5.00

John Gamble McMicken,
a New Years gift from
his minister.
— E. P. Rogers —
r. 1. 1858.

Tender Grass for Little Lambs.

LITTLE ANNIE AND THE INK SPOTS.

FRONTISPIECE.

Tender Grass. p. 134

TEMPER GRASS

FOR

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BY

[illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK:
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[illegible] BROADWAY.
1[illegible]6.

TENDER GRASS

FOR

LITTLE LAMBS,

BY

REV. CORNELIUS WINTER BOLTON,

AUTHOR OF "A SHEPHERD'S CALL TO THE LAMBS OF HIS FLOCK."

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
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To my Mother,

Is this second pastoral to the lambs of Christ's flock dedicated, for it was she who first led me into the green pastures and beside the still waters; who taught me to know, love, and obey the kind Shepherd who has watched over me through life, so that I am able to say, by the grace of God upon a mother's teaching, prayers, and watchfulness, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over; surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house

of the Lord forever." This tribute of respect and affection is due to one whose thirteen children unite in rising up to call her blessed. Long may she live to hear and see the result of her labors in the prosperity, usefulness, and devotion of her offspring in the vineyard of the Lord. And when at last the toils of earth shall be over, may she stand before her heavenly Father and say, "Behold I and the children whom thou hast given me."

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TEMPTATION.

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I.

Temptation.

It was a fine summer day in the month of August, while on a visit to my friends and relations in England, that I was invited to go to a little village school in the town of Tortworth, and address the scholars who were to assemble together at the close of the half year, to enjoy a feast of tea and buns. As I walked along the beautiful winding lane, all nature

seemed to be quiet as on a Sunday. The wild flowers were blooming in the fields and along the banks of the brooks. The little fish were frolicking about in the shallow water. The different birds were singing sweetly in the trees and bushes. The wheat was waving its golden head heavy with the ripe grain. The sheep were feeding silently on the hill-side. The cattle, scattered all over the fields, were grazing in the rich green grass. Here and there a little rabbit darted across my path, and sitting upon its hind legs, looked at me, as much as to say, what business have you to frighten the inhabitants of

these woods and hedges? Everything seemed happy. I reached the school, and oh what cheerful faces did I see! The little boys' cheeks were crimsoned by the heat they were in, either from the hurry to get to school in time, or from the many frolics they had had while waiting for the teacher to arrive. The girls also looked rosy and full of fun. When you talked to any of them of their feast their little faces brightened up, and they could hardly contain themselves. A minute seemed an hour to wait. Some of the parents were present, delighted to see their little children look so clean and

neat, and were much pleased whenever they were taken notice of by the visitors. The teacher too, he seemed as proud as possible to think how delightfully they would all sing, and how well they would all obey, just like so many little soldiers. He had taken a great deal of pains to drill them all, that the very moment he touched his bell or blew his whistle, they were to be perfectly silent, and all were to look at him; and when he raised his hand, all were to rise from their seats with their hands behind them, to keep them out of mischief; or waved it from him, they were to take their seats again.

Here, then, everybody as well as everything was happy, and I also partook of the same feeling. And I asked myself, why are we not always happy? Shall I tell you the reason? Because of sin. Sin mars or spoils all our pleasure. How does it come that sin is in the world? Who first sinned? We are told by Eve that the serpent Satan beguiled her, and she did eat, or sin; and Adam, the father of us all, says that the woman Eve, whom God had given him, gave unto him and he did eat, or sin; and so we, their children, each one of us possess sinful natures and partake of the fall. It was a beautiful day. The

dark deep blue of the sky had scarcely a single cloud to speck it. The bright sun shone upon the broad open sea, and as one long line of wave rose and plunged on the shore after another, a sheet of white foam broke upon the pebbles that lined the beach, and made them glitter in the sunshine as if they had been as many jewels.

There was to be a ship launched. A beautiful ship, which the builder had taken the greatest pains to frame and put together so as to be quite a model and pattern of beauty, was to be sent afloat upon the wide waters. The owner had fitted it up with everything which would

be wanted. He put in plenty of all kinds of provisions, plenty of fresh water, and live stock, and abundance of vegetables, and fruits of all kinds. He then placed a captain on board who had never been to sea before, but the owner provided him with a chart, and gave him a compass, and very careful instructions about the voyage. He told him that he might sail without any fear about the sea, for there were no sunken rocks. He told him there was one great rocky island, however, which he must beware of. It is surrounded, said the owner, by a dangerous reef of coral rock, the edges of which

are so sharp and hard, that if your ship once touches them it will be lost. Do not think there is no danger because you see none. The sea may be smooth, but do not trust to its smoothness. Stand off from that rocky island, do not go near to it. If you were once to let your vessel approach it, there are eddies and currents that would bear you and your ship nearer and nearer, till it strikes and all is lost. So the captain went on board, and his mate with him, and his crew. It was beautiful to see its sails, as white as driven snow, swelling out with the gentle wind. To see its white flag, on which

was a king's crown, waving in the breeze. When the anchor was taken up and the ship began to move through the dark green sea, the foam was divided. The ship went on, and all was right. The captain continually looked at his chart and steered by his compass; and though he often got sight of the dangerous island, he never went near it. But one day, when the captain was in another part of the ship and the mate was on deck, a strange man was seen in a little boat that rode like a cork upon the waters. It came swiftly towards the ship. They had often seen the boat before during the voyage,

and had been always pleased at its lightness and swiftness, and the clever way in which it was managed; but the man that was in the boat this day, was a stranger to them. It soon came up to the ship, and the man in it stood up, and seeing the mate on deck said, "So I hear you are not allowed to sail where you like." "You are mistaken," said the mate, "we are allowed to sail where we like, for we like to go where our owner has told us; but we are not allowed to sail to the dangerous rocky island, we are not even to go near it, lest the ship should be wrecked." "Oh," said the man, "there is no danger,

you would not certainly be wrecked if you went there. That island is such a beautiful place that your owner does not wish you to land there and see it, but wishes to keep it all to himself." While he was thus speaking, the island hove in sight, and as the sun shone upon it at a distance, it looked so beautiful that the mate could not help turning towards it. "There," said the man, "see even at this distance how beautiful it looks; but if you were once to land on it, you would so enjoy it. It is full of strange fruit—would you not like to go there and see what you are cautioned against?" "I should," said

the mate; "it seems very hard that the owner should have been so anxious to keep us from going to so beautiful an island. Really it looks more and more beautiful as we come near it. I think I shall steer the ship pretty close alongside." By this time the ship had got into the current, and was hurrying on to the shore much faster than the mate thought. The mate's eyes were fastened on the dangerous island, and nothing was thought of but the pleasure of seeing the forbidden place, and tasting its strange fruits. While thus employed, the captain came on deck, and saw in a moment

where they were going; but he was so taken up with what the mate had to say, that he did not turn the helm, but kept in the same course. In a few minutes crash went the ship upon the rocks, and all was gone. The passengers and crew were thrown into the sea. The sky became covered with clouds. The sun hid itself, and there was a great storm.

The crew were not drowned: they all reached the shore of the dangerous island. They were hardly landed when the savage natives came down upon them, seized them, put heavy chains upon them, and marched them off to prison. And what was their

surprise to find that the man whom the mate had seen in the little boat, was the ring-leader of the savages.

In the middle of the next day they heard a voice which they remembered to be the owner's. They were so ashamed that they tried to hide themselves, but it was no use. He entered and said, "How is this that you are here?" The captain said, "The mate persuaded me." "And why did you do so?" he said to the mate. "The man in the little boat deceived me." Then he said, "You have all done wrong and deserve death, but some one will be sent to redeem you; when that person comes,

your ransom shall be paid." So he left them. The tidings he had brought cheered the poor shipwrecked prisoners very much --at least those who believed what had been told them, for all did not. The captain and mate did. They began to think how much guilt and misery they had brought on the whole ship's crew. Those who did not believe, were very loud in condemning both the owner of the ship and the captain and his mate for having brought so much trouble on them.

Long, long time passed, and yet no one came to redeem the poor shipwrecked prisoners. At last the individual came. Some

of them had not waited to see how and when he would come, but they laid it down that he ought and must come in great state and pomp, like a king. One day a person came to the prison and said he had come to pay their ransom. They looked at him, and despised him in their hearts. He looked too poor for them, for he was not dressed in any fine and beautiful clothes. His manner to them was very kind; his words were full of comfort and sympathy. He stopped with them in the prison for some time.

At last the day came which had been appointed for paying the ransom, and the

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keeper of the prison was very busy, and did all he could to persuade him not to attempt it. The prisoners told him that he never could have enough to redeem them all with. But he said he had, and would and could not go back till it was done. They all saw him go out, and he told them what he was going to do, and how and when he would return, which he did on the third day.

On his arrival, the jailer had to set the doors of the prison open, though he did it against his will; and every one had the offer made of being free; but, strange to say, some would not accept it. They said they were satisfied where they

were. Besides which, the jailer and his servants were very busy in trying to persuade them not to go, making them all manner of promises if they would remain. Some few left, and the fresh air seemed to fill them with new life. Their deliverer stayed with them for some time, and then left them, giving them another guide. He told them to wait at a certain place for him; and when he had made everything ready he would return and meet them at the shore, and conduct them safely across to the heavenly Paradise.

Now do you know what I have been writing about? The owner of the ship

was God. The ship was our world. The captain and mate Adam and Eve. The crew their children. The island the forbidden tree. The man in the boat the devil. The shipwreck the fall. The prison our lost and enslaved condition. The deliverer Christ.

How sad it was that our first parents should have sinned and brought so much misery upon us. Do you think you would have done so if God had placed you in the garden of Eden? Yes, I fear you would. There was a gentleman who used to employ an old man as a gardener, and a funny old man he was, for as he worked

he used to talk to himself. One day the gentleman was sitting at his window, which was open, looking into the garden, when he saw the old man, who was digging, stop every now and then and lean upon his spade and groan out, "Oh Adam, Adam, what did you do it for?" Quite at a loss as to what it all meant, he went down the garden and asked him why he called on Adam so often.

"Oh, sir," he said, "if Adam had not been so thoughtless, I should not have been working so hard here." "Oh, but," he said, "you would have done the same if you had been in his place, I suspect." "No, no,

I would not," he replied. The gentleman found he could not prove to the old gardener that he would have done just the same, so he left him thinking the matter over; when the thought struck him, "I will try the old man and prove to him how little he knows himself."

So a week or two after he prepared a very nice dinner of all sorts of things, and put covers over every dish. In the centre he put a large dish with its cover, and then called the gardener in. He told him what he had done, and that he might eat of all the dishes but the centre one. The old man was highly delighted, and assured

his kind friend that there was no reason why he should have any desire to touch what was forbidden. So the gentleman left him, but waited at the door to see and hear. Soon he saw the old man get up and look under this cover, and then that, until all but the centre one had been examined. He paused and said, "I wonder what 's under that cover; but no, I must not touch it." So he helped himself freely. Yet he could not avoid thinking about that centre dish.

At last he said, "I do not see any harm in just looking, I won't touch;" and so he kept worrying about what was there. At

last he made up his mind just to peep in, and looking all round and not seeing any one, thought all was safe. What was his surprise on lifting the cover, to find a little mouse inside, that instantly jumped out and away it ran. The poor gardener ran after it trying to catch it, that he might put it back again, and not be found out; but he made such a noise that the gentleman himself opened the door, and coming in said, "Why, what 's the matter?" "Oh," said the old gardener, "sir, I just went to peep in, only just to look what was under that cover in the centre of the table, and out jumped this mouse." "Ah, my friend,"

said the gentleman, "do you remember that day in the garden when you blamed Adam for having touched the forbidden fruit; and do you remember how confident you were, that had you been tried, you would not have been so foolish and wicked? I hope now you are satisfied that you are no better than Adam, and that Adam only did what you and I are doing daily. Do not, therefore, be too ready to condemn another for what you would and are doing from day to day."

Now, dear child, sin is any violation of the commands of God. We are all the time trying to make excuses for ourselves,

yet really we have none. Listen to the following story:—

"Oh," cried the little children, "oh, such flowers, and only just inside the fence;" and then stealthy glances were cast up at the windows, the gate passed softly, the beautiful flowers were snatched with a trembling hand, and the little children fled away with beating hearts. Were they now happier because their guilty feet had wandered into forbidden paths? Only a little way had they gone, and lo! they had fallen into sin. The freshness, the fragrance, the beauty of the flowers, were not sufficient to still

the remorseful whisper of conscience. It was only just inside the fence they had been, yet what an ugly mark had sin set upon their fair brows.

Poor little children are we all, forbidden pleasure smiles and beckons to us just inside the fence, our longing glances linger there, our feet stray thitherwards. It is just a little, no one sees us, and we put forth our hands and pluck the flowers whose fatal beauty is a snare to the soul. Only just inside the fence, but that fence is set between us and sin. On one side of it we may walk safely in the king's highway, but the other side leads to

temptation, to folly, and to crime. Once when we have set our feet in the forbidden paths, we go again more boldly, till the time comes when that fence is broken down or destroyed by our reckless indulgence in evil desires. There is no longer a barrier between us and sin. We do not pause or look round stealthily, or tremble as we grasp the coveted pleasure. Our looks have grown impudent and bold, the guilty blood mantles not on our cheeks at the detected sin. The fence is broken down, and we wander without restraint further and further on those inviting paths, whose fatal termi-

nation is the snare, the pitfall, the abyss of darkness and despair. Such beautiful flowers! run from them, touch them not. They are forbidden. Only just inside the fence, is sin, without it is safety. And it matters not what the sin is, be it great or small, we have no peace until we confess the whole, and seek pardon.

Little Harry's father was a poor man, and it was rarely that a cent found its way into Harry's pocket, except on Sunday, when his father would sometimes give him a cent to put into the missionary box. Harry often saw other little boys spending cents for candies and mar-

bles, but it was a hard matter for his father to scrape together enough money to buy bread and clothing with, and he could not afford to give his little boy cents to spend for candy and toys.

One Sabbath, not long since, as Harry was about leaving for Sunday-school, his father called to him and said, "Here, Harry, is a cent for you to put into the missionary box." It was a new, bright cent, and it looked very beautiful to Harry as he took it into his hand, and the thought came into his head, I wish it was mine to keep. Now, what was Harry to do when this wicked thought came into his mind?

Why, he should have driven it right out again, and determined that he would not wish for the cent; and he should have asked God to help him to do what was right. The devil was tempting Harry then, by putting wicked thoughts into his heart, just as he did to Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. And when Harry, instead of saying, as our blessed Saviour did, get thee behind me, Satan, listened to him and began to wish over and over again to keep the cent; then he entered into temptation.

As Harry ran on to Sunday-school, he kept taking the bright cent out of his

pocket and looking at it, and every time he wished more and more that he could keep it. While he was in Sunday-school, he thought of the cent in his pocket, and kept wondering how many marbles it would buy. After the lessons were said, his teacher told Harry to collect the cents for the day. Harry took his hat and went round the class, and after the other cents were put in, he dropped in his own one and sat down. His teacher had gone to the library, and the other boys were looking at their Sunday papers, and, in the course of a very few minutes, Harry and his conscience had a conversation together.

"I have a great mind to take my bright cent out of my hat again," said Harry. "But that will be very wicked," whispered his conscience. "It is mine, anyhow," said Harry. "No, no," whispered conscience, "it is not yours, Harry; your father gave it to you to put into the missionary box." "It will buy eight marbles," said Harry. "It will help to buy Bibles and tracts to send to the heathen," answered conscience. "But I do want it very much, and no one will know it." "Yes, God will know it," said conscience. But Harry would not listen to what his conscience said to him, and just as his

teacher was turning to come back to the class, Harry caught up the bright cent, and put it in his pocket. Then his conscience would make itself heard. It cried out, "You wicked, wicked boy, you are a thief, you are a thief, Harry;" and Harry's cheeks burned like fire.

Poor little Harry went to church, and then went home with the rest of the family; but oh! how unhappy he was all day. That cent in the little side pocket of his coat, seemed to press like lead on his heart. He felt it all the time. He did not think a cent could feel so heavy. When his mother, and brother, and sisters sung

sweet hymns together, he could not join with them, for there was a lump in his throat, which felt as if the cent itself was sticking there.

In the evening, their mother began to question them and talk to them as usual; she made this remark, "that a single sin would call down the anger of God upon us, and if not repented of, would send us to everlasting punishment." Harry left his seat, and came round and stood by his mother, and laid his hand on her shoulder, as she went on talking. She heard a sob, and looking round she saw that Harry was crying as if his little

heart would break. "What is the matter, Harry?" she asked. But Harry only threw himself down on the floor and laid his head in his mother's lap, and cried more bitterly. "Are you sick, my son?" asked his mother. "No, mamma." "What is the trouble, then?" But Harry made no answer except by tears and groans.

When the time came for them to go to bed, Harry went up with the rest, a wretched, unhappy little boy. His brothers were soon asleep, but Harry tossed about on his pillow, and could not sleep or rest. The lump in his throat seemed as if it would choke him, and a great

many times he was on the point of calling to his mother and confessing the whole. After a time he heard his father and mother locking the doors. "Now," said he, "they are going to bed, and if I do not tell mother now, I shall not sleep any to-night." So he sat up in his bed and called "mother." "What, my son," she answered. "Will you come up here one moment; please mother?"

His mother came directly, and he asked her for a drink of water. She gave it to him, and said, "is that all you want, Harry?" "No, mamma," he said, "I cannot sleep till I tell you what a wicked thing I

did to-day." He then told his mother the story of his temptation and his sin. She sat down by him and talked to him for some time, and then told him to get up and kneel down by her, and confess his sin to God. "For though God knows it all," she said, "he requires of us to confess our sins to him."

Harry knelt by his mother, and in broken sentences, mingled with many tears, confessed his sin. After he had laid down in bed again, he said, "Tell me this, mamma, will you always be afraid to trust me after this?" "No, my boy, I shall not be afraid to trust you, for I think you have had a lesson to-day which

you will never forget; but you must not forget to pray daily, that God will keep you from entering into temptation;—good night." His mother kissed him and went into another room to pray for him. In a few minutes she returned and looked at Harry; he was lying with his cheek resting on his hand, the tears were yet glistening on his eye-lashes, but the troubled look had passed away from his face, and he was in a sweet and happy sleep.

But what are we to do when the temptation comes? Why do just what Harry's mother told him to do; pray to God that he will keep you from temptation, and

whenever you are tempted to do anything that only seems to be wrong, stop and think, and pray. This is what the Bible means when it says, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." But can children resist temptation—are they strong enough? No, not without the help of God.

A little boy called Jem Roberts, having been set to weed in a gentleman's garden, observing some very beautiful looking fruit on a tree which grew upon a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck some. "If it tastes but half as nice as it looks," thought he, "how delightful it must be."

He stood for an instant gazing upon the tree, while his mother's words, "Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived he had nearly reached the end of the bed which he had been ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to throw them in the wheelbarrow, which stood near the peach tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful and more tempt-

ing than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still, his heart beat, his mother's command was heard no more, his resolution was gone. He looked around, there was no one but himself in the garden. "They can never miss one out of so many," said he to himself. He made a step, only one, he was now within reach of the prize, he darted forth his hand to seize it, when, at the very moment, a sparrow from a neighboring tree calling to his companions, seemed to his startled ear to say, "Jem, Jem." He sprang back upon the walk, his hand fell by his side, his whole frame shook, and no sooner

had he recovered himself, than he fled from the spot. In a short time afterwards he began thus to reason with himself: "If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure that what I was going to do was very wicked." And now he worked with greater diligence than ever, nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit a great sin. The sparrows chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled at the sound. "You may cry 'Jem, Jem,' said he, looking steadily at the tree in which several were perched, "as often as you like. I

don't care for you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good a friend one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."

Now, every person, man, woman, and child, that have ever lived or are now living, have again and again yielded to temptation, like little Harry. Sometimes, like little Jem, conscience has called loud and frightened us, and thus we have been prevented from doing that which we should have been sorry for all our lives afterwards.

From this, then, we learn that we have done those things which we ought not to

have done, and left undone many things which we ought to have done, and there is naturally no good in us. We have wicked and deceitful hearts, which we cannot trust, and every one of us like sheep have gone astray, are lost, and must perish, unless help is sent to bring us back into the paths of holiness and truth. This I will explain more fully by the following story:—

A little child wandered from its mother's cottage on the prairie, in search of flowers. Pleased with the pursuit, and absorbed in new pleasures, it was nearly night before she thought of returning, and

then she attempted in vain to retrace her steps, and was lost in the pathless meadows. She sat down and wept. She looked in all directions in hope of seeing some one to lead her homeward, but no one appeared. She strained her eyes, now dim with tears, to catch sight of the smoke curling from the cot she had left, but in vain.

She was alone in the wilderness, and hours had passed since she had left her home. A few hours more, and the dark night would be around her, and stars would look down upon her, and her locks would be wet with the dew. She knelt on the ground

and prayed. Her parents in the cottage were beyond the reach of her voice, but her heavenly Father, she knew, was always near, and could hear her feeblest cry. Mary had been taught to say, "our Father," and in this time of sorrow, when friends were far away, and there was none to help, she called upon Him who has said to little children, "*Come to me.*"

Mary had closed her eyes in prayer, and when she opened them she espied a lamb. It was seeking the tenderest herbs among the tall grass, and had strayed away from its mother and the rest of the flock, so that Mary saw at a glance she had a compan-

ion in her loneliness, and her heart was gladdened as if she heard the voice and saw the face of a friend. The lamb was happy also; it played at her side, and took the little tufts of grass from her hand as readily as if she had been its friend from infancy. And then the lamb leaped away, and Mary's heart went out after it, and she followed her heart.

Now the little thing would sport by her side, and then rush forward as if about to forsake her altogether, and so she followed it, without any anxiety as to whither it would lead her. She was lost, she had no friends to help her in her distress.

The lamb had found her in loneliness, and she loved it and loved to follow it, and would go wherever it should go. So she went on, and the sun—a summer's sun—was setting, and her shadow stretched away before her as if she were tall as a tree. She was thinking of home, and wondering if she should ever reach it, when the lamb of a sudden sprang away over a gentle knoll, and as she reached it, her sportive playmate had found the flock from which it had strayed, and they were both within sight of home. *The lamb had led Mary home.*

Now, dear child, do you see the bearing

of this on your own case. You have been tempted, and have wandered from your father's house, in pursuit of the follies and sinful pleasures of life; and oh that, like this child, you may feel your lost and wretched condition. Night, the dark and doleful night of death, is coming on, and dangers are thickening around you; dangers from which there is only one can deliver you. You know that you have a Father in heaven, a forgotten, and neglected, and despised Father, but a Father still; one who is moved with compassion towards you, and waits to be gracious unto you. And, oh, if you will

but lift up your supplications to Him, then, like this lost child with the eye of faith just now blinded with the tears of grief, because you have wandered, you will catch a sight of the lamb, even the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, and which can take away your sin, and, like hers, your heart will go after the Lamb, and you will follow him whithersoever he goeth. Till at last he will lead you through the dark valley, and from thence to your Father's house, where are fountains of living waters, and where God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

REDEMPTION.

Contents.

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II.

Redemption.

As I sat thinking in my chair one day about the little boys and girls to whom I preach and for whom I write, I had a kind of waking dream. I dreamed that an angel came, and touching me said, "Come with me." He carried me up above the world, and, as we passed from place to place, I looked below and saw groups of little boys and girls. Some were

doing what was right, others what was wrong.

Now, as we passed along, I looked, and there were a company of little boys, and I overheard them planning how they might rob an apple orchard, and I saw that the angel with me had a book in his hand and a pen; and he took and wrote something in that book with the pen. Again I saw some little girls, and they were quarrelling among themselves, and using angry words, and calling each other very improper names, and I saw the angel take his pen and write again in that book. A little further off I saw a little boy strug-

gling with his kind mother, and refusing to obey her, pulling, and slapping, and crying. The angel again with that pen wrote something in that book. So I said to the angel, "Pray, sir, what do you write in that book for?" He replied, "I am the Recording Angel. This book is the record." "And for what purpose do you keep it?" I said. He replied, "out of this every man, woman, and child is to be tried." "Do you write down the good things as well as the bad?" I asked. "Certainly," he said. "And what," I asked, "will be done to those who have done evil." "The soul that sinneth it

shall die," he answered. "And have all those little boys and girls that we have seen, sinned?" I said. "Certainly they have; there is none that liveth and sinneth not," the angel answered. "But is there no way to save them from this death?" I asked.

The angel then reminded me of the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and told me how God at first made them both happy and immortal, but they disobeyed God and forgot his threatening saying, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die." So he said it must be with all these children; they have sinned

and must therefore be punished. When I heard it I began to get very sorrowful, and was ready to cry for the dear little ones thus condemned. Just then another angel came to me more bright and glorious than the first; his countenance was beautiful, and on his face he had a sweet and pleasant smile, so I asked him his name, and he replied, "I am Mercy. I am come to tell you how those little children can be saved from death, so wipe away those tears and listen. Go preach to them and write it in a book, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He left the house of God,

the company of holy angels, and all that was happy and holy, and came to earth to bleed and die that they might live. Only let them believe on him and love him and serve him, and they shall be saved."

So, in obedience to Almighty God, who made, preserves, and protects you, in the name of that Jesus who came to save you, and died that you might live, and in the name of the Holy Ghost, which is to sanctify and cleanse you from all iniquity, I come and tell you that you are sinners, and that Christ Jesus came into the world to save you all.

I. Who, I ask, did Christ come to save?

Not the holy angels now in heaven around the throne, who excel in strength, who love to obey and serve him. Not the grown-up people or little children that have never sinned. Oh, no! he did not come to the righteous, but to the wicked. He came to save sinners. Those who hated Him, refused to obey Him, and who were lost; for whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly.

You may take a heavy weight and lay it upon a living boy, and he would feel it; it would press him down, and cause him to cry out and groan in agony. But if you were to take the same weight and

place it upon a dead boy, it might press him down, but there would be no cry or groan heard. And why? Because one is alive and the other dead. Anything alive is full of feeling, but what is dead has no feeling, suffers no pain, and utters no voice.

So, my dear children, it is with you. You are dead in trespasses and sins. You do not feel your sins. Yet for all that you have a load, and a heavy load too, for you were born a child of wrath, and you have ever since, by your sins, been increasing the load and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

I ask you one and all, do you feel this load? if not, you are dead. And though others may think you a very good little boy or girl, very amiable and kind, loving and affectionate, yet God, who looks at the heart, considers you a dead body. "I know thy works," says he, "for thou art dead."

If I was to ask you, is that little boy sitting by your side a sinner, you would reply very promptly, yes, sir. And if I was to say is that dear little girl whom all love a sinner, you would say certainly she is, for all are sinners. But if I was to say, you are a sinner, most likely it

would make you angry, and you would be ready to say, what right have you to say that of me? You don't know me. It may be that I never saw you. Yet I know this much about you; you are a sinner, and your conscience tells you I am right. You have not only sinned once, but a great many times. How many hairs have you on your head? Now, though I never saw you, I will answer not so many as the sins which you have committed. Oh how many they must be! Did you ever see a gust of wind blow up a cloud of dust, so that you could see nothing? Your sins are thicker than that

cloud, and more in number than the grains of dust it raises. Therefore, says God by the prophet Isaiah, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me for I have redeemed thee."

II. Tell me what did Christ Jesus come to do?

He did not come to save the poor body. That has got to die and be buried, to become the food of worms, and return to dust; and if you were to go to a vault fifteen or twenty years after a man has been buried, you might be able to gather all the dust that is left of him in the hollow

of your hand. Oh, no, it's not the body, but it's the soul, the immortal soul; something that has got to live after the body is dead; to live and never die.

There was a Sunday-school teacher one day speaking to his boys about their souls, their value and their immortality, and he asked them each, saying, "You have a soul, have you not?" They all answered "yes, sir," except one, who answered "no." "What, not got a soul?" he said, "you are mistaken." "No, sir, I have no soul." The other boys thought him foolish, and his teacher thought he had been speaking all in vain. So he said, "Little

boy, you are mistaken, you must have a soul." "No, sir, I have not," he replied; "once I had, but I found I could not keep it, so I went and gave it to Jesus Christ, and asked him to keep it for me." Dear little fellow, he knew more than all the other boys put together, and his teacher besides, for he taught his teacher a very important lesson.

But have you, dear children, gone and given your soul to Jesus? You cannot keep it yourselves, and it's only safe in his hands. But the great difficulty is, that children will not think about their souls at all. They don't feel themselves

to be sinners, and therefore they do not feel the want of a Saviour. Now, why is this? I will tell you, something else is in the heart, and there is no room for God. A little folly may fill the heart, and a single sin may so blind and absorb the soul, that there shall be no room for anything else.

A gentleman said he was once trying to converse with the captain of a whale ship, on the great importance of religion and the worth of the soul, when he interrupted him saying: "It is no use, no use, your conversation will have no effect. No, sir, no effect whatever. I cannot

hear or understand you. I know nothing about what you are talking upon. I have been out twenty-one months looking for whales, whales, nothing but whales. I have been ploughing the mighty deep in search of whales, and, sir, I am bound to have a whale. And now, sir, if you could look into my heart, you would see nothing but a whale there."

That was frank, honest, and true. And shows us that every one has his idol, and if I could look into the hearts of my little readers, what should I see there? In a little girl's heart I should see that idol, self, set up, and every one expected to re-

spect and pay homage, and herself falling down to it; it is the whale of her heart. If I was to look into a little boy's heart, I should see greediness set up as his idol, and everything made to feed and strengthen it. Grasping everything, whether wanted or not; it is the whale of his heart. Others may have bags of gold, bonnets with feathers and flowers, and nobody knows what all. Remember then, dear children, that you can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor know anything of God and your soul, while there is a whale in your heart. Pray that God may help you to cast it out.

But this is not the way with all, some will listen, and when you tell them all the beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell; when you tell them how Christ loved men, sinful men, they will feel some desire to see and know for themselves.

There are salt mines in Germany, deep under the ground. The miners there have their families with them, and sometimes it happens that their little children having been born there, never see the light of day. By the feeble light of the miner's lamp, they see such objects as a salt mine furnishes. On one occasion a boy, who had been from his birth in these

deep caverns, was visited by a traveller, who began to talk of what he had seen and enjoyed under the warmth and rays of the sun, describing the sky, and the fields, and the rivers, and a great many other things presented to the view of those who live above ground, where the sun shines.

The boy pointed the traveller to the arched galleries made of mineral salt, and to their dazzling splendor, from which the light of a thousand lamps was reflected; and asked if that was not a scene as brilliant as he could wish to see. The traveller tapped him on the shoulder, and

told him that the gloomiest day above ground, was brighter far than the most brilliant light that ever met his eyes in that deep mine; and again told him of the sun in the heavens.

From that hour the boy's thoughts ran in a new channel. His former enjoyments grew wearisome, and he began to look upon the mine as no better than a prison. His lamps and their bright lustre reflected from transparent salt columns, lost all attraction. *I long to see the sun*, was the burden of his prayer. When his mother asked if anything was the matter, he would reply, *I long to see the sun.* Nor

would he rest till his eyes beheld what he longed for, *the sun.*

Ah, dear children, this is just what the soul feels when told from above of something better than the glittering lustre of this earth, which is grand and attractive only to those who never have known anything better or more glorious. Like that traveller, I come to you and find you down in the dark mines of sin and death, and tell you of the Christian Sun, the Sun of Righteousness, that is shining about the path of all God's people, and tell you of its warmth, its light, and its beauty. It is a far brighter sun than that which

shines in our heavens. Oh that you, like the little boy, may never rest satisfied until you have seen this sun, felt his warmth and love, and rested in his light.

There are some who see the necessity of others being saved, but have no thought of themselves. I have heard of a little Irish girl whose father was very sick, supposed to be dying, stopping a minister one day on the road as he was passing, saying, "Oh, sir, please come and see my father, he is dying." "But, my little girl," he replied, "you are Roman Catholics, and I am a Protestant minister; go for your priest." "Oh no, sir,

the priest will not come. Father is poor and been sick a long time, and we have no money left, and the priest will not come unless we pay him."

So the minister went, and she led him to one of those poor miserable kind of cabins that the Roman Catholic Irish live in. There he found the sick man. The little girl went up to him and said, "Father, I have brought a priest. Come, sir, and save my father's soul." "I cannot save your father's soul," he said, "but there is one who can." "Then tell me quick where he lives, and I will go fifty miles to fetch him." He then spoke to

THE MINISTER AND THE DYING MAN.

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them both about Jesus, and told them what they must do to be saved; that is believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

But I do not ask you to save your father's or your mother's soul, it's your own that must be first done. Have you, then, believed and prayed? Have you ever searched diligently that you might find Jesus? There is many a heathen boy that will rise up in judgment against you if you do not, for they do not know what you do. They hardly ever heard of Jesus, but yet some of them have sought him and found him.

As a lady was sitting in the verandah

of her house, somewhere in India, reading, the insects of most beautiful color were humming all around her, and the birds singing and flying from tree to tree. As she bent over her book a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes upon the page before her, she thought she heard the tramp of feet, as if somebody was running, and almost instantaneously a strange looking figure bounded through the opening of the hedge which served as a gateway, and rushing towards her, with great eagerness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

It was a boy perhaps twelve years of age, his coarse black hair unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps, and crouched at the lady's feet. "What do you want of Jesus Christ," inquired the lady. "I want to see him, I want to confess to him." "Why what have you been doing that you want

to confess?" "Does he live here?" with great earnestness he inquired, "I want to know that. Doing? why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the teachers say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh tell me where I can find Jesus Christ?" "But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly." "I want to stop doing wickedly, but I cannot stop; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?" "Nothing but come to Christ,

poor boy, like all the rest of us; but you cannot see Jesus Christ now." She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair. "But," she continued, "I am one of his humble followers and friends."

His little face brightened up as she went on saying, "He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell to him, to do so." The joyful eagerness manifested in the poor boy's countenance, was beyond description. "Tell me, oh tell me; only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life. Do not be angry. Do not send me

away. I want to be saved; saved from hell."

The lady then preached to him Jesus, and told him how he came and kept God's law, and then died, and is now ascended up into heaven to intercede and pray for us. Oh that every one of you would seek Christ as earnestly as he did. You know where to find Him, and you know how He can save you from hell.

III. Let us then see how Jesus Christ does save us?

He pitied us. Yes, but pity and mercy of themselves could not save us. He might have pitied us forever in heaven,

but if he had not come down and died, it would have done us no good, for pity could not save us. We hear a great deal about God's mercy, but God might have been merciful in heaven, but not merciful towards us, and what benefit would it have been? none whatever. We want something more than pity, because there is something to be done away with. Now I will give you a story that will explain what I mean.

There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. The father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and tried in

vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to reform. One day the father said to Amos, "Come here, my son, and see; here is a hammer and a keg of nails, and there is a wall. I wish you every time you do what is wrong, to drive one of these nails into the wall." Amos said, "Well, father, I will."

Before long, Amos came to his father and said with a bold and impudent face, and no sense of shame about him, but rather boasting of his sins, "The keg is empty; I have used all the nails; come and see." The father went to the spot, and found the wall perfectly black with

nails. He said to his son, "Amos, have you done something wrong for every one of these nails?" "Yes, father," said Amos. The father said sorrowfully, "What a bad boy you must be, Amos; why will you not turn about and be a good boy;" and as his father said it, he could not help the tear starting in his eye. Amos saw it, and he thought if his father shed tears about it, something must be very wrong; so after remaining thoughtful for a few moments, he said, "Father, I will try." "Then," said his father, "take again the hammer, and for everything that is right which you have done, draw out a nail and

put it in the keg." In a few weeks the boy came and said, "Come, father, and see, the nails are all back into the keg again; see, the keg is full." "I am glad of it, my son; but, Amos, look, the holes are left. Yes, the holes are left, the marks that sin has made, and they must be filled up or removed, and how is this to be done?" That's the question, who or what can fill them up or rub them out?

One afternoon, a mother was sitting with her little son in her lap. She was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself in drawing with a pencil and paper for

the first time. Suddenly his busy fingers stopped; he had made a mistake, and wetting his finger, he tried again and again to rub it out, as he had been in the habit of doing on his slate. "My son," said his mother, "there are some things you can never rub out; do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes down every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulder, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheek.

His mother's eye was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more; at length he threw his arms around her neck and sobbed out, "*The blood of Jesus can rub it out, mother.*" Yes, precious little boy, the blood of Jesus, it can fill up the holes made by Amos' nails, and it can rub out every sin written in God's book against us. But not unless you trust him, children, and pray to him, and repent and reform. Go to him, then, and feel that he is near you, like your father and mother, and able and willing to help and do more for you than they can. Trust him and he will pardon, help, and save you.

Go to the fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness, and filled with his own precious blood, and you shall wash and be made clean. Every stain shall be washed away, and every wound healed. Nothing else but blood can wash away sin, and nothing else but blood could redeem us and make us free, for we were "not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." This is the price that God asked and what Christ paid; and if he had not paid it, we should have been forever slaves to the devil.

In southern Africa, unknown except to

merchant vessels, and where no Christian missionary has ever gone, there lived an aged negro. He was often employed by ship captains; though in this way he had often mixed with Englishmen, he had never heard of the true God. In the prospect of death which he knew must be approaching, he became very unhappy. Conscience began to assert its right to be heard, and he was made to feel that he was a sinner. But he being ignorant of a Saviour, his convictions were altogether useless, and day by day his grief increased.

Whilst retiring one day from his bodily

labors, he sat alone in a retired spot, and wept and groaned aloud. A British sailor was passing, he saw the old man, he pitied his sad condition, and asked what ailed him. The answer was very sad: "Me very old, me very bad man, me know not what to do, me must die." The sailor answered lightly, himself being ignorant of the way of salvation, "Oh, if you were in our land, you would hear of the Christian's God who paid the debt," and so passed on and left him.

These words were music to the old man's soul. This was what he needed and desired, and he determined to know

more of this great and kind God. He went to a captain who was about to sail for England, and with tears, kneeling, he begged for permission to sail in the vessel; he would do anything, no matter how disagreeable; he would work night and day, only let him go. The captain, moved by his tears and entreaties, consented.

When the ship arrived in London, the old man fancied that now he had arrived in this happy land, all would be well. He left the ship, and the first person he met he asked "To tell him of the Christian's God who paid the debt." The man

laughed at him and thought him a fool, for he was himself a wicked and thoughtless man, who cared for none of these things. Not discouraged, he went on asking the same question of every one he met. They thought him mad. Some gave him of the bread that perisheth, but there seemed to be none to tell him of that bread which came down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

A Sabbath dawned while the old man still sought for this God. He stopped a person on the street again, and asked if he could tell him. He pointed to a place where many persons were entering, and

told him to go there and he would hear all about it. Joyfully he went, but, alas! it was an Unitarian place of worship, where he heard of the man Christ, but not the incarnate God. He did not want the Christian's man, who had paid the debt, but the Christian's God who had paid the debt, and no one else would answer.

Disappointed and heart-sick, he again set out on his melancholy way, with his inquiry ever on his lips. He met a gentleman; he asked him if he did not know the Christian's God who paid the debt. The gentleman said yes, and told him to go there, pointing to a church at a little

distance. Thither he bent his steps, his kind friend went with him, and told the door-keeper to put him on the front seat. His friend was the minister of that church. During the first part of the service, the old man sat quietly, but when the minister gave for his text the words, "Who himself bear our sins in his own body on the tree," and then asked, "Is there any one here who wishes to hear of the Christian's God who paid the debt?" The old man sprang up and exclaimed, "*Yes, it's me, it's me!*" The minister answered, "This, then, is he," and he preached to him Christ and him crucified.

The tears ran down the old man's cheeks during the whole sermon, for he had found the Christian's God who had paid the debt for him also. And have you, children, no debt that you owe to God? Oh, yes, you have a debt so great and heavy, that it is utterly impossible for you ever to pay it. Somebody else must pay it for you, because you are poor and have nothing to pay. Angels cannot pay it. The richest man on earth cannot pay it. Nor can all that the world is worth pay it, it is so great. But the Christian's God has paid that debt. Jesus is the Christian's God, and he says if any one will believe

on him, they shall not perish, but have everlasting life. And to encourage you he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But, dear children, if that debt is not paid, God will send forth his officer death, and he will deliver you into the hands of the Judge at the day of judgment, and he will pronounce the awful sentence against you, saying, "Take and bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for he shall have his portion in the lake of fire and brimstone,

prepared for the devil and his angels." Into that prison he shall go to all eternity. But if you will come to Jesus, and believe upon him, then you shall go to live with him forever in heaven. Now what security have we that this debt has been paid; what is our receipt?

There was a little Sunday-school boy taken very dangerously ill, and his teacher went to visit him. He asked him if he was happy, and felt secure about going to heaven. The little boy had lost his speech, but, putting his finger to the palm of his other hand, kept pointing to it and smiling. His teacher did not understand

it, and asked him again if he was happy, and what was his hope for heaven. Again he pointed more earnestly than before. His mother said, "You do not seem to understand him, he means to say that he is happy, and sure of heaven because Jesus Christ was pierced for him." That little boy died with his eyes fixed on a crucified Jesus. Those marks in the palms of his hands, made by the nails, were his receipt.

And if we could now lift up our eyes to heaven, and look within the veil, we should see Jesus standing before the throne of God, with the scratches of the

thorns on his forehead, with the wound made by the spear in his side, and holding out his hands with the holes that the nails made, to remind God of what he has done for those who believe on Him.

Come, then, dear children, and look upon him whom your sins have pierced, and weep and mourn to think how wicked you have been. Love him who has so loved you, that he was willing to lay down his life for you, to die that you might live. And go and sin no more, pray that he may be your Saviour and your friend, and when you come to die, may you be able not only to point to the

wounds as your security, but may you be able to lay to rest your dying head upon his bosom, for, as the hymn beautifully says,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

REPENTANCE.

Contents.

What is repentance?—Different kinds of repentances.—The story of Robert and James playing truant.—Visit to Aunt Mary.—The little kitten.—The beautiful rose.—What happened?—Who did it?—How found out.—Something about little Annie.—Her clean frock.—The consequences of doing what she was forbidden to do.—How she tried to hide it.—Where her mother found her.—What her father said.—What is sin like?—How washed away?—The little boy who broke a dish.—A pretty little note.—The lost thimble.—The proof of real repentance.—The story of James.—The fine plums.—His fall.—His torn jacket.—His determination for the future.—The little girl who was angry with her little brother.—How she felt afterwards.

III.

Repentance.

When a little boy or girl does what is right, you never call upon them to repent, because repentance has nothing to do with what is good, but only with what is wrong or bad. If they do anything against us which we consider to be wrong, and which we know they ought not to do, we do not forgive them unless they repent. Now repentance means to change your

mind, to be sorry for what you have done, and to do so no more. Yet there are very few grown up people and children who seem to know what true, real repentance means. No man, woman, or child can repent of themselves. Repentance is something which God gives to each one of us, so that no one repents or knows how to repent, but those who are taught by the Holy Spirit. Two persons may do the very same thing, but feel very differently about it, and act very differently about it. They may both know it is very wrong, but only one of them, perhaps, may repent. So it was with Robert

and James, two boys that lived in the same neighborhood and went to the same school.

One fine morning they set out together for school as usual, but instead of going there, they hid their books in a deep hole in a rock on the road side, and went away over the meadows, and played about there the whole day. The sun shone brightly, and the tall green trees looked beautiful, with the little streams running by them sparkling in the light. The boys were delighted for some time with gathering nuts, watching the birds in their nests, and chasing butterflies and bees. But

do you think they felt quite easy and pleasant.

When grown up people or children do anything that is wrong, something says in their hearts, this is a sin, God will be angry. That something is called conscience. Conscience told James and Robert "It is very pleasant to be here, but it is not right." Our duty is whatever we ought to do. Conscience whispered; "It is your duty to be at school." We shall see presently which of them listened most to it.

At last the hour came when school time was over and the boys were expected

home. They hastened back, got their books, and went each to his father's house. Their parents did not ask them any questions, and after supper they went to bed. James was alone in his room, and when he should go to his evening prayer, he began to think what he did to-day was very wrong. My father and mother were hard at work, and I was idle. I sinned against God, I deceived my parents, and made myself unhappy.

Tears came into his eyes, and he knelt down to confess his sins to God and cry for pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ. Just then he heard a noise in

the next room, and a light flashed through the door. It was his father, who came up to look for some papers that he wanted. James was very glad, for he wished to speak to him, so he called, "Father, father, come here for a few minutes." His father went in, and James told him all that had happened. He was very sorry to hear that his son had done wrong, but said he would forgive him, because he saw his sin, and showed that he was really sorry, by confessing it. Thus, though not threatened with punishment, you see he repented. But Robert, did he repent?

As he lay in bed waiting for some one to come to take away the light, he also thought of the day, but he would not listen to his conscience. He said to himself: "How well it was that we were not found out to-day. I came home just in good time. My father saw me running in with my books under my arm, and suspected nothing. We must soon do so again, and then we 'll go to the pond and sail in a boat; but if we went to-morrow, our master would come to know what kept us two days from school. The door just then opened, and in walked his mother. "Well, my boy," she said, "do

you want anything, are you comfortable?" "Yes, mother, but I should like a cup of water."

There was no water in the room, so his mother went all the way to the pump for some good and fresh, and gave him a drink. When he had taken it, his kind mother said, "How did you get on at school to-day, did you say your lessons correctly?" This question took Robert a little by surprise, and conscience began to trouble him again. "Yes, mother," he said in a low voice, and laid down to sleep. His mother took the light and went away. Thus Robert sinned more

and more, and ended the day with a lie. The hymn says,

> "He that does one fault at first,
> And lies to hide it, makes it two."

And the Bible says, "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy."

Now there are four things which make a true repentance.

I. It is necessary to know what sin is.

This I will explain by the following story of a little girl, told by herself:—

"I was visiting my Aunt Mary. I was

named for her, and she took a great interest in me. I was anxious to do all I could to please her, for she was a great favorite among the children. One day Kate Ray, who lived next door, came in to see me. The little kitten was in the parlor, and we had a great frolic with it. By and by I held it up to catch a fly on the window, and it was quite funny to see it try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new blown tea-rose, which Aunt Mary thought a great deal of. 'Take care,' said Kate, 'or puss may jump on it.' But I thought more of the fun than anything else, when suddenly it made a

spring at the fly, and in doing so snapped the stem of the beautiful rose. 'What will your aunt say,' cried Kate. 'Oh, dear.'

"We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept falling down again; at last we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as it did before. 'I must go, now,' said Kate, "for there is no more fun for us.' 'Had I better tell Aunt Mary, or let her find it out,' I asked myself. 'Tell her, certainly,' said a voice within, 'when an accident happens always make it known to those who ought to know it. Why not?' But I was afraid, and kept delaying, and went off to

grandmother's room. Then she told me how to fix my patchwork, and so the time passed on until the afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see Aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlor. 'Oh that rose,' thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long, when the flowers were talked about, and Aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose. 'Why, it is faded—broken,' she said. 'How did this happen? Mary, do you know anything about it?' I felt frightened, and answered quickly, 'No ma'am.' No sooner were the words out, than I began to feel very bad indeed. 'Worse and worse,' I

said to myself, 'why did I not say puss and I did it? Why did I not tell the truth about it?' Now I knew perfectly well that Aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not mean to do it. I had not been as careful as I ought, but I know she would have forgiven me. My sin was that I told a lie.

"Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house, but no one could tell how it was done. Pussy could not tell, and I was afraid to. The idea of being caught in an untruth, and by Aunt Mary too, who was so truthful herself, and so very kind

to me, was dreadful. 'What shall I do,' I cried, 'and where shall I go; I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit.' I had no appetite for supper, my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When Aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said in her sweet way, 'Good night, my dear child,' I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

"Two days passed away. On the third I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma. It was in the forenoon, and while I was dressing, the front door opened, and Kate Ray's

voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back upon me. She 'll tell, she 'll tell! I thought; oh what a tumult I was in. Presently my name was called. 'I'm found out,' I cried, and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. Mary, Mary, they called. No Mary answered. After awhile there were footsteps in the entry. 'Oh my mother, my mother!' I cried. 'I wish my mother was here. Will not God help me?' Somebody came into my room and walked straight up to the closet door. The door opened, and there stood Aunt Mary herself. 'My dear child,' she said anxiously,

'what is the matter, how came you here?' Then for the first time I burst into tears, and what a relief it was. She placed me on the bed and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked. After a while she spoke, and then only said, 'How true what the Bible says, "The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."'

Now from this sad story, you see that there may be a knowledge of sin, that is to say, you may know what is a sin, but that is not repentance, it is only a part

of it, the first part, for unless we know it to be a sin, we shall never repent and turn away from it.

II. If we know what is sin, and are taught of God, we shall be sorry for sin.

I do not mean sorry for having done anything which is wrong for fear of being punished, but sorry because it was wrong to do it; and because it was doing something forbidden by God, who is so good and kind.

There was once a little girl called Annie. I will not now tell you what kind of a little girl she was, but you shall hear what happened to her. Her nurse one

morning washed and dressed her as usual. She had on a clean white frock, and she went skipping and jumping down stairs in great glee and full of her morning joy; not going down the stairs as grown up people do, first one foot and then the other; but both feet together, a step at a time. She had to pass the drawing-room door before she reached the room where her mother was. The door was a little open, and Annie peeped in. Then she thought she would just look at the pretty things, and round the room she went on tiptoe, till she came to a small table, with an inkstand, and pens and writing paper

on it. There was one pen left standing in the ink, and Annie, who was very fond of scribbling, forgot that her mother had often told her not to touch pen and ink without asking leave, so she amused herself with them for some time.

At last, when she was dipping her pen into the ink, a large thick piece of the bottom stuck to it, and in her hurry to shake it off, a great drop of ink fell upon her clean white frock. Oh, you would have been sorry for Annie, had you seen her just then. First her face was very red, and then it was very white, and she trembled all over. Then her merry eyes looked

quite sad, for they were full of tears, which rolled down her cheeks like an April shower. "But what must I do?" she thought. "I will go and tell my mother how naughty I have been; but then she will be angry with me, because she told me not to do it, and she will punish me. Oh, I will go up stairs again, and try to wash it out, and then I can dry it at the fire, and nobody will know."

So she set off up stairs again, and she found the nursery empty, for nurse was gone down. Then she went to the basin and got the soap, and dipped her ink spot in the water, and she rubbed it and wrung

it out; but still there was a mark on her frock. And as she was not used to such work, she splashed herself all over, and her clean white frock was no longer white and clean, but wet from top to bottom. Oh, what must Annie do? The spot will not come out, though she has rubbed it till her little hands are sore. She hears a footstep on the stairs; it is her mother, anxious to see what had become of her dear child. Did Annie run to meet her as usual, and throw her little arms round her neck and kiss her? No, she felt afraid of her own dear mother, for she had been doing wrong, so she ran and hid her-

self behind the door. Silly child, what good could that do her, for her mother was sure to find her. And then, too, she was such a kind mother, and would have forgiven her directly if she had told her all the truth.

"Where is my dear Annie," she said as she entered the nursery, but no one spoke. She began to feel rather alarmed, and was leaving the room to call the nurse, when she heard a sob from behind the door, and, to her great surprise, found little Annie there, her eyes red with weeping, her clean frock wet and crushed, and a large dark spot upon it. "What have

you been doing, my dear child?" she said.

Annie's heart softened when she saw her dear mother's tenderness, and she ran to her and hid her face in her dress, and said as well as her sobs would permit, "Oh, mother, I have been so naughty. I have been doing what you told me not to do. I have been using the pen and ink in the drawing-room, and I have inked my clean frock, and I thought you would be angry, and I came up stairs to try and wash it out, but I cannot; it will not come out whatever I do," and she again burst into tears.

The kind mother sat down and took little Annie upon her knee, then she talked very kindly to her, and told her what sorrow she had brought upon herself by not doing as she was bid; and as she saw that Annie was truly sorry for what she had done, she freely forgave her. Then she took the wet frock off, lest she should take cold, and put on another. "But, dear mother," said Annie, "what must be done with my frock? it is quite spoiled with that large dark spot." Her mother smiled, and going to a drawer, took out of it a little wooden box, full of a white powder. Then she dipped the

dark spot in Annie's frock in hot water, and rubbed some of the powder on it with her finger, and the spot grew lighter and lighter, till it was quite pale, and at last there was no spot at all. Then Annie was very glad, and she clapped her hands for joy.

Then her mother took her down into the breakfast room, where they found Annie's father, who wondered what had become of them. He was grieved when he saw his little girl with such red eyes, for he was afraid she had been naughty; and he looked very sad and very grave, and did not take Annie into his arms and

kiss her as usual, but he looked at her mother to tell him what had been the matter.

So she told him all about it, and how sorry Annie was that she had been so naughty. Then she crept quite close to him, and with tears said, "Dear father, forgive me." So he kissed his little girl, wiped away her tears, and, lifting her upon his knee, gave her her breakfast. But she could not eat much, for she was both sorry and glad; sorry that she had grieved her kind parents, and glad that they had forgiven her. Afterwards her father said to her, "Do you know that

in disobeying your mother, you sinned against God, for God has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother?' You must ask him to forgive you, too. Sin is like the dark ink-spot on your frock, it is on your heart, and as you could not make your frock clean again, whatever you did, so you cannot make your heart clean, however good you try to be. But as there was one thing which could take away the ink-spot out of your frock, so there is one thing, and one only, which will take away your sins, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ. The Bible tells us that his blood cleanseth from all sin. So,

my dear child, you must ask God for Christ's sake, to forgive you and to wash away your sins in the blood of Christ." So Annie left her father's knee, went up stairs into the nursery, and kneeled down by her little bed, and did as her father had told her.

Here, you see, was a little girl that knew what sin was, and when she had committed it, felt very sorry, but this was not repentance, only a part of it.

III. For the offender must go to God and acknowledge it; that is confession.

The Bible says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the

truth is not in us: if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Whenever we sin, that is, do what we know to be wrong, we bring trouble upon ourselves and sorrow; we become afraid and feel miserable. Everything seems to be talking about it, and looking at us, as much as to say, "Oh, how naughty it was."

Now there is but one way that I know of to be happy again, and get rid of all this misery, and that is to go and confess your sin. If you have injured any person, or disobeyed them, first go and ask their

pardon, then go to your closet and ask God also to forgive you.

I remember reading of a little boy, not seven years old, who, in the absence of his parents, carelessly broke a valuable dish. When his father returned at evening, he told him what he had done, and said he was very sorry, and would not do so again; and asked his father to forgive him. This his father cheerfully did, and told the child he loved him, and did not mind the loss of the dish because he had told him the truth about it. The next morning one of the family asked the little boy if he had told his father what he had

done the day before. "O, yes," said he, "and father forgave me; I knew he would, for the Bible says, 'he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy.'"

Here is a pretty little note a very young girl wrote to her mother:

"DEAR MOTHER,—It was I that lost your thimble. I was afraid to own it. I have felt dreadful since I told you I didn't know. Mother, will you forgive me? I told it all to God. I prayed to him.

"From your sorry daughter,

"HANNAH."

This was dropped into her mother's hand by one of the little girls, and it is, you see, a confession of sin. For days

and nights, perhaps, this child suffered under the consciousness of guilt, and it took away all her comfort; until at last, no longer able to bear the burden, she came and confessed it.

This brings up an important principle in our moral nature, and one which children should early understand and act upon. It is this, that if you have done wrong, you will never have, as I have before said, real peace of mind until you have confessed it. And a confession, to be worth anything, must spring from a real sorrow for the fault, and a real desire to do better for the time to come.

But confession, in itself, does not repair the injury or heal the breach which our faults have made. Suppose Hannah had gone and bought another thimble, more beautiful and costly than the one she had lost, besides the confession which she made; this would have been trying to make reparation. That is, to make up for the loss, which in some cases can be done when we have wronged another. In other cases it cannot; as if a boy, in a fit of passion, had put his brother's eye out, he might confess his sin and feel deeply sorry for what he had done, but he could not restore the lost eye. Now, in doing

wrong, you must remember that you not only offend against your fellow-being, but against God himself.

In telling a lie about the lost thimble, Hannah not only deceived her mother, but she tried to deceive God, and broke one of his laws, and the Bible says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Will confession save us here? Will minding for future make up for our sin? Oh, no, and here it is that Jesus Christ comes to our help as our Saviour and Almighty friend. He has borne our sins in his own body on the cross. By his stripes we are healed. In confessing our sins to God,

we have no reparation to make, and no future punishment to suffer, for Christ has done it all, and we can plead for Christ's sake that he would forgive us all our sins.

Is there no secret burden on your heart, little reader? little it may be, but is it not there? Are you not uneasy, dissatisfied, longing for a peace you do not feel? A child though you be, do you not often sigh that you are not a better child? Oh, there is something wrong which you have done, and now what will you do, what ought you to do? Let me tell you—go to God and say, "Father, I have sinned

against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy child;" confess your sins humbly and sincerely, and pray to him for the sake of his dear Son to forgive you. But when you have done this, this is not all repentance; there is something more, and the most important of all.

IV. You must determine, by God's help, to forsake sin.

I said this is the most important, because it is a proof that we know what an evil thing sin is. That we have felt how miserable it makes us, and that we have been enabled by God's grace to confess

it with shame. As it is the most important, so it is the hardest of all to put in practice. Whilst we are smarting and suffering for having sinned, we may find it easy to keep from doing the same thing again, but when we get over it and forget it, it is astonishing to see how weak our resolutions are, and how many vain excuses we make to deceive ourselves, about its not being exactly the same thing, or else the circumstances are different. Though it was wrong before, it may not be wrong now, besides which no one will know it; or else it will be only this once, and then we will give it up.

James was slowly walking to school one fine summer morning, when looking over the fence of old Mr. L.'s orchard, he saw a fine plum-tree, loaded with bright red fruit. He laid down his book, looked first one way and then the other, to see if anybody was coming, then, placing his feet on a high rock, began to make preparation for climbing the fence. "I'll first go and see if there are any on the ground," thought he. "It would be stealing to take one off the tree, but if there should be any fallen off, I might just as well have them as the little birds and insects. I am sure it will not be stealing.

I do want to taste them so," he said, smacking his mouth; "they look so red and ripe, I'm sure they must be sweet."

Now if James really thought he was doing nothing wrong, why did he look all about him first? After scratching his hand and soiling his clean clothes, James found himself on the other side of the fence, safe in the orchard. Once more he looked to see if anybody was coming, and then ran off as fast as possible towards the plum tree, which stood at some distance. But while running so fast, he hit his foot against a stone, and down he fell. James was just going to cry out,

because he had hurt his foot, when he remembered that somebody might hear him and come to his assistance, and then he would be caught. After recovering a little from his fall, he began to think of his good mother, who had dressed him that morning so neat and clean, who twice had heard him say over his geography lesson, in order that he might be fully prepared at his class, and had charged him not to stop on the way lest he should be late at school. Now he was a miserable, dirty boy, afraid to see his mother, and ashamed to go to school.

He however resolved, notwithstanding

the pain in his foot, to go on to school, and never again be guilty of attempting to take a red plum, or anything else that did not belong to him. But just as he was going he looked at the sleeve of his jacket, and beheld a large rent in it, so that he was not fit to be seen at school. "Oh that fence," thought he; "if I had never got over that fence, I should not have got my clean clothes all torn and dirty; what shall I do? What shall I tell mother?"

James hesitated a moment, and then, like a wise boy, and a manly one, he determined to go home and confess the

whole; so he took up his book, and with a heavy heart slowly retraced his steps. On his way he met Mr. L., the owner of the orchard, who was a kind old gentleman, and had often patted James on the head, and called him a good boy. The moment James saw him, he crossed over to the other side of the road, and quickly passed on without raising his head.

On arriving at home, he told his mother the whole story. She felt very sorry to hear such an account from her son, in whom she had always placed so much confidence. "James," said she, as she was preparing to mend the rent in his

sleeve, "how often do you think you have repeated the words, 'Lead me not into temptation?'" "Oh, mother," exclaimed James, "a great many times, ever since I was a little boy." "Did you ever really understand what you were saying?" "Mother, I understand now that those bright red plums tempted me to steal. I never will be tempted by them again. I'll go to school on the other side of the road after this." "Oh, my son, you will be often led into temptation, unless you sincerely ask to be delivered. Have you kept that paper safe I gave you the other day?" "Yes, here it is," and James

drew it from his pocket. "You see that I spoke cross to George three times yesterday and once to-day; I know I have kept a right account." "You are making a gradual improvement, I hope, in the government of your temper," said his mother. "Oh, but I wanted to speak cross to him a good many times this morning, and when he tore my map, I was really angry. I think I should have struck him, but just then I remembered the paper." "Then it seems that once to-day you have successfully resisted temptation, you refrained from speaking cross when you felt cross; now you will have to go on resist-

ing temptation as long as you live, therefore I want you to begin while you are young. You must resist the temptation of striking your brother when he does wrong, and resist the temptation of tasting red plums that do not belong to you.

You cannot always fly from temptation, but you must learn to resist it. I do not wish you to go on the other side of the road to school. I wish you to see red plums without feeling any inclination to taste them."

Now I have set before you the four things which I promised at the beginning, and which alone make true repentance,

a godly repentance which needeth not to be repented of. If you forget or neglect any one of them, then your repentance is imperfect, and you will not be forgiven. Let me now give you an illustration where all four are found.

There was a little girl, she was not quite six years old. One day she got angry with her little brother, and pushed him. After she had done this she went back to her play. But her heart told her she had done wrong. Here was a knowledge of sin. She felt very unhappy. Here was a sorrow for sin. At length she could keep quiet no longer, she rushed to the

corner of the room and began to cry as if her little heart would break. Some one asked her what was the matter. "Oh," she said, "my heart is so bad, I was angry with my little brother and pushed him, and my heavenly Father won't love me, I have such a bad heart." Here was a confession of sin. Thus she continued to cry for some time, and since that day she has never been angry with her little brother again. Here is a forsaking of sin. Her repentance was complete, and was she not a dear little creature? we feel as if we should like to know such a little girl as that.

Now, all of you have done what is wrong a great many times. You have sinned against God; but if you will from the heart pray to Jesus your Saviour to show you what sin is, to make you sorry because you have sinned, enable you to confess the whole of your sin, and ask him to forgive you and keep you that you sin no more; then your repentance will be sincere, and He will most certainly forgive you.

This little girl was not only sorry because she had sinned, but she tried to do so no more, and so must you. You ought to be sorry for your sin, confess your sin,

and try not to sin again. Doing so you will repent, and every man, woman and child ought to repent, because God commands them to do so, and because except they repent they must perish.

FAITH.

Contents.

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IV.

Faith.

FAITH and belief are different things; belief is something that we know but don't care about. Faith is something we know and do. For instance, you all believe that there is a God who made all things, and who upholds all things, but then you have no faith in that God. Faith is something more than belief. You say that you believe God sees all

things, and knows all things, and yet you do things which He positively forbids, and says if you do He will punish you. You say that you believe God is everywhere, and yet do you live as if God were close by you all the time? You say that you believe there is a heaven above, and yet you do nothing to prepare yourself to go there. You say that you believe there is a hell beneath, a place of torment, and yet you are doing nothing to avoid being cast into it as your home forever.

This is not the faith of God, or of Christ, or of a true Christian, but it is a dead faith; as the apostle James says, "Faith

without works is dead." If you say that you love God, and tell lies, and break the Sabbath, and disobey your parents, and quarrel, it is not true; you do not love God or else you would try to obey Him. Your faith, therefore, is dead; it is not real, living faith, but it is only belief. That is the kind of faith the devils have. They believe, that is, know these things to be so, and they tremble at what they know, but they have no faith.

There is another kind of faith besides a dead faith, much better as it is a true faith, though an ignorant one. I will illustrate it by the following story:

There was a little boy named Frank, only six years old, who had lost his father, and because he was so poor, was unable to go to school. This was a great grief to him, for he knew he was ignorant, and had much to learn before he could become a good and useful man. His great desire was to be admitted into what was called the Moravian school, where children are taught to know and love Jesus Christ, and all that is really necessary for them to know in this life. His poor mother wished it as much as he did, but without money, without friends; poor and unknown, he had but little to expect in this

world. This little boy trusted simply and entirely to his Saviour; he believed that He would help him, and was most anxious to make his distress known to Him; "but how can I go to Jesus?" he said to himself one day. "I will write to him and tell him everything." This he directly set about doing, and wrote the following letter:

"My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—I have lost my father, and we are very poor, but I know that Thou tellest us in Thy word, that whatever we shall ask God in Thy name, He will give it to us. I believe what Thou sayest, Lord Jesus. I pray then unto God, in the name of Jesus, that He will give my mother the means of placing me in the Moravian school. I should like so much to continue to be taught. I pray unto

Thee already, but I will love Thee still more. Give me wisdom and everything that is good.

"POOR LITTLE FRANK."

He then folded up the letter, directed it, and, looking very grave, but very happy, he carried it off to the post office.

Now, you may perhaps think that Frank was very foolish, but you must not be in too great a hurry to blame the little boy. Recollect he was very young, and this most likely was the first worldly trouble he had ever met with. He thought that the post was the quickest way of sending messages to friends at a distance, and as he had read in his Bible that

Christ had gone up into heaven, and heaven seemed to him very far off, he thought it would be the best way of sending to the Lord Jesus Christ, to tell him of his trouble. It was therefore quite an act of faith in little Frank, though an ignorant one, and you shall now hear how God answered him. The postmaster seeing the direction, thought it was a letter from some mad person, and threw it aside for the present, but in taking it up again, he saw it was the hand-writing of a child. He opened it, and was much affected by the child's simplicity. He showed it to a friend who was a Moravian, and who took

the letter and read it at a meeting of Moravians. There was a rich and kind lady present, and when she heard it read, it seemed to her like a message from her Saviour, to tell her to take care of one of His little ones. She did take care of him, and had him placed at the school where he so much desired to go. Thus, you see, though Frank was ignorant, and the letter never reached heaven, yet the prayer contained in it did, and so will all prayers that are offered up in faith.

I will give you another story. A very little boy saw his mother write a letter to his aunt, who lived some distance off,

and send it to the post office. It was to ask how her son was who had been very sick. Two days after there was a ring at the bell; his mother took some money and said, "Run to the door, the postman has brought an answer to my letter; here is the money to pay for it." He did so, and true enough there was the letter.

Some time after this, he thought he should like to write a letter to his cousin, and tell him how glad he was to hear that he was well again. A few days afterwards, his uncle came, when his mother said to him, "Now, Henry, let us have your letter, and uncle will be so kind as

to take it." "I put it in the post the day after I wrote it, mother." She asked him several questions about where he had put his letter, but she could not quite understand him. He looked for a letter every day in answer, but none came. One day when out walking with his mother, he said, "Oh, mother, I will show you the post where I put my letter to cousin;" and taking his mother's hand, he led her to an old wooden post in a shady lane, the top of which was worn away with the rain, and formed a kind of basin. There Henry had left his letter. His mother smiled at his mistake.

WHERE HENRY PUT HIS LETTER.

You see this little boy had faith, strong faith in the post office, but he was ignorant; he firmly believed that he should get an answer as his mother did. Strive then to have an intelligent faith, that is, to understand what it is you believe, who it is in whom you believe, and how you are to exercise your belief.

Have what is called a *living* faith.

1st. I will explain to you what faith in man is.

Mr. Cecil gives us an account of the manner in which he taught his little daughter what is meant by faith. She was playing one day with a few beads,

which seemed to delight her wonderfully; her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. He said to her, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there." "Yes, papa." "And you seem to be very much pleased with them." "Yes, papa." "Well, now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes, and she looked earnestly at him, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please, but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you."

She looked at him a few moments longer, and then summoning up all her forti-

tude, her breast heaving with the effort, she threw them into the fire. "Well," said Mr. Cecil, "there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time, but say no more about them now."

Some days after he bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When he returned home, he opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears of ecstasy. Mr. Cecil said, "These, my child, are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those beads behind the fire; now that belief has brought you this treasure. But, my dear, remem-

ber as long as you live what faith is. You threw your beads away when I bade you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God, believe everything he says in his word, whether you understand it or not, have faith in Him that he means your good."

This was faith in man, in her own dear father, and she might have had it even if she had been a heathen child. It was not the faith required in the Bible, because it was not faith in God. I will try to make this plainer still, by relating the following beautiful story:

A minister had gone by a trap-door into his cellar, which in winter was quite dark. His little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down, all was dark, so she called, "Are you down the cellar, father?" "Yes, would you like to come, Mary?" "'Tis dark, I cannot come down." "Well, my daughter, I am right below you, I can see you though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself I will catch you." "Oh, I shall fall, I cannot see you, father." "I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt your-

self; if you will jump I will catch you safely." Little Mary hesitated, and then advanced a little further. Then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. But this was faith in her father, and not in God.

II. I will now try and explain what faith in God is.

Little Susan was at school a few miles from London, her mother called to take her with her for a few days. She was soon dressed and ready, and, coming to the road, a coach came up, and her mother stopped it, intending to get in. But

SUSAN AND THE DRIVER.

the passengers said there was only room for one, so the coachman caught up little Susan and put her on the box with him, saying to her mother, "Please to get in, madam, I'll take care of your little girl." But she said "No, I shall not trust my child out of my sight; please to lift her down." The man persisted in it that she would be safe enough, but her mother was not to be persuaded, she said "No, if you have not room for us both in your coach, we will wait for the next one." The man very sullenly lifted Susan down, and drove on.

Another coach soon came, in which

there was plenty of room. When seated by her mother she said, "Why would you not trust me to the man, he said he would take care of me?" "Yes, Susan, but the man was a stranger to me, and I did not choose to trust my child with him." "Do you think he was a bad man, mother?" "Indeed, Susan, I do not know, but I could not place confidence in a stranger."

They soon overtook the first coach, and stopped to take up its passengers; one of them said to Susan's mother, "It was well, madam, that you did not suffer your little girl to ride with the coachman; we have had a sad fright; the

man was drunk and careless, and overset us."

They soon arrived in London. Susan asked where they were going; her mother replied, "We were to have met Mr. ——, and accompanied him in his carriage to ——, but I have an engagement which will keep me in town till to-morrow morning, so we must inform our friend and go out to-morrow instead." "I am sorry for that, mother," said Susan. "I like so much to be at ——, our friends are all so kind, and everything seems to make one happy."

When they arrived at the place agreed

upon, their friend was waiting, and Susan's mother told him how she was prevented from going with him. He said, "I am sorry, but if you are engaged, your little girl is not, cannot you spare her to go down with me? I promise you I will take care of her." Susan looked at her mother to see what answer she would give, for she remembered the coachman. Her mother said, "Thank you, I shall be very happy to trust her with you, and hope to find her safe and well to-morrow."

They said good-bye, and away they went. The next day her mother came. When they were alone, Susan said, "I was afraid

you would be anxious about me." "No, Susan," replied her mother, "I was not, for I well knew the kind friend in whose hand I had placed you, and I knew he would do all in his power to take care of you." "Yes, mother, so he did; how different from that rude coachman. What a difference it makes, mother, whether you know a person or not."

"Yes, Susan, I should be a very careless mother, if I could be indifferent as to the persons in whose care I entrusted my child. I might trust a person with a broom and shovel to sweep the yard, whom I would not trust to clean the plate, or dust the

library, or the china closet. My earnest prayer and desire is, that God may take care of you, for without his care ours would be of no avail. I desire not only to pray, but to be able to give you up into his hands to do with you in every respect just as he sees best. *This is faith*, not only to be willing that a friend should take care of one we love, and bestow on them many blessings, when we see them safe and well before our eyes, but that we should be willing to trust that friend to take the object of our affections out of our sight, and do what he judges best to promote that friend's welfare. You know

I did not question Mr. —— as to where he was to take you, but left you entirely in his care, with the fullest confidence that he would do for you what was right and best. In this way, my dear child, I try to commit you to God, leaving it with him to guide you as he sees best, as it is not for me to choose your lot in life. I dare not trust myself lest I should be mistaken."

"Then, mother," said Susan, "I am sure you know God, or you would not be so happy in trusting him." "Yes, my dear child, I hope I do know God as he has been pleased to reveal him-

self in his word. I know that he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. I know that he is infinitely wise, and cannot be mistaken in what he gives or what he withholds. I know that he has given his dear Son for sinners, and that to those who accept this unspeakable gift, he will with him freely give them all things. I know that in his hands all things work together for good to them that love God, and that he has promised he will never leave nor forsake his people. I know that not one who trusts in God was ever put to shame, and those who thus know his name will put

their trust in him. Yes, my child, to him I commit you while you live, and in his care I can cheerfully leave you when you die."

Here, you see, faith requires us to know something of God before we can trust him.

Now I want to speak more particularly about what the apostle James says, "Faith without works is dead." I have told you that belief and faith are not the same. You may believe and yet have no faith, but you cannot have faith without belief; faith then is something more than belief. Believing in God, which we call faith, is not only thinking all that he says is true,

but it is feeling and doing as if you thought so. Now remember this, because there are many who think that the Bible speaks what is true, who yet do not believe in God truly. Their faith is dead, because it does not feel and act. The following story will explain this feeling and acting:

"When I was but a little boy," said a gentleman, "I was sent on an errand to a warehouse, and in the yard I saw a board with '*Beware of the dog*,' printed on it. I was afraid, and dared not go on, and yet I must get by to do my errand, so I did not know what to do. However,

I stopped to think and look around me, and I felt great anxiety and trouble. I could not see the dog anywhere; but when I had looked about for some time, I saw a man in the yard, and told him I was afraid the dog would jump out and bite me if I tried to come by. He told me not to be frightened, for he would mind the dog, and keep him from doing me any harm. Seeing that the man belonged to the yard, I felt confidence in him, and went by the dog without being hurt, and I was glad enough, you may be sure."

Now I would like to ask, why was he

afraid and dared not go on? He feared lest the dog would bite him. But I said he did not see the dog. No, but he saw the board with "*Beware of the dog*" on it, and that was almost the same thing. Very true; but suppose he had said, Oh, that board is nothing, I'll go on and care for nothing and nobody; then I think you will agree with me, that he did not believe what the board said, or rather that he had no faith in the board. It was, then, his believing in what the board said, that made him afraid to go by till he had looked about and called to the man. Well, it was just the same when he called to the

man; and when the man told him he would take care of the dog and not let him hurt him, how was it that he had such courage? Because he believed the man could keep the dog quiet, and that he would really do what he had promised.

Now I want you to take particular notice, that his believing (that is, his faith) made him feel as if he thought it true. He felt fear when he saw the board on which was written, "*Beware of the dog*," because he was sure there was a dog, though he did not see him; and when the man offered to take care of the dog, he felt confidence and courage in his heart,

because he thought the man could master the dog, and he could rely on his word. But I said there was something else beside feeling. He did not only feel confidence, but he *went on*, and was not this *doing* or *acting* as if he believed? Now this feeling and doing were the effect of his faith, and a proof that it was not dead but alive.

Let me ask, do you believe in God? That is, do you believe what God has told us in the Bible? Do you ask how you are to know whether you believe or not? I reply by seeing what effect your faith has. Now what do I mean by effect? I

mean, you must see whether your faith makes you feel and do as if you believed, like the boy when he saw "*Beware of the dog.*"

Let me help you to find out whether you believe. The Bible tells us of a roaring lion, who goes about seeking whom he may devour. Who is this roaring lion? Why the devil; and devouring us, means, ruining our souls by making us wicked and keeping us so. God tells us, just like the board told the boy, to beware of him, and to beware of sin, and the world, which means bad company and sinful pleasures, and everything that keeps us

from loving and serving God. Now which is worse, to be bitten by a dog or to be devoured by Satan? The boy felt afraid of the dog; do you ever feel afraid of Satan? Do you feel afraid to commit sin, and go into bad company? and do you stop and think sometimes where your soul is going, and do you feel anxious to be kept from going to hell when you die?

Now when you feel afraid and sorry for your sins, then you will begin to do or act. You will look out like the boy did for somebody to help you, and I can tell you of one who is able and willing to help you. He is one whom I wish you

knew more about, and whom you ought to love. I mean the Saviour Jesus Christ, who died to save us from sin, and the roaring lion Satan, and from going to hell.

And if you believe in this Saviour, what effect will your faith have upon you? Think what effect the boy's faith in the man had on him when he called to him, when he saw him. How can you call to Jesus Christ? Why by praying to him with all your heart. Mind, then, you do this, and remember that you must mean what you say, as the boy did when he called to the man. And when you pray to Christ, you must believe that he can master Satan,

and take you safely through all sin and danger to heaven above, and that he is willing to do it, and as good as his word. Like the boy thought the man *could* and *would* get him safely past the dog. This is feeling confidence in Christ, that is, feeling as if you thought he could do all this for you. And if you do really believe in the Saviour, then you will act, that is, do as if you believed. You will keep away from sin, you will go in the way he tells you, and that is what he tells us when he says, "Keep my commandments."

Where can you learn the way, and

where are his commandments to be found? Are they not all written in the Bible? Then read that Bible often, and ask God to give you such a faith as will make you feel, and do, as if you thought the Bible true—a faith which will make you feel as the Bible says you ought to feel, and make you do all that the Bible says you ought to do, remembering that "faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

But perhaps you are ready to say, how can I believe in one I never saw? This was asked by a little boy one day, whose father had been talking to him about faith. He was only six years old. "Tell

me, papa, how is it we can love any person when we have not seen them?" "Ask yourself," he replied; "who gave you your beaver hat?" "Grandpapa." "Do you love him?" "Yes." "Have you seen him?" "No." "Yet you love him; why do you love him?" "Because I have heard you say such a number of pretty things about him." "Did you believe what I said of him was true?" "Yes, to be sure I did." "Then you love him by faith, do you not?" "Yes."

So, then, "whom having not seen we love, and though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable

and full of glory." But how? By faith, simple faith, we credit, fully credit, with the faith of assurance, whatever sweet things, great, glorious things, Paul or Peter, John or Matthew, Isaiah or Moses, says of Christ, either of his willingness or ability to save, of his kind reception of all that trust in him, or his blessing upon all that wait for his salvation. They tell the truth concerning him; as we believe that truth, so shall we be saved, for his righteousness "is unto all, and upon all them that believe." There is no difference. Come, then, and look, and wait, and trust in him. There is no merit in

your faith, but there is much power in God's word, and though believing is no more than a duty, yet his word of promise is like himself. It is Himself made known. Precious, timid souls, are often afraid of this simplicity of faith. They want something more wonderful, but the wonder is not to be in the faith, but in the Saviour. *He is the wonderful.*

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Contents.

The parable of the birds.—The wood.—The aviary.—The dangers.—The fowler.—The traps.—The foolish birds.—The wanderer; its sickness, rescue, and return.—A description of who are sinners.—Could you love a sinner?—The story of Samuel and Alfred, and the knife.—The lie.—The misery.—His confession.—The necessity of always speaking the truth.

V.

The Song of the Angels.

It was a beautiful day in the midst of summer. The sun was shining clearly, and there was hardly a cloud to be seen in the bright blue sky above. The flowers were growing and blooming beautifully in the fields and by the road-side. The grass looked soft as velvet, and as green and fresh as the morning, and the little stream from the hill as it rolled on,

sometimes glided noiselessly, at others bounded and rippled over the stones that interrupted its course.

I got my hat and stick, determined to take a walk and admire the works and ways of God. I had not gone far before I came to a very thick wood, from which I heard strange sounds; it seemed to be full of birds; but their notes were not the common notes of birds, for there was a busy hum as when a great many people meet together for business, or any other cause. This led me to turn my steps into the wood. There I soon saw some of these birds whose strange notes had

caught my ear. They were of very different plumage and size, though in shape they were generally alike. Some of them I saw were covered with gold and silver feathers, others with deep blue, purple, and scarlet. Some had handsome crests upon their heads, and they strutted and swelled themselves, sweeping the ground with their wings, as if they knew and thought themselves something very handsome, and worth looking at.

These birds were surrounded by others not so handsomely dressed, but yet belonging to the same class of birds. Some would go before us, as if to make way for

those of more beautiful plumage, and some would walk by their side or follow after, lost in admiration and wonder. I noticed that they looked as if they were all walking at perfect liberty, yet they could only go a very little way. This led me to look more closely, and then I saw that they had a thin chain fastened to their feet, no thicker than a thread, which obliged them, after they had gone to its full length, to return. They appeared to have plenty of food, for the ground was covered with rich and beautiful fruit, which, as it fell from the trees, burst, so that the birds had but to pick the seeds out and eat them.

And as I walked on further into the wood, I met other birds, but they were a sad sight, they looked so poor and miserable, destitute and sick, having lost most of their feathers; and I observed that the other birds took no notice of them, except to avoid them.

I went still further into the wood, and came very soon to a large open space, surrounded by trees, and in the midst an aviary filled with birds, but they sang very differently from those I had just left. These latter sung the sweetest songs, so soft and so solemn, yet so clear and full. The doors of the aviary I noticed were

open, and the birds had perfect liberty to go where they pleased, and to eat what fruit they chose. It was plainer and more nourishing than in the other place, yet they seemed satisfied. These birds, I observed, were all very plain in their plumage; nor did they strut about and seem proud of their dress, as the others had done; they had a different way of thinking; they thought well of one another. The best were those who could sing the sweetest song, and be most cheerful and happy.

There were some little birds very plain in their appearance, very unassuming,

perched upon some out-of-the-way branch, or up in a corner, which sang sweetly, and seemed to excite the efforts of others, and to call forth many notes of praise and thanksgiving from them. On listening very closely, I found these birds could talk, and that they were singing praises to him who had taken so much care of them, kept them from injury, and supplied all their wants. They differed from the other birds in this: they had no chain of thread fastened to their feet, but were at liberty to ramble wherever they fancied, though I soon saw that if they wished to be safe, they must keep near the aviary,

for there were many dangers all round. I saw hawks, and kites, and eagles, continually hovering over this open space, and many of the birds had marks, where they had been injured by these birds of prey.

As I was looking, I saw a large hawk balancing himself in the air, just ready to pounce down upon a flock of young birds that had strayed a little too far from the aviary. Poor little things, they do not see their danger; but just as the hawk was about to drop like lightning upon them, one of their keepers rushed forward, and, raising his hand, drove the hawk off, and saved the little flock.

All around this aviary were traps baited with different kinds of things. The traps themselves were made of something as fine as thread; in fact, when I entered the wood, I found myself entangled in the net, which twisted round my head, arms, and feet. I found it spread all over the entrance of the wood, finer than a spider's web, yet stronger than wire, so that I was some time before I could free myself. Now the traps, I say, round the aviary, were made of this same material, so strong that it could not be broken, and at the same time so thin that it could hardly be seen.

I saw very busy setting these traps a frightful looking creature, who kept himself concealed from the sight of the birds. He went about from trap to trap, and put in the different kinds of baits. I went and examined them; in one I saw a little round yellow looking thing, something like a finger-ring, with a little white stone set in it; in another were feathers of different colors and kinds, the ostrich and bird of paradise feathers; but the most common bait were pieces of white and yellow clay of different sizes, which shone and glittered in the sun.

The birds came walking about these

various traps, and now and then would stop and look in. They seemed very much pleased with the bait. The most attractive were the pieces of white and yellow clay. The silly little birds could not eat them; all they could do was to turn them over and over, and carry them away to their nests.

When once a bird got fond of these things, it was almost always caught, sooner or later, by the frightful looking creature, who fastened the thread to its feet and pinned it down to the ground. I noticed that he did not throw the net over them, nor take them in the trap al-

ways the first time that they came, but he let them come several times, till at last he was sure of his prey. And they seemed to know nothing of it until they were perfectly secured, and their liberty taken away.

Those traps that were baited with feathers, had a great many always round them, and the frightful looking creature let the birds take a feather or two, and stick them in among their own, and then they began to strut about and hold up their heads, and look as proud as you please, as much as to say, don't I look beautiful; but presently the spring was touched and

they were prisoners. Some of these birds I found he used, after having caught them, as decoy birds; he fastened the threads to their foot, but let them go into the aviary and about among the others. They looked just the same as before they were caught; they sang quite as loud; indeed they seemed to sing louder than before; but their song was not so cheerful, it seemed rather forced and strained. They did all they could to draw and tempt the others to follow them, and told them what beautiful things they could have, and tried to make them discontented with their quiet home, plain food,

and kind preserver. Many of the young ones I saw believed them, and went away with them, and I saw them no more.

There were other traps besides those I have mentioned, quite different, for they were like little cups, and were filled with something which looked like colored water. The birds came gathering round them; first they stopped just to look in, then they thought they would just take a sip, and see what it was, and I observed that when they did, it made them clap their wings and crow and shake their feathers, and begin to sing very merrily. After a little they sipped again, and gen-

erally sunk down stupefied, and so were caught without a single struggle. They soon after began to droop their feathers, look very miserable, lose their appetite, and die.

But all the birds that were caught did not act in the same way. One in particular, I saw, when it found itself a prisoner, gave a most piteous look towards the aviary, to see if it could not catch the eye of one of its kind keepers; fortunately there was one on the look-out, who rushed to the spot, and, with all his force, struck the net such a heavy blow, that it broke in pieces, and the poor, silly, frightened

bird, spread its wings without delay, and flew back again to its home. It was very pleasant to see how careful it was not to go near another trap afterwards.

There was one bird that attracted my attention, which seemed to be going further and further away. I determined to follow and see what would become of the wanderer. I saw it carefully avoided every path that could lead it back to the aviary. At length it got at a great distance, and seed began to be very scarce. There were plenty of berries and other fruit, but they were bitter and poisonous. This wretched bird wandered about, not

knowing where to go. The cold winds blew, the sharp frost pinched it, and its comfortable feathers began to drop off one by one.

It seemed to be real winter in this part of the wood, for the trees had no leaves on them, and the little bushes were naked too, so that the poor wanderer roamed about night and day, not knowing where to go for warmth or shelter or suitable food. At last, driven to despair, it laid itself down upon the cold and barren ground to die, when one of the underkeepers, whom his master had sent out to look for the foolish birds that had gone

astray, came to the poor dying bird. The keeper spoke kindly to it, and, although it had been so foolish, was so dirty, and miserable, and sick, yet he tenderly took it up in his arms, opened his bosom, and put it in, so that it might feel his warmth and be restored. He fed it with some tender, wholesome food, and returned with his precious load to the aviary.

When that bird had grown a little stronger, and could join with the others in their song, though there were many birds that could sing sweetly, yet none seemed more sweet to the ears of the keeper than the soft, plaintive, humble,

yet joyful notes of that poor bird, which had been brought back from the wintry wood and saved from such a miserable death.

Such, dear children, is a picture, and a true picture of all of us. The wood is this world, the birds are the children and people in it, the aviary is the church of God, the keepers are your ministers or Sunday-school teachers, kind parents or religious friends, and the owner of all is Christ, who, whenever any of us are brought back to him, confessing and repenting of our sins, "sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied," and

the angels rejoice because a sinner repents.

I. Who are sinners?

The Bible says, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." So that, dear children, you and I are called sinners in the Bible, and whenever we repent and return to God, for "we all like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way," then "there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Now I will tell you what I mean by a sinner—what I understand the Bible to mean by a sinner. I mean that little boy

is a sinner who, when he goes to church on Sunday, instead of listening and sitting still, as he ought to do, is talking, playing, or teasing others. I mean that little girl is a sinner, who, when she has put on her Sunday clothes, goes to church or Sunday-school to show them, and not to hear and learn what her good minister, or kind Sunday-school teacher has to say.

I mean that boy is a sinner, who, when sent on a Sunday to school or church, stays and plays with other wicked and bad boys in the streets, or goes with them for a walk in the country, or for a sail

upon the water in a boat. I mean those little girls are sinners, who, as they go home from school, fall out and quarrel, calling each other hard and wicked names, and fight, and slap, and scratch, and tear each other's clothes. I mean that little boy is a sinner who steals, or swears, or lies, or disobeys his parents, or does anything that he knows to be wrong. I mean that little girl is a sinner, who, instead of helping her kind mother, and taking care of her little brothers and sisters, only grieves her mother, troubles, and vexes, and teases all the little ones. And I mean all little boys and girls are sinners

who do not love the great and good God, who made them, the precious and kind Saviour who died for them, and the sweet and tender Holy Spirit who comes to them to wash them from their sins and make them happy.

Now, who is not guilty of some one of these sins? I do not ask how many of them you have committed, for I mean to say that if you have committed only one, then you are a sinner, and in danger of hell fire, for "whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." It does not take many sins to make any one a sinner, but only one;

and we need Christ to save us for that one sin, as much as the most wicked and depraved boy or girl we ever knew.

Now, dear children, do you think that you could ever love a sinner, love any little boy or girl who likes to do wrong, and who does not love God, or care about Jesus? Yet Jesus pities them and loves them, for whilst we were yet sinners he died for us, not to let us go on sinning, but to try and stop us from sinning, by offering to give us a place in heaven, and to bless us here below if we will repent and forsake our sins.

II. Shall I tell you what it is to repent?

Suppose that one of you had done something wrong, and I was to charge you with it, and you were to deny it, and I should take you to your parents and say to them, this little child has been guilty of such and such a sin, and will not acknowledge it nor feel sorry for it; I must, therefore, ask you to punish it; if a little boy, give him a good sound whipping; if a little girl, shut her up for some time, until she repents and acknowledges it. Your parents agree with me in the necessity of punishing you; and supposing when you find them just about to put it into execution, and you see no hope of

your escaping, you were to fall down upon your knees and say, "Oh, do not punish me, and I will tell you all; I am very sorry, I am, indeed, but do not punish me."

Now, would that be a godly repentance? No. And why not? Because it was only fear of punishment that made you confess, and could you have gotten off without confession, you would. You only confess to escape the punishment, and not because you hate the sin or fault. But when a child really repents after a godly manner, it never thinks of the punishment, but only of the fault or sin, and the cry

is, "Shame upon me that I could be guilty of such a wicked thing. I deserve very severe punishment for what I have done. I hate the thing which has led me astray. I grieve to think that I have such a wicked heart, and that my desires are so sinful. If God will give me grace and strength, I am resolved never to do so again; he may punish me, for I know it will be for my good, and teach me a lesson I hope never to forget."

And, dear children, believe me you will never be happy as long as you sin and conceal it. The only way to be happy and have a clear conscience, is to heartily

repent and turn to God. This I will explain by the following story:

"Do lend me your knife, which mamma gave you," asked Samuel, "I want to cut notches in my stick, and play Robinson Crusoe; do, will you, Alfred?" "No, I cannot, so do not ask me any more; I wish you would not tease me for my knife; you cannot have it; I do not want it hurt." "Well, but you lent it to Cousin James on Monday, and he did not spoil it, did he?" "Now do be quiet, Samuel, I cannot lend it to you, so that is all I shall say." "Why, I never saw you so cross, Alfred." "Yes, I am cross, I know,

I feel very cross and uncomfortable, so do not ask any more about the knife."

Just then an aunt of the little boys entered the room, and Samuel turned to her in his trouble. "Now, do not you think, aunt, Alfred ought to lend me his knife, just for a minute, to cut a Robinson Crusoe stick?" "Certainly," she replied, "I never knew Alfred cross or unkind, he does not mean that he will not lend it, he is only joking, I am sure." "Yes, aunt, I do mean it; I have made up my mind that nobody shall use my knife." "Well, then," urged the anxious Samuel, "do you cut my stick yourself, I only want seven

notches in it, to make believe the days of the week; of course you will not refuse this, will you?" "Where is your knife, my boy?" asked his aunt, "is it in your pocket?" "No, aunt." "Well, get it then, my dear, and do this little kindness for your brother, who looks so imploringly there with his stick in his hand."

Alfred left the room looking very thoughtful, and Samuel took a seat on a stool, keeping his eye on the door, resolved to wait quietly for Alfred's return, as he was not an impatient boy. After a considerable time Alfred came back with a face very much flushed, and no

knife could be seen. "Have you got it, Alfred?" asked Samuel, jumping up, "come, do cut my notches, because I cannot get on the island and begin to play until it is done." "I cannot do it, Samuel, I have not got my knife." "Where is your knife, then, my dear? I saw you put it carefully away in a box one day." "Yes, I did, aunt, but I have just dropped it into a crack in the hall, and it is gone out of sight."

"Oh, dear, let us try to get it," said the kind aunt, and away they all three ran to the crack in the passage. "Show me exactly the place where it went in, Alfred."

"Just here, aunt," said he, pointing to a very small opening between two boards. "Oh, no, this cannot be the spot, the crack is too small to admit a knife, it must be somewhere else; but I see no crack in any other part. My dear boy," said his aunt, looking Alfred full in the face, "you did not let it down here."

Her gentle words, accompanied as they were with a sorrowful look, melted him at once, for Alfred was not a hardened boy, and he ran off to his room weeping all the way. "Well," said Samuel, as he turned to the parlor, "I suppose I must mark some make-believe notches on my stick with a

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pencil." His aunt left him to his play, and went in search of the mother of the boys. Taking her seat by her side in the dining room, she asked if she knew anything of the knife she had given to Alfred. "No," she said, "I have not seen it for some time, but I think I heard James admiring it on Monday." "I am afraid it is lost, sister," continued the aunt, "but this is not the worst part of it. I am sadly afraid Alfred has told an untruth about the affair." "I hope not," replied the mother, "I never knew either of my boys to be guilty of anything so shocking. Where is he?" "I believe he is gone to his room."

His mother considered for a moment what course to pursue, and then resolved to let him remain alone for a little time. Samuel could not enjoy his play alone, for he saw that his brother had been guilty of a great sin; so he went into the garden and walked up and down, feeling very melancholy. He knew that God had said that liars have their portion with those who are shut up in eternal darkness, and he felt very sorry that he had asked his brother for the knife.

After some time, his mother went up stairs to converse with the guilty boy, but as she came near his room, she heard the

sound of his voice, as if conversing with some one, and supposing that Samuel had joined him, she stopped for a moment to ascertain from whence the voice came. She heard Alfred saying, "Forgive my sin, heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake." This only confirmed the sad fact that he had really been guilty of the sin of lying, at the same time it was a comfort to her to hear that he was penitent.

After waiting a little, she entered his room. Alfred was sitting with his Bible by his side. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "I am ashamed to see you, I am, I am; but I will tell you all about it. Oh, I am

so unhappy, I am afraid you will not forgive me, and I feel sure the Saviour will not."

When he saw the tears in his mother's eyes, he felt more distressed than ever, and, covering his face in his hands, he wept bitterly, although he was able to confess the whole. "You know, mamma, my cousin James liked my knife, and asked me to give it to him for some sweetmeats he had in his pocket, so I gave him the knife without thinking. I wish I had asked you about it. I have been very wicked. I told a lie to try and hide it. What shall I do?" "Are you

really sorry for your sin, Alfred? This is the question, or are you only mortified that your guilt is discovered?" "Oh, yes, mamma, I am indeed sorry, and I have been trying to tell God about it; I asked him to forgive me, but I am afraid he will not. How dreadful it is to think that God will remember that I have told a lie. What would become of me if I were to die to-night?"

His kind mother took a chair by him, and told him if he really felt sorry, there was hope he might be forgiven; for although she said God is a God of truth, and has said, "whosoever loveth or mak-

eth a lie, shall be shut out of heaven," yet he has also said, if we repent of our sins, resolving to forsake them, and come to him in the name of the Saviour, that he will pardon us for his sake. "Oh, I hope he will forgive me. Do pray for me, mamma; what a dreadful thing it would be if I should be driven away from heaven at last, and go with liars away from God."

His mother then prayed with him, and he became more calm. She soon put him to bed as he requested, but he passed a very uncomfortable night, and awoke in the morning with a very sorrowful heart.

After breakfast the two boys went to their studies as usual, and Samuel was very kind and attentive to his brother, watching him in all his movements, and trying by all the means in his power to win a smile from him, for he longed to see him happy once more; but all his efforts failed. When dinner was over, he came to his mother and took her hand, saying, "I want to talk to you, mamma."

She led him to her room. For some time Alfred could do nothing but weep; at length he said, "Oh, my dear mamma, I am so miserable I cannot bear to think or stay by myself. I was afraid to go to

sleep last night, for I thought perhaps I shall awake in that dreadful place where liars go. I never was so unhappy before in my life." "I can easily believe it, for you were never guilty of the same sin before, I believe." "You only believe, mamma, are you not sure I never told a lie before?" "I hope you never did, my boy." "No, I never did, but I was afraid you would think me an ungrateful boy for not taking more care of the knife. Oh, I wish I had told the truth and been more afraid of offending God than even you." "I wish so too, my boy." "Oh, I am indeed sorry, very sorry, that I should offend

God and make you unhappy, and make myself in danger of the lake that burns with brimstone and with fire." "Well, then, the Bible says, if you repent, my boy, and forsake your sins, God will have mercy and pardon your guilt; he will forget it, and it shall be remembered no more, for the blood of Jesus is able to cleanse from all sin."

It is believed that Alfred was really and truly sorry for his sin, and that he grew up a truthful and pious boy, dreading the very appearance of anything approaching to a lie.

Dear children, whoever you are that

read this story, always speak the truth. Remember, anything you say intending to deceive, is a lie in the sight of God; and remember, too, that for all such words you will be called to give an account in the day of judgment. He who made the eye, shall he not see? and he who made the ear, shall he not hear? and if you should be called suddenly away before you have repented of your sins, not having washed them away in the blood of Jesus, by believing on him, you must have your portion, remember, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

But if you will repent and believe, as Alfred did, and seek the forgiveness of your heavenly Father, then that good and great God will forgive you, and that dear Saviour that died for you, will wash you in his own precious blood, and the Holy Spirit will teach you and lead you in the way of righteousness, and the angels of God will rejoice over you because a sinner has repented.

They will become ministering spirits to you here below, and, finally, when you come to die, they will stoop and bear your soul on their golden wings, and waft it singing and rejoicing into

heaven, saying, this soul was once dead, but is alive again, was once lost but is now found.

The Resurrection of the Body.

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VI.

The Resurrection of the Body.

As I was thinking of heaven, that "happy land, far, far away," in which none of the sorrows which make this world a world of sadness are known, where no pain is, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more death; where the people always see the face of the heavenly King in his beauty, behold his glory, and enjoy his goodness; where the inhab-

itants are clothed in robes of pure white, crowned with a diadem that glitters like the mid-day sun, and the music from their golden harps fills the land with the sweetest sounds of gladness and joy; I fancied I saw a large company of men, women, and children, travelling on a certain road, which they entered by a wicket gate. Upon asking who they were, and where they had come from, and where they were going, I was told that they were the children of men, that they were from the city of destruction, and were on their way to the heavenly Canaan. So I thought I would watch them,

and as my eye followed them, I noticed that some, after they had passed through the gate, seemed to think that all was safe; so they sat down in the fields, or amused themselves, wasting their time.

Many little children I saw amongst the company, travelling on the King's highway; and now and then an angel clothed in white, would catch up in his arms one, and then another of these children, and, placing them in a glorious chariot, hurry them on by a shorter way to the end of the journey. But all the travellers did not idle about the gate; they pitied those who did.

Now I noticed that there was given to each traveller a map of the road, drawn out with all the dangers and turns marked on it, showing where each lane would lead, and the danger of leaving the right path for a single moment. Besides this, each traveller had presented to him a lamp, and was told how to hold and use it. That it was to be of no use unless he held it down to his feet. Now I looked, and some of them soon forgot the directions given, and held their lamps high above their heads. It gave them light, but only at a distance, and every now and then they stumbled and almost fell. But those

no obeyed, and held it down, saw the roughness of the way, and marked well where to put their feet.

From time to time they saw the way-marks which the King's Son had set up along the road, and in several places they saw foot-prints which they knew to be those of the King's Son. This road led straight through the country, over hill and plain, through valley and forest. It was narrow, and on some parts thorn-bushes, which grew thickly along the side of it, almost met, and seemed to close the way; but a little care put them aside, and then on they went.

Some of the travellers did not like the roughness of the way, and grew tired, and would complain and say, "Perhaps what has been told us of the King's country is not true;" and then they would turn back and walk no more with their companions. The rest of the travellers, however, went on. The King had caused, I noticed, resting-places to be built, so that they might refresh themselves. Some took advantage of *every* resting-place, and always went on faster for resting, and actually travelled further by thus stopping. Others thought that they had no need to rest; that it was a waste of

time; but they lost time really for not resting.

When the travellers had gone some way on their journey, they came to a part where several roads ran across the one they were on; some of them ran side by side, and, except that they were a little broader, and fewer stones and briars in them, you could not see any difference. Here the travellers I saw stopped and held a kind of counsel; they did not know which way to take, the roads seemed so nearly alike, and running in the same direction. There were several who acted as guides or leaders. They

had gone first, and seemed to be better acquainted with the way than the others; when they came, therefore, to this part where these roads met, they differed about the way they ought to take.

"I am sure," said one of them, "that this is the right way; you see that it runs very nearly straight, and the stones are not quite so thick upon it, which is all in our favor." "Look at the map," cried one of the travellers. "Why look at the map?" answered another. "I have got a letter here from one of the old travellers, who says this is the road; at least I think he means this one." "I don't care

for your friend's letter, or for your thinking; but look at the map, I say; the King gave us no letters, but only this map, and told us if we followed that we could not go wrong." "Well," said one, "you may do as you please, I will follow our leader; he ought to know better than we."

With that several of the company left, and went along the road they chose, and passed on very rapidly. The rest trimmed their lamps, took out their map, and examined it very carefully. One said, "I think this is the road, because I see there are the same kind of stones in it as those we have passed; besides, it is no broader,

and you see it goes up hill, whereas the other goes down; but let us see if we cannot find one of the King's marks."

So after hunting about for a time, they found a foot-mark, which they knew to be the Prince's. They were very sorry for those who had left them, and called out loudly for them to return; but they had gone down so quickly, that they could not be seen. At last some of those in the other path felt uneasy, and expressed their fears that they had mistaken the way. They made up their mind to return, but this they found hard work, for it was all up hill, and the gravel and sand kept

slipping from under their feet. At length they got back very weary, and took the right road. As those who had continued on in the right path came near to the end of their journey, they were able to look back upon the path by which they had come.

The darkness cleared away, they could see the gate at which they had entered, the straight road over hill and dale which they had travelled, now plunging into a thick forest, then coming out at the other end. They could also see the false roads, and as they thought of all the way by which they had been led, they rejoiced

with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and went on again with cheerful, hopeful hearts. Presently they came to another high hill, where they could see a deep, broad, dark, swift river, running at its foot, and beyond, in the distance, was the Heavenly Canaan, and the splendid city called the New Jerusalem.

And as I looked I saw they went down one by one, singing and praying until they reached the bank of the river, into which they stepped, and the water closed over them, and I saw them no more. And as I turned away from that sight, I said, are they lost? will they rise no more? I

heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors;" "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

But some *child* will say, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Dear child, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Now why do we die? God made us to live forever. It was sin brought death into this world, and all its woes. We are all sinners, therefore we must all die.

You have all heard of a palace; it is a very splendid building in which a king lives. It is full of servants, the sentinels guard its gates, and the flag waves from its towers. I am going to tell you of a palace. I mean the human heart. It was once a noble and beautiful building, but now it is defaced and in ruins. Still it is a fine building. The flag of heaven does not wave there, for the inhabitants have cast God the King out, and admitted Satan in his place. The banner of holiness has been taken away, and the dark flag of sin set up in its place. The will, the affections, the desires, the

thoughts, the passions, have all become slaves and servants of Satan. How sad the change; but hark! I hear a sound at the gates. Satan trembles, a voice is heard: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Who can it be? It is the King of glory himself. Amazing love! Would you not think that he would have a hearty welcome, and that the order would be given, "Lift up your heads ye gates, that the King of glory may come in;" but, no, the order is given to bar and bolt it against him. And they say, away with him, away with him, we will have no king but Satan; no, we love the pleas-

ures of sin more than the pleasures of holiness.

Conscience is the only servant that is willing to open, but her voice is not listened to. Unbelief says no, Self-righteousness says no, Indifference says no, and Procrastination is sent to say, "Go thy way for this time; at a more convenient season we will call for thee." At this Satan rejoices and makes a feast to his servants; but God writes upon the wall of the palace, God hath numbered thy kingdom and it is finished. Satan reads it, and as he reads he trembles; he feels the pillars of his palace shaking and his

stronghold giving way. Conscience can keep her seat no longer, but leaving the feast, makes to the gate where the King of glory still stands, and endeavors to open it, but in vain.

Mr. Will, the porter, who keeps the keys of the heart, says no; and when at last persuaded to yield, the bolts are so strong and so rusted, that it is beyond his strength, when the holy spirit of God pours the oil of conversion into the lock, and it gives, the bolts also are forced back, and the King of glory comes in. With him he brings a number of servants, Love, Joy, Peace, Gentleness, Faith, Pa-

tience, Brotherly Kindness and Charity. Peace waves her gentle banners over his head. Faith walks by his side with a glittering shield. Truth has hanging from her golden girdle a quiver full of arrows. He marches directly for the chamber where they are all feasting, and enters, plucks the crown from Satan's brow, and wrests the sceptre from his hands. He taketh from him all the armor wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.

All the inhabitants wonder at the glory of their new King; he holds a sceptre of universal dominion; he wears a crown of

gold on his head, with this inscription: "King of kings and Lord of lords." But, strange to say, he is clothed in a garment dipped in blood, and when asked what are the robes and whence do they come, he answers, there were a whole race of beings who sinned against their God, and when the sentence was about to be rendered, the sword of justice fell upon the King of glory—he bled that they might live, and by his stripes they are healed.

Unbelief says, can all this be true? Self-righteousness says, why could not the rebels have saved themselves? Indifference says, I care for none of these

things. Despair says, that blood might save other rebels, but it cannot save me.

At length the King turns and speaks to them. There is something so gentle in his voice, so soothing in his words, so winning in his looks. To Unbelief he says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To Self-righteousness he says, "Thou sayest thou art rich and increased with goods, and hast need of nothing; but I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." To Indifference, "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so

great salvation?" To Despair, "My blood cleanseth from all sin." To Procrastination, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." They all cry out together, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Then he takes them and strips them of their filthy garments, and clothes them in his own righteousness. He spreads a feast for them, and his banner over them is love, and as they eat they cry, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." But Satan, though cast out, is not willing to yield; he goes to hell to forge new weapons and devise new plans to retake the palace.

He prepares a number of poisoned arrows, and watches for an opportunity to get once more within. His hope is with Besetting Sin, and often would he have retaken it, but for the King himself.

At last, when all the toil of earthly warfare is at an end, the shout of victory arises, "We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith; thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now after many years have rolled over this palace, its walls begin to crumble, its battlements to decay, its beams and rafters begin to loosen, its gates move

with difficulty on their hinges, its windows grow dim with age, and all proclaims that the "earthly house of this tabernacle is soon to be dissolved."

But while the outward walls are perishing, the affections within, still devoted to their King, are renewed day by day. The flame of devotion continues to burn with a clear and steady lustre, until suddenly the earthquake of death shakes the foundations of the palace and lays it in the dust, a mass of ruins. How sad the sight, so fine a building in a moment thus become a heap of dust. But it is not always to remain a heap of dust; it is to

be rebuilt, "a building of God eternal in the heavens." There is a day coming, when the trump of the archangel will sound, and then the old walls of this palace shall rise again, its stones, and dust, and battlements will start up adorned with new beauty in the new Jerusalem.

Dear child, are you aware that your heart, if you are a redeemed child of God, is just the palace I have been describing? Wonderful thought! that, all poor and all unworthy as you are, you are not too poor nor too mean to be a palace of the King of glory. Has Satan then been really driven from your heart, and does the King

of glory reign there? Remember, you cannot have two kings at the same time. Choose, then, whom you will have. Or are you looking forward to death, that awful hour when this earthly palace is to be destroyed?

Do you ever think what is to become of its materials? Is it to be fashioned into a pillar for the temple of your God, or a pillar, a monument of Almighty wrath for the dark prison-house of hell? It is for you to choose between the two. Either to shine forever in heaven, reflecting the imputed righteousness of Christ, or to be erected in the dark abodes of

despair, an eternal monument of God's wrath. Now, Satan had defiled the walls of the palace, as well as the inhabitants of the palace, and so it is with us. Satan has not only defiled and ruined our souls, but our bodies too.

God changes the heart while we live, if we pray to him and obey him; but the body, the walls of the palace, are not made clean until death shakes them to pieces. Therefore St. Paul says, the body "is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural

body, it is raised a spiritual body." Some children do not seem to understand that the soul and body are two different things, and that the soul can live without the body. Now listen, as I try to explain this before we go any further.

I was one day preaching to my Sunday-school children, and I wanted them to understand that the soul would and could live after the body was dead and taken away. I took my watch, an old-fashioned silver one, with a heavy case to it, out of my pocket, and holding it in my hand, asked what it was? The children replied, "A watch." "Do you all see it?" "Yes."

"How do you know that it is a watch?" "Because it ticks." "Very well, can you hear it tick?" They said they could. I then took off the case and held the watch in one hand and the case in the other. "Now which is the watch?" I asked, "for they both look like watches." "That in the right hand," they answered. "Now I will lay the case aside; put it away from the watch; can the watch go on ticking without it?" "Yes."

So it is, I said, dear children with you. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is the inside; the case, the body, may be taken off and buried in the

ground, and the soul shall go on living and thinking, just the same as you see this watch does without the case. Now which is the most valuable, do you think, the watch or the case? You say the watch, and you say right; but why do you love your poor case, I mean your body, so well, and think so little about your soul? Remember what Christ said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

Never forget, then, "that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this

mortal must put on immortality." The following story may help to explain and impress it on your mind:

"A woolly bear, a woolly bear," cried little Bobby, as he bent down to smell at a full-blown rose in his father's garden. Bobby's father being near at hand, walked to the spot, where he saw one of those fine hairy grubs, which are called woolly bears, making the best of his way across the gravel walk. Little Bobby left the rose to watch the woolly bear. "Tell me," said his father, "how many hairs the woolly bear has?" "Oh," said Bobby, "I cannot count them." "Tell me, then,

how many steps he takes in crossing that path?" "Indeed I cannot do it," he replied. "Well, then, I will ask you but one other question; can you tell me what his errand is?" Bobby replied in the same way, he could not tell.

"As you seem to know so little about the woolly bear, Bobby, I will tell you something that may surprise you. In a week or a fortnight, he will build himself a house, or rather spin himself a dwelling, in which he will shut himself up for a time, and appear as if he were dead, and then all at once he will come out afresh, in a new suit of clothes. His furry great

coat will be cast aside, and he will appear in a rich brown and white coat, and a bright orange vest and pantaloons, so that you would not know him in his new dress."

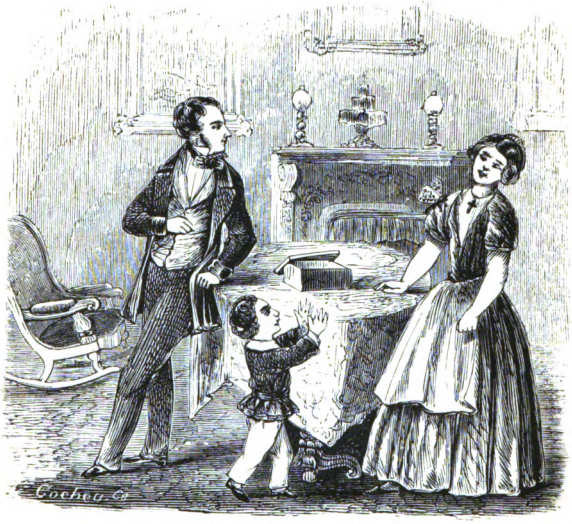
Little Bobby thought his father was joking about the woolly bear, but yet he hardly knew what to make of the matter. So he ran into the house to look for Betty, and to beg her to help him make a paper box to put the woolly bear in, and feed it there, for then he would find out whether his father was joking or not. Good-humored Betty soon made the box, into which Mr. Woolly Bear was put with a

lettuce leaf or two. He soon began to eat them up, and seemed as happy as possible. Every day little Bobby fed the woolly bear with a fresh leaf, till at last he gave up eating, and it was no use giving him any more; he could not be tempted by ever so fresh a leaf.

Soon after this he began to spin, fastening his silky threads to the side of the box. Little Bobby now began to think that what his father had said was all true and not a joke, so he kept watching until the woolly bear was completely covered. For some weeks the web did not alter its appearance. One morning, before little

Bobby had gone to the box, Betty came running to him with great joy, to tell him that the woolly bear had come out of his house, dressed up in his new clothes.

Bobby lost no time, but ran off as fast as possible to see. But how surprised he was to find that there was nothing like a woolly bear there, but clinging to the side of the box, was one of the most beautiful butterflies he had ever seen. "Well," said little Bobby, clapping his hands with delight, "it is just as papa said it would be; there is Mr. Woolly Bear come out of his house in a new suit of clothes. He has thrown away his furry great-coat, and



THE WORM CHANGED TO A BUTTERFLY.

Tender Grass.

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is dressed up in all colors." At this moment his father came to have a peep at the woolly bear turned into a butterfly.

The beautiful insect, as if glad to be alive, crawled out of the box on to the table, and then on Betty's arm, every now and then opening his wings and showing his fine dress underneath. After this the butterfly ran about the floor, and Bobby laughed heartily, for he would have it that the butterfly was running after Betty. It was some time before he was sober enough to listen to any serious remark; but when his papa saw his face look a little grave, as if he was thinking about

the woolly bear being changed into a butterfly, he said: "Bobby, you were pleased when the woolly bear ran across the garden walk, and when it began to spin itself a dwelling, and you are still more pleased now when it is changed into a beautiful butterfly; you have seen this wonderful change with your own eyes, and will, no doubt, always remember it. Now God, who has brought about this change, is always doing things equally wonderful in every part of the world; forget not that he who made the woolly bear, made you, and that he made all people, and that so great is his love for

mankind, that he gave his own Son to die for sinners.

He has promised, too, that after we are dead and have been laid in the grave, he will raise us up again; that these bodies of ours shall be newly formed, and that all who trust in his mercy and love, and serve and obey him, shall dwell with him in glory. Every promise that he has made he will be sure to keep; but if ever in reading his holy word you should be tempted for one moment to think anything too hard for God, call to mind how easily he changed the woolly bear into a butterfly.

He has promised that all who believe in

the Lord Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life; he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to all who ask Him; to change their hearts, to enable them to serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of their lives, and to make them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Had you seen that woolly bear when it was covered up in its web, you would have said it was most certainly dead, for it could not move, nor eat, nor see; when, therefore, it came as it were again to life as a butterfly, it reminds us of our death and resurrection, in showing us what great

changes other things undergo, and that there is a kind of resurrection in nature as well as in man. It teaches us that such a thing as our resurrection may be possible, and that just as wonderful things are happening every day around us, of which we think but little.

But this is not the explanation that Scripture gives us of the resurrection; it is one far more beautiful, and more readily understood. When, therefore, you ask how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? we would say, by the power of God and with the same body. St. Paul explains this by a seed.

Now you know that if you take a grain of wheat or a grain of Indian corn, and plant it in the ground, it seems to have no life, but after it has been in the ground some days, the moisture of the ground causes the grain or seed to decay, and a new life to be given it, and out of that decayed and perishing seed springs up another grain or seed, exactly like those you planted.

This is what St. Paul says, "That which thou sowest is not quickened (that is, has no life) except it die, and thou sowest not that grain which shall be," but it shall bear grain or seed just the same as what

you sowed, "for God giveth it a body, and to every seed its own body."

Now, to explain this more fully, and as Scripture does, let us take a flower; a tulip, if you please. It is a round, brown, dry, withered, dirty-looking thing. You plant it in the garden; it begins to decay in the ground; then it sprouts, sends up a shoot, and blooms beautifully. Now that beautiful flower is just as much the tulip as the old bulb you put in the ground; it is, in fact, the thing itself; and all that remains in the ground is what is worthless. So is it with our bodies; we lay them in the ground; they

begin to decay and turn to dust, but out of that dust and decay springs up a body, not with everything as we now have, but a spiritual body. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The bodies we have now are the natural bodies; the bodies we shall have hereafter are the spiritual. And just as certain as the flower of the tulip, is the tulip, and the same thing you planted so is to be the raised body of man.

Just so much more glorious and pure as the flower is than the root or bulb, so shall our spiritual bodies be when they shall rise, and the spirit again enter them

to live forever. They are buried defiled and impure, they are raised holy and free from all defilement. They are sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.

If the body of the good and pious child, who loves God and believes in Jesus, is, when it is raised from the dead, to be compared to a beautiful flower, what can we compare the body of a wicked child to, when it is raised from the dead. Our ideal of the devil is perhaps the most disgusting and horrible that we can imagine; but I think the appearance of a wicked

child will be, if possible, worse, because the devil never has sinned as a wicked child has done. Christ never died to save the devil, never loved him; but Christ has died for you and me, and has loved us beyond expression; if, therefore, we do not love him, nor believe him, are we not more wicked than the devil?

And as we were made in the image of God, and lost it by sin, so shall we be conformed to the image of the devil, if we do not leave off sinning and turn to God. Now, if the body is to be raised up, where is it to live? It is not to return here:

there are only two places for it to go, to heaven or hell. Think then where are you going? which is to be your home? If you live without God, do not obey him nor love him, then hell will be your portion, and the poor body raised from the dead shall be again occupied by your lost spirit, and together they shall be tormented forever and ever. But if you love God and serve him, then heaven will be your home, and all that you will enjoy, it is impossible for me to say, "for eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared

for them that love him." Think, then, about God and heaven.

I remember when I was a little boy, as I lay in bed with the curtain drawn back, watching the bright stars, I used to sing myself to sleep, saying,

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
> How I wonder what you are;
> Up above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky."

A little girl was once asked what the stars were; she replied, "They are holes in heaven to let God's glory shine through." That was a lovely thought. Supposing we climb up and look through one of

those bright openings into the world of glory? As we come near, how sweetly do the songs of heaven sound to our ears, and the rays of glory become brighter and brighter. All around is night, but there is no night there. As I look through *I see Jesus there.* The blessed God seated upon a throne of light, with a rainbow about his head, crowns are thrown at his feet, and voices without number are crying to him, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." *I see angels there.* Thousands and tens of thousands, with golden harps and glorious countenances, and bright shining garments. *I see saints there,* with white

robes and golden crowns, God wiping their tears away, the Lamb leading them to living fountains of waters, and all sweetly singing, "He was slain for us." *I see friends there.* Those I used to love; they are there. I see them with palms in their hands, their eyes beaming brightly, and their lips singing sweetly,

> "Come to this happy land!
> Come, come away!

Oh, yes, I see there children as young as you, I hear their voices;

> "A holy, happy band,
> Singing glory! glory! glory!"

And this tells me, *I may see myself there.*

Yes, more wonderful than all, my Saviour seems to be looking at me now through the opening into heaven; his hand of love seems to beckon to me, and his gentle voice says, "You, too, can come to me. I forbid you not. Yours may be this kingdom of God." I can look no longer for joy. *I can be there*, a poor, guilty, sinful soul, in such glory as that; oh, I hardly know how to give up looking and to leave such scenes; but I have this to cheer me:

"I'll see my Saviour when I die,
In glory, glory, glory!
And sing his praises as I fly,
To glory, glory, glory!

A golden harp is strung for me,
In glory, glory, glory!
Oh! happy, happy shall I be,
When once I 'm safe in glory!"

The Resurrection.

"Tell me, mamma, about the dead,
Who sleep within the grave,
But who will leave their silent bed,
When Jesus comes to save.

"You say, that though they moulder now,
They shall arise again,
To wear a crown upon their brow,
And with their Saviour reign."

"My child, the God who dwells on high,
Can do whate'er he will;
He formed the earth and made the sky,
By his almighty skill.

"His power unlock'd the stony tomb,
Where Christ our Saviour lay,

Lighting its deep sepulchral gloom
With Heaven's bright beaming ray.

"The merry, soft-wing'd butterfly,
Which sports among the flowers,
Rejoicing in the summer sky
At noontide's pleasant hours,

"Was once a poor imprison'd worm,
Shut in a gloomy cell,
Uncheer'd by morning's glad return,
While there obliged to dwell;

"But God unlock'd its prison door,
And made it all anew,
To fly about from flower to flower,
And sip the cooling dew.

"And He, by his almighty word,
Will call us to the skies,
And make us like to Christ our Lord,
When we from death arise.

"The bright-wing'd butterfly must die,
Its life will soon be o'er;
But we, when we ascend on high,
Shall live for evermore."

FINIS.