with right good will,

For we know by a look at the nursery clock

That time doth not stand still.

Then when play-time comes it ticks so loud,

And seems to share our glee—

While its hands move round with rapid pace,

As if they would be free.

When twinkling stars peep out on high,

And dancing fire-light plays.

The clock speaks out in earnest tone,

Oh! listen to what it says—

'Tis time to pillow each bright young face,

In bed so soft and warm,

God bless each darling girl and boy,

And shield them from all harm.

So the dear old clock that has ticked so long

From days of infancy,

Shall keep a warm place in our hearts.

And live in memory.

We may grow old, and years flow on,

And childish thoughts be past,

Yet still we may learn from the nursery clock

As long as life shall last.

Tick! tick! tick! tick! says the clock, as if to  
say,

"Time passeth on, my little friends,  
Work while 'tis called to-day."





### DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Sunday schools, I am sure, have been a blessing to thousands, and I may tell you that, through God's grace, they have been a blessing to me. My earliest recollection, when I was but a wee mite of a boy, was accompanying my sister to her school. I had often asked to go, but I suppose it was thought a little hazardous to take me—doubts being entertained as to my good behaviour during school-time, my especial fondness for tops and balls being pretty well known. But at last my sister kindly undertook the great responsibility, and I well remember the pleasurable feeling of my first introduction to teacher. Well—but not to trouble you with much of the details of what most, if not all, of you have experienced—let me say it was a beginning of good things for me. I see, in reading my Bible, what gracious, yet various, ways God had in revealing Himself to the hearts of men and women. But does He forget little children? By no means. Wonderful are His ways in this respect too. Sometimes the heart of a child is impressed by a text hanging on a school wall, and which the Lord may use as a little grain hidden away, which will bring forth fruit in after

days; or, in the many hymns sung by scholars, now and again, a verse, or a line of a verse, will make its voice felt. Again, in an address from a teacher or superintendent, a little sentence alone may do His work in a young one's soul.

You see, I speak from my own experience, and therefore know somewhat of it. I think the earliest text I remember was from the third chapter of John's Gospel. We had to read verses round in the class, and the one that struck my mind so forcibly was, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." This used to puzzle me for years. The time of which I am noting was not privileged to know the glad tidings in their fulness, as now we know them. But from this little seedling I trace the gracious working of the hand of God in my soul. What of the fruit of it?—a knowledge of salvation and forgiveness of sins, peace with God, through Jesus Christ, and joy in Him, and the hope of glory to come, by which I mean looking for Him to come again to take His own to be for ever with Himself.

Perhaps, if I had the opportunity of asking many of you, you would say, Why, I have a choice text, or favourite verse, that I like above the rest. Well, it may be the beginning of good things for you.

If you have Christ as your Saviour and confidante, you have a rock that can never be moved. When you grow to be men and women, some of you may be great in the world's esteem, but a trifle may cause you to lose it; and what vexation then! You may be rich; but riches too often take wings, and fly away, and leave us poorer than ever. But God gives us, in the gift of His Son, that which He—and, of course, no one else can—will never take away: the gift of God is eternal life. Is not this a treasure worth having? Indeed it is, and that you may know its reality and worth is the desire of one who has to bless God for Sunday schools, where he learned to read the Bible.

Your affectionate friend,

Dot.





# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



Vol. IX. No. 101.—May, 1884.  
Price One Half-Penny.

Watching the Big Ships.



## Our Voyage to New Zealand.

As the reader will notice, this interesting account was written to the children of a Sunday-school by one of their teachers, who has left this land for Wellington, New Zealand; and, thinking it would prove interesting to the readers of "My Little Friend," it has been kindly sent us for that purpose.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

It is now four months since I bade you good-bye at Sunday-school, but the remembrance of it is still fresh in my mind. I shall not soon forget the solemn words that were addressed to you by your teacher, and sincerely trust that God has given some of you to believe them, and thus to *know His beloved Son* as your Saviour.

I often think of you and your dear teachers, especially on Sunday afternoons, and would so much like just to have one peep at you, and to hear one of those sweet hymns we used to sing together.

I suppose you would like to hear about our voyage across the ocean. We embarked at Gravesend, on Thursday, September 6th, on board the steamship *Chimborazo*, where we parted with the dear friends who so kindly came to see us off. We weighed anchor at four o'clock on Friday morning, and were soon gliding over the smooth water down the English Channel. It was very pleasant, till the afternoon, when the sea became very rough, and the ship rolled about, and made us all feel very poorly.

The next morning we passed Eddystone, and at nine o'clock anchored off Plymouth.

A steamer soon came alongside, with more passengers, and brought some letters for us, of which we were very glad. We sailed away from Plymouth at half-past eleven, and at four o'clock we had to bid farewell to the shores of England, where we had left so many loved ones, some of whom we could not expect to *meet* again, till we meet them in the *glory*, or in the *air*, when the Lord Jesus Christ comes for those that love Him. May there be many in that company from your Sunday-school.

We had a pleasant passage across the Bay of Biscay, which is usually very rough, and nice weather and calm sea for several days. On the 31st we came in sight of the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa; and at four

p.m. we anchored in the bay of Santa Cruz, off the town of Teneriffe, which is the largest of the towns on the islands, is built nearly all round the bay, and looked very pretty from the ships. Most of the houses are painted different colours—as brown, red, green, yellow, &c., with white flat roofs.

Behind the houses were plantations of orange, lemon, peach, and banana trees, and grape vines; and beyond them a high range of dark brown hills; and above all the deep blue sky, with white, fleecy clouds.

Soon after we anchored, some of the natives (Spaniards) came alongside, in boats, with fruit for sale. We bought some fine grapes, of which we were very glad during the hot weather. It was very amusing to see the Spaniards climb up the side of our big ship by a single rope, like monkeys, and to hear them chatter in broken English. We stayed here all night, and took in coal, fruit, and water. The coal-dust covered the ship, and made everything so dusty; the next morning a hose-pipe was fixed to the engine-pump, and the water poured over every part of the deck, the flood running hither and thither. Into the deluge the sailors entered, bare-footed, or in stout sea-boots, with mops and brooms, and sturdy, vigorous housemaids they were. The great fellows paddled about in the rushing streams of cold sea-water, scouring everything within the sweep of their brooms. But I must tell you the rest about next month.

## GOD'S MESSENGERS.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.—V.

**W**ILLIE Blake, a strong boy, of sixteen years age, ran downstairs; the water came up to his knees—oh, so cold! Still, he went down lower, and the water came to his waist, but he bravely struggled on, and in a few minutes he had baby safe and sound. Bravo boy! he wants no other reward than the pleasure of having done a good deed.

A slow, but sure, change was working in Carrie's home. She had herself found what a Saviour Jesus is. The lessons she had learnt at the Sunday-school were not forgotten, and she tried, with all her strength, to let her light shine at home. It is true she some-

times failed, and sometimes she tried to go on in her own strength, instead of going to Jesus for help; and then all would go wrong. We must never try to go on, day by day, by ourselves. We have such a loving, tender Friend, who is always ready to help us, and we need never be afraid of tiring Him, and He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

The children in the Sunday-school had very pretty cards given them every week, with texts of scripture printed on them. Carrie used to nail hers on the walls of their little room, and her father, pleased with the prettiness of them, would stand and read them. He had found out that there was a great change in his little girl, and he began to have a great longing to know more of these wonderful things himself. "Wonderful words of life" they seemed to him. Eagerly he read all the little books and papers that Carrie took home, and each week she went with this request, "Please teacher, give me something for my father to read."

Soon the little child's prayers were answered, and she had the joy of seeing her father rejoicing in the knowledge of peace with God. No fear of death, for, he knew that whether he died, or the Lord came, he was safe for eternity.

Does it not shew that none of us are too young, or weak, or poor to shine for Jesus? Little Christians can make the home so happy, and shed joy and sunshine all round them.

L. C.

### THE GLOWWORM.

**E**MBLEM of the Christian,  
Little glowworm, shine;  
'Mid the night's deep darkness  
Shew that lamp of thine.

Lighting with thy brightness  
Everything that's near;  
Silent little glowworm  
Shining out so clear.

Teach us, Lord, to witness,  
Shining bright for Thee,  
Like the glowworm's lanterns  
In the dark we see.

In our little corners,  
Lord, may each one shine,  
And our ev'ry action  
Tell that we are Thine.

S. T.

### THE BIBLE.

**H**UMAN books are only finite,  
Soon you reach the close;  
But the book of God is perfect,  
It no limit knows.

Mines of unexhausted treasure  
There are ever found;  
Knows it nought of stint or measure,  
Limit, or of bound.

Human words are soon forgotten,  
Binding but for earth;  
They as soon are lost for ever  
As are given birth;  
But the word of God is changeless,  
Not a single jot  
Ever can be lost or altered,  
For it passeth not.

S. T.

### UNABLE TO SLEEP.

**S**TANDING on the roof of a house close by, says one, I witnessed the recent great fire that took place in London, and I shall not soon forget the sight.

The heat was very great, and almost scorched my feet, while the shower of sparks that flew up, and were scattered by the gentle breeze all around, formed a sight, the like of which I have never before witnessed; not to speak of the great body of flame bursting forth towards the sky in all its awful grandeur, now and again subdued and darkened by the immense body of water that was being thrown on the burning pile.

I gazed, with rapt attention, on the changing scene, and at length turned my steps homeward; but my mind was full of what I had seen, like an immense picture it was before me. I lay down to rest, but not to sleep, for I could still see, in my mind's eye, those sheets of flame rising in rapid succession, and it was far into the night before sleep fell upon me.

This was the effect of the burning up of five or six houses only; and I asked myself the question, What shall that other scene be like, spoken of in 2 Peter iii. 10, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and all that are therein, shall be burnt up?



## STORY OF THE EARTH-WORM.



THE dear children who read *The Story of a Summer Holiday* in the number of *My Little Friend* for February, will remember a promise I then made that on another occasion I

would tell them the "Story of the Earth-worm"?

Perhaps some are looking for the story; and one, just one, little boy or girl may have been thinking, "I do not expect any story that would be at all interesting could be written or told about a worm. Why, it looks such a useless little thing."

Perhaps it is, in your eyes, dear young friend, but we must be careful not always to judge by appearances, and I think the best way to learn my story, will be to suppose that a few of my little friends and myself are playing school, having a natural history class, and our subject is one of the lowest forms of animal life.

Were I to ask, Have you all seen worms? "I have," "and I," "and I," would ring out from every young voice. And in reply to my next question, Where? the answers would be something like these: "In the fields;"

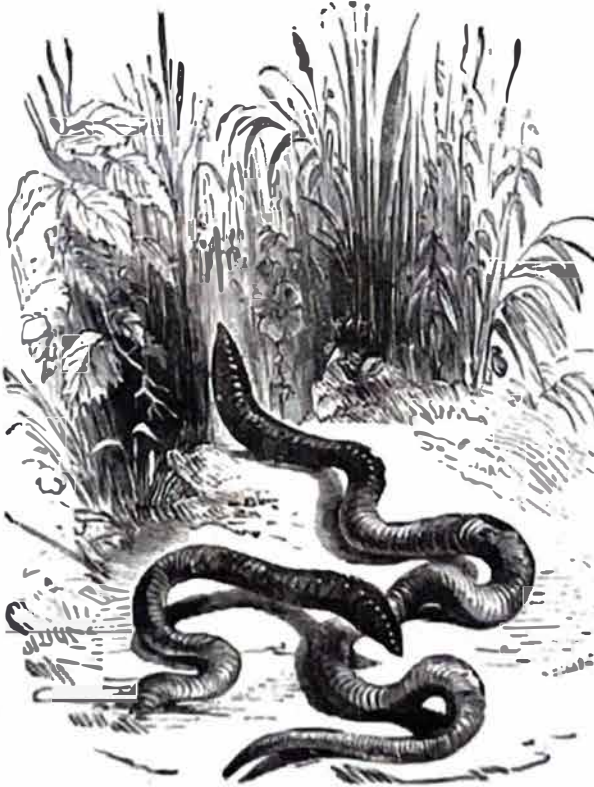
"In the garden;" "Crossing the path;" "Among the graves in the churchyard," and in many other places.

I do not think you will find my next question—What is a worm like?—quite such an easy one; but by putting all your answers together, I should be told that the worm has a long, round, smooth body, made of flesh, almost as smooth as jelly, which moves from side to side, or curls up, when touched. The head is pointed; it has no eyes, only two very small dark specks may, perhaps, enable it to know light from darkness. It has no teeth, no feet; but its skin is covered with tiny hairs; those on the under side of its body serve as feet. When the worm wants to go from one place to another, it gets over the ground by a creeping, gliding movement.

Yes, you have answered very well, and remember almost all that can be seen in a live earth-worm. But if I could shew you a worm skeleton, just the framework of its body, without any skin or flesh, you would see that, though the worm has no backbone, its soft flesh is kept in place by no fewer than a hundred and twenty small rings, or hoops. The first of these rings forms the head, the last the tail, of the worm.

But how are the hundred and eighteen rings between kept in place? How is it that they do not slip about?

You have all seen the elastic band of a purse, and know it can be stretched, or made to seem much longer, by being held very tightly, or pulled; but as soon as you take away your hands, the elastic springs back, or shortens again. Four bands, made, not of elastic, but of very tough flesh, called muscle, placed, two on the upper, and two on the under, side of the worm's body, not only keep the rings in place, but give the worm the power of drawing itself up in the curious way you have often seen.



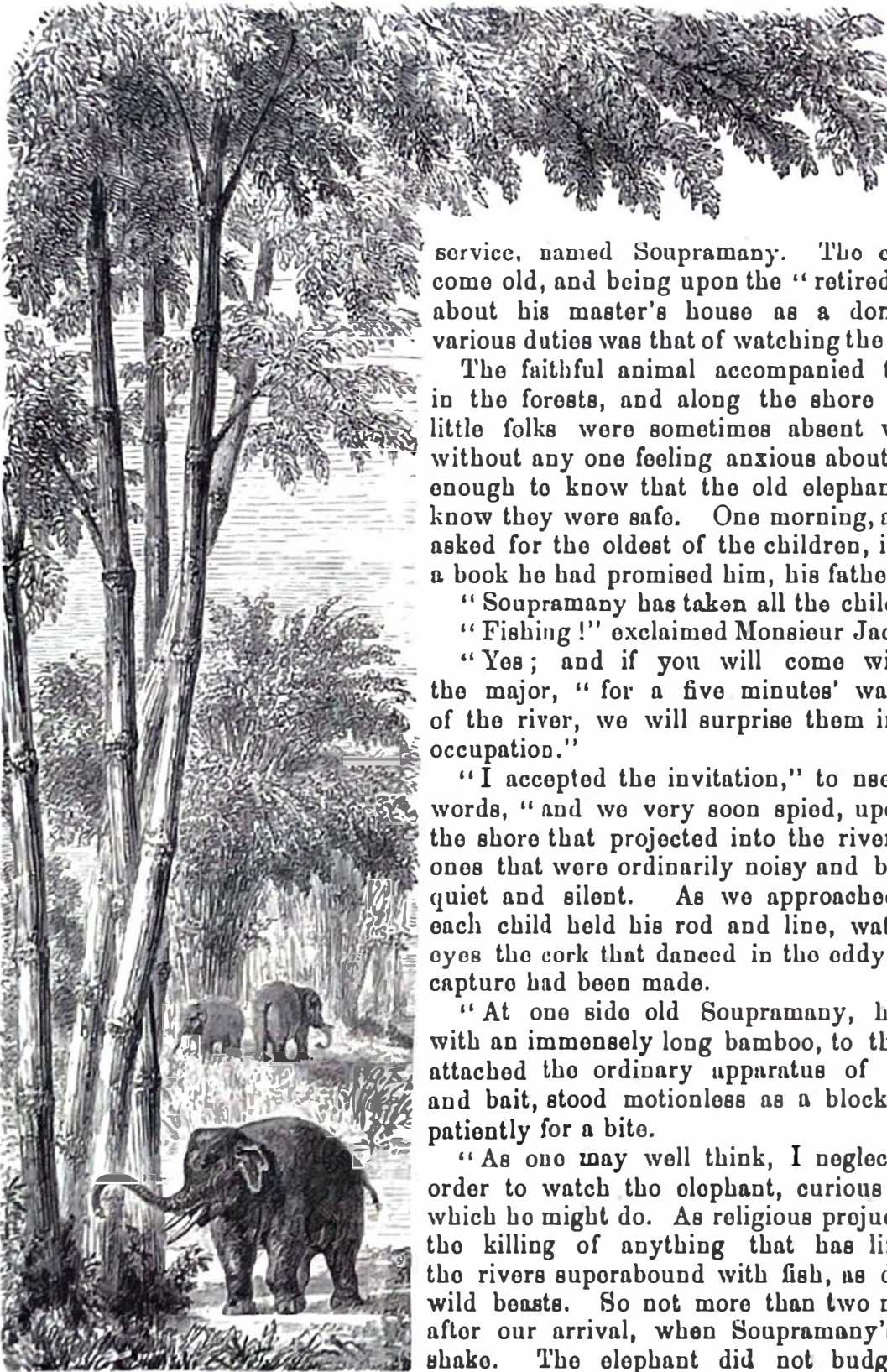
Earth Worms.

(Continued on page 38.)



## WHAT ELEPHANTS DO IN INDIA.

(Extracted.)



A resident in India, an English officer, Major Skinner, had an elephant that had been with him in

service, named Soupramany. The elephant, having become old, and being upon the "retired list," was employed about his master's house as a domestic. Among his various duties was that of watching the major's children.

The faithful animal accompanied them everywhere—in the forests, and along the shore of the river. The little folks were sometimes absent with him for days, without any one feeling anxious about them. It was quite enough to know that the old elephant was with them to know they were safe. One morning, as Monsieur Jacolliot asked for the oldest of the children, in order to give him a book he had promised him, his father said:

"Soupramany has taken all the children fishing."

"Fishing!" exclaimed Monsieur Jacolliot, in surprise.

"Yes; and if you will come with me," continued the major, "for a five minutes' walk along the banks of the river, we will surprise them in the midst of their occupation."

"I accepted the invitation," to use M. Jacolliot's own words, "and we very soon spied, upon a sandy point of the shore that projected into the river, the troop of little ones that were ordinarily noisy and boisterous, now very quiet and silent. As we approached them, I saw that each child held his rod and line, watching with anxious eyes the cork that danced in the eddy, as if an important capture had been made.

"At one side old Soupramany, his trunk furnished with an immensely long bamboo, to the end of which was attached the ordinary apparatus of line, floater, hook, and bait, stood motionless as a block of granite, waiting patiently for a bite.

"As one may well think, I neglected the children in order to watch the elephant, curious to see everything which he might do. As religious prejudice in India forbids the killing of anything that has life, it follows that the rivers superabound with fish, as do the jungles with wild beasts. So not more than two minutes had elapsed after our arrival, when Soupramany's floater began to shake. The elephant did not budge; his little fiery



eye followed with covetousness every movement of the cork on the water; he was certainly no novice in the art of angling—he awaited the right moment. All at once, the little floater making a sudden movement as if to plunge in the water, Soupramany drew out the line with all the skill of a consummate fisher. At the end of it dangled one of those magnificent golden tentacles of the Ganges. When Soupramany discovered the capture he had made, he immediately squealed, as a sign of joy, and waited for Jim, the eldest of the children, to take off the fish and re-bait his hook. But Jim was a mischievous boy, and loved dearly to tease the elephant, so he ran and took off the fish, but put no new bait on the hook. The intelligent animal did not even try to put his line again into the water, but began to utter a series of cries, or squeals, to Jim, which he made as gentle and coaxing as he could. Nothing could be more curious than to see the efforts he made to give tender accents to his voice; all the birds in the surrounding trees flew away. Seeing that all was in vain, Soupramany went close to him, and with his trunk tried to push him gently toward the box of bait. But when he saw that Jim would not, or could not, be made to understand, he turned round, and, seeing us, a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and, picking up the box of bait with his trunk, he came and placed it at the feet of the major, then, returning, he gathered up his line, and held it up to his master."

"What do you want, my old Soupramany?" asked the major.

Immediately the animal began to beat with his feet, and to make anew the tender and melodious sounds he had made for Jim. As I wished to see what would follow, I ranged myself on the side of Jim, and pretended to run away with the bait. The elephant, angry at this, plunged his trunk in the river, and in a twinkling had squirted a column of water over me, to the immense amusement of us all. The major stopped him with a sign, and in order to make peace with the animal, I baited his hook for him. Trembling with joy, like a baby that has its plaything restored, Soupramany hardly took time to thank me with a tender grunt, at once returned to his place, with line cast into the river.

#### STORY OF THE EARTH WORM—(continued).

But the worm could not live without air, any more than you and I could. We breathe because our lungs are filled with air. A fish draws in air through its gills; but a worm has no lungs, no gills. How, then, does it breathe? A number of very small air-bags are placed on each side of its body. But how does the air get into these little bags? All along the back of the worm, between each ring, are tiny holes, to let the air enter the flesh.

Almost all worms have red blood. You, dear young friends, have a heart. Sometimes you can feel it beat, or throb, when you have been running, or walking very fast; but I think you will be a little surprised to learn that many worms have two, and some even three, hearts, and each heart is provided with two sets of fibres, or blood-vessels; one set is larger than the other, and serves to carry the blood from the hearts all over the body. The use of the smaller set is to carry it back again.

Worms are often sought for by men or boys who are going fishing, and want them to bait their hooks with. Birds eat worms, and one kind of bird, called the lapwing, has a very curious way of catching worms. Like all other birds, the lapwing is an early riser, and so is quite ready to enjoy an early dinner. About noon the bird stamps on the ground with its foot, till some worm near, feeling the earth shake, pops its head above ground, to find out the cause of it, and is quickly caught and eaten by the hungry lapwing.

Are worms of any use to the farmer? Yes, they help him in his work of draining the fields, by opening holes in the ground, through which air can reach the roots of trees and grass. They help, too, to make the land rich, by drawing leaves and grass under it; also in other ways, of which I cannot tell you now. The worm is the servant of man.

So you will agree with me, I think, in saying that the worm is far more interesting than it appears at first sight.

We may learn much of the wisdom and goodness of God even from a worm; but, before I close my paper, I want to add just a word about the Lord Jesus, who, in grace,

stooped so low, that He might become our Saviour—that David, who was inspired by the Holy Spirit to write of the sufferings of Christ on the cross, wrote, in Psalm xxii. 6, “But I am a worm, and no man.”

Why did the Lord of glory take such a very low place?

Turn to Hebrews xii. 2, and you will find a beautiful answer to my question.

Can you say of Christ, “He is my precious Saviour”? C. J. L.

### The Ark and the Flood.

“DID the ark take long to build, mother?” asked Alice, softly.

“Yes, many, many long, long years; but it was finished at last, and quite ready for Noah and his family to enter.”

“Hadn’t the wicked people got sorry, mother?” interrupted Edward. “Didn’t Noah tell them all about the flood that was coming, and ask them to come into the ark, where they would be safe?”

“The people would not believe what Noah told them. They laughed, and mocked him, as he went busily on with his work. And the Bible does not tell us that *one* single person believed there was any danger. But there came a day when God told Noah to take up his abode in the ark. Then followed a remarkable sight. A long, long train of birds and beasts came trooping in to the various places in the ark which had been prepared for them. God had told Noah to receive them when they came. But even this wonderful sight had no effect on the hardened sinners of Noah’s time. Day by day passed away, and no sign of repentance was seen among them. Outwardly things appeared the same. The sun shone, and the birds sang, as usual; yet judgment was close at hand. But before one drop of rain fell, ‘God shut the door’ of the ark, so that no harm could come to any of those beneath its shelter. Then the rain began to fall, and, as we read in God’s Holy Word, ‘the rain was upon the earth for forty days and forty nights. And the waters exceedingly prevailed upon the earth, and all the high hills were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that

moved upon the face of the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beasts, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man.’”

“How dreadful, mother!” said Edward, sadly. “*Not one* of all those people saved.”

“But Noah and his family were *all* safe in the ark, Neddie,” said Alice, eagerly. “Mother said ‘God shut the door.’ *They were safe*, weren’t they, mother?”

“Yes,” said the mother; “God had preserved Noah, and all that were with him, in the ark. The flood had done them no harm. The ark floated safely on the bosom of the waters, and drifted, slowly and steadily, to the top of the mountain, where God intended Noah to land.”

“Wasn’t Noah *afraid* to come out of the ark, mother?” asked Alice, in a low tone. “Perhaps *more* rain might have come.”

“No, dear; when the waters had subsided, God told Noah to come out of the ark, with his family, and, as a proof that He would *never* again destroy the world by a flood, He caused the rainbow to appear in the heavens.”

“Then God made the rainbow *on purpose*, mother. It always comes after a storm,” said little Alice. “I didn’t know that.”

“Yes, dear,” replied her mother. “God made it on purpose. Every time Noah looked up, and saw the beautiful rainbow, he would remember the very words that God said to him; you will find them in Genesis ix. 13–16.”

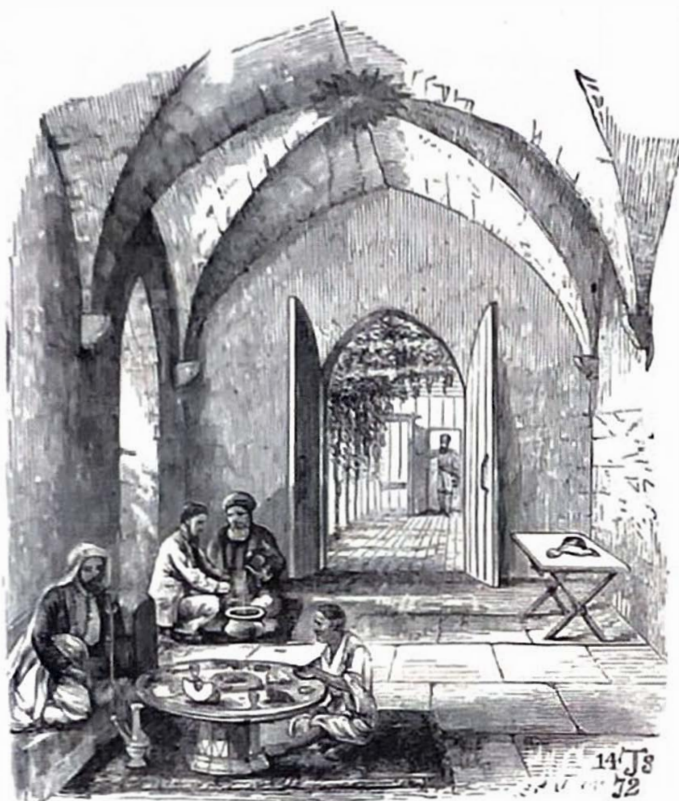
Little Alice brought her Bible, and found the verses referred to.

“This is beautiful, mother,” she said, as she read verse 16: “‘And the bow shall be in the cloud, and *I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant.*’”

“I didn’t know God made the rainbow for *that*, mother,” said little Edward, in his childish way. “How good of Him; wasn’t it? I shall think of it *always* now, when the rainbow comes!”

“Yes, dear,” said his mother, as she kissed both the children, and rose to leave the nursery. “God’s goodness and kindness to us is shown on every hand, and I trust that every time my little Alice and Edward see the rainbow, it will indeed be one of the things that will remind them of it.” M. V. B.





## DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

We have chats together on various subjects, and different places of interest, and I think the next best thing to travelling, to see the many places of interest, is to have a picture of those places, for we may learn a great deal from a picture, without even reading a word to describe it to us.

Do you know that the chief part of the ancient history of that country of which we have heard so much lately — Egypt — is gathered, not from libraries, books, and manuscripts, but from the monuments and tombs in that wonderful country, and not so much from written characters, as from pictures, cut in the solid stone, or rock, of scenes that have taken place thousands of years ago.

A picture, too, requires little translating, for we can generally take in its meaning with our eyes, without troubling to ascertain what particular language was spoken by those people shewn in the picture. Well, we have before us now the interior of a chamber of a house in Jerusalem. It shews us the low table, at

which the people sit, or lounge, either on a mat, spread on the ground, or on a divan, or couch. Then you see the passage leading through the garden, which is covered in by a thickly-grown grape vine, supported by trellis-work.

It strikes me that this was probably the arrangement in the house where many were gathered together praying, when Rhoda came to the outside gate, at the sound of Peter's voice, to see who it was. It was perfectly natural that she should ask who was there, before opening the door, seeing it was in the middle of the night that Peter had been delivered from prison by the angel. Then, when she knew Peter's voice, she stayed not to open the door, for gladness, but ran in to say how that he was standing outside.

Now look in the corner of the room, near the door, and you will see two men stooping down. One is a servant; he is pouring water over the hands of this guest. This is the way they always wash before meals. It has to be in running water, not as we wash, in a basin. You will notice a vessel standing on the ground; that is to catch the water as it falls, after passing over his hands. Thus does it bring to our minds many words of scripture, and takes us back to the Lord's own day, when He said how men were content to make clean the outside of the platter, and leave the inside. That is to say, they were so careful as to washing their hands, but their hearts were not right before God, and this did not trouble them.

But I must leave you to follow out these things suggested by our picture, and say, Good-bye, once more, till next month come round, if the Lord will.

Your affectionate friend,

DOT.

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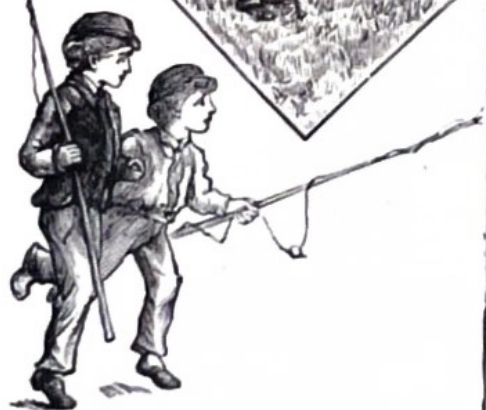
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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND," 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.





# MY LITTLE FRIEND.





## THE CONSCRIPTION.

ON the ninth day of April, 1778—a day long to be remembered by the people of Timmil—early in the afternoon, a man, whose name was Ellers, suddenly left his work in the field, and returned home, looking very pale and anxious.

“Was he ill?” you ask. No; but he had heard some bad news, and almost before he had time to tell his wife about it, quick footsteps were heard outside the house, and a neighbour entered, saying, “You must escape at once. Go to the woods, and hide yourselves, till the soldiers have passed through our town.”

Mr. Eller's sick little boy, Jonas, who was generally in bed all day long, in the corner of the room, knew what it all meant. The Emperor of Germany needed a greater number of soldiers, and had given orders that several hundred farm labourers should leave their homes and families, to be employed in carrying stores of food and other things to the troops who were already fighting.

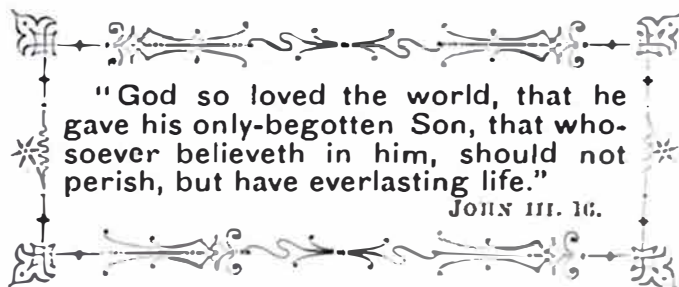
The father of Jonas was one of the most likely to be chosen by the king's officer, sent to Timmil to collect the new soldiers, or conscripts, as they are called. He did not want to go, for he must leave his wife and children—most of all, his afflicted son.

In his fear and sorrow, Jonas forgot, for a little while, that God was able to take care of his parents and himself. He thought it was a good suggestion for them to hide in the woods, but how could they carry him so far? His brothers and sisters, who were strong, would not mind the long walk, and could help to carry food, and other things they might need, but he, instead of being a help to his parents, would only be a trouble.

Poor Jonas did not want to be naughty, but he had a lesson to learn, one that, sooner or later, must be learned by every child of God—that he was only a sinful and foolish little boy, needing every moment to be kept by a strong, loving Saviour. With a full heart, and many tears, he begged his mother to dig a hole in the ground, and bury him alive; “for,” said he, “I would rather die than be a burden to you any longer.”

His mother was sorry to think that Jonas had not more confidence in the care of God, but she was not angry with him, she only told him, in a gentle, loving way, how sad it made her to hear him talk like that.

You will be glad to hear that, in His own tender, gracious way, God honoured the faith of this good woman, and her husband was allowed to stay with his family, and go quietly on with his ordinary work. How blessed it is to have a heavenly Father to run to in times of deep trouble and distress, and to find that He delivers us from them all.



“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.

## SUNDAY EVENING.

“MOTHER, mother, tell a story.”  
Tiny voices say to me;  
Willie seeks his little footstool,  
Mabel climbs upon my knee.

Sunday evening twilight gathers,  
And upon the parlour wall  
Shines the ruddy, dancing firelight,  
And the fitful shadows fall.

“Shall my story be of Jesus?  
He who loves the children dear?”  
“Jesus, and the little maiden”  
Mabel answers sweet and clear.  
Then the little faces brighten;  
Closer little Willie comes,  
As I tell of Christ the Saviour,  
And His love for little ones.

Once there was a stately mansion  
Decked with many a treasure rare;  
And within that beauteous dwelling  
Lay a little maiden fair.  
Twelve years old that little maiden—  
Youth's bright days had just begun;  
But with all so fair around her,  
Dying lay the little one.

All a father's love could bring her,  
And a mother's tender care,  
Had been lavished on their darling  
As she lay so helpless there.

Many a loved one thronged around her,  
Eager each to soothe and cheer ;  
Weaker grew the little maiden,  
Death was drawing very near.

But no wise physician's presence,  
Or the virtues of his art,  
To the lovely little maiden  
Health or healing could impart.  
Then the father thought of Jesus—  
" *He* can save my child !" he cried ;  
" *He* can cure my little daughter ;  
I will hasten to His side."

Forth he goes upon his journey  
Heeding not the toilsome way,  
Till he finds the blessed Jesus,  
And his weary footsteps stay.  
At His feet he falls before Him :  
Will the Saviour deign to hear  
Of the little dying maiden—  
Of his little daughter dear ?

Yes, the loving Jesus listens,  
And His look is soft and mild ;  
" Only lay *Thy* hands upon her,"  
Prays the father for his child.  
And the blessed, blessed Saviour  
Answers to the parent's cry :  
" I will come unto the dwelling  
Where the little maid doth lie."

As they journey Jesus pauses,  
Hears *another* tale of woe ;  
Throngs the eager crowd around Him  
As they seek His gifts to know.  
And the father's heart beats faster,  
For he sees his servants come ;  
Surely *they* have brought some tidings  
Of the little one at home !

" Trouble not the master further,  
It is useless now ! " they say ;  
" For thy little daughter lieth  
In the sleep of death to-day."  
Lo ! the Saviour hears them telling  
How the little maid had died ;  
" Fear not !" says He to the father,  
As He journeys by his side.

Now they near the stately dwelling.  
Sounds of bitter woe are there ;  
Sounds of grief and bitter wailing,  
Mourning for the maiden fair.  
See the Saviour cross the threshold,  
Now His gentle footsteps stay ;  
Enters He the silent chamber  
Where the little maiden lay.

Hark ! He speaketh to the mourners :  
" Weep not ! make not such ado,  
For the maiden only sleepeth ;  
Life and health I can renew."

But His words seem strange and wondrous,  
Such before were never heard ;  
And they rudely mock and scorn Him,  
Though they marvel at His word.

Then the blessed, blessed Jesus  
Speaks again in accents mild :  
" Put them forth from out the chamber,  
*They* must leave the little child ;  
But the father and the mother  
And my own disciples two,  
They may stay *with me* and witness  
What I am about to do."

Pass they out in silent wonder,  
*His* behests they must obey ;  
For the Lord of earth and heaven  
In their presence stood that day.  
While the father and the mother  
Gaze upon the Saviour there,  
Standing in the silent chamber  
By the maid so still and fair.

Scarcely can they breathe for wonder  
As the matchless sight they see ;  
For He speaketh to the maiden—  
" Damsel, rise, I say to thee !"  
See ! the little sleeper awakens,  
And her eyes from death unclosed ;  
Oh ! the joy of father, mother,  
As the little maid " arose."

To her parents Jesus gives her,  
With a word of loving cheer ;  
How He loves the little children !  
Every child to Him is dear.  
He would have them all obedient,  
He would bless them full and free,  
As He blessed the little maiden  
On the shores of Galilee.

Jesus died from sin to save them,  
Life eternal He will give ;  
" Come to Me, dear little children,  
Those who come to Me shall live."  
Thus He speaks to little children,  
May my gracious darlings here  
Know His voice, and answer sweetly,  
" I am coming, Saviour dear."

Like the little maid, obedient  
To the Saviour's loving call ;  
And in answer to His message  
Gladly at His feet to fall.  
May my Mabel, may my Willie,  
Listen to that voice divine ;  
May they say this Sunday evening,  
" Make us children, Lord, of Thine."

M. V. B.





## THE STORY OF CYRIL.

**ANY** hundred years ago, a little boy of the name of Cyril, was called upon to lay down his young life for Christ.

His father was a heathen, and hated Christianity, yet his youthful son did not hide from him, the fact that he believed in Jesus the Lord. Fearless of the face of man, Cyril was known as one who prayed to God, and neither punishment nor aught else, could make him cease.

Enraged at this conduct, the cruel father sent him from his home, declaring that he would no longer regard him as his son. This young believer was then taken before a judge, who endeavoured to reason him out of his faith. He told Cyril that he ought to obey parental authority, and that if he would do so, he might return to his happy home, and all the past would be entirely forgiven.

The noble-hearted boy knew that he was called upon to obey One higher than his father, and the latter only "in the Lord." Since his parent was not allowing him to own the Lordship of Christ, he chose "to obey God rather than men," like the apostles of old. Cyril told his judge that he must ever

be obedient to the Lord Jesus Christ, adding, "I am not sorry, because I am turned out of the house, for I have a better mansion, and I am not afraid to die, because then I shall have a better house."

Still hoping to make the boy yield, the judge endeavoured to frighten him into obedience. He therefore commanded him to be fettered

and taken from his presence, as if about to be put to death. But yield he would not, in spite of all that the judge could say, or do, and even the flames before his eyes did not alarm him. Truly God alone gave the needed strength to that youthful witness, and stayed his heart upon Himself. "I am going to a better home," said he, "and greater pleasure too; make haste and kill me, that I may enjoy them."

Some wept as they looked on that young and courageous boy on the brink of the grave, while still in full health and vigour. To these Cyril said,

"Oh, you know not what a city I am going to live in, or what a hope I have."

There with the blessed One whom he had loved and trusted on earth, dear Cyril entered into rest in the spring-time of his days. Could you, my dear reader, thus nobly die for Christ? You could only do so by having the heart first set on brighter things above.



Cyril before the judge.



## WHO LOVES YOU ?



**W**H O loves you ?  
 "My mother does," some dear child may say ; for when I was ill she nursed me kindly, and took care of me, sitting all the day

by my bed, to comfort me when I was in pain ; and now that I am well, mother is very glad, and often tells me how good God was to her in making her little one strong again. I know mother loves me very, *very* dearly."

*Who loves you ?* "Father does, I am sure," replies another ; "for he works hard all day, and yet, when he comes home at night, he lets me read and talk to him, and never seems too tired to listen to what I have to say."

*Who loves you ?* "My teacher loves me,"

answers a Sunday scholar ; "for she often tells me, with tears in her eyes, that she prays that God will shew me what a sinner I am, and give me faith in Jesus, and she talks as if she really loved me very much."

*Who loves you ?* "Alas ! I have no home, no parents, no kind friends ; my clothes are old and thin, and I can get but little food ! It seems as if no one cared for me !" So may some poor child exclaim.

Ah ! you may *think* that no one *cares* for you, but there is One who loves you *very much*, and I am going to tell you who He is, and what He has done for you.

The Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is His name. He laid down His life on the cross for poor lost sinners ; He died on earth that sinners might live in heaven. He knew that every one was a sinner, that all had done wrong in the sight of God, and He came and shed His blood to wash away sin. He looks upon you now, and His heart is full of love for you ; although you are but a weak, sinful child, the Lord Jesus is your Friend ; and if you believe in Him, your sins, from this very instant, will be for ever forgiven.

## A Happy Girl.

**W**HEN I kept a shop in London, a little girl about six years old was often to be seen playing near the window. She was a happy-looking child ; her long flaxen hair hung in graceful curls down her neck, and her pretty smiling face made her very attractive.

I frequently spoke to her, and soon a little acquaintance grew up between us. She would often look in at the shop door, expecting to get a smile and a nod, and perhaps a kind word, if I were not too busy.



After a time, I did not see her as usual, and knew not where she lived. Several weeks passed away, and she did not come. At last, seeing some one who I thought knew her, I inquired, and found that they lived in the same house, and that the child was ill, and was continually asking if any one had seen me. They said the first thing she would ask on their return would be, "Have you seen Mr. — ?" I said, "I shall be delighted to call and see her, if it will give her the least pleasure."

Accordingly I went as soon as I conveniently



could. But suffering had made such a change in her appearance that I scarcely know her. Her pretty smiling face had become so thin and pale, not the least colour was left in it, and her beautiful flaxen hair was greatly altered. Still, in the midst of it all, there was the same calm, happy countenance as before.

She received me with a sweet smile, and I soon saw that she was not long for this world. She also knew it herself, and was glad it was so; for, though so young, she had learned to love that kind Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Her father and mother were industrious working people, and she was their only child. They grieved very much at the thought of losing her. But she would wipe away her mother's tears, telling her not to grieve because she was going to be with Jesus, and there was no pain nor sorrow there. She was one of Jesus' lambs, and He was going to take her into His bosom, and therefore she hoped her mother would not weep.

And now that sickness was come, and death seemed very near, she was not afraid, but rather rejoiced that she was going to be with Him who loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood, and had now so fully won her heart for Himself.

Sometimes she would gently sing me one of her favourite hymns which she had learned at the Sunday school.

"Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand,"

was a great favourite with her. So was, also,

"Here's a message of love  
Come down from above."

Then the little books which had been given her at the Sunday school, and by others, she tied them up in separate parcels for her cousins, who lived near, to be given to them after she was gone.

One parcel was much larger than the others—this was for a little girl who was sometimes very naughty. Her mother asked her how it was that the largest portion was for the naughtiest girl? She replied, "This is

why I have done it. She is the worst, and, therefore, needs the most."

When the time drew nigh for her to leave this world, she knew it, and sought to comfort her father and mother in every way she could, saying, by-and-by they must come too.

## Our Voyage to New Zealand.

### II.

We steamed away at 8.30, and soon lost sight of land. We crossed the Line on Friday, September 21st, after which the weather was colder, and more congenial (it having been *very* warm, and at times the heat was most trying). We reached Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, on Monday, October 1st, and we anchored in the harbour at 11.30 a.m. The view from the ship was most picturesque. The town is built nearly round the harbour, and some of the buildings looked very pretty; the high hills, some rising almost perpendicularly, formed a grand background.

There were several large vessels at anchor; one was a troopship, going to India with twelve hundred soldiers. We saw some of them in their tropical uniforms—white trousers, coats, and helmets, or "*puggaries*." We went ashore in a small steamer, and then took a tram to the town, and very glad we were to be on land once more. We did not like the general appearance of the place, most of the streets being narrow and dirty, though some were very wide. There were a few nice, large shops.

We were nearly blinded by clouds of dust, which was very plentiful. We visited the Botanical Gardens, with which we were greatly delighted, and saw some splendid specimens of tropical plants and trees; one was the cactus, which in England is grown in pots and hothouses; some of those we saw were from sixteen to eighteen feet high.

There were very few flowers in bloom, it being spring, or early summer. The railway stations and the wharves are lighted with the electric light.

We sailed early the next morning, and about noon the sea began to be very rough, and continued so for ten or twelve days. The waves rolled very high indeed (from thirty to forty feet). It was a grand and impressive

sight, speaking to us of the power of God, and reminding us of the words of the psalmist: "They that go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep; for he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths: . . . then they cry unto the Lord, and . . . He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." This we experienced in some degree, for the ship would be one minute on the top of some large waves, and the next down in the depths of the sea.

At another time a big wave would sweep over the decks, drenching all who happened to be in its way, as the vessel rolled up and down. Those on deck were compelled to lay hold of chains, ropes, &c., to keep themselves from falling, as the decks were then as steep as the roof of a house. Very often our chairs (if not tied up) would slide across the deck, upset, and tilt the occupant into the ropes; but it was worse down in the saloon.

At meal-times the crockery on the tables would persist in sliding about, to the great alarm of the nervous passengers. We were often obliged to hold on to the tables.

## GOD'S MESSENGERS.

### VI.

#### THE TREAT.

**A**T the beginning of the New Year a great treat was given to the children. At six o'clock they were all ready, outside the door. Oh, how long the time seemed before the doors were opened! Some of them were very rough and ragged, the boys especially, and they kept up a continual thumping on the doors, as though they thought these might be opened sooner, if they made a great noise outside.

At last they were all let in, but they were like a number of little wild animals let loose. They knocked the tables with their cups and mugs, and then a sudden cry would announce that the precious possession had come to grief. But, after a time, they were quiet—too busy, enjoying the good tea provided for them, to be able to talk much.

After tea was over came the grand event of

the evening. A very beautiful picture lantern was shewn. The story was of two little boys who had lost their mother. It told of all the temptations and trials they passed through. Sometimes poor little Joey and Tom had to go supperless to bed, and once, when little Joey was very ill, Tom so far yielded to temptation as to take a loaf off a baker's barrow. How sad Joey was when he found out where the bread had come from, and how Tom cried, when Joey said to him, "What would mother have said?"

But the story went on to tell how God was watching over them, and taking care of them, all through their life. And now, at last, Joey was taken home to rest in heaven, where there is no more hunger or cold, but Tom grew up to be a good and useful man.

The children were all earnestly entreated to come to the Saviour while they were young, for the longer they put it off, the harder it would become for them to break off their old habits.

The tea seemed to have a good effect on them, for they were as quiet and orderly as could be wished during the lecture. When it was over, each child received a toy, and went home happy, and perhaps to dream of all the pleasant things they had seen and heard that evening.

May you all, dear little friends, know what true happiness is, and joys that will never fade, as we read in God's book, "At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

L. C.

## DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I know I have a good many readers among those whom I will call my little sick friends, and I think they shall have a corner all to themselves this month.

When I was about twelve years old I had a serious accident, which made me an invalid for many months, so that, you see, I can sympathise with you, and, in my thoughts, can sit by you, and have a little talk about what we understand so well. I remember the most trying time was, perhaps, when the danger was past, and I was getting better, but still had to keep my bed. Now and then I felt





lonely, as, of course, although my mother was the best and most loving of mothers, she could not be always in the room with me. Little brothers, younger than I, had to be attended to, and, as they were healthy, and had good appetites, there was plenty of work for mother to do—attending to meals, and torn garments, which, somehow, seem to make a point of getting torn and dirtied.

But she gave me all the time she could spare. Sometimes my sister would come, and find me crying, because I could hear my companions at play, and I could not join them. At such times she would comfort me by her kind words. Of course, I had many visitors, who brought apples, and oranges, and jam, but, you know, these things are not so enjoyable as when we are in health. A little tiny companion would come up and shew his sympathy by giving me a bit of his apple, or a peppermint-drop. Well, I valued these offerings. A boy, older than myself, would often come and sit with me for an hour, and read to me, and thus take my thoughts away from my weakness or pain. I remember, too, how the hymns, and verses from the New Testament, learned at Sunday-school, would come to my mind; and thus I found God was graciously, and by degrees, drawing my young heart towards heaven, which, in after years, was to ripen into such precious fruit.

Dear little sick ones, remember God does not allow a boy or girl to be on a sick-bed without a reason. He makes no mistakes. Perhaps it is by this sickness He is drawing your heart to Himself.

I dare say you have heard of brave men, in war time, doing great things, and they are called heroes. But I think there are greater heroes in sick chambers, known only to God for their patience in suffering, and trust in Him. Can you be a little hero for Jesus in *your* patience, till He shall, in His wisdom and love, give you health again? I know how trying it is, when you can hear the merry laugh of companions at play, and you cannot join them. Try and be brave in suffering. It is astonishing how much this cheerfulness of spirit will help to bring health back again. Just ask mother to please take the medicine bottle off the shelf, and not let it be seen till wanted. Cheerfulness of spirit is like sunshine to the soul. Many an hour have I passed by the bedside of some young sufferer, and found the lesson learned in early days myself taught me how to comfort others in similar circumstances.

May God graciously give you, who are in sickness and suffering, a gentle and patient spirit, and bring to your minds and hearts many of His precious thoughts of love, and His tender care over you, and teach you how much He loves you. Accept my loving sympathy, just as if I knew you all by name, and my prayer for you, that this sickness may be a rich and lasting blessing to your souls.

Your affectionate friend, Dot.

Just Published.

*Scripture Dissecting Puzzles for the Young. Map of Palestine—Price 2s. 6d. Map of Paul's Travels—Price 3s. 6d. Postage Free.*

#### NOTICE.

Once more, dear reader, we must remind you that next month, July, is our usual time for issuing our yearly Coloured Picture, and a very pretty one, entitled "Milk for Puss," has already been prepared, and we hope that many will be asked for.

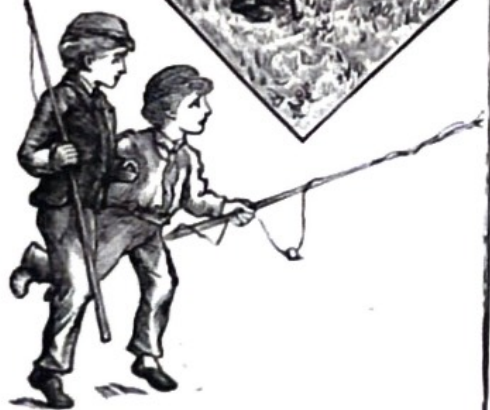
Please show your own copy to all your young friends who may not, up to the present, have been subscribers to the Magazine. The price for July number will be as usual *One Penny*.

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



Vol. IX. No. 103.—July, 1884.

Price One Penny.

Sitting on the Old Log.



## THE OLD LOG.

**L**AST summer it was my pleasant lot to spend a short time in a very quiet country village; and the return of the bright and warmer days, after winter and spring are past, bring back the thoughts of the short, but happy, time spent there.

It was indeed a flowery spot, and everything looked so bright, fresh, and luxuriant. Many a country walk was taken through the ripening corn-fields, over stiles, and along narrow lanes, sheltered overhead from the scorching sun by the thick clinging branches of the hawthorn and other bushes.

Not far from the end of the street in which our cottage was situated, there was a small triangular patch of green, where three roads met, and on this spot was a fallen log, or trunk of an old tree. A capital spot for the young ones to gather—to rest awhile, it may be, in their walks, to look over the treasures of their basket, and help themselves to some of the fruit which it contained.

The old log seemed to become like an old friend. We saw it on first turning the corner, when in search for lodgings, on the day of our arrival, and it was there that we ran in our slippers, without hats, to bid adieu to some dear ones, who were leaving the place by coach—for the coach always passed that corner on its outward journey. And it was there, too, one day, not long after, that you might have seen us resting early in the morning, with corded boxes at our feet, carried out by our kind host, for we were also homeward bound, about to leave behind these bright and happy scenes, which had been to us like a blessing from God, in order to return once more to our own busy sphere of life.

Not far from the log corner was a tiny village green, where, on the fine and quiet Sunday evenings, a number of good men would assemble, to proclaim the goodness and love of our God to His creatures, especially made known to us in the gift of His own dear Son. The villagers used to gather round and listen attentively to the loving message.

May we all learn to love and serve the Saviour in the days of our youth, is the writer's earnest desire.

## LIFE, REST, JOY, PEACE.

**L**IFE in a scene of death,  
Rest in a world of care;  
Joy in a land where sorrow dwells,  
And peace instead of fear.

Life through a Saviour's death,  
Rest through His finished toil,  
Joy through the sorrow He endured,  
And peace that none can spoil.

Our life is hid in God,  
We enter into rest;  
And joy in God through Christ our Lord,  
With peace eternal blest.

And all through grace alone;  
We worship and adore:  
Life, rest and joy in Christ possess,  
And peace for evermore. S. T.

## MILK FOR PUSS.

*(See Coloured Picture.)*

**I** WAS on a visit to an old lady friend, and while I stayed with her we had another visitor come—or, perhaps I should say, two visitors, for the lady brought her cat with her. She had come a long journey that day, but it mattered not as to distance, and it was always understood by her friends that Puss must accompany her mistress wherever she went. Of course, Puss was a great favourite, and exceedingly well behaved—not grumpy, as some cats are, even if respectfully desired to move off the rug before the fire; nor restless and wandering, as some of my acquaintances are—wanting to go into the garden, and have a little quiet meditation, making believe they like to hear the dear birds sing! when, all the while, they are slyly waiting for a chance of catching an unwary dicky-bird for lunch.

But the puss I speak of had evidently been “brought up differently.” When friends dropped in to see us, the cat (for she was a remarkably fine one) soon attracted notice, and consequently “Puss, her life and character,” became the subject of discourse, from the days of kittenhood until now. But the chief amusement was in seeing her go through a performance for which she was celebrated. This was the clever way in which she would empty a narrow-necked milk-jug of its contents. But, of course, all had to be done in proper order. This was for the

servant to bring a cloth, and lay it on the carpet, then place a milk-jug thereon. Puss soon understood what was required of her, and knew it was a sort of fete-day, in which she was to perform for the amusement of her mistress's friends; and being, as I said, one who seemed to understand the little proprieties, she went through her performance with quiet dignity. This was, to sit beside the jug, and very leisurely insert her paw therein, and then, after the manner of cats who have *accidentally* put their foot into the milk-bowl, commence cleaning it—this being repeated, till the jug was emptied of its contents.

I rather think Puss liked these exhibition days, and no wonder, when it meant a jug of milk for her own especial benefit.

I suppose you might teach a cat, as other animals, almost anything; but they only do that which is taught—never originate anything themselves. So, for my part, with all Pass's cleverness, or a parrot's fondness for chattering and imitation, I would much rather have the intelligent—even if not clever—ways of a little boy or girl. "A parrot will say its prayers, but a parrot never prays," is a well-known proverb. So, you see, without much telling, that *my little friends* belong more particularly to such as are clothed in frocks and knickerbockers. They are a bit troublesome, but perhaps they are liked all the better for that. Everything in its season—milk for puss at proper times, and hoops and balls for hands that cannot long be idle.

### THE GOOD NEWS.

“*Hi, uncle,*” said a young lady, a pleasant-looking person, well-off, as far as this world is concerned, “oh, uncle, have you heard the good news? I have only three or four days to live; in three or four days I shall be with Jesus! Is not this good news?”

This young lady, on asking her doctor if she were likely to live long, was told “No!—only three or four days.” To many of us, this announcement would not come as good news, but we might think it bad, very bad news. Not so with this young lady. She was tired of this world, and ready for the next—yea, *more than that, she was going to meet some One who loved.*

Have you, dear reader, ever known what it is to count the days, the hours, until the dear friend, the loved object of your heart come? or to watch the clock until the time fixed for your going to meet him? If so, you can tell something of what this dear young lady's thoughts were; and, oh, wondrous fact! the One she was going to was God's own Son.

### A Child's Hymn.

**B**EFORE I lay me down in bed,  
Or on the pillow rest my head,  
I would, dear Saviour, ask of Thee  
To own me Thine, who lovest me.

I know that I was born in sin,  
That I've an evil heart within:  
I know that we can nothing do  
To please Thee, till we're born anew.

But with the Spirit helping me,  
My Father, I will pray to Thee;  
And thank Thee Thou in love didst give  
Thy Son to die that I might live.

I'll thank Thee also for the grace  
Thou givest those who seek Thy face.  
Now, Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
To own Thee mine, and “Lord of all.”

R. H. W.

### BIBLE SCRAPS.

**T**HE sword is very often mentioned in scripture as being the weapon in constant use, but there is no remark found that gives any definite idea of the form or size of the ancient sword, such as was used by the Hebrews, nor any clue to the material from which it was made.

We may, however, infer that it was of metal, from certain allusions to “whetting” the glittering sword-blades, and also to beating the sword into ploughshares.

We also get frequent reference to the sword as a symbol of judgment. “If I whet my glittering sword,” and, “My sword shall devour flesh.” Also figuratively for power and authority, Romans xiii. 4: “He beareth not the sword in vain.”

The following five texts give the sword as actually and figuratively used:—

A flaming sword. (Gen. iii. 24.)

An angel's sword. (Num. xxii. 23.)

Beating swords into ploughshares. (Is. ii. 4.)

The sword of the Spirit. (Eph. vi. 17.)

A two-edged sword. (Rev. i. 16.)



## A SERIOUS DILEMMA.



It is pleasant indeed to look back to the happy time of boyhood; the Sunday-school days and all their associations. But now, my once dark hair is turning a silvery grey, telling of

advancing age and the shortness of human life.

Well, if the happy days of boyhood are gone for me, I have other joys more suitable to my age. Not the least of these is for me to be found in the midst of a group or perhaps a room full of little ones, sometimes to have a romp with them, and enter into their games. But at other times we have to be serious, for I love at the right time to speak a few words about the Greatest Friend I have.

It was on one of these occasions that I went with a friend to a large gathering of children. We were to give them two short addresses that evening, and my heart bent with pleasure when I anticipated the sight of two hundred or more pairs of eyes fixed on me with eager attention.

Now, you must know that having had so much to do with young ones in my past experience, I knew very well that I should make them very happy if I could take some little thing with me to give away to each of them.

And on this occasion I made up a large parcel of picture books, with this object in view, and promised myself great delight in seeing

the pleasure those pretty books would give to the dear children. I remember the large room distinctly at this present time, and what a room full it was of careless, restless children, from little ones up to the elder ones who sit so stately in the bible class.

My friend spoke to them first, for about half the time, and after a hymn had been sung I also stood up to take my turn to address them. The thought then struck me that if I told them about the contents of my parcel, it would be an extra inducement for them to listen attentively to what I might have to say. And I may add that what I spoke of on that evening was as I ever sought to do on such occasions—my address was on the love of God shewn in giving His own dear Son; and in order to keep attention, I told them several anecdotes all bearing on the subject before us, that though we belong to a world of sinners, yet God in His wondrous love had sent His Son that He might atone for our sins, and make us fit for His own presence.

Well, I pointed to the parcel lying on the table and told them what trouble I had taken to provide it, and that there was a book inside for each one of them who should be attentive to the close of the meeting. We had a happy meeting, and I trust that many a heart was

then led by God to accept the salvation as revealed in the Lord Jesus. After another hymn and prayer, we were ready to go home.

And now I drew the heavy parcel towards me and opened my pen-knife to cut the string, while every one in the room was watching me with eager anticipation; but what was my surprise and distress to discover that there were no books there at all—I had taken up the wrong parcel at the office, and left the one I intended to bring!

(Concluded on page 54.)



Playing with the Young Ones.



## The Sailor's Grave at Sea.

**M**OST of my readers have passed through a cemetery, with its numberless tombstones and graves, in long rows—some long, and some short, and some just the size for my little reader! I remember once reading about a little boy, who lay down by the side of a small grave, and found that it was just about his size (some little boy or girl had been buried there, near his own age), and the thought came into his mind—If I were to die now, where should I spend eternity?

He had often been to Sunday-school, and had heard the story of God's love and grace to guilty man; and he was often troubled, too, about himself, because it was not all right with him; he had not that peace which Jesus gives to those who trust in Him, of which he had heard others speak, and now this little grave aroused his conscience again to give earnest heed to the things he had heard.

Oh! what joy it gives to see one in earnest about his soul; what heartfelt thanks go up to God for such. I charge you, then, be in earnest while you are young, while the happy influences of Sunday-school and of home are still powerful for good; because, if your soul is neglected now, your heart will get hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and you will learn, not only to dishonour, but perhaps to blaspheme, the precious name of Jesus. Oh, listen, then, for there is no time like the pre-

sent; for God has said, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." If you will only hearken now to the voice of Jesus, the Son of God, you will be sorry you did not listen before. (Read John iii. 16.)

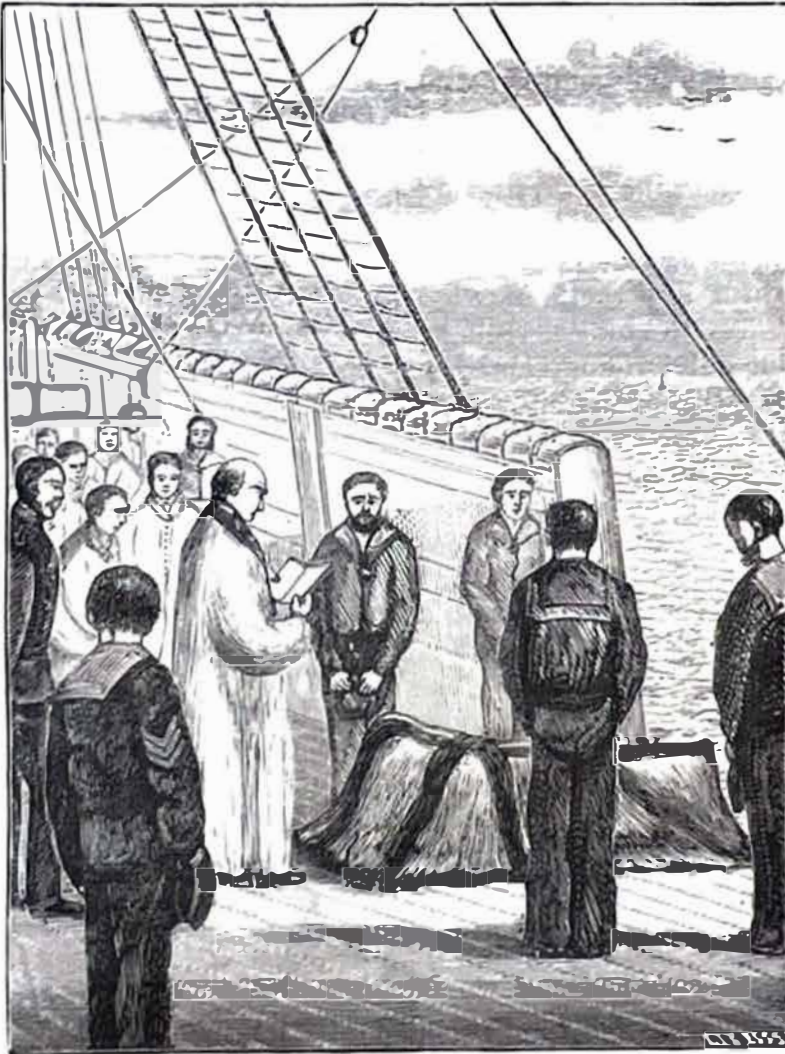
I will just give you an instance, in my own experience, when a boy. Henry (we will call him) and I were both on board one of the first of old England's iron-clad ships, which was commanded by officers who sought the

welfare of all the ship's company, and who soon won the esteem of all the crew. Those were good times, all working together with a will, a good understanding between both officers and men; she was what was called "a happy ship," and truly my very happiest days were spent in her. 'Twas there I first found the light of life; on that ship the load of sin was removed from me, and peace flowed into my soul like a river, and thus clearing my troubled conscience. Oh! it was there I learned that God is love.

How sweet and precious the remembrance, even now!

My first thought on

knowing my sins forgiven, was deep thankfulness of heart to Him who paid my debt, or delivered me—Jesus, the Saviour; and, in the circumstances, I could not get any private place of resort, no bed-room, nor secret place, but the eyes of my companions everywhere taking notice of any change which had taken place; neither did I wish to keep such good news to myself, but I at once earnestly told it to others, that I might bring them



The Funeral Service.



to the same Saviour, JESUS, who loved me so.

Well, Henry was in the same mess where I was, he was a quiet lad too, and I was attracted to him. I spoke to him of the beauty and loveliness of Jesus, and of the love of God to sinners, warning and entreating him at once, while there was time, to give his earnest thoughts to it, cautioning him, too, against the danger of delay. He sat with me, and listened, and knew it was all true. He had been a Sunday-scholar, and passed through the school unsaved, and came to sea, like the young man in the far country, who would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and Henry was satisfied with the husks, and the poor, fleeting pleasures that came between made up his portion of happiness, and he said—

"I don't want to hear any more of what you have to say, I mean to enjoy myself as much as I can; I am only young, and the world is wide;" and, with many other excuses, he refused God's offered mercy. There had been some deaths from accidents on board the ship, and we were drilling with a smart fleet of ships, and often a man or boy would fall from aloft, either on deck, smashed, or overboard, to sink to the bottom, which would cast a gloom about the ship for a little while, but it was soon forgotten in the constant routine of life on board a man-of-war.

### THE SEA PICTURE.

"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."  
JEREMIAH XLIX. 23.

WE have a picture that we prize at home,  
Although a sad one, of the sea,  
With one ship sailing in the distant  
gloom,

And one scarce seen—so far away:  
Ah, sorrow there, I know must be!  
And why of sorrow is that sea a sign?  
Because its waters cannot rest,  
But heave and swell, or surge in spray:  
And life's like this: but when the life divine  
Becomes by any one possess'd,  
Then peace flows in, and gloom's dispell'd;  
Sweet hope with smiling face uprears her head,  
And present ills are felt the less;  
While future woes loom not, but joys instead,  
And brightest visions are behold  
Of everlasting blessedness.

R. H. W.

### Serious Dilemma.

(Concluded from page 52.)

I passed my hand through my silvery locks of hair and felt ashamed to see the disappointed looks and faces of that large party of young ones; but just as I was at my wits' end to know how to explain the matter to them, I was most agreeably surprised that at this point a friend walked up to the table from the door, and said, "I have brought the parcel of books you left behind." My trouble was gone in a moment, and I looked up more smiling and happy than if the accident had not occurred, and could only believe that God had watched over me on that evening, and overruled my blunder to shew forth His goodness and loving care.

### Our Voyage to New Zealand.

#### III.

WE did not like the rocking at night, as we could not sleep, being continually rolled from one side of the berth to the other. We had to put a strap across Eddie's berth, to keep him from falling out. As we neared the Australian coast, the violence of the waves abated; we reached Adelaide on Monday, October 22nd, and went ashore about 8.30 a.m., in a steamer, to Port Adelaide, which is nine miles from the city, and is reached by train. The railway runs, for some distance, along the side of the road, on which there were numbers of vehicles, horses, cattle, and passengers, who seemed quite accustomed to the sight and noise of the engine, as it whirled along. There was a big bell attached, which was constantly ringing, to warn people that the train was coming. We liked the appearance of Adelaide. It has wide streets, which were very clean; a great many large shops, also some fine buildings.

We had a nice long drive around the suburbs, and through the city, which we very much enjoyed. The flowers were in full bloom, and the air was filled with their perfume. We saw a lot of orange-trees, with the golden fruit hanging in clusters on them; also some fig-trees. We had a lovely walk through the Botanical Gardens, where we saw

some fine palm, gum, olive, and cork trees. We met our friend, Mr. G. W., who is living there, whom some of you will, doubtless, remember. We sailed for Melbourne the same evening, and arrived there on Wednesday, the 24th. We found a steamer waiting to take us on to New Zealand, so we were at once transferred to it by steam tender, and bade good-bye to the *Chimborazo*. Our next steamer was named the *Hanroto*, about half the size of the *Chimborazo*, but the accommodation was better. We reached Hobart Town, Tasmania, on Friday, where we stayed a few hours. It is a small place, with few features of interest. We steamed away about 12 o'clock for Port Chalmers, New Zealand, where we arrived on the following Wednesday, at 3 p.m., and again changed steamers—this time to the *Wakatipou*.

Port Chalmers is a very pretty place, built in a natural hollow, amongst the hills, in terraces, one above the other, which gives the place a very pleasing appearance from the steamer. We reached and anchored in the harbour of Wellington at 3 p.m., on Friday, November 2nd, having been fifty-seven days on the sea, and very thankful we were to the Lord for His love, in keeping and preserving us through the voyage from danger and accidents, and giving us such nice weather, and so many mercies and blessings. We could sing, with heartfelt gratitude, those lines—

*"How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end."*

We had a fine view of Wellington as we steamed into the harbour. The city (like Port Chalmers) is built in a hollow, and in terraces, one above the other. We could see pretty little houses, perched up on the side and on the top of the hills, at the back of the city. It is surrounded on three sides by hills, and on the other by the harbour, which is very largo, and is usually occupied by many ships and steamers. The city contains about 22,000 inhabitants, and thirty-four miles of streets and roads. The streets are very wide and straight, very different from the roads in England. Nearly all the houses are built of wood, the greater part have ground floors only

—no upstairs. Most have verandahs along the front, and pretty gardens, front and back. Our home has a lawn and shrubs in front, a garden at the back, and no upstairs. We like it very much; it is situated in the suburbs, and we can often hear the lark singing merrily, and many other birds too. We are told that Wellington is a very healthy place; it is also very windy, and dusty, as only the principal streets are kept watered. We had a ride on the tram the other day to *Kia Warra*, and *Kynbau* range (pronounced "*Ki Warra*" and "*Nau-ranga*"). The railway runs close to the sea for nine miles, and the waves, at high tide, wash over the metals. On the other side are high cliffs, about 150 to 200 feet high. The line is very zigzag, and we would sometimes lose sight of the engine, as it suddenly disappeared round a corner; at another time the engine and hindmost carriages would run almost alongside each other, in going round a sharp curve. We very much enjoyed the ride, though, when the engine stopped, it bumped the carriages so much, that some of us were thrown off our seats.

The scenery along the route was very grand. We saw some splendid ferns growing in the ravines, or gullies, between the hills, about 12 feet high, with fronds about 8 or 10 feet long. I may at some future time send you an account of our rambles round Wellington, but must now close this letter, earnestly beseeching each one to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, so that, when He comes, you may be found amongst His jewels; as we used to sing—

*"He will gather, He will gather,  
The gems for His kingdom;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved, and His own."*

*But He will only gather those who are truly trusting in Him; and that God, in His grace, may lead each one of you to do this with all your heart, is the earnest prayer of*

*Yours very affectionately in Jesus Christ,  
THOMAS PORTER.*

P.S.—Dear Eddie sends love to all, and he would very much like you to sing one of his favourite hymns.





## DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Old castles, and picturesque ruins of any kind, are places in which, in my very young days, I was fond of wandering. Having a fondness for reading history, I was pretty fairly acquainted with the characters that formerly lived and moved amongst these scenes; and whilst I wandered round the ivy-mantled walls (the little evergreen had seemed to take pity on the ruins of former grandeur, and covered the grey, mouldering walls with its living mantle, as though, in its feeble embrace, it could stay the hand of time from its further destructive work)—as I wandered thoughtfully about the forsaken court-yards where once the war-horses had pawed impatiently to go forth to battle with the armoured knights, and the desolate halls and banquet-rooms, I could easily people them again with the kings and queens, and throngs of courtiers, that waited upon royal assemblages: or the gay cavalades of hunters, whose horns echoed through moor and vale, as they went forth to the chase.

Very pleasant day-dreaming was all this, as I thought over the old historic scenes and personages that once filled and flitted through

these now empty halls. But then came the solemn thought, where is now the glory and lustre of earthly wealth and grandeur? Ah, the word of God comes to mind: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of God abideth for ever." So I learnt a fresh lesson amid the ruins—that the Christian is built upon a rock which cannot decay, and is brought into such close relationship with Christ, that the life and wealth and glory he has, in and through that same glorious Saviour, will abide for ever.

What a blessed knowledge this is that has been given to the believer in the word of God—that he is built on a sure foundation. Empires have flourished, and passed away; mighty kings and conquerors have arisen, and filled the world with their fame and magnificence—have shone for a time with a dazzling lustre, and then become extinguished in darkness, and "the place thereof knoweth them no more." But we—that is, the church of God, formed of believers—have a city that hath foundations, a kingdom that cannot be moved.

Dear little friends, let me in love ask you, Is this your hope, and trust, and portion? Knowing this, what confidence, and joy, and brightness of heart it gives. I have given out these thoughts, in the hope of fixing some little feet firmer on the Rock of Ages. I want to see young ones *intelligent* about what they profess, and what they possess. May God graciously give the needed wisdom and grace you so much need, is the desire of

Your affectionate friend,

DOT.

## NOTICE.

You will receive, dear reader, with this number of "My Little Friend," the Coloured Picture, entitled; "Milk for Puss." It is prepared in our usual style, and will, I doubt not, be welcome to all our young readers.

Please show your own copy to all your young friends who may not, up to the present, have been subscribers to the Magazine. The price for the July number is, as usual, *One Penny*.

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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He picked up his Ball,



## THE BROKEN WINDOW.

“No one will think that I broke the window,” said Freddy to himself, as, with a look of dismay on his countenance, he stood gazing at the mischief which his new tennis ball had just wrought. “I really am very sorry, too. Mamma will return from her visit to Uncle George’s this evening, and I wanted her to see how careful I had been in her absence.”

“Old Mary is busy upstairs, and, besides, she is so deaf at the best of times, I’m sure *she* couldn’t have heard the noise the glass made in falling. If they were to ask me if I did it, of course I should not tell a falsehood about it. But if no one asks me—and I don’t *think* they will—there is no need for me to say anything about it.”

And, with a quick, stealthy step, Freddy Brown hurried round to the entrance of the pleasant little villa where he lived. It was only the work of a few moments to cross the wide, roomy passage, and to enter the room in which the ball now lay. A board creaked as he stooped to pick up the unlucky article which had been the cause of the mischief, and, with a guilty start, Freddy seized hold of the ball, and hurried out of the house.

No one, however, was within hearing. As the boy had said to himself, when surveying the broken window, the faithful old servant, Mary, was busily employed in preparing for her mistress’s reception; while Jenkins, the gardener, was occupied in sweeping paths on the opposite side of the garden.

Still, Freddy did not feel very comfortable, as he hastened into the tool-house, and tossed the ball into its accustomed corner. But for the accident which had just occurred, he would already have been on his way down the long, narrow road which led towards the town of C—. To run merrily down the pleasant lane, and meet his father, on his return from business, was one of the pleasures of the day in which Freddy usually delighted. But something this afternoon was making him feel that he rather dreaded than desired his father’s return.

With a hesitating step, he sauntered down

the garden walk, and then leaned thoughtfully against the garden-gate.

“Father would be angry too,” he said, half aloud, as he took out his pocket-knife, and commenced cutting into chips a piece of stick he was holding in his hand. “Perhaps, even, I should have to pay for the window, out of my pocket-money, and I want all that, to buy a present for mother’s birthday. There is no reason why I should *say* anything, unless I am really asked about the matter.” And Freddy threw away the last of the chips, and began to walk up and down the gravel path with a firm, decided step, as if his mind were now fully made up on some important subject.

But how was it that the tell-tale colour had risen to Freddy’s cheeks, making them so unusually hot and uncomfortable? Had he intended to act thus, without being conscious of the sin it would be to do so? No! It was because *conscience* was speaking, and speaking very loudly too, that Freddy’s cheeks had changed to a deeper scarlet, and his temples throbbed so painfully, as he stood in momentary expectation of his father’s return.

Suddenly the boy paused in his walk. Some words which had been spoken by his Sunday-school teacher had recurred vividly to his memory. “Boys,” his teacher had said, towards the close of the past Sunday’s lesson (and Freddy almost seemed to hear again the solemn, earnest tone in which he had spoken), “Boys, truth is a thing which we can *never prize too highly*, and the importance of which is immensely greater than some amongst us imagine. We have been looking this afternoon at the judgment of Ananias and his wife, Sapphira. I trust we shall learn from it God’s estimate of their sin. Yes, boys, a *lie* is an *awful* thing, and very frequently is but the commencement of other vices. And let us also remember, that an *acted lie* is as bad as a *spoken lie*. Some day, perhaps, one of you may be tempted in this very manner. Fear of the consequences may lead you to attempt to hide a fault by silence, if not by an actual falsehood. But remember, that in God’s sight the sin is the same. Rather, when tempted to deceive in such a manner, ask God to help you to speak the truth, and to confess your faults with courage. He will help

you and give you strength to do what is right and pleasing to Him, if you only ask Him to do so."

Oh! how hot Freddy's cheeks had grown, as he stood, recalling his teacher's words. How ashamed he was of the thoughts that had been passing through his curly head only a few moments previously!

With a rapid step he ran down the lane to meet his father, who had just appeared in the distance; and, as he did so, he silently asked for courage to tell his father exactly how the accident had happened.

"You're quite out of breath, my boy," said Mr. Brown, as his little son drew up by his side. "One would think you had something *very* important to tell me." And Freddy's father gazed in surprise at his eager face.

"Yes, father; I'm in a hurry to tell you something," responded Freddy, in a quick, eager tone; and his voice trembled a little as he spoke. "I'm *very* sorry, but I have broken the back room window. I was tossing my ball, without thinking of any danger, and, all at once, it struck the window. I'm *very* sorry, father."

"That is right, my boy," said his father, kindly, as he took his little son by the hand, and walked on towards home. "Always come directly, and tell of any mischief you have done. I would rather have every window in my house broken, than that my boy should tell a falsehood to hide his carelessness, or act a lie in order to save himself from deserved blame."

Then, as he walked by his father's side, Freddy told him how he had been tempted to keep silence about the broken window, as well as the way in which his teacher's words recurred to his recollection.

"My dear boy," said his father, as, with a light, joyful step, Freddy sprang to open the gate for him to enter. "I am so thankful that you have been taught to see how *easily* we may be guilty of the sin of falsehood, even without uttering a single word. I trust, also, that you have learned another lesson by this little incident. Never trust in your own strength, but, when tempted to do wrong, ask God to give you grace to resist the temptation."

"To-morrow is Sunday, father," said

Freddy, in a happy tone, as they passed into the hall together: "May I find some verses on 'Truth' for my afternoon's lesson? I think they would help me another time; wouldn't they?"

"The plan is a good one, my son," said Freddy's father, kindly. "Write out a few of the verses neatly, and nail them upon the wall of your chamber. I will give you one from the Book of Proverbs that will do to put at the head of the list. It is a short sentence, but one that, after the accident of to-day, and its consequences, I think you will fully understand; it is *this*—'Buy the truth, and sell it not.'"

M. V. B.

## THE CHILDREN'S CLASS.

BY A TEACHER.

I HAVE a class of little children,  
I hope to meet above;  
And often for them am I praying,  
The children whom I love.

I know that they are sometimes naughty,  
Ay, more than I can tell;  
And yet I trust to see in heaven  
Those whom I love so well.

I do believe the Lord did bring them  
To hear life-words from me:  
And oh, dear Master, make me faithful  
And true to them and Thee!

Whatever snares, temptations, trials,  
They may meet in their day,  
Do Thou befriend them, loving Saviour,  
And guard them on their way.

When kneeling down, they've in Thy presence  
Their evening prayer begun,  
May be with tearful eye confessing  
The wrong things they have done.

They'll know Thou wilt for them be pleading  
Before the throne on high,  
And that for Thy sake they're forgiven,  
Who for those sins didst die.

And now I ask, O heavenly Father!  
That those I'm calling mine—  
The children by Thy grace I'm teaching—  
May one and all be Thine.

Fill'd with the Spirit, holy vessels  
May they become for Thee;  
To please Thee here, and do Thee service  
Throughout eternity.

R. H. W.



## Humble Missionaries.

**S**HOULD you know where to find the Alps on your map of Europe, Marion? Oh yes! I remember reading in my geography that the Alps are a range of mountains so high that even in summer-time the tops of some of them are covered with snow.

You are right, dear, but here and there in the midst of those lofty mountains are pleasant valleys, where corn and vines grow. These valleys were, for hundreds of years, the homes and hiding-places of the Vaudois Christians.

The times in which they lived were dark and sad, but those poor people loved and worshipped God, when as far as we know, almost everybody else in Europe had given up the pure word of God.

Many of the Vaudois became packmen or pedlars; but their object in doing so was not only to sell the pretty things they made, but to carry the word of God to those who perchance had never seen it in their lives.

Sometimes they were allowed to enter the castle of a baron, then some such conversation as the following often took place:

"Sir, will you please to buy any rings, or seals, or trinkets?"

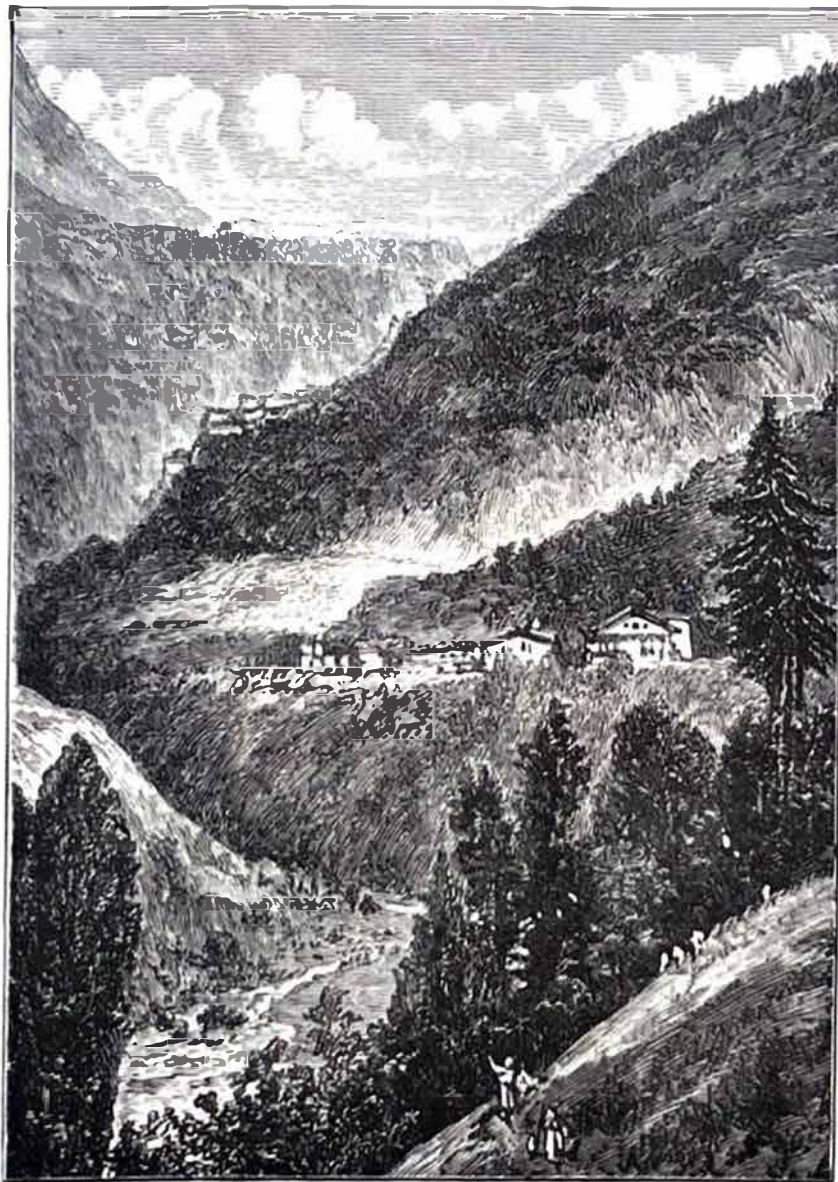
"Madam, will you look at some pieces of silk, or lace, or veils? I can offer them cheap."

If asked, "Have you anything else?" the stranger would answer "Yes, I have a treasure far more valuable than precious stones, which I will shew you if you will not betray me to the priests."

A promise being given, the visitor would take out his New Testament, which had been translated into French for the use of those who did not understand Latin, and read or repeat portions, and if any of the hearers were interested and wanted to know more, the man seldom went away without leaving at least a portion of his precious book.

We may be quite sure that God was with these humble, earnest missionaries, and that the precious seed they carried was, by His grace, caused to take root in many hearts,

and to bear fruit to His praise and glory.



The Vaudois Valleys.





## HE KNOWS BEST.



**T**HE children of a Sunday school were once taken by their teachers a few miles into the country, to spend the day in the green fields and under the shade of pretty waving trees.

On reaching their destination,

however, the sky quickly became overcast, and rain, at last, poured down, very disappointingly, until the evening, when a short time of sunshine, and a beautiful sunset, closed the day.

"I have been wondering so much," said one tired little girl, as she gladly prepared for bed, "how it is that we have had such a very wet day, when father asked God this morning to give the children a nice, fine one, if it was His will; but the thought struck me, that, very likely, just at the same time, a lot of other people were praying for rain, because the ground was so dry and hot, and that is how it is that the Lord sent *both*, I expect." And this conclusion quite settled the matter in the child's mind.

Happy indeed are they, whether young or old, who can rest

quietly on the perfect *love* and the perfect *wisdom* of God their Father at all times. *He* can make *no* mistakes. "*He dooth all things well.*" Perhaps some little child who may read this is suffering from pain or illness. May not that pain or weakness have been sent by God for your great good—to make you *think*, to make you *come to Him* for help—for relief—for strength to bear it? "*I am the Lord that healeth thee*" is one of the many kind and gracious names which the good Lord Jesus bears; but above all healing for the body, He is the *One*, and the *only One*, who can save and heal the *soul*. Has *your* soul ever been healed by the great Physician?

Or, another poor little child may have lost its dear father or mother, and may, at times, wonder, very sadly, *why* he or she has been taken from it.

The *Lord* has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless;" and has also said, so kindly, "As one whom his *mother* comforteth, so will I comfort you;" and would not *such* comfort be like bright sunshine coming after a heavy rain of sorrow, if only every little one were enjoying it?

Oh, dear children, do go straight to the Lord Jesus in *every* trouble or trial (for even children have many, as well as grown-up people); run to Him, as to a kind Father, for *everything* you need, and believe that He *does* really know best, and will *do* the very best for you, although *you* may not at all times be able to think so, or to *understand why* He has seen fit to do *this* thing, or has *not* seen fit to do *that* thing, which, perhaps, you have been praying for very earnestly. He *loves* you, and wants your love in return; and can you *help* loving so kind, so good a Friend?





Oh, may He Himself make you to "Sook first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.) E. G.

## A FUNERAL AT SEA.

(Concluded from page 54.)

Henry was a smart lad, and belonged to the mizen tops, and, quite in the ordinary way, he was sent aloft, to assist in furling one of the after-sails, which he had often done before; but this time, he had not nearly secured the sail, when he missed his hold, and came tumbling on to the deck with a crash. The men who were near ran to pick him up, but stood, overawed, as they viewed the lifeless body of Henry, his brains being scattered about the deck. A grating was brought, the body laid upon it, and then taken forward to the sick bay, for the doctor's examination; but, oh! his soul had gone—and where? Do not lay aside this book, without asking yourself, "If this had been my case, WHERE WOULD MY SOUL BE NOW?"

As our ship was not going into harbour for some little time, the burial was to take place at sea, and I am sure you would like to know how this is done.

The hammock in which Henry had slept is got ready, and the body, dressed in a white summer dress, is laid upon it, with two shots at the feet, to sink the body in the water, and the whole is sewn up by the sail-maker. The Union Jack is used as a pall over the grating.

On the morning of the funeral, the ship was hove to, or stopped. The bell is tolled, as on shore, the deceased's messmates being the mourners and bearers. The grating on which the body was laid is generally carried under-hand, while the Burial Service is being read by the chaplain, until they arrive at the gangway (the place of entry). The grating is then laid on the deck, with the feet pointing towards the water, the service going on, until those solemn words occur, "Ashes to ashes." (The service at sea reads, "We commit his body to the deep.") Then the grating is lifted up to a slanting position, and the body slides off into the water,

there to await till the "sea gives up the dead."

The service being concluded, and the bell stopped tolling, the flags and grating are put away, and the shrill pipe calls the watch to its usual duty; the yards are braced to the wind, and then on she speeds again through the water, and there is only his empty place, and his effects, to remind us of the departed.

The clothes, and all that belonged to him, are soon gathered together, and in the evening, when work is done, an auction is held, and if the boy or man were generally liked in the ship, or if he had helped to keep his mother, the bids run very high for even a very trifling article, because the money is sent to the bereaved mother with the sad news of the death.

I have often thought what a comfort it would have been to his dear mother, if some one could have sent her a cheering line, telling her of the bright and happy prospect of her son, if he had only confessed the name of Jesus. Such was the case of one young man whom I knew, and the happy response was sent by his mother to the seaman who wrote to her, for her joy was full, having heard that her boy was saved ere called away. She could but look forward to that happy meeting, when Jesus shall come, and call all His loved ones, both the dead and the living, to meet Him in the air; the dead raised, the living changed, all are caught up to meet *Jesus, face to face*, whom they had never seen before; . . . to be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; and now—thrice happy prospect!—to go no more out from His presence. Oh, what do you think of this? Jesus is going to have His full joy, when He shall see of the travail of His soul. He can, and will, joy in this great salvation. Here I repeat what is written to all believers:

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and over. Amen." (Jude 24.)

J. D.

## May I Spend a Farthing To-Night?

**S**UCH was the question I heard one night as I was going home in a tram car, from a little boy who was seated on the lap of his grandma; they had been visiting some friends and were returning home.

The child had had some halfpence given to him by his aunts, and now, though tired and nearly falling asleep, his first inquiry was,

"May I spend my money now?"

To which his grandma replied, "We cannot get out of the tram now; wait until you get home, and then we will see."

"But can I spend a halfpenny now?"

"You should wait, and ask mamma," was the reply.

"Well, may I spend a farthing to-night then," he said.

This set me thinking, that *this* child was but the likeness of most of us—we want pleasure *now*, or rather we crave after something that does not really satisfy, but only lasts for a moment and then vanishes away. I also felt very glad and thankful that God has given to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ *everlasting pleasures*, joys that never end, enjoyments which only cause us to drink deeper of that deep, deep well of love which can never be emptied, which will never run dry, but which overflows in rich blessing to whosoever will drink, and that makes us think of that beautiful hymn that says—

"How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end!"

J. D.

## The Late Earthquake in England

**T**UGHT to remind us of what our Lord said would take place before His coming again—among other things, "Earthquakes in divers places." It was stated at the time, that, in a certain town in Essex, quite a panic took place at the National School among the girls, who were at

their lessons in the school-room on the first floor. As soon as they felt the shock, they rushed, pell-mell, for the stairs, the consequence being that several of them fell, and others tumbled over them.

But how thankful they ought all to have been that the door had been left open, and so they all escaped, without any being fatally injured. In a gentleman's house, in another part, a large piece of chimney fell through the roof into a bath, which had just been used by two school-boys, home for their holidays. It is to be hoped that they were thankful for their escape. At the school-house, in another place, the children, 140 in number, had a narrow escape, the building being partially unroofed, the falling bricks and tiles causing the utmost terror among them; but the master, with great presence of mind, ran to the door as they crowded out, and commanded them to return to their seats, until they could leave the building in an orderly manner.

In Isaiah xxviii., before the prophet speaks of the terrible destruction of proud sinners, he points to Zion, and reminds God's people what a firm foundation they have to rest upon, like that of their royal fortress; and we know from the New Testament, that the "stone" there spoken of is the "*living, loving Saviour*." "He that believeth [or, *trusteth*] shall not make haste" (that is, shall have no cause to flee—no reason for shame or fear). In 1 Peter ii. 6 it is—"and he that believeth on him shall not be put to shame."

I pray that every one of you, my young friends, who read this little piece may be able to say from the heart, if you have not said as much before—

"I flee to Thee to hide me;  
I have no hope, no plan,  
Save only that Thou lovest  
Poor guilty ones like me.

I know that I am sinful,  
Deserving naught from Thee  
And yet, O Lord, I trust Thee,  
*For Thou hast died for me.*"

R. H. W.





## DOR'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I have been reading a good deal latterly of God's gracious dealings with the children of Israel. He had heard the bitter cry of His people in Egypt. He saw the hard bondage which the Egyptians inflicted upon them, and, by the hand of Moses and Aaron, delivered them. In all His dealings I notice how much His thoughts are upon the *little ones*. When Pharaoh bade Moses take all the men, and leave their wives and little ones behind them, he stedfastly refused; all must go—"not a hoof be left behind" even. Just let me say to fathers and mothers who may read my corner-pieces, what a word of encouragement is this! Are you going to heaven, to be with the Lord, and are the little ones to be left behind? It is "thou and thy house" that the Lord wants.

Well, when the Israelites came near to Canaan, chosen men were sent to search the land, and report upon it. This they did. But while unbelief spoke evilly of the land, and measured the giants by their own strength, Caleb and Joshua brought a good report of the land, and said, If the Lord delight in us, He will bring us into the land, which is flowing with milk and honey. As for the giants, what were they in the sight of the Lord? When unbelief said, The Lord has brought us into the wilderness to destroy us and our little ones, Jehovah said, Not one of those who disbelieved shall enter the land; and as for the little ones, I will bring them in; and He did so. Thus, as the apostle says in Hebrews, we see they could not enter in because of their unbelief. Notwithstanding the grapes of Eshcol, and the figs, and the pomegranates which the men brought as evidences of the richness of the land of Canaan, many believed the evil report. So they had to stay in the wilderness till all the men of war died, and until all the little ones, whom God was cherishing with a Father's care, were able to go in, and possess the good land promised to their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

All this is but a faint picture of God's dealings with us. Let me remind you of the "old story." Before even a little one could

enter this "better land"—heaven itself—Jesus must die—the spotless Lamb—to atone for sin, and open a way. This He did, and God raised Him from the dead, and, as Peter says, "the gospel is preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven"—and brought a report of the land. Beloved young readers, have you believed that report? God speaks, and faith bows, believes that God is true. The difficulties that beset the young especially, seem as giants to be overcome. But God is faithful, and will not allow the feeblest of His little ones to be cast down. So take courage, such of you as have believed in the name of Christ; His name is a shield and a tower of refuge to such as trust in Him. I give out these thoughts to such of you as "think on these things," that you might be helped in your readings and meditations, especially when I see around me so many who were little ones once, and learned about Jesus and His love, in the Sunday School; but, alas! when they have left, by their ways, seem to have forgotten all about it. Many, I am glad to say, do carry the savour yet, and in their turn tell other little ones the good report of the land. To the believer the words of His mouth are sweeter than were Eshcol grapes, and figs, and pomegranates to the thirsty children of Israel when in the wilderness. May they be so increasingly to my young readers.

I conclude my letter with the words of a dear old Christian, who has just gone home. He said, "I have heard a good report of the land, and I believed it; and now I am going to see it."

I commend you to the Lord's gracious keeping.

Your affectionate friend,

Dor.

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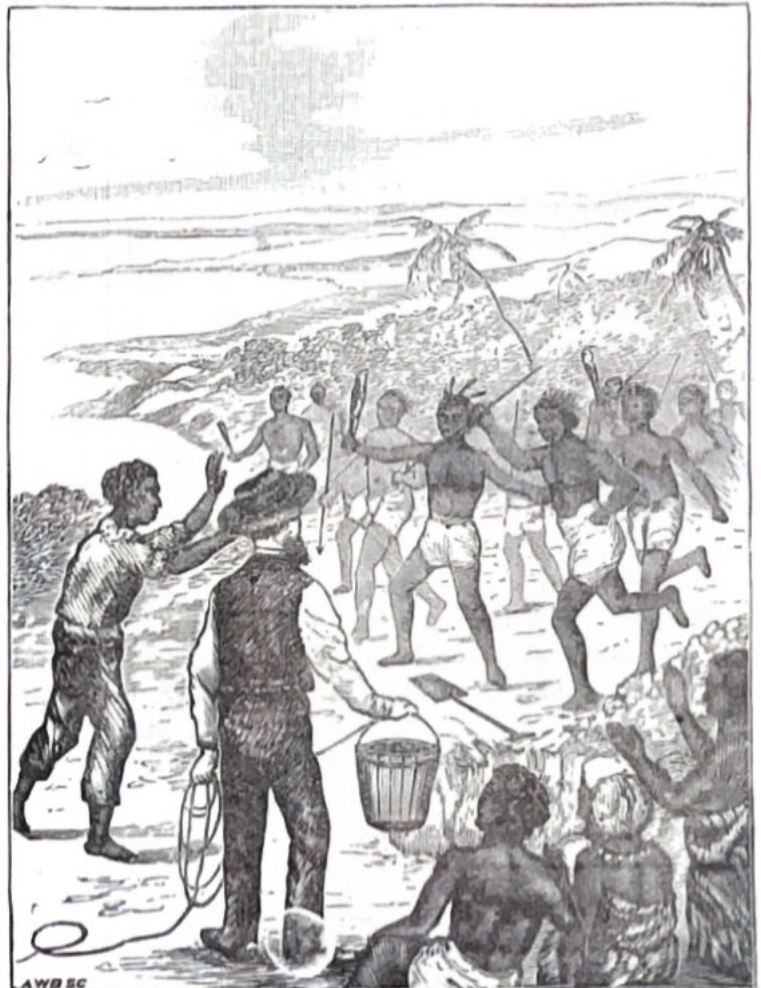
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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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Digging the Well.



## A MISSIONARY STORY.

**W**E are very glad to learn that there has lately returned to England, from the New Hebrides, in the South Pacific Ocean, a missionary, by name Paton, who, twenty-six years ago, landed at Tana, with a young wife and child, but without servant or attendant of any kind. He could not speak a word of the language of the natives, who were naked savages, and, worse still, cannibals. In the first year he had to nurse those dearest to him through a terrible illness, only to see them die, and for them, with his own hands, to make a coffin and a grave.

At the end of four years there were a hundred and fifty regular attendants at the place of meeting for worship, and about half that number went daily to the schools, which the natives had built for themselves. But only a few of the vast population were friendly. Again and again the missionary's life, and the lives of those who tried to help him, were threatened. A native teacher was murdered, another's death was caused by ill-treatment, and other violence was done. At last the missionary's home was wrecked, and he only escaped with his life. It was years before a white man dared again go to Tana.

From Tana Mr. Paton went to Australia, where he raised £5,000. With this he bought a mission ship, and, returning to England, he got several other missionaries to join him, and went back to the New Hebrides. This time he landed at Aniwa, again without knowing a word of the language, for that of Tana was of no use to him. Within eight years the entire population of three hundred had become Christians. Last year they sent out seven native missionaries to another island. At every place at which he called in the mission ship, as well as, of course, at Aniwa, Mr. Paton presented the natives with a little bag of maize, teaching them, by signs, how to plant it. In a few years the cultivation of maize extended through the entire group of islands. With Christianity, they took to the wearing of clothes, and the using of cooking-pots, and other things.

But it was the water supply that was the means of converting the people of Aniwa to Christianity, and this was brought about in a curious manner. The want of water was a terrible scourge when Mr. Paton arrived, and it at last occurred to him to sink a well in his own back garden, hoping at the level of the sea to get water. The people, never having seen a well in their lives, came to the conclusion that the missionary must be quite mad, and imagining the world upside down, indeed, to think of digging for water into the dry earth. Every day they gathered round, and watched him dig. At last the old chief spoke. "You must be mad, missi," he said; "rain comes from the clouds here, it does not rise from the earth." Day after day went by, but at last, at thirty feet deep—lo! there was a spring of fresh water, which has ever since supplied the island.

The chief gathered his people about him, and said, "We thought the missi mad, when he said he would go down to the earth, and find rain; but he has wrought and prayed till God has given it to him. Now, as there was water in the earth beneath, so do I believe there is a God in the skies above; and as the Missi has removed the earth, and we have seen the water, so do I feel that death will remove the mist which is before our eyes, and we shall see God. Bring out the idols, and let us destroy them."

Now, through the self-sacrificing labours of this faithful missionary, these poor people know what it is to "drink of the water of life," and many a one with spiritual thirst can now sing—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him."

R. H. W.



### A Blessed Knowledge.

**A** YOUTH of fifteen one day asked me for a tract which spake of the finished work of Christ. As I handed it to him, I said, There is nothing to pay or to do for salvation, is there ?

"No, thank the Lord, sir, there is not, He has paid it all."

"O, do you know the Lord then," I enquired, for the boy's manner struck me.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And how long have you known Him ?"

"I have known Him only about ten months, I am sorry to say ; but I have known enough of Him in that time, to desire to serve Him all the rest of my life."

Bidding the lad good-bye, my heart rose in prayer that his desire may indeed be granted, and that he might be a bright light for the Lord Jesus.

I didn't ask you for a Half-penny, did I ?

**A** FRIEND of mine who was often away from his home for long periods, noticed on his return that his youngest boy, a bright little fellow about four years of age, would run and kiss his auntie whenever she came in to see them ; and then, in his winning way, would say, "Auntie, give me a halfpenny," which he was sure to get with another kiss.

His father was much displeased at his boy's behaviour, and talked to him kindly about it, gently chiding him, and showing him how rude it was to be constantly asking his aunt for money. But mamma and auntie could not see any fault in Ernie (for that was his name), and said it was only child-like.

His father said, "I cannot allow a child of mine to be a beggar, I always give him half-pence;" and he told his dear boy not to give him reason to speak about it again, expressly forbidding him to ask for money of either aunt or any one else. "Do you understand me ?"

"Yes, da," said Ernie, "I will not ask again."

Time went on, and auntie left ; and on the occasion of her next visit, Ernie ran at once for his fond kiss, and almost before he

could think, the words were just coming out, when his father's voice stopped him, and called to his remembrance his promise.

However, he was soon seated on the lap of auntie, and while she played with his pretty curls, he held up both his hands, and looking intently at her with such wistful eyes, as he said, "I did not ask you for a halfpenny, did I auntie ?" which set them all laughing, and called forth his father's displeasure again.

The time soon came for the father to leave his home for a few months again, during which time he received some pretty letters from his boys, and in his answers reminded Ernie not to practise his naughty habit during his absence. The time flew by, and as the family were once more assembled, little Ernie, having grown a big boy, was enjoying sitting on his father's knee, where he had been playing hobby horse, his bright eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed, "Da, did you spend all your money at Portsmouth ?"

"No, Ernie," said his father ; "why ?"

"You did not give me any," he replied.

This was really too much for his father ; he had to laugh outright at the repeated query of his son.

This brings to my mind a beautiful promise God has made to His children.

"Ask and it SHALL be given you :

SEEK and ye SHALL find :

KNOCK and it SHALL be opened unto you."

J. D.

### A Little Child—One of Many.

**L**IKE a flake of snow, midst a myriad more,  
Or a grain of sand on the boundless shore,

Or a living leaf on a spreading tree,  
Or a single drop from the mighty sea,  
Or a blade of grass in the verdant field,  
Or a little lamb to nurse and shield,  
Or a tiny bud, or an opening flower,  
Or a space of time in the passing hour,  
Or a little star in the spangled sky,  
Or a ray of light to please the eye,  
Or the first bright gleam of early dawn  
That hails the birth of another morn,  
Or a mine of wealth, or a boundless store.  
Words fail ! all these twice told and more.

W. B.



### "Out of the Mouth of Babes."

**T**WO very little sisters were one day poring together over some Bible pictures, in their cosy nursery. "Oh, look," said one of them, "there's that dood man, Don the Baptist; and, don't you 'member, how the naughty, wicked king sent some soldiers to the p'isson, and cut off his head?"

"Oh, yes," said the other little one, in a sad tone of voice. "Poor Don the Baptist! But I do wonder what he did without his head when he dot to heaven!"

"Why, dear," replied her sister, in some surprise, "Dod would dive him a new one, or else put his old one on aden—of tourse he would; for, don't you know how, when my dear dolly Katy's head dot b'oken, and I cried so, dat papa dot a new one for her alectly, and made her tite well aden; so, of tourse, Dod would mend Don the Baptist's head, I'm sure."

Her little sister was equally sure of the fact; so both turned contentedly to the next picture.

Some time after, one of these dear little ones was seen nursing the favourite doll which her kind father had made "well again" for her, and was overheard by her nurse to say, as she looked into its face with fond anxiety, "Does 'oo love the dear Lord Deas, Katy? betause my other Katy did."

Perhaps some older children may feel inclined to smile at the childish words of these little ones, and think, Why, I know much better than that; of course, a doll is only a dead plaything, and can neither hear nor love anybody. What silly ideas those children had. Not so; many who fancy themselves wiser, and more sensible, might, with advan-

tage, learn lessons of these babes. Remember, it was the Lord Jesus Himself who, when upon earth, said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (Matt. xi. 25.) This tiny child loved her doll as if it had been a real, live person; and she also herself felt love in her baby heart for the Lord Jesus, and she longed to know if the one who was her daily companion and playmate loved the same Lord.

Let me ask each one of you, dear little readers, Have you ever once in your lives felt anxious to know if those who are near and dear to you love the Lord Jesus? But then,

first of all, do you love Him at all yourself? Is He very precious to your heart—so precious, so good to you, that you feel as if you must say to everybody, as the psalmist did, "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good?"

Has it ever been with you as it was with Andrew, in the first of John's Gospel, who, when he had seen Jesus, and felt constrained to follow Him, went first of all, and found his own brother, Peter, and brought him also to Christ. Andrew, yonsee, was not content

with being happy, and knowing the Lord himself, but he directly wanted others, and especially those who were near and dear to him, to know and love the Lord too.

E. G.





## GIANTS AND GIANT-KILLERS.



NOW, children, what is it to be this afternoon? shall I tell you a tale of the olden times?

"O yes, please do," the little listeners exclaim, who crowd around the old man, as he seats himself

under the spreading branches of the old elm-tree, that shades the cottage from the sultry summer sun.

He has laid his hat and stick beside him on the bank, while two or three of his little friends press closer to his side, eager for the coming tale.

"Would you like to hear a very wonderful story, about giants and their castles?"

"That we should; but will it be about real live giants?"

"Yes, real live giants; and about giant-killers too. I want to tell you one of the beautiful stories from Bible lands, and to instruct you as well as to afford you amusement."

Between Egypt and Palestine is the Great Desert, which is an immense plain without a tree to shelter the poor traveller from the rays of the scorching sun. Here is the land of the most famous giants that ever were seen upon the earth since the great deluge. They were mighty warriors, and were the terror of the nations round about them.

These giants, instead of being noble, and men of honour, and using their great strength in deeds of kindness, and to the glory of Him who gave them life, and bestowed upon them strength of limb and sinew, were very wicked men, fond of oppressing their weaker neighbours, and destroying their property, and either killed or made slaves of those whom they conquered.

It is full four thousand years ago since these giants were possessors of this rich and beautiful country. The name of the place was then, and for a long time after, called Basban

One side of the desert was open and

exposed to the lawless tribe of robbers, who were the descendants of Ishmael (Abraham's son, and whose mother's name was Hagar), who frequently ravaged the country in harvest time, and carried away the rich crops of the inhabitants. The other part was full of rocks and what are called mountain-fastnesses, where, in times of war and when in danger, the people could flee for refuge, and be safe from the pursuits of all their enemies.

The rocks, too, were the hives of the industrious bees, which, unlike those of our own country, deposited their honey in the crevices of the rock in such abundance that it



"Under the branches of the old Elm Tree."



was found flowing down on every hand ; and when you remember that the luxuriant pasturage afforded such abundance of food for kine (or milking cows), you will understand the meaning of God's promise to Moses, when He said He would bring the children of Israel into a land flowing with milk and honey. (Ex. iii. 8.)

If you will turn over your Bibles, and look at the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy (verses 13 and 14), you will see it speaks of the abundance that was found.

"He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields ; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock ; butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat, and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape."

But to return to the giants. Deuteronomy iii. 11, we read of Og, and from what Moses says of him—"For only Og, king of Basban, remained of the remnant of giants," I suppose he was the last *real* giant, and was a mighty man reigning over a mighty people. They lived in cities sixty in number, fenced with high walls and gates and brazen bars, besides having a great many walled towns. Their cities were strongholds, and so lofty were the enclosures, that they were spoken of as being "walled up to heaven."

We read in Genesis vi. that "there were giants" in the early history of the earth, mighty men, and men of renown, whom God swept away by the waters of the flood because of their wickedness, for it was very great.

After the flood (see Gen. x. 8, 9), mighty men are again spoken of, the first of whom was Nimrod, a mighty hunter. He was the grandson of Ham, the second son of Noah. The name of the fourth son of Ham was Canaan, whose descendants, after the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel, peopled the land, afterwards known as Canaan, or the land of the Canaanites.

In course of time the God who saved their fathers in so wonderful a manner, preserving them through the waters of the flood, was forgotten, they allowed Satan to turn their hearts right away from Him.

Their wickedness was so great, that the

Lord said He would destroy them ; but being slow to anger, He bore with them in patience, giving them time for repentance, but they only grew worse and worse, and He gave them up to the sword.

(To be Continued.)

## THE HOLLY AND THE ROSE.

ONE day I pass'd a lovely scene.  
Where many a floweret grows ;  
And side by side with a holly green,  
Was a beautiful damask rose.

It was a strange and curious sight,  
In a warm and sunny clime,  
To see the holly with berries bright,  
As though it were winter time.

The rose was blooming bright and gay,  
Bedeck'd with many a thorn ;  
And to the holly it seem'd to say,  
With a blush of indignant scorn—

"You seem to me with your berries red,  
Like a song that is out of tune :  
How dare you shew your wintry head  
In the middle of sunny June ?

"Why does the master let you live  
So near to my fragrant bloom ?  
Your leaves no pleasant odours give,  
Your berries have no perfume.

"It must be but a wanton whim,  
To suffer you to abide—  
You look so very demure and prim,  
With roses on every side !

"You bring the future before my eyes  
In a sad and dismal form ;  
You savour alone of cloudy skies,  
And the heavy pelting storm."

The holly's face was rather red,  
And his bristly leaves arose ;  
And seriously he shook his head,  
As he spake to his Cousin Rose :—

"Your words do not my anger rouse,  
Your blossoms are sweet and fair :  
The brightest berries upon my boughs  
With you can never compare.

"'Tis very well while the wild-bee hums,  
And the soft sweet breezes blow :  
What'll you do when the winter comes  
With its biting frost and snow ?

" You seem to me, most lovely flower,  
Like many a thing in the world,  
Which pleases for a passing hour,  
And then to the dust is hurl'd.

" The frost that makes you hang your head,  
And hurries you to the tomb,  
Just helps to make my berries red,  
To brighten the winter's gloom.

" The master is pleased to let me grow,  
To gladden the winter dim—  
And whether in sunshine or in snow,  
I want to blossom for him."

And one who has tasted of Jesus' grace,  
Has pleasure and wealth above,  
He'll always find in the lowly place  
Occasions for grace and love.

His spirit is free—his heart is light,  
Whatever may be the scene,  
His branch is strong, his berries bright,  
And his leaves are always green.

### A Child in the midst of them.

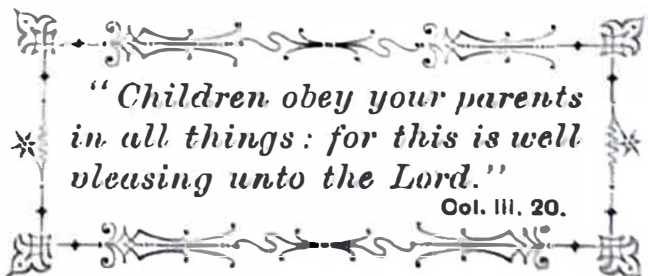
**H**AVE you ever, dear children, read with attention the following two verses, or thought seriously about them? "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 2, 3.) Do just notice how in this one chapter the word "little" occurs no fewer than seven times—"little child," "little children," "little ones." Why little? Because, surely, the spirit of a very little child is that of simple faith, perfect trustfulness, and utter helplessness and dependence; like two little ones of whom I have heard, who were so sure that if their father was so able and willing to do whatever they wanted done, how much more would God do all that was needed—all that was right and good. Do you remember how the Lord Jesus spoke of the Gentile centurion's faith as being "great," because he, too, so simply and fully believed in the almighty power of Christ as the Son of God, that he said, if he himself, as a mere man, could order his servants hither and thither, and be instantly obeyed, how much more

could Christ "speak the word only, and his servant should be healed!"

Are you willing, dear girls and boys, to become as "little children" in God's sight, wholly dependent upon Him for salvation, or for teaching, utterly helpless, and unable even to walk uprightly without His aid?

Imagine for a moment what kind of child it was whom the Lord Jesus called unto Him, and set in the midst of His disciples and others, to teach them a lesson of humility. It was not a big, self-important boy, who had grown so wonderfully wise in his own eyes as to know far better about everything than either his father or mother! Nor was it a vain, conceited little girl, who may now and again be met with in our day, who hopes that everybody will consider her "a grown-up young lady" long before she has really passed out of childhood, and who speaks loftily of her younger brothers and sisters as "the children," as if that were a term of reproach. No; you may be sure it was not either of those sorts of children, for nothing good could be learned from their spirit or manner. It would most certainly have been a little child who would, on being called, run eagerly to the knees of the blessed Saviour, and who would look up into His loving face with wide-open, trustful eyes, drinking in His every word, humbly, simply, believingly.

Only those who are led by God's grace to become of this lowly, teachable, childlike spirit shall ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. Oh, never forget that solemn word!—Christ's own word, spoken as much to you now as to those standing around Him then. Also His closing words of inexpressible tenderness, "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."





## DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I was reminded, not long since, of how pleasant it is to be able to help any one who is in trouble or distress, especially when it happens to be one who is enfeebled by disease and age, or else a child of tender years. Well, it was a case of the latter—a girl that I saw in trouble at a railway station in London.

It appears she had been tempted, by a cheap excursion, to come to London, to see her sister, and, in order to do this, she had to go across London, after leaving the excursion train. This she had managed very well in the morning, and spent a happy day with her sister, at King's Cross. No doubt they had each much to hear and tell of—news that was mutually interesting to them, and perhaps they did not watch the clock sufficiently; for, in meeting friends thus, that have not met for months—perhaps years—there is a great tendency to linger in each other's company, giving the last loving messages for the friends at home.

However, she had either not allowed time enough to get back to her train, as it left in the evening for the country, or else the trains were behindhand by which she travelled across London. But at the station where I met this little girl, waiting to be conveyed home, she was a very long way from where she wished to go, and it was evident that the excursion train would start back long before she would be able to join it.

She spoke to the porters, but they either did not understand how she was situated, or else did not care if she were in trouble, or not. Just as I was wondering whatever she would do, all night, alone, in London, and nowhere to go to, a gentleman standing near undertook to help her, if he could. Oh, how glad of a friend the girl was—it was just what she wanted. She knew little or nothing of London and its ways, and all her thoughts were, how she could get home that night. Well, the first thing the gentleman did was to find the station-master, and explain to him the girl's difficulty; and having some one thus to plead her cause, the station-master

and the inspector looked down the time-table, to see if they could arrange somehow for the poor girl, by sending her on by another route. After studying the time-table, and holding consultation together, a plan was decided on, and the girl was put into a train that ran into the station almost directly after.

But, more than this, they placed her in charge of the guard of the train, and he was to explain her difficulty to another official, when he put her down. I was glad to find that they took so much trouble with the child, for I was much pleased with her simple, candid way of speaking, and felt much for the painful position she had been in. I remembered, too, that years ago I myself had been in a trouble somewhat similar, and knew how thankful I was for the kindness of friends, who helped me when I could not help myself. No doubt, the good God above watched over me at that time, even as He did over this little girl, and this, perhaps, is a point we are too likely to overlook; but, while thanking those whom He leads to hold out to us a helping hand, we should, most of all, raise our hearts in thanksgiving and praise to Him through whom all blessings come.

Oh, how difficulties disappear when He undertakes for us. May you all, dear readers, learn to run to Him, and trust in Him.

Your affectionate friend,

Dot.

## ON THE SEA SHORE.

I WAS walking along the beach one day  
 When a little girl I saw at play,  
 Carefully building a castle of sand,  
 With spade and bucket in her hand.  
 Just then some music caught her ear,  
 As though a band were drawing near;  
 In eager glee the child ran off  
 To where the music sounded forth.  
 The last strain of the music o'er,  
 She return'd to the sands to dig once more,  
 But the cruel waves had roll'd that way,  
 And her pretty castle in ruins lay.  
 This simple story's a lesson to all,  
 No hopes to build on things that may fall;  
 Your affections set on things above,  
 Put all your trust on the rock of His love.

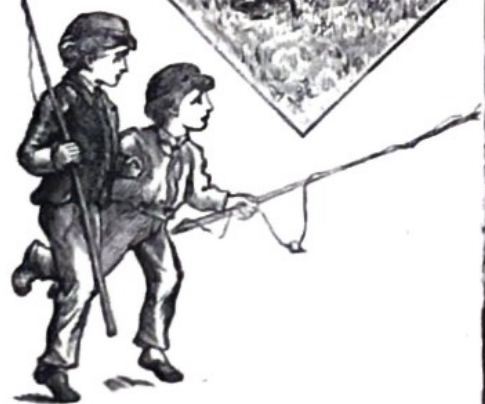
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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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The Children's Treat.



## The Children's Treat.

**W**E give, this month, a picture of our Sunday school treat as we had it in a gentleman's park a long way from London.

It is a very pleasant thing to have a treat, and I believe that both scholars and teachers look forward to the day fixed upon with great anticipation. The scholars, no doubt, because they enjoy the day very much—the railway journey, the swings, and various games that all join in; then the tea, with plenty of bread and butter, and cake, the enjoyment of which is perhaps added to by sitting on the grass while they partake of it. But the teachers enjoy the day for different reasons; first, because they delight to be with their scholars, and to see them all so happy rambling about at their hearts' content, and because they have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their boys and girls.

The hour, or hour and a half on Sundays does not give much time for knowing the scholars intimately; but a whole day spent together in the fields will do more than months of school life, to make teachers and scholars better known to each other. The reserve which is often felt on Sundays is thrown off even by the most reserved or timid ones when having a game of ball with teacher; and I trust that by the bold and unruly ones too, such a day will not be forgotten, but will cause them to think there is love active on their behalf, and that, while teachers love them not a little, yet it is nothing to the love of Him who sends teachers forth to care for the young.

Well, the day soon comes to a close, and the weary ones fall into the rank ready to commence the homeward journey, or at least to the station where the train stands waiting, and in the evening is the time when teachers find the most difficulty in keeping each young one in his or her right place. Perhaps master Tommy has purchased either a tin whistle or a penny trumpet, and he is most anxious to play it at a time when he ought not; or a girl has such a large bundle of wild flowers to carry that she cannot keep pace with the rest. These and similar instances occur on the way, but at last all arrive safely. Although very

tired, and too full of other thoughts to think of the address they heard at the park, yet I trust they have it stowed away in their memory, as we should say, ready to bring out and think over again when the leisure moment occur, so that they may do as the sheep did, who turned away from the strange voice and would follow their own shepherd only. May they thus learn to know the good Shepherd's voice, and follow Him in deed and in truth.

## GIANTS AND GIANT-KILLERS.

(Continued.)

**I**N Genesis xii. 5-7, we read that Abraham, with his family, passed through the land of Canaan, and that while there the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land."

But now "he remembered his holy promise, and Abraham his servant. And he brought forth his people with joy and his chosen with gladness; and gave them the land of the heathen; and they inherited the labour of the people. That they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws." (Ps. cv. 42-45.)

The country of the Amorites and the kingdom of Bashan lay in the way of the march of the Israelites towards their inheritance. These kings and mighty men were, no doubt, very confident that they could easily stop the progress of slaves just come up from Egypt. But they did not know that the Lord was with the army of Israel, and therefore soon found out that a man is not delivered because of his strength. The battle was the Lord's, and He made His people triumph over all their enemies.

When the giant-king, Og, heard of this host upon his borders, he and his sons and all his people gathered themselves together, and went out to a place called Edrei, and there fought with the children of Israel, but were overcome and killed. Of this famous battle, Moses says,—

"The Lord said unto me, Fear him not: for I will deliver him, and all his people, and his land, into thy hand; and thou shalt do unto him as thou didst unto Sihon, king of the Amorites, which dwelt at Heshbon. So the Lord our God delivered

into our hands Og also, the king of Bashan, and all his people : and we smote him until none was left to him remaining. And we took all his cities at that time, there was not a city which we took not from them, threescore cities, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og in Bashan." (Deut. iii. 2-4.)

Moses gave this portion of the conquered land to the half tribe of Manasseh, "all the region of Argob, with all Bashan, which was called THE LAND OF GIANTS !" (Deut. iii. 13.)

Speaking of this mighty king, Moses again says that, "*only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants.*"

To call attention to this ponderous man Moses also tells us, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron . . . nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth thereof, after the cubit of a man. (Deut. iii. 11.) What he means by that is, by which a man was measured, and which is a foot and a half ; so that by English measurement it was 13½ feet by 6 feet, whence you may see pretty clearly what his stature must have been.

A sacred cubit is double the length of the other, and is that by which the tabernacle was measured.

I dare say you remember reading about Goliath, the giant of Gath, whom little David, the shepherd boy, slew with the stone from his sling. Well, he was a terror to the men of Israel, on account of his great height, but we read he was only six cubits and a span ; so that he must have been much below the stature of the giants of Bashan, and of Og.

About four hundred years after Moses, David, the man after God's own heart, appears upon the scene. A youth of ruddy and beautiful countenance stands talking with his brothers, who are soldiers in King Saul's army, when he hears of the Philistine giant, and he volunteers to fight him. He smote the lion and the bear in the wilderness, and delivered the trembling lamb. David said the battle was the Lord's, and what was a giant's strength worth, then ? David trusted in the Lord, and he said the Lord would deliver the trembling Israelites out of the giant's hand.

The brave-hearted little shepherd-boy went forth, and you all know the result—

" And then the stone went flying  
From out the shepherd's sling,

And soon the dreaded champion  
Lay there a lifeless thing.  
The fatal stone had enter'd  
Deep in his massive brain :  
And so the pond'rous giant  
Was by the shepherd slain."

About forty years after this, when David was reigning over Israel, and when nearly all his enemies were subdued, and after his victories over the Philistines in the valley of Rophaim, which means *the valley of giants* (1 Chron. xiv.), there were yet three battles to be fought, in which the sons of Goliath were slain by David's servants, the most terrible of the three being destroyed by David's nephew. The description of him is given thus :

" And yet again there was war at Gath, where was a man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot, and he also was the son of the giant. These were born unto the giant in Gath, and they fell by the hand of David, and by the hand of his servants." (1 Chron. xx. 6-8.)

Thus Israel's enemies were subdued, and after David's death, his son Solomon sat upon his throne as the KING OF PEACE !

One more giant I wish to speak of, who is mentioned in the New Testament as " the strong man armed," and that is Satan, the god of this world, who keeps poor souls in bondage, and in fear of death ; but the " stronger man " (Jesus) came to save them, and this He did by the sacrifice of Himself ; all who believe in Him are saved, and saved for ever. May my little friends be readers of their Bibles, and lovers of their Bibles, and learn of Jesus,

" Who overcame Satan, and death, and the grave,  
And therefore is able and willing to save."

## FRAGMENTS.

**S**PEAK kindly, gently, do not grieve  
A lonely widow's heart ;  
Thy fresh young mind can scarce conceive  
How hard it is to part.

**B**EWARE of the flatterer's tongue  
When he weaves thee a gorgeous wreath,  
Beware when the tempting bait is flung  
Lest the poison lurks beneath.

W. B.





### THE WAY HOME.

**W**HEN you have been at school nearly all day, and are rather tired with your lessons, do you not find it very pleasant to go home and rest, or act just as your fancy leads you to do?

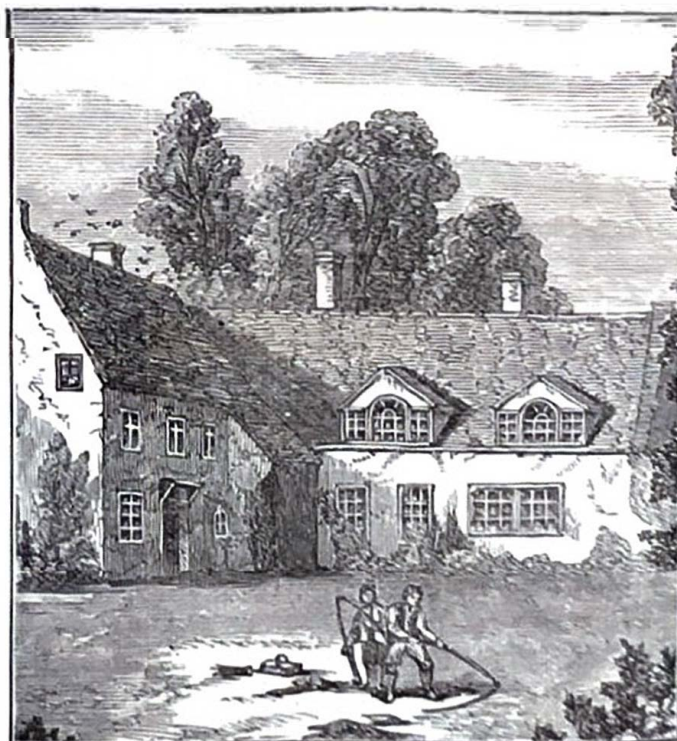
Or even if you have been at a merry game of play for many hours, at last, when weary, you are very glad to get home, to lie down in your own snug bed and sleep.

But if at some time, when sick and ill, you were away from your father's house, and very anxious to get back to it, suppose you were to take the wrong road, and be unable to find it—what then? I think you would ask the first person that you met, if he would tell you the way; and if he could do so, with what joy you would run down the street or path that he pointed out; and when your home was reached, how you would nestle in your mother's arms, and after telling her all the fears through which you had passed, would feel secure and happy with her. Dear child, you would be very ready to own that "there is no place like home."

But kind parents may be taken away from you, the cheerful fireside where you delight to sit may in a short time be so changed, that you may know nothing but *grief* there, instead of the *joy* that you now possess. Perhaps this thought makes you sad; yes,

very likely it may, and as I do not want to make you *unhappy* by reading this paper, I will tell you of a *happy*, glorious home, which may, I trust, be yours.

*This home is heaven. All are sinners;* God has said that He will not allow sin to enter heaven, and yet, sinful as you are, there is a way by which even you may most certainly get there. The Lord Jesus Christ, God's own beloved Son, is *the way*, and the *only way*. He left that beautiful home in heaven, came down to this world, and died on the cross, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," and after rising from the dead, He went back to His Father's throne, where He will stay until He comes to take to Himself all those who love Him. The blood of Jesus can wash away your every sin, and make you white and clean in the sight of God. Then, your sins being put away, you may be quite sure, at the moment which God thinks best, you shall rise to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord.



"I am the good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

John x. 11.



## JOHNNIE AND ETHEL. OR SEEK AND FIND.

**S**OME years since, there lived a little boy and girl, brother and sister, who were very, very fond of each other, as of course all brothers and sisters ought to be. But these children being the middle ones in a large family, and next in age to each other, were almost always together. Day and night they were not separated, together they walked and talked, together they played or worked, together they did everything. In their childish way—for both were quite young, they would make plans for the future. The little boy was to grow up to be a great and good man, who would preach to people, and tell them about the Lord Jesus dying for sinners, and then the little girl hoped that she should always live with her dear brother, and keep house for him; for they were too young to know any better, and they could not bear the thought of ever being separated. But the Lord in His love and wisdom saw differently with regard to these two little ones, and had made His future plans for them, which, though sad and trying at the time to them, were full of mercy and tenderness.

Well, the little boy failed in health, and gradually signs of disease showed themselves. For two years he lingered, at first able to keep about, and

sometimes to join with others in play, but by degrees he became quite an invalid, and finally was "put to sleep," by the Lord Jesus. Washed from his sins by the precious blood of Jesus, he was enabled by God's grace (young as he was, not quite eight years of age) to give satisfying proof of his faith in Christ, and dependence alone upon Him for salvation. He loved for his sister or others to sit by his side, and read the word of God to him, and talk to him "of Jesus and his love," and of heaven as the home to which he was fast going. His favourite hymn was that little one, which no doubt you know very well, "Oh, what has Jesus done for me! He pitied me, my Saviour! My sins were

great—His love was free! He died for me, my Saviour," &c.

After the Lord had taken to Himself the dear boy, the little girl felt very lonely, and scarcely knew where to go, or what to do with herself. It was true she had other brothers and sisters, but not one of them seemed just then as if they could ever be quite the companion to her that darling Johnnie had always been. Some were too old and big she thought, and some too young and little, and she did not feel at all in the mood for playing their babyish games with them. So the morning of her little brother's death, when all had been done for him that could be done, and the darkened room had been shut up closely, she stole in



They were very fond of each other.



quietly with her small Bible in her hand, and took her usual place sitting by his side with her head under the same coverlet, and holding the cold still hand in her own warm living one. Of course, on that morning she only read silently to herself, knowing full well that her dear little brother's spirit had fled to be for ever with the Lord. Yet though the child felt the spot to be a solemn and sacred one, not a shadow of fear or dread entered into her mind, only the Lord Himself seemed to her to be very present.

Johnnie had loved Him, and had now gone to live with Him, and the little girl knew that she also loved the same blessed Saviour, and only wished that she had been sent for too.

On the evening of the day upon which dear Johnnie's body had been committed to the ground, till the Lord's coming in the air shall cause it again to rise, the little girl who had grown too pale and thoughtful since her great loss, was sent away with a kind Uncle who had no little ones of his own, but who was very fond of them, to his home in the country, that the change might brighten her up again.

While staying there she met with these lines of an old hymn,

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever thine!"

And they made her feel very happy, for she knew that the Lord Jesus *had* once sent the shining light of His love into her heart, and therefore she could believe the word that *He* would be hers, and *she* would be *His* for ever and ever. Oh, what sweet peace this gave. She wrote home to her dear mother a very simple childish note—I dare say it was really written in very funny capital letters, in parts of it at any rate, but she told much of the joy that was in her heart, and the cause of it.

Her mother who was a true and happy Christian herself, could rejoice in her little one's joy, and sent back this loving reply, which perhaps some of you would like to read:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

"No wonder you are happy—it is enough to make you so indeed—to believe that Jesus loves you; it is enough to make you happy in every state or situation, in time and to all eternity. Yes, my dear child,

though a great deal to say, you *may* believe on *good grounds* that Jesus loves you, if you can say from your heart that you love Him, because the word of God says, 'We love him *because He first* loved us,' therefore *our* love is only the *effect* of *His* love. Oh, my Ethel! give Him your heart, my child—He *only* is *worthy* of it, and I will bless Him that He has so soon drawn your young affections and warm heart towards Himself. I long to see you very much! I often think that I miss your dear little brother more every day, but I would not have him back again. No, I can say, 'It is *well*!' but I think the time *will* come when I shall bless the Lord for taking him, that is what I want to do."

Now, dear children, may not this loving mother's letter, written so many years ago, speak to you as if it was addressed to you? Have *you* over yet given your young hearts to the Lord Jesus? that good Shepherd who is just as ready and willing to receive little lambs as He is to receive sheep—for He is seeking the lost and straying ones, whether lambs or sheep. The *very same* Saviour who stretched out loving arms to welcome the children who ran eagerly towards Him when He was upon this earth, is just as pleased when boys and girls come to Him now by faith. Though they cannot see Him now with their eyes, He can see them, and wants them to *believe* in Him, and *trust His word* just as much as if they could *hear* Him speaking it, and really see His face. The little boy of whom I have told you *believed* on the Saviour without seeing Him while down here, but now he sees and adores the "One whom not having seen he loved." The little girl too, could not help giving up her heart entirely to the Lord Jesus while she was very young, for His great love to her made her love flow back to Him again, Oh, that the Lord may by the power of His Holy Spirit make you yield up your hearts to Him now, at once and for ever; for if not, Satan and the world will try hard to get hold of them, and then how miserable you will be, for none know what it is to be really happy, and at peace, but those whose hearts are given up to the Lord, and are ruled by Him and kept by Him. To *every* child God says *now*, give me thine heart!

## DAN THE MINER.

A MINER from the Cornish coast  
Oft lived, both day and night,  
The earth's fair surface far beneath,  
A long way out of sight.

One day when work was laid aside  
He left the gloomy mine ;  
No object perhaps in roving thus  
That he could well define.

That evening, wandering through the town  
He pass'd an open door  
Where many people gather'd there  
Within the room he saw.

When from behind a voice he heard,  
" Pray step inside, my friend,  
And listen to the living word  
Which God in love doth send."

The miner enter'd, took a seat,  
Then trembling gazed around,  
Surprised and startled too, that he  
In such a place was found.

He knew not that a Saviour's love  
Had sent him past that way,  
That he a blessing from above  
Might have that very day.

He listen'd to the oft told tale  
Of God's beloved Son,  
How He at Calvary did prevail,  
And slew the evil one.

The preaching done, his heart was won,  
And fill'd with joy divine ;  
He on his way rejoicing went,  
For Jesus now to shine.

Next morning he with other men,  
With axe and spade, was found  
Quite busy working in the mine,  
Far underneath the ground.

But watch the miner at his work,  
(I mean the one called Dan) ;  
What makes him seem so light and gay ?  
Pray tell me if you can.

Ab! 'tis this new-found joy of his  
That makes his heart so glad ;  
With such a wondrous cause for bliss  
Who ever could be sad ?

When suddenly a noise is heard,  
Whatever can it be ?  
The miners know too well the sound,  
And from the pit they flee.

Some earth had fallen on the men  
And buried two or three ;  
Our friend was passing by just then,  
And cover'd too was he.

Soon many willing hands were seen  
At work with might and main,  
Just where the accident had been,  
To set it right again.

They found poor Dan and raised him up,  
For he was sadly crush'd ;  
All fear'd (and so it proved) that he  
In death would soon be hush'd.

They stopp'd to listen if he spake,  
While trembling at the sight ;  
He softly whisper'd then, " Thank God  
That I was saved last night."

A Sweet, but Dangerous,  
Morsel.

NOT long since I had the pleasure of  
leaving home for awhile, to enjoy  
the fresh, country air, and scenes of  
hill and dale, so refreshing to a  
dweller in towns or cities.

After the absence of a couple of weeks, we  
returned to the old home once more, strength-  
ened in body, I trust, and ready for the ordi-  
nary routine of daily life. A day or two  
after, our kind mother went to her pantry, in  
search of a pot of honey, she remembered to  
have left there, intending to give us a treat  
for tea. She found that the honey had, un-  
intentionally, been left uncovered, and, as she  
took down the pot, saw that quite a number of  
flies—a dozen, or more—had been to her  
honey during our absence ; and there they  
were, drowned in the nice, but sticky, sweet-  
meat.

They little knew the dangerous nature of  
that tempting morsel to them, and, while  
sipping the honey, found it was impossible to  
escape from its power.

I wonder whether you and I, dear reader,  
are ever in danger of being like those heed-  
less flies, by sipping at the pleasures of this  
world, until we find that they have gained  
such a power over us, that it is impossible to  
escape from them. Bad habits are something  
like this, too ; we do not think much of them  
at first, but, after a time, when we try to  
break them off, we are surprised to find how  
hard it is to give them up. Let us beware,  
then, of beginning anything that our con-  
sciences tell us is wrong.



## DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

Sometimes God uses trifling circumstances to bring about important events: things that we may deem of small moment may be, in His gracious hands, turning-points in our history, making impressions on the heart that can never be effaced. I remember a little circumstance in my own case, years ago, which I did not think much of at the time, but which made an impression that proved a blessing. I had left home, and was a stranger in a strange place, but, like most young ones, soon formed friendships. Fortunately for me, my companion was a teacher in a Sunday-school, and on one occasion prevailed on me to go to the school. It so happened, this Sunday afternoon, that one of the teachers was absent, and some one was wanted to take his class. The superintendent asked me to do so. I hardly liked to say, No, and yet I felt my unfitness for the task desired of me. Perhaps pride prevented my confessing my inability for the honourable post; yet I was so totally unfitted, that, when I took my place with the group of little boys, I felt I could have given anything to take up my hat, and run away.

However, there was no help for it. But I confess, that I thought the children were more able to teach me than I them. I gleaned from them the portions they were reading usually; so I asked them to read a verse each, but they told me one verse was the subject for that afternoon, which the eldest read aloud. This was it: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and shut to thy door; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

I cannot describe to you now how I got through the time, and am afraid even the smallest of the little boys thought I was a poor teacher. However, it came to a close at last, for which I was thankful. But the teaching then was all for the teacher (at least so I thought). I am sure that God had a purpose in leading me there, for, the first opportunity, I went to my closet, and shut the door, and then and there own how ignorant

I was, and sought His guidance. He graciously answered that prayer, in ways far different to what I expected. But it was the occasion for bringing me closer to Himself. I have taken many a class in the Sunday-school since then, and have endeavoured to impress on young hearts the need of prayer. Prayer expresses our own helplessness, and draws upon the power and love of God. And you, dear young friends, have you made it a loving habit—not a formal one—of seeking God's help and guidance? You have your little troubles and difficulties, and, it may be, hopes and longings. "He that seeketh me, shall find me," God says. Perhaps, too, you are desirous that God may convert a mother or father, brother or sister, or some christian companion. Get in the secret of His presence, where no eye but His can see—where no ear but His can hear. He knows all your wants and desires, too, but He seeks your confidence, and says, "Him that honoureth me, I will honour;" and how can we honour Him more than telling all our fears and taking our troubles and difficulties to Him. May He lead you to seek Him and trust Him more and more.

With christian love to you all,  
Your affectionate friend,  
Dot.

WHEN Dr. Watts was but a boy,  
His leisure time he'd oft employ  
In writing verse.  
His father thought him verses mad,  
And felt the Muses to his lad  
Would prove a curse.

And thinking this mishap to spare,  
He bade him of his word beware,  
And write no more.  
For thus to see him "waste his time,"  
"In jingling verse," or "doggrel rhyme,"  
Displeased him sore.

Poor Isaac thought it very hard,  
And feeling then his pleasure marr'd,  
He heaved a sigh.  
"Oh, father, do some pity take,  
"And I will no more verses make,"  
Was his reply. W. B.





# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



Vol. IX. No. 107.—November, 1884.  
Price One Half-Penny.

Little Kittie at Woodbine Cottage Farm.



### Little Kitty at Woodbine Cottage Farm.

**Q**UACK, Quack, Quack ; Cackle, Cackle ; Cackle ; Chirp, Chirp, Chirp. What a bustle in the little poultry-yard of Woodbine Cottage. What can it mean ? Only that little Kitty, who has come to stay the day with her dear grandmother, has brought out a basket of chickens' food for her friends — the goose, the ducks, the chickens, and the tiny, wee little chicks, that seem such pretty, fluffy little yellow things, you would almost think you could blow them away.

Now Kitty was quite a little manager, and so trustworthy, that her grandmother was never uneasy when she was at the farm, as she might have been about some other little folks, for she knew Kitty would never touch anything she did not understand, or go and try to play with the bee-hives, or overturn a churn, into which Jenny, the dairy-maid, had just put the cream, to make the butter ; the same as a thoughtless little cousin had done a short time ago. So, when Kitty asked permission, she speedily obtained it ; and, putting on her large sun-bonnet, and, leaving Granny knitting in the cottage porch, she was soon among her little feathered friends.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Yellow Feathers ; and you, dear Mrs. Brownie ; and you, too, Miss Speckled White ?" said Kitty, as they came around her, and she opened the door of the chickens' house, which she called their castle.

"I am very glad to see you all looking so well ; and, one, two, three—what darling little chickens you have ; they are not frightened of me, even a little bit. How I love them, dear little things. And here, too, is Mrs. Goose coming slowly along ; she looks quite noble beside so many little things. Oh, how bright and happy everything seems this beautiful morning. How great and good is God, who gives us such blessings ; even the little chickens seem to thank Him. As they drink out of their pan of water, they lift up their little heads to heaven, as if they were grateful to Him."

As Kitty finished saying these words, her

grandfather looked over the palings, and said, "Aye ! little lassie, you have learned to know Him early. Look up to Him, and He will never forsake you ; for has He not said, 'that no sparrow fallth to the ground without his knowledgo ; and are ye not of more value than many sparrows ?'"

### Memories of the Sea.

**L**OVE to look upon the ocean,  
When with a gentle swell it leaves  
The sand on which I saunter musing ;  
Or when are seen white-crested waves ;  
Or when a mighty surge is rolling  
With voice of thunder on the shore.  
Then those grand words I hear in fancy  
God through His prophet spake of yore,  
To sinful and rebellious Judah :  
"Will ye not stand in awe of me ?  
Will ye not tremble at my presence ?  
Who have the sand set for the sea  
A bound for ever, that it passeth  
Not o'er ; and though its waves dash on,  
Yet do they not prevail ; though roar they,  
Yet o'er it have they never gone."  
Thou great Creator and Preserver  
Of all things that around we view,  
And who providest for Thy children,  
To Thee our gratitude is due.  
I worship Thee, my God and Father,  
Whose goodness everywhere I trace,  
Who, in Thy holy Son—our Surety—  
Reveal'st Thyself a God of grace.  
For I, a sinner lost and ruin'd,  
Had wilfully gone far astray.  
When, to Thy tender call awak'ning,  
I came to find me Thine for aye.  
The vast, wide ocean is an emblem  
Of Thy great love that rescued me ;  
Else I for sin had justly suffer'd.  
And borne Thy wrath eternally.

R. H. W.

### WARFARE.

**A**WAR is a dreadful fight between two parties. The country is all in confusion when war is declared ; her sons are summoned to her standard, to fight for their country. They are then supplied with proper arms to defend themselves, and when the two armies meet, they use various stratagems, to try and defeat each other.

Each company has its superior officers, whose place it is to see that they are properly guided and attended to.

Our army has made many great achievements. In India our troops shewed great bravery, when the Indians butchered their comrades, without mercy, and the English were avenged by defeating the rebels, wherever they offered resistance, and great numbers of them were slain.

From the earliest times warfare has seemed necessary to keep nations from encroaching upon one another; but war is very cruel work, and it is well for the country that has learnt to do without it.

In Old Testament times we read of much fighting in and around the Holy Land, but we also read of a promise that there shall come a time when men shall learn war no more—when implements of war shall be of no use, and therefore they will be made into ploughshares. That will be a happy time for this poor earth, which now is the scene of so much strife and bloodshed.

## OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**D**EAR little children at Sunday school,  
Gather'd together to hear of the Lord;  
Let it be with you a golden rule,  
That you will *attend* to each loving word.

Your kind teachers come through the cold and the heat,  
They stay not away for the snow or the rain;  
They are seeking to bring you to Jesus' feet,  
That joys everlasting in youth you may gain.

Then come at the hour, and strive to repay  
All the love and the care that you meet with at school;  
Have some sweet verses learnt and all ready to say,  
But mind that *attention* to all is the rule.

Such a dear little girl I had once in my class,  
To think of her now even gladdens my heart;  
For I very much hope that the dear little lass  
Has chosen like Mary of old, "the good part."

And how happy for Annie, how happy for you,  
To be drawn to the Saviour in childhood's bright days;  
To be serving the One who is "holy and true;"  
And spending your life's early morn to His praise.

F. A. F. G.

## Charlie's Disobedience.

“MAMMA,” said little Charlie, “do let me go to the rocks; I want to look for seaweed.”

“No, Charlie dear; you know that I have said you are not to go on to the rocks, without me; you might fall into the sea; and what should I do then?”

“You never let me do what I want to,” Charlie said, crossly. Charlie and his mamma were staying at the seaside, but he had been told never to go on to the rocks alone, as they were very dangerous. But in the afternoon he managed to slip out of the house where they were staying, without any one noticing him.

He ran quickly to the rocks, to look for seaweed and anemones, and soon he had a large heap; but, seeing an unusually fine piece of seaweed hanging over the edge of the rock nearest the sea, he leaned forward to get it; his foot slipped, and in a moment he was struggling in the water.

He had sunk twice, when a beautiful dog—Charlie's own—attracted by his screams, bounded over the rocks into the water, and seized hold of Charlie's clothes with his teeth, and swam back to the beach.

Mrs. Graham (Charlie's mamma,) having missed him, thought at once where he had gone, and she hurried to the place, and found him lying insensible on the beach, and the dog standing by his side. He was taken home, but he had caught a severe cold, which kept him to his room for several days. He had time there to think of the consequences of his disobedience, and he resolved never to do what his mamma had told him not to do; and Charlie kept his word.

He nearly lost his life by his naughty act, and that ought to make him remember how sad it is when children do not do as they are told. Not only that, but it is contrary to the Biblo, for there we read, “Children, obey your parents.” It was through disobedience, in the first place, that brought sin into the world, and then death followed, as the wages of sin.





### A Glimpse at Geneva.

**G**ENEVA is a very renowned city. Calvin and some of the other Reformers lived there, and many a battle took place at and near Geneva between the Reformers and the Roman Catholics. John Knox, the Scottish reformer, when he escaped from prison also went to live at Geneva, where he was quite safe, and many others when persecuted in France fled to the same place, and were all kindly received and helped in many ways. So you see it is a place worthy of being remembered.

A great many visitors, as perhaps you know go every year to Switzerland to see the beautiful scenery, and almost all of them pay a visit to Geneva.

It has a beautiful lake on one side and a river on the other, with mountains at a distance; and not far from the city there are two rivers that meet, but the waters will not mix together. One looks beautifully clear and the other quite muddy, and it is very strange to see them running along side by side without the waters mixing. It ought to put us in mind how truth and error can run on close together; but they will not really mix. Truth will not consent to be one with error.

Geneva is famous for its watches, though a great many come from other parts of Switzerland besides Geneva, and this gives employment to many hundreds of women as well as men. And what with French, Geneva, American and English watches, it is surprising the quantity that are made every year. And what becomes of all the watches? Well, when I was young, there were very few

children that had watches; but now they are so much cheaper, that many a boy and girl has a watch before they terminate their school days. Perhaps some of the little readers of 'My Little Friend' have watches, and if not, I dare say many are looking forward to the time when they will have one, and perhaps it will be a Geneva watch. And if so, do not forget that that place was a famous refuge for those persecuted for the truth's sake in former times as I have told you. And

be thankful that now every one in England can have a bible and read it, without being afraid of being sent to prison, as was once the case. In those days of persecution a bible was a great prize, because so difficult to obtain. Now there is no restriction, let us not think less of this precious book.



View of Geneva.



## The Shipwreck.



**A** GOOD many years ago, a gentleman, with his wife and a little boy, went on a long voyage to a distant country, called Australia. The little boy was named Joseph, and on the voyage another little child was born. They were to land at a place called Sydney, and were looking forward with the hope of reaching it very soon, when, by some accident or through some mistake, suddenly, in the middle of the night, they were roused from their sleep by the striking of the ship upon a rock. The ship was broken, and the water slowly came in; besides which it stuck fast upon the rock. The night was dark, but the water was calm, and the sailors found, that although they were among rocks, still it was possible to get on shore, by taking a few at a time in the ship's boats. However, the captain and passengers agreed that it would be better to wait for the daylight, lest in the darkness any should fall into the sea, and be drowned. So they waited, anxiously watching for the morning.

But what will you say when I tell you, that, just as the faintest gleam of light appeared in the east, the wind began to blow, the heavy dark clouds gathered over-head and beneath, the sea began to swell, and the big waves rose up on all sides, dashing with fury against the poor disabled ship, and threatening to wash every one over-board.

What could these poor people do? They had lost all the calm hours of the night, when they might have reached the land; and now death stared them in the face, and a watery grave.

No boat could be launched on those angry waters, but the sailors thought of a way of escape. One bold man fastened a rope round his waist, and committing himself to the sea, swam off from the ship, fighting for his very life, as wave after wave rose before him—sometimes buried him in their depths, and then bore him aloft on their crests. But exhausted, half dead, yet with the rope round his waist, he at last reached a low rock, on which he climbed, and from thence to another, until he was able to fasten the rope securely, beyond reach of the water.

Now, then, there was a way of escape for any who would trust themselves to that rope. One after another of the sailors, putting the rope under his shoulder, or holding on to it as he swam, passed along by its help—swimming when he could, and holding on to it when a big wave washed over him—and so all the sailors got safe to land. One passenger did the same, and lived to tell the tale.

But what became of the gentleman, with his wife and children? He was a strong, brave man, and surely could have saved himself as the sailors did; and life is very dear to all of us. But there are some things dearer than life, and he loved his wife and children. He could not save himself and leave them to perish! A very strong man could only just hold on to the rope by himself, and it was impossible to take his wife and little ones through that foaming sea. Besides, his wife was very weak, and the baby only a few days old. So he perished with them!





Did he perish? His body, with those of his wife and children, were buried in the deep, deep sea, but their spirits went to be with Christ, whom on earth even little Joseph had known and loved. The one passenger who was saved, said that he last saw them standing on the wreck, calm and peaceful amidst the confusion, commending themselves, I feel sure, to him who rules the waves, and who counts the hairs of our heads.

I often think of that sad scene; and you will not wonder, when I tell you that that gentleman was my own brother. And it reminds me of another tale, quite as true, and far more wonderful. You will perhaps guess what I mean, when I repeat these words, "Love is stronger than death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And again, those beautiful words, "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." You know He was the Son of God, as well as the Son of Mary; and all the time He lived down here, He did always the things that pleased God. Would He not have been welcome in heaven at any moment, if He had pleased to leave this bad world, and go up to the bosom of His Father? And when Judas betrayed Him, and the chief priests and Pilate got Him into their hands, to nail Him to the tree, could He not have asked for more than twelve legions of angels, to put all His enemies to flight? Oh, yes; He had the power! but in His heart there was something He loved *better than life*. Like my poor brother, who could not swim to shore alone, leaving his wife and little ones to perish, so Christ knew that to save His own life, He must go to heaven *alone*. That, once entered in, the door would be for ever shut against every poor sinner left down here—that if any were to be saved, it must be through His death—and that by dying He could, through death, bring any who believe on Him, safe to His own blessed home.

So He willingly died. It was a cruel and shameful death; and more than that, He had to bear the wrath of God for our sins, to save us from the judgment we deserved. But He bore it all, because of the great love He had for His own—yes, for little children who look up to Him now—and all because He did not want to go to heaven alone.

Oh, I hope, when I go up to see His face—along with those dear ones, whose bodies were buried beneath the waves—I hope that you will be there to sing with me that song—"Unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood: to him be glory, for ever and ever."

### Little Elsie's Prayer.

A LITTLE girl, named Elsie,  
Of four or five years old  
(Whose parents were in heaven  
And safe in Jesus' fold),  
Was taught in early childhood  
To love His precious name:  
And in His word believing,  
A Christian thus became.

Now Elsie had a brother,  
And Jesus was his joy;  
She also had another,  
A wild and wayward boy.  
And by his naughty manners,  
His sister's heart he grieved,  
She wish'd he loved the Saviour,  
And on His name believed.

One day her elder brother  
Met Elsie on the stairs,  
Her face seem'd full of sorrow,  
Her mind seem'd full of cares.  
"What ails my little Elsie?"  
"And what has made her cry?"  
But Elsie seem'd unwilling  
To tell the reason why.

He lovingly embraced her,  
And ask'd her yet again—  
"What is the little trouble  
"Which gives my sister pain?"  
At length she gently whisper'd,  
While looking on the floor,  
"I've just been asking Jesus"—  
And then she said no more!

Her brother seem'd astonish'd  
(But joy was in his face)  
To find his little sister  
Had sought the throne of grace.  
Then Elsie, gaining courage,  
Her secret told to him—  
"I've just been asking Jesus  
"To save dear brother Jim!"

"Pray on, my little sister,"  
Her brother then replied,  
"And always go to Jesus,  
And in His love confide;

For He is over faithful  
To those who trust in Him;  
And may our gracious Jesus  
Soon save dear brother Jim.

"For even naughty children  
Are objects of His care:  
No doubt that He will answer  
My little sister's prayer.  
He bids us not be weary,  
But always watch and pray,  
And from a child's petition  
He will not turn away.

"And though He is in glory,  
And angels worship Him,  
He hears the prayer of Elsie,  
To save dear brother Jim."

### All the Way to Heaven.

SOME time since, a gentleman was riding in a tram-car, in one of our country towns, when he saw an old woman get in, and take her seat in the car. It appeared that she did not often ride that way, but, it being very wet that morning, she was obliged to make use of the tram.

Presently the conductor came round for the fares, and she offered him a penny. He then told her that a penny would only take her half the way. If she wanted to go to the end of the journey, she must pay twopence. She certainly wanted to go all the way, but, as a penny was all the poor woman had, she must be content with only going half-way.

Just then, the old gentleman in the corner said, loud enough for all to hear, "How blessed for us that Jesus has paid our fare all the way to heaven." Nothing more was said, and all seemed to be thinking over these strange, but wonderful, words; and soon after the gentleman got out of the tram. But there was a lady sitting there who pondered the words about Jesus paying our fare all the way to heaven, and she wished she had spoken to the gentleman; and the desire to see him again came so strongly upon her, that she asked the conductor if he could tell her who he was. He replied that it was Mr. C——, who lived in a certain well-known street.

The lady made up her mind that she would find out the gentleman, and visit him, for his words had made a great impression on her, and she was anxious to hear more about them,

and have them explained to her. She had been in a troubled state of mind for some time past, and she knew not why, but the simple message in the tram-car seemed to speak of what she herself wanted. Not long after, she made her way to the house indicated to her, and, on seeing the gentleman she met in the tram, she said to him, "Do you remember making a remark that Jesus had paid your fare all the way to heaven?"

"Yes," he replied, "I think I do." "Well," said the lady, "I want you to explain to me what you meant."

It did not take long to get down a Bible, and shew, from various portions, how that Jesus died for us, in order to make the way open for us to be with Himself for ever; and how that on the cross He cried, "It is finished." The lady was convinced and satisfied, and she said, "I have been to church for thirty years, and our pastor has never told me this." She left the house, happy in spirit, resting simply on the words of scripture. Her first thoughts were, that she must go at once, and tell the clergyman; and on the way to his house, she met him, and said she had something of great importance to tell him. He returned with her to his house, and, as soon as they were alone, the lady said, "I have just learned that Jesus has paid my fare all the way to heaven, and it has made me so happy."

"My good woman," said the pastor, "whatever do you mean?" She then opened her Bible, and shewed him the text she had recently read, where Jesus said, "It is finished." God, by His Spirit, used the simple message to the blessing of his soul, and soon he, too, was able to say, "Well, Jesus has paid my fare all the way to heaven."

But the blessing did not stop here, for the next Sunday the preacher could use no other text than these few words, and he astonished the congregation by telling them all that "Jesus had paid his fare all the way to heaven;" and I believe that many of his congregation, who, perhaps, had sat under his ministry for thirty years, like the lady, and had never heard such blessed words, from that day forward were able also to rejoice at finding what God, through Christ Jesus, had done for them.



## DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

In writing a few lines to fill my corner this month, I think I cannot do better than give you a letter which I received from one who often contributes to our pages. I trust you will find it interesting. It is entitled,

### A LETTER ABOUT A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

In this, the shortest of the apostle Paul's epistles, we have a perfect model of a letter, shewing the spirit in which one Christian should write to another.

By comparing verse 2 with Colossians iv. 17, and verses 10-12 with Colossians iv. 9, we learn that Philemon was an inhabitant of Colosse (one of the chief cities of Phrygia, in Asia Minor). He had been converted to Christianity, through the ministry of Paul, and had become a "fellow-worker" with him. A slave belonging to him, named Onesimus, having robbed him, and run away, had found his way to Rome, and there had been brought under the power of the gospel, by the preaching of Paul, then a prisoner.

What a degraded life this fugitive slave must have led in such a city! "Yet, from these lowest depths," says one, "Onesimus is drawn forth by the unseen hand of eternal love." Now he has no longer "fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," but has become a "fellow-citizen with the saints," and one "of the household of God," even "a brother beloved."

In the words "unprofitable" and "profitable" (ver. 11), the apostle seems almost to allude to the name, "Onesimus," which signifies *useful*, or *helpful*; also, when he says, "Let me have joy" [or help] (ver. 20), the original word for *joy* being quite different, as in verse 7.

When Paul says to Philemon, "Perhaps he was parted from thee for a season, that thou shouldest have him for ever," what a sweet glimpse we have of the re-union of the saints, when they shall form a happy circle that shall never be broken up. (See 1 Thess. iv. 17.)

And in the words, "If he hath wronged thee at all, or oweth thee aught, put that to mine account," are we not reminded of the

doctrine of substitution, or putting in the place of another? Paul wrote to the Romans, "I could wish [or pray] that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh." He meant that he would be willing to be treated by the Lord as He was by the Father, bearing, as an object accursed, the sin of his people, if thereby they might be saved. Moses expressed his feelings in a similar way. He was willing to lay down his life in the most painful manner, if he might thereby preserve the people, who had "sinned a great sin." But we know that no one, except the blessed Redeemer, "who gave himself for us," is allowed, or is able, to make atonement for sin. As the passover-lamb was to be "without blemish," so we are redeemed "with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ." He is "the propitiation [derived from the Latin word, 'prope,' *near*] for our sins;" so we are "made nigh by the blood of Christ;" He "suffered for our sins once [or once for all], the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God."

I will conclude in the expressive words of the writer already quoted: "This letter is one of the most touching ever written. Looking at it simply as such, we are at a loss whether most to admire the warmth and earnestness of the apostle's affections, the delicacy and justness of his thoughts, or the sublime dignity which pervades the whole epistle."

R. H. W.

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# MY LITTLE FRIEND.



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Price One Half-Penny.

On the Road to School.



### "On the Road to School."

**W**ALKING out one pleasant morning in a pretty road, I saw two little figures coming along together: one, a little boy evidently going to school, for he carried some books and a slate to which a piece of sponge was carefully attached by a string; the other, a little girl with a tiny basket upon her arm, as though she had been sent out to make some purchase for her mother.

I was interested in the two little people, and watched them without being noticed; for some short distance they went on famously, and I was pleased to see how well they were attending to their duties, when suddenly Bertie, for I had heard his sister call him by that name, stopped, and in a thoughtful manner said:—

"I wonder if I have brought my marbles with me;" after a little search they were found, safe in his pocket, and bringing them forth he said, "Now see, Mandie, I will shew you how well I can play;" and putting down his books and slate against a garden wall, he began to play with the marbles. Now Mandie was very fond of her brother, and proud of him too, as all little girls should be; but still, remembering her mother had said they were not to stay upon the road, but that Bertie was to make haste to school and she to return quickly, said:—

"Do not let us stop, Bertie dear, for you know mother said we were not to do so; and do not you remember the text we learned last Sunday, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much' (Luke xvi. 10), and we should not be faithful if we disobeyed mother, should we?" and taking her brother's hand they trotted quickly away as the school-bell began to ring, Bertie to the school doors, and Mandie to return to her mother, her trust well fulfilled. And now, my dear little friends, do you try always to faithfully carry out the commands of our Heavenly Father? Are you brave and strong when pleasure tempts you to neglect some duty? But let us not trust in our own strength, but call on the Lord, and He will help us fight the good fight, and so at last shall we hear those joyful

words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of the Lord." (Matt. xxv. 23.)

S. M. D.

### SOMETHING BETTER.

**I** WITNESSED a beautiful sight in a tram car as I was going home a few nights since. A mother had her baby boy seated on her lap, while he played with a piece of crumbled cake, soiling his dress besides making himself dirty. His kind mother, with wise forethought, placed a nice whole biscuit in each of the child's hands and took the remnants of the cake and ate it herself. The child was delighted with its new gifts, and looked at one after the other with real joy and pleasure, without seeming to miss that which it had before. Oh, how like this God deals with us: when we were soiled and defiled in our sins, He GAVE Jesus His own Son, to bear our sins in His own body upon the tree; that is, He takes away our sins, with which we were delighted, and gives us His own beloved Son to be occupied and delighted with; and through Him He gives eternal life to all who believe on Jesus, and we have the assurance of His word in 1 John ii. 12. "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." O let us TAKE HIS GIFT, AND PRAISE HIM for it all our lives.

Of all the gifts Thy love bestows,  
Thou giver of all good!  
Not heaven itself a richer knows  
Than the Redeemer's blood.

J. D.

### Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.

**P**OOOR children do not see many of these in the course of their lives. They hear of them and thoughts of beauty and riches pass through their minds, but God in His great and wonderful book often talks about them, and it is to the poor He talks most.

When God's dear Son, Jesus Christ, was down here on this earth many years ago, He used to go about like a poor man telling of God's love. People did not know how rich

He was. He left all His riches up in heaven and He came down to find some poor men and women and children who would like to go to His home above and share some of His beautiful things with Him.

When God tells us about His treasures on earth, He speaks of gold, and silver, and precious stones, because they are the most beautiful and valuable things the earth can produce; but God has got things more beautiful and valuable than those. They are stored away in heaven, and are for those that belong to His Son.

God once had a beautiful house on the earth. When you went inside you could see gold, gold, gold, everywhere. Why did God have so much gold in His house? Because it is so beautiful and so valuable. One of His servants in that house used to have a beautiful large ornament full of precious stones. God ordered Him to wear those jewels so beautiful and valuable.

What did God mean by all this? you ask me. I will tell you what it means.

God's dear Son, Jesus Christ, is more valuable and beautiful to Him than all the gold and silver and precious stones in the whole world. In God's house above, He is never tired of looking at His dear Son. He is more to Him than an angel, or a heaven full of angels. As in God's house on earth He always looked upon gold and precious stones, so in heaven He always looks upon Christ.

Now dear children, why do I tell you this? Because God would have you up in heaven with His dear Son. He would look upon you as He looks upon Him. He would have you to form part of His treasures up there.

### Some Hard Questions.

“Do you think that gentleman, who addressed us this afternoon, was ever a little boy, uncle?”

“No doubt of it, Harry; although it is many years ago.”

“Do you think he always wore big Wellington boots?”

“I should think not. Most likely he has worn the boy's school bluchers, and the baby's boots with buckles on.”

“Should you think his spectacles magnified much, uncle?”

“I'm sure I don't know. But why these funny questions, my boy?”

“Do you think he supposed we had been to college, uncle?”

“Now, Master Harry, tell me what is underneath all this subtle reasoning of yours, without any more delay.”

“Because, uncle, I thought, all the while he was speaking to us, he supposed we were men and women, and not little boys and girls; for I don't think many of us understood what he meant.”

“Oh, I see. And what about college, sir?”

“Why, because he asked such hard questions, that only the teachers could answer. Do you think even they could answer some of the questions, uncle?”

“Well, I must confess, Harry, if I had to answer the questions, I am afraid I should have shown my ignorance about some of the matters.”

“Then, perhaps he had a short memory, uncle, and forgot our ages. If you tell me about the flowers in the field, over the hedge, I can believe you, because you are taller than I am, and can see right over; but if you lift me up, I can see then as well as you; and if I grow to be as tall as you, I can see them too.”

“Oh, I see, sir; then, if you please, I will talk about the flowers upon the bank *this side the hedge*, which are within your reach.”

“Then I can pick them for myself, uncle. But I was thinking, if we had answered all the questions, perhaps the gentleman would have thought we had been reading the Bible Dictionary, you know; because, when we write papers to Dor, and use big words, then they say that our fathers and mothers have helped us.”

“Well, I hope your young dignity has not been hurt; and when I write to the editor of *My Little Friend*, I will lay the matter before him, and call it the ‘*Little Sunday Scholar's Complaint*.’” So, Mr. Editor, I give you the lecture, without any comment of my own.







### The Blackbird's Song.

**L**ITTLE blackbird on the bough,  
Hopping on the apple-tree,  
Will you please to whistle now?  
I will all attention be,  
For I love to hear your song,  
When you warble sweet and clear.  
What a little happy throng  
All you merry birds appear!  
Always flying overhead,  
Loving in the sky to roam;  
Don't you ever earn your bread  
For the little ones at home?

Master blackbird rubs his beak  
On the bough, and plumes his crest,  
Just as though he's going to speak,  
Surely he will try his best.

"God who gave these little wings,  
Swiftly through the air to skim,  
Keeps us merry happy things,  
Always singing unto Him.  
Not a bit of care have we;  
Little birds don't make a fuss:  
We are full of song and glee,  
God it is who cares for us!

"So we spend the sunny hours,  
Merry warblers of the wood;  
Nestling in our leafy bowers,  
Praising Him who gives us food.  
Very early in the morn,  
When the dew the meadow fills,

Straying worms upon the lawn  
Catch we with our yellow bills;  
Or upon the window ledge,  
Busy buzzing flies we catch;  
Or the berries from the hedge,  
Stored up in the cottage thatch.

"He who made the glorious sun,  
Feeds the cattle and the herds:  
He who made the rivers run,  
Will not forget His little birds.  
Daily unto Him we look,  
He supplies our simple needs:  
Gives us water from the brook,  
And an ample store of seeds.  
Softest feathers line our nest,  
(Hidden from the robber's eye),  
Where our little ones can rest  
Till they're old enough to fly.

"But my partner, with her brood,  
May be thinking I am long  
Fetchling tiny bits of food  
For our little hungry throng."  
And the happy, merry bird  
Seem'd to speak as off he flew,  
"Little ones who know God's word,  
Mind and learn to trust Him too.  
He who cares for little birds,  
Flying in the meadows wild;  
He who feeds the flocks and herds,  
Careth for a little child."



## SALE OF INDULGENCES.

**I**N the year 1517 there was a great commotion in Germany. Certain persons were sent by the pope round the country from town to town, to sell Indulgences.

I must tell you that an indulgence was said to be a pardon for sins that had been committed, or sometimes for a sin that anyone intended to commit.

It is wonderful to look back from the present day to such times as those, to think that people should have been so blind and deceived as to place the smallest value on the slips of paper which represented the indulgence.

One man who conducted these sales obtained more fame than others, because he was more successful in deceiving his hearers and selling indulgences. His name was Tetzel, and he was now making a tour in Germany. He would send messengers on to any town he intended to visit, telling the magistrate of his approach. Then the bells were rung, and with much ado this delegate from the pope was received.

The people ran to their doors as he passed through the streets on his way to the church, where oftentimes he would address the people before commencing his sale of indulgences. Let us hear what he says.

"Indulgences are the most precious and



SALE OF INDULGENCES.

sublime of God's gifts. Draw near, and I will give you letters duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall all be forgiven you. There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it."

Tetzel told them that these indulgences were not only good for the living, but they would also purchase forgiveness for the dead. "The very moment," said he, "that the

money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies free to heaven."

Thus spake the pope's logate. We may hesitate to write such terrible sayings as these, but it is well for us to know what was practised by the Church of Rome, that we may shun it as we would shun the most deadly disease, yea more, for while the disease may ruin the body, this heresy ruins the soul.



Thus for money, they gave a paper sealed with the pope's seal, which they pretended would confer on the holder forgiveness, either for his past sins or for his future sins : for the living or the dead. On the parchment were drawn large figures of Christ, pierced with a nail.

The people had to confess their sins, which was soon over, and then they hastened to purchase the indulgence, for which they had to pay according to their rank in life and according to their income. The money came in freely. It was counted in the presence of a public notary, and duly registered. It was being collected, they said, for repairing the cathedral at Rome.

But in spite of their apparent success, the good sense of the people in a measure opened their eyes to the fraud. "How is it," said they, "if the pope has really the power to forgive sins, that he allows any to be lost? Will he for the sake of money allow any to die unforgiven?" Still, there was much need of money, and the traffic went on under the stirring appeals of Tetzels.

This traffic did not continue very long, for God raised up men such as Luther, who at the risk of their lives spoke against the evil practice, and exposed the error of it, so that the eyes of the people were gradually opened to see how great an imposture had been carried on, and how they had been deceived.

God alone can forgive sins, and He deposes to no mortal man the power which belongs to Himself. May we then go to Him who does truly forgive sins, and who does not charge money for it, but requires an upright and contrite spirit.

### A Precious Possession.

THOUGH I am young I have a soul  
The world can never buy ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot die.

For it must soar to worlds on high,  
Where happy spirits dwell ;  
Or buried with the wicked, lie  
Deep in the grave of hell.



### THE MOROCCO SHOES.

IN out of the way places people have to buy many of their things of the pedlar, who brings round a variety of things to the doors of the houses.

Well, there were once two little girls who lived with their parents away from the town, and one day a pedlar arrived, and was soon displaying his wares. Among other things he had morocco shoes, and, as one of the girls needed a pair of shoes, she was told to try for a pair that fitted her. This she succeeded in doing. Her sister also was told that she might see if a pair would fit her ; but though she tried all that the man had, none would fit, all were too large.

Her mother said she had better not have them ; but for once left it to herself to have them or not, on condition that if they were bought she should wear them as her best shoes. Alice thought them very smart, and her heart was set upon them, so she decided to have them.

Not long after the shoes were bought these two girls were invited to take tea with several of their schoolfellows, and of course the morocco shoes were worn. Alice was enjoying herself very well, but unfortunately she heard a companion say, "Do look at Alice ! I really believe she has her mother's shoes on !" Poor Alice ! her smart shoes were no longer valued in her eyes. She complained of headache, but she confessed afterwards it was shoe-ache.

But this was only the beginning of troubles. Every Sunday did she have to wear them, and often fancied people were looking at her big shoes. Fondly did she hope they would quickly wear out, and often did she look to see if they were not beginning. But, no ! never did shoes last so long, until she had learnt over and over again that *mother knew best*, especially when buying morocco shoes.

Happy the home when God is there,  
And love fills every breast ;  
When one their wish and one their prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.

Happy the home where Jesu's name  
Is sweet to every ear ;  
Where children early hush His name,  
And parents hold Him dear.

## A Funny Place for a Nest.

I DARE say most of my young readers have heard of the great Duke of Wellington. But it is not of himself that I wish so much to write, as of his statue. Still, I dare say you have heard, or read in your school history, that the duke was a great general, and a faithful servant to his king and country. He had led our armies successfully in the great contest which was then waging against the first Napoleon; and after many victories in all the kingdoms which the French had subdued, he broke his power completely at the battle of Waterloo. The powerful Emperor was at last a prisoner in the hands of the English, by whom he was sent to St. Helena. After this there was peace. The nation were full of rejoicing, and very proud they were of their great general, who was made a Duke, and received a faithful servant's reward.

Some twenty years after, an immense statue was raised in his honour at Hyde Park Corner. Well, this statue, after standing there for about forty years, was found to be in the way of some great improvements which were about to be made, and so, after much debate, it was resolved to take it down, and place it elsewhere. This was no light task, as you will understand, when I tell you that several persons could sit inside the horse upon which the old general sat. So it had to be taken to pieces, and carried away bit by bit. The horse's head needed a waggon and several horses, I believe.

For forty years it had borne the heats of summer and the wild storms of winter, and to look at it from beneath, it seemed as if it was able to withstand them yet again for hundreds of years, so massive was the material of which it was made.

But the workmen who had to take it to pieces made a singular discovery. In the hand that held the horse's reins was a small hole, whether caused by some defect in the metal, or whether time had been particularly busy with that part, just to show that man's mightiest work will crumble beneath his power, cannot be told. However, there was the hole, and, to surprise them still more,

they presently saw a sparrow come out, and look round, as if angry at being disturbed. Well, on taking it to pieces, bit by bit, they found, inside the one arm, a sparrow's nest, and in the other, a starling had also built her little habitation.

As I am writing for many little friends in the country, I may tell them a London sparrow is one of the sauciest and most inquisitive of birds. He fears very little, except the cats; and I have sometimes seen three or four of them perch on a slight twig, not many feet from puss, and chirping in a fashion as much as to say, "You can't touch us here, pussy."

Well, I suppose a sparrow, was one day, perched on the hand of the statue, and saw the hole in the fingers, and made up its mind to see where it led, and so, finding plenty of room inside must have thought in its wise little head, what a capital place it would be for a nest, and how comfortably it could bring up its family there, without fear from the nightly wanderings of puss in search of a supper, and so far out of reach of the little boy's mischievous stone, or his fondness for nesting. And so it was—there was the bird's family safe in its iron refuge. And I suppose, the equally inquisitive starling, seeing his neighbour going in and out of the hiding-place, had also made the same discovery, and apparently, finding there was room enough for both families, without crowding, they had each made their nests in different parts. But, alas! birds, like men, find that the strongest refuges will fail, and that in the midst of their fancied security, there is nothing really lasting. No wonder the poor sparrow fluttered in dismay, and chirruped in anger, as only sparrows can. Where should they flee to now? After such a resting-place, a tree would seem very insignificant, and the caves of the houses a very barren and cold affair, which the builder's ladder could reach, and the workman's hand tear down. I could not help feeling sorrow for the little ingenuous birds that had made the discovery, and used it so long, and so happily.



## ACROSTIC.

M ade sin for us, the spotless Victim—  
 Man's substitute was He :  
 Y es, made a curse, from condemnation  
 To set the sinner free.

R ight royally His work continues,  
 Our glorious Priest on high ;  
 E ntire submission from those claiming  
 He hath to God brought nigh :  
 D evotion to His blessed Person,  
 Confession brave and fair ;  
 E ndurance as good, faithful soldiers,  
 With watching unto prayer.  
 E nable me, O gracious Father,  
 Through good report and ill,  
 M y Lord and Master so to follow,  
 And His commands fulfil.  
 E 'er shall I praise Thee for preparing  
 A way to come to Thee :  
 R estored from ruin by redemption,  
 Thy welcome is for me.

R. H. W.

## DOT'S CORNER.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I have just received a letter. It began, "Dear brother in Christ." Ah ! I say, this is from some old friend. I glance at the signature. Why, dear me, it is from one who, a few years ago, was a very young scholar in the Sunday School I visited—not so long ago either, for he is in his teens. It was but the other day a friend wrote to me, "You will be glad to hear that G. H. has found peace with God" (and concludes by giving me a satisfactory account of him as a believer in Jesus). I was indeed glad ! These two scraps of good news more than balance a great load of bad tidings and little worries in the other part of the scale. And how happily it comes, too, just as I am about filling in my last corner of this volume, so that I can close the book with a thankful heart, because I know that two young and precious souls have found a Saviour ; and joy in confessing Him as such. I do not know by whom they were brought to Christ ; it is sufficient to know they are His, by whomsoever gathered. Presently the sowers and the reapers will joy and rejoice together, aye, and the waterers and weeders as well. But I am talking only of two young

ones, yet, if space permitted, I could give you quite a little history of many young believers who have lately been brought to Christ. And I am thinking what a number of my young readers there may be as safe and happy in Christ as these I speak of who have "peace in believing," and I cannot close my letter without a word of warning to all such, not to trust to their own hearts for a single step ; if you do you will find you have been holding to a false friend—a traitor of the worst class : "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But learn to gather strength from a prayerful study of the word of God. It is only there we get light, and life, and guidance in our pathway through a cold and scornful world. We who are older know more what this means than we are able to express.

I was about to speak of the New Year's Volume, but am reminded by that warning, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," and who, in reading the last page of this volume, may see the first page of the next ! Perhaps the writer and reader may not, but through grace the *writer* can say, "It's all well." What says the *reader* ? Let me conclude with a word to all such as have not fled to Christ, in the words of the beloved apostle, "Now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation."

May God graciously bless the labours of love of all who have been fellow-helpers during the past year amongst the little ones.

Your affectionate Friend,

DOT.

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**N**OT a nugget of gold, in that deep little pit,  
Was found by this youthful beginner;  
But I'm sure that he got, after working a bit,  
A very keen relish for dinner.

His heart's in his work, and that drives away  
Many troubles the mind would encumber;  
And I'm sure he will find, at the close of the day,  
What idleness knows not—sweet slumber!