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to
BOYS & GIRLS
ABOUT
JESUS
Illustrated

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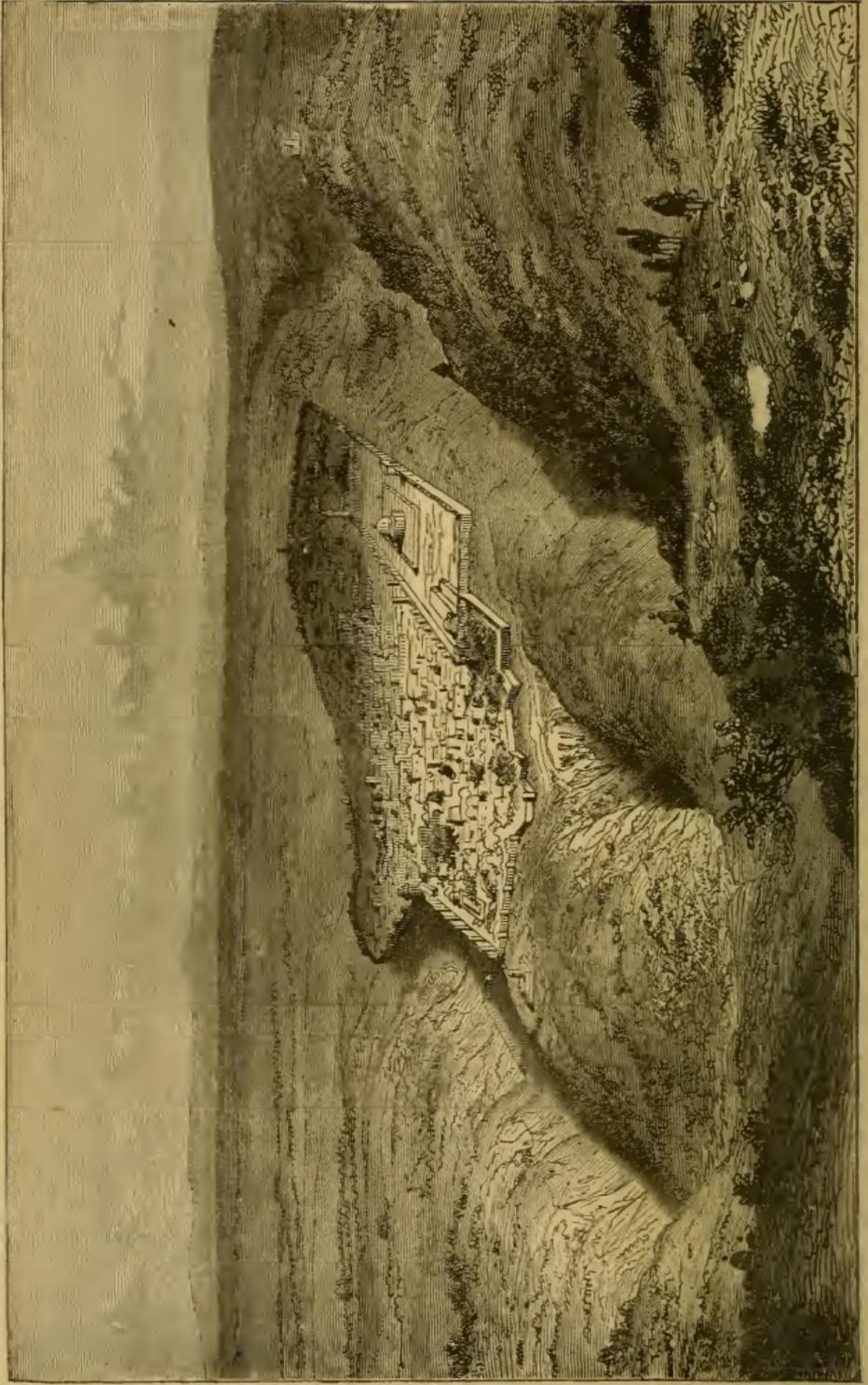
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS

ABOUT JESUS,

WITH

BIBLE LINKS

TO MAKE

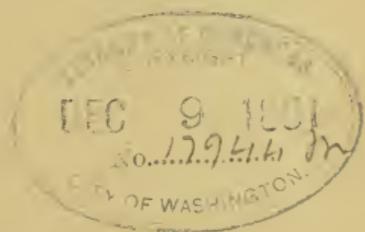
A COMPLETE AND CHRONOLOGICAL

LIFE OF CHRIST FOR THE YOUNG.

EDITED BY

REV. W. F. ^{*W. F. Fish*} CRAFTS,

AUTHOR OF "THE RESCUE OF CHILD-SOUL," "PLAIN USES OF THE
BLACKBOARD," ETC.



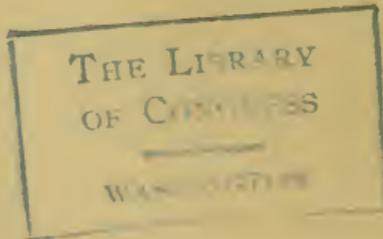
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L.M.W. 19D 33

Feed my lambs.—*Jesus*.

We may as soon set aside the command, "Feed my sheep," and claim to be faithful pastors as set aside the command "Feed my lambs" and claim to be faithful. — *Rev. Wm. Reid*.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song a child can seize on its meaning.

Longfellow.

I am satisfied that the day is coming when in our church, and in all the churches of the world, we shall look chiefly to the conversion of children, and as a comparatively rare instance to the conversion of those in maturer years. — *Bishop Simpson*.

We can raise more Christians by juvenile Christian culture than by adult conversion—a thousand to one. — *Dr. J. G. Holland*.

We have not yet learned that the church as well as the man is blessed that hath a quiver full of children. — *Rev. S. R. Dennen*.

Nothing is easier than to *talk* to children; but to talk to them as they ought to be talked to, is the very last effort of ability. A man must have a vigorous imagination. He must have extensive knowledge, to call in illustration from the four corners of the earth; for he will make but little progress, but by illustration. It requires great genius to throw the mind into the habits of children's minds. I aim at this, but I find it the utmost effort of ability. No sermon ever put my mind half so much on the stretch. — *Cecil*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE purposes of this volume are as follows :—

First, to give an impetus to the growing custom of preaching to children, by putting before preachers who are interested in this subject a large variety of sermons to boys and girls, from the persons of all denominations who have given special attention to this branch of Christian work, both in Great Britain and in the United States.

Second, to provide children and Sunday-school teachers with clear and simple explanations, illustrations, and applications of the lessons on the Life of Christ, which is usually the theme of at least half the year—sometimes, as in 1882, of the whole year.

Third, to furnish to Christian parents a pleasant plan of Bible reading with their children, by an arrangement of the four Gospels chronologically—that is, in the order of the events—with sermons to boys and girls inserted at frequent intervals, to explain the readings and make them interesting and impressive.

Most of the sermons in this volume, as their brevity would indicate, are literally “five-minute sermons,” such as are regularly preached by those contributing them in

each Sunday morning service before the longer sermon to the whole congregation, and usually separated from it by a hymn. In some cases, the little sermon is on the same subject as the longer sermon, and serves as an introduction. In other cases, it is on the Sunday-school lesson for the day. In yet others, the theme is furnished by the season or passing events—"The Snow," "The Flowers," etc. In still other cases, it has been found to add to the interest to preach a series of these brief sermons on such subjects as "The Life of Jesus," "The Bible," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Birds and Foxes of the Bible," etc.

Others of our contributors preach longer sermons to the children once a month or once a quarter, regularly, giving up a whole service to the children.

The former plan of preaching a short sermon to the children every Sunday is, however, the one most frequently adopted, as it brings the boys and girls to the church every Sunday, and really answers that most troublesome question of religious conventions, "How shall we secure the regular attendance of children at church?"

Those who excuse themselves for not preaching to children, on the score that they have no natural gift for it, would do well to remember that it was to Peter—the very one, as tradition says, who had so little appreciation of children that he sought to keep them back from Christ when they came for blessings—that Jesus said, "Feed my lambs."

The art of effective speaking, whether to children or adults, is secured only by earnest study and preparation. Theological seminaries and individual preachers may well

ask if a minister's studies ought not to be aimed at fitting him to obey more than one-third of the great commission :

“FEED MY SHEEP.”

“SHEPHERD MY SHEEPLINGS.”

“FEED MY LAMBS”?

If these sermons shall aid any of Christ's shepherds in carrying out the Chief Shepherd's commissions in regard to the lambs of the flock, and lead them in their sermons to “lead on softly, according as the children be able to endure” (Genesis 33. 14), it will have accomplished its chief purpose.

We hope these pages may also be helpful to the noble army of Sunday-school teachers ; and that many mothers and children at Christian firesides will find the story of Jesus made clearer and dearer, as they follow it through from the manger to the cross, by the aid of this book.

W. F. C.

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* PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

For these very fine engravings we are indebted to YOUNG'S BIBLICAL TREASURY—a work invaluable to all students of the Bible, and one fitly illustrated by so fine engravings. Its author is Dr. Robert Young, of Edinburgh, whose CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE is a lasting monument to the heroic Biblical scholarship of the century.

INTRODUCTORY PAPERS.

WHAT RELIGIOUS TRUTHS SHOULD WE TEACH TO CHILDREN ?

*Preached on the Eve of Innocents' Day (St. John's Day), 1879, in
Westminster Abbey.*

BY A. P. STANLEY, D. D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

*I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk
in truth.*—3 JOHN, 4.

As once before, so now, we have brought you together on St. John's Day because Innocents' Day falls on a Sunday. Those words which I have read from St. John well express what all of us ought to feel : " We have no greater joy than that our children—than that the rising generation—should walk in truth." And I have, therefore, thought it useful to set forth what are the religious truths which we should try to teach our children, and which our children should try to learn. Some of what I say will chiefly be addressed to parents and friends ; some of what I say will be chiefly addressed to children. But most will find—some in one part, some in another—something to instruct them.

There are two points to be mentioned at the outset which might seem difficult to reconcile, but which in fact

wonderfully agree, and are a support to each other. On the one hand, what we teach to children should be truths which will stand the wear and tear of time as they grow up. Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." That is very true; but in order that he should not when he is old depart from it, it must be a way which, when he is old, he will find to be as good for him as it was when he was young. On the other hand, we must try to teach a child what he will understand, in the simplest and not in the hardest words—in the words which sink deepest into his soul and lay most hold on his heart. This, perhaps, we might think, cannot be the truth in which the child will feel most delight when it grows older. Not perhaps in the very same forms; but we may be sure, and our Saviour himself has told us, that the instruction which is most suitable for a little child is also the most suitable for the oldest and wisest of men.

I.—What then shall we teach our children to believe, which when they grow up they may find that later experience does not require them to alter?

(1.) We must teach them that beyond what they feel and see and touch, there is something better and greater which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, fairness and uprightness—these are the best things in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss—no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly close to us, both in the midst of our work and our play. And this goodness and kindness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see, is something which existed before we were born. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things of this world—the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight; all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this Goodness

and Love are the Great Power out of which all things come, which we call by the name of God. And because God is so much above us and so good to us, we call Him by the name which is most dear to us of all earthly names—our Father. When a father goes away from home, still his children know that he is somewhere, though they cannot see him, and they know what to do in order to please him. So it is with the great unseen Father of us all. Let us then teach our children that God is Goodness and Justice ; that the rules which He has laid down for the government of the world are His will and wish for us ; even frost and cold, even sickness and pain, are for our good, and we must trust that He has some good reason for it—perhaps to make us strong, and brave, and healthy. It is for this reason that you see in the Abbey, on the monument of Sir John Franklin, who was so long shut up in the ice, the words “O ye Frost and Cold ; O ye Ice and Snow ; bless ye the Lord ; praise Him and magnify His name for ever.” This then, in various ways, is our way of expressing our belief in our Father in heaven.

(2.) But this highest kindness and fairness are like what we have seen and heard of in the world. Children can see it in their good parents, their good uncles and aunts, their good brothers and sisters ; and as they grow older they will find that there have always been good people, and they will hear that there was once one Child, one Man, so good to all about Him, so good to little children, that He has shown us better than any one else what is the true likeness of that unseen Goodness which we call God, and which we still hope to know in heaven. Children should be taught what Jesus Christ did and said when He went about doing good, and should be made to understand that only so far as we are like to Jesus Christ, or like what Jesus Christ taught when He was in the world, that we can be His friends or followers. He was good, and He went through all sorts

of trouble and pain even to His death on the cross, for no other reason but to make us good. This will help us to understand why He is called the Son of God, the Saviour of men.

(3.) And children should learn to know that there is in the heart of every one of us something which tells when we have done right or wrong—which makes the color come into our cheeks when we have said what is not true—which we must treat with honor both in ourselves and others. What is this? There are many names by which you will hear it called in after life, but there is one name which we speak of almost in a whisper, because we do not like to think or speak of it as if it were a common thing. We call it “the voice of God,” the invisible Power all around, which also is within us—the “Breath” or the “Spirit of God,” which we cannot see any more than we can see our own breath or spirit—and because it is so good we call it “the Holy Spirit of God.” And from this “Breath or Spirit of God” comes all the good not only in ourselves but in other people; and children cannot learn too early to admire and love all that is admirable and lovable in the men, women, and children that they see around them. They may, perhaps, also be able to learn the great lesson that there are things to be admired and loved in people they do not like; in people that hurt and annoy them, or even in those whom they ought to avoid. And if, as sometimes happens, children are brought up in other countries where they do not see the people always go to the same church, or utter the same prayers as they and their parents, they may learn thus early a lesson which they never will forget, namely, that our heavenly Father has those who serve Him and do good in many different ways, but still in and by the same good Spirit.

II.—These are the chief things which we ought to learn from our catechism as to what the young should *believe*. And now, what must we teach them as to what they should

do? St. John, when he was a very old man—so old that he could not walk, and could hardly speak—used to be carried in the arms of his friends into the midst of the assembly of Christians, and then he would lift himself up and say, “Little children, love one another;” and again, “Little children, love one another;” and again, “Little children, love one another.” When asked, “Have you nothing else to tell us?” he replied, “I say this over and over again, because if you do this there is nothing more needed.” Now, that is something like what I would say to you. What you have to be told to do is very simple. It is that you should be kind and loving to one another, for then you will be loving towards God, because you will be doing that which He most desires. Try not to vex or tease your smaller brothers or sisters; try to help them when they are in difficulty; do not be jealous of them; do not tell stories against them; above all, do not lead them into mischief, because the worst harm you can do to a young child is to tempt him to do what is wrong. If he once begins you cannot stop him, and many years afterwards he will remember with bitter grief and indignation that you were the first to lead him astray into evil ways. A lie that is told, a deceit that is practised, a bad word that is heard, a bad act that is lightly spoken of, often enters into the mind of a young child, and remains there all his life. There is a proverb which says, “Little pitchers have long ears,” and it means that little children often hear more than you think they hear, and keep in their memory things which you think they must have forgotten. It is the same, in other words, as a Latin proverb, which those boys who understand Latin will translate for themselves—*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*. The greatest reverence, the greatest fear, should restrain us from doing anything by false, or vulgar, or foolish words, to spoil the conscience, or the taste, or the character of a little boy. You know what you

mean by a spoiled picture, or a spoiled book—the colors are slurred, the leaves are rumped. That is what we mean by a child whose character is spoiled or stained by the foolish indulgence or neglect of those about him. Parents, try not to spoil your children. Children, try not to spoil one another; and take care not to be spoiled yourselves. That is one of the most important ways of fulfilling St. John's precept both for old and young, "Little children, love—do not spoil—one another." And there is another part of this precept which children should be taught: it is that love and kindness include not only our brothers and sisters and relatives, but also poor people who are in suffering or want; and not only these, but also the poor dumb creatures that depend upon us. Never be rude to any poor man or woman because they are in rags, or because they look and talk differently from ourselves. Never be cruel to any dog, or cat, or bird. There was once a very cruel Roman emperor—cruel to men, women, and children—who, when he was a little boy, used to amuse himself by tormenting flies. Perhaps if he had been stopped then he would not have had his heart hardened against his fellow men.

III.—And, now, how are you to be strengthened to believe and to do these things? There are many ways, but I will mention only two. By reading good books and by learning good prayers.

(1.) Good books. First of all, the best parts of the Bible; for even in the best of all books, the Bible, there are some parts more useful, more easy, more likely to stand the trials of time than others. Learn these, teach these, and you will then find that the more difficult parts will not perplex those who in their early childhood have had a firm grasp of those parts of which the truth and beauty belong not to the vesture that is folded up and vanisheth away, but to the wisdom and grace which endure forever. And

of other good books, let the stories of the good and great men of our own or former times be fixed in our remembrance. How many such stories there are which, as Sir Philip Sidney said of Chevy Chase, stir our souls and spirits as with a trumpet ! How many are there which will make our blood boil against the evil-doer, or our hearts beat with admiration for generous and noble deeds ! There was a famous French soldier of bygone days whose name you will see written in this Abbey on the gravestone of Sir James Outram, because in many ways he was like Bayard. Bayard was a small boy, only thirteen, when he went into his first service, and his mother told him to remember three things. "First, to fear and love God ; secondly, to have gentle and courteous manners to those above him ; and, thirdly, to be generous and charitable, without pride or haughtiness, to those beneath him ;" and these three things he never forgot—which helped to make him the soldier "without fear, and without reproach." These are the stories which are part of the heritage of all the families of the earth, and ought to be cherished from the first to the last.

(2.) And what must we teach, what must be learnt about prayer ? Let no parent forget, let no child forget, to say a prayer, however short, at morning and at evening. It will help to make you better all the day. The Lord's Prayer will never fail you. The child will be able to understand it, the old man will find it expressing all that he wants. And there is also that form of prayer which is expressed in hymns. There are hymns which can be remembered better than anything else, and which in restless sleepless nights of pain and suffering will come back to our minds, many many years after they were learnt in childhood. Amongst these let me recommend the Morning and Evening Hymns, written by one of the best of Englishmen, Bishop Ken—the first beginning, "Awake, my soul, and

with the sun," and the other, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." Not long ago I was visiting an aged and famous statesman, and he repeated to me, word by word, "The Evening Hymn," as he had learnt it, he told me, from his nurse ninety years before. So may it be with you, my dear children, not only with hymns, but with the other good things which you may learn now, and perhaps when you are like that old, very old man, grown gray in the service of his country, and full of years and honors, you may remember that when you were a child you heard something which you have not forgotten on the festival of St. John, on the eve of Innocents' Day, in Westminster Abbey.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION IN THE SABBATH SERVICE.*

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, OF BIRKENHEAD, ENG.

WHAT I wish to advocate is the introduction of suitable words for children in the regular ministration of the pulpit. At least one out of every three who come to our churches is a child under twelve. In every congregation of worshipers, therefore, there is a congregation of children. Sunday brings to those young hearts a certain stir of expectation. Everything is different from other days; the very preparations announce that it is to some great festival the family are going. The thoughts of the children are set toward a great occasion. Sunday after Sunday they go up to it with expectation in their hearts; and Sunday after Sunday, in the majority of our churches, that expectation is not recognized; their presence is not felt. They are not once addressed. The psalms and hymns express experiences at which they have not arrived.

* Paper read at the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, 1880.

The sermon is in language they do not understand. At length the great occasion has come to an end ; the people are faring back to their homes ; but not one word has been spoken to the children, who, nevertheless, as baptized persons, are members of the flock, and concerning whom the Lord left this injunction : " Feed my lambs."

Who can think of the immense number of children scattered over our Presbyterian churches, who come up to the public service Sunday after Sunday with eager hope of finding some interest for their young souls, with that hope growing smaller and smaller as the brief years of childhood run out, until at last the pathetic habit is formed of expecting nothing—who can think of this and not sympathize with the desire to provide for them, also, a portion in the service, which they shall look forward to, and by which their spiritual lives shall be fed ?

The Presbyterian Church has never known a time when the religious training of her children has not been a subject of the deepest interest to her. Her Sunday-schools are an honest, most earnest endeavor to supply a portion of that training ; but they cannot adequately supply all that is desired.

Perhaps the greatest monument of the Presbyterian Church's interest in the religious training of children is its Catechisms. I, personally, have the best of reasons for thinking well of one of these. I was brought up, theologically speaking, on the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. It is a book I greatly honor. Nothing I am about to say implies the suggestion that it should be laid aside ; but I am bound to report the good I got out of it was not till the years of my childhood were past. As a child I did not understand it. I do not think many of my generation did. It was a task book. It was a treasury of doctrinal statements set in terms too abstract and theological for children to take in ; statements, none the less,

good to be lodged in the memory—good as forms of thought for the future—but beyond the present comprehension of all except a specially gifted few among such children as I have known.

In childhood it is the imagination that is most fully developed and most eager for food. At every turn those young eyes open upon new vistas and reaches of wonderland. Everything presents itself to them in the resemblance of something else. The stars are lamps; the rainbow, ladders; the clouds, islands in a sea of blue. Now is the time, also, when the world they see seems to veil another unseen; when woods are peopled with strange forms of life, and mountains have secret doors opening into hid kingdoms of diamonds and gold; when the shadows on the wall, and the sighing of trees and the prattle of brooks are living things. It is the time, especially, when the past lies behind the child like a golden age—and stories of that past are of all things the most welcome to the soul. Thought, feeling, emotion—everything is touched with imaginative receptiveness. If at this time, therefore, the heart is to be reached, it must be through the gates of imagination.

My suggestion is that we should recognize and meet this condition of mind; that we should follow where nature beckons; that we should set ourselves to meet the susceptibility and yearning of childhood by truth set in imaginative forms; using the word in a large, elastic sense, let me say by stories—sermon stories—which the child's own pastor shall tell.

I do not undertake to say what is the best arrangement for bringing in the stories. The arrangement that would suit one congregation may be unsuitable for another. But I offer the following as suggestions which at least are practical:

In churches where two lessons are read in the morning

service, the second might be set apart for the children—might itself, in fact, in the very words of the Bible story, be the children's portion. Just there every child might be apprised that the word read and the brief remarks made in connection with them were for them.

In churches where instrumental music is used, the time consumed in playing over the tunes and in executing little snatches of cadence between the singing of verses, if gathered together, would probably give all the time that would be required.

In churches where quartette and duet singing is allowed, the proper place would be there. Let the quartette singers fall back into the choir. Let the children's service occupy their place.

In churches where there are neither two lessons, nor an organ, nor quartette singing, I suppose I am not far from the fact in assuming that the sermon is at least three-quarters of an hour in length. Let the minister cut it down to thirty minutes. He will thereby have done two good things: he will have greatly improved the working quality of his sermon, and he will have found a good quarter of an hour for his word to the children.

The practical aim we have in the Christian upbringing of our young people will determine the kind of stories we should tell. Our purpose is not entertainment, but instruction. We are set to train up the children in gospel principles, and to lives which shall be the embodiment of the gospel. Not every story, therefore, will suit for this work: not stories for stories' sake. Only stories which have more or less the formative principles of the gospel in them; stories which have truth as truth is found in the parables, or truth of actual event, as it is found in biography or history. Stories which have Christian truth neither in the one form nor the other, which are mere

fiction, are inevitably detected by children, and, in nine cases out of ten, discarded just because they are not true. The stories which a minister of the gospel will tell will be stories of life rather than death. Morbid stories, which give undue prominence to the details of the death-bed, he will soon come to feel can only work evil in young minds. The grand purpose of the gospel is life, not death; purer life, higher life, holier life. We are sent into the world to live, and every word spoken by the Christian minister should be promotive of this purpose. This does not require that there shall never be reference to death. It is the gospel of immortality we have to preach. The wonder of divine grace has its triumphs in the death-bed as well as in active life. But in the main it is life, not death, we have to illustrate and commend. Our Sunday stories, therefore, should be brimful of life, wholesome with the wholesomeness of life, and their natural influence should be along the lines which lead to manly and womanly worth, and to honesty, purity, temperance, and truth in daily life. They should be such stories as go to make boys brave and honorable, and girls tender-hearted and pitiful with the pity and tenderness of God.

I need hardly say that the stories should be moral. They should not be—and in the hand of the gospel minister they cannot be—such as in the name of religion discredit morality.

Just as bad are stories which commend an impossible morality. We are set to train Christ's little ones to lives passed under conditions which have been appointed by the tenderest consideration for their weakness. They are to do what they can—no more. They are not called to angelic conditions, but to human. They are not to be exhorted to a morality too high for them, or so severe as to give them a distaste for the Gospel which has called them to it. We shall therefore exclude stories which set up

impossible standards, or which invite them to sacrifices they are as yet simply not old enough to understand.

But, above all, the stories ought to have in the heart of them some fair vision of God ; which is the same as saying they ought to be Gospel stories. Some aspect of the divine face, or some reflection of the divine character, or something which should suggest these, should be in them all. It is the Gospel we are set to preach to the grown-up people ; it is the same Gospel we should preach by our sermon-stories to the children.

I shall never forget a little speech made once to a company of Sunday-school teachers, of whom I was one, by an old Secession Elder in Glasgow. It was at the time when Kitto's Illustrated Bible was first brought out. People imagined that they were getting something very grand when they were getting pictures of the Holy Land, and wood-cuts of palm-trees, and beasts of burden, and dresses, and buildings. But this old Elder, who had looked into the heart of the Bible more deeply than we young teachers, said : " It may be useful and very entertaining to tell your classes of the height and girth of the cedars of Lebanon, and the dimensions of the Temple of Solomon, and such things ; but in my experience there is nothing will interest a child so much, or bear repetition so many times, or do so much good, as the story of the Cross of Christ."

And I entirely assent to that statement. The story itself as it lies in the Bible, or illustrations of it or of little bits of it, as we have supplied sometimes in the loving and self-denying conduct of mothers and mother-hearted souls, are the stories which most easily fascinate a child, which make the deepest impression, and which are the happiest opening for children into the knowledge of the love of God.

But now comes the natural inquiry : Where are such stories to be found ? Now see the wisdom and provident

goodness of God. Great portions of the Book we are set to expound come to us in the form of stories. An endless supply is there, and a boundless variety, and all of it touched with both imagination and ethical force. In Genesis and Exodus alone are stories which will last for a whole year. We have only to name the heroes of Bible history to recall the rich materials prepared for our use: Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samson, Samuel, David. We have only to think of the events of which the Bible is the record, to see the same thing: the expulsion from Eden, the deluge, the ten plagues, the crossing of the Red Sea, the life in the wilderness.

What child could not feel the awful side of the divine majesty in the story of Belshazzar's feast? or the weird doom on filial disloyalty in the death of Absalom? or the pathos of human life in the anguish which sings in the 137th Psalm—"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—or the protective care of God in the preservation of Daniel in the lions' den? or the wonder and miracle of His presence in that story of the form of the Son of man who was seen walking with the three children in the fire?

And see how the life of our Lord has been told. That life unfolds in a way that might justify the supposition that it was meant to be told to children. At once it arrests the imagination and engages the heart of a child. The manger in the stable, the star, the wise men, the visit to the Temple, the preaching at Nazareth, the baptism by John, the temptation—we have in these events an interest which never loses its fascination for children. And, as if these were not enough, we have line upon line of other and as interesting materials in that life. There is the rich fullness of incident and circumstance in the history of the public ministry. The parables are just stories of the kind, and for the kind of minds I am bringing before you.

The miracles are stories. And, last of all, there is the endlessly interesting story of the sufferings at the end.

And we are not confined to the Bible. The history of God's dealings with His people, and of their contendings for His kingdom and truth, is another Bible outside of the Bible we know. Why should our children not be instructed on the Lord's day in the glorious memories of the Reformation? Why should we ever suffer to be forgotten the heroic faith under persecution which in every country those who followed the Reformation sustained? Is it nothing to have stories to tell like those of the Waldensian valleys, of the Puritan Pilgrims, of the Scottish Covenanters? Or is it wise to know all we do of the conquests of the Gospel among the heathen, and let our children grow up in ignorance of them?

God has set the teacher of the Word in a world teeming with illustrative stories. Did he intend the poets to sing to idle worldlings only? Why should the Christian ballad, for example, of the venerable Whittier, not be used in the spiritual training of the young? Why should the preachers not make incursions into the field of general literature? Shakespeare himself will minister to the children if we let him. The best sermon on the necessity of clean hands and a pure heart, is just to tell his story of Macbeth. And, if all other books should fail, there remains the glorious Dream of the Bedford prisoner. This will supply many a Sunday story, and be good for the highest ends in the Christian training of the young.

Nor are we confined to books. Life is surging all around us, and sending us whole tides of interesting incident through the newspapers every morning. Never a week, if we care to gather them, but illustrations of Bible lessons may be found in that supply alone.

I will close by pointing out the good we might expect if this suggestion were adopted.

There would be good to the minister. Mr. Phillips Brooks, in his Yale lectures, expresses the fear that preaching to children may impair the power of preaching to adults. If that fresh and genial spirit has himself preached to children, as I have no doubt he has done, it certainly has not impaired his power to speak to the adults. It did not impair the power of Norman Macleod, nor of William Arnot. It will not impair the power in any true-hearted speaker for God, but it will quicken his spirit ; it will simplify his presentation of the Gospel ; it will be like a bath in young-heartedness. Having set the child in the midst, he will turn round, like the Master, to the rest of the flock, and speak to them with the tenderness and simplicity of heart which spiritual contact with childhood never fails to impart.

It will be a blessing to the adult portion of the congregation. People never cease to be affected by the memories of their childhood. That song murmurs behind us along all the paths of life. We are never far from the subtle tendrils that hold us, or are ready to lay hold of us and bring us back to the fair vision of the early years. Touch the hearts of children in your flocks, and you have thereby touched the hearts of the parents. When the shepherd wishes the dam to follow him, he carries the lamb on his shoulder. It is true in the narrower sphere of the congregation as in the world-wide sphere of the race, that a little child shall lead. And sometimes, speaking to the children, or evoking their praise, you touch chords in the parental heart which nothing else can touch. It is not alone in Longfellow's song that fathers rejoice to hear the voice of their daughters in the praise. To real fathers before you that voice will sound like the dear mother's in Paradise ; and hard, rough hands in real life will

“ Wipe the tears out of their eyes.”

We were talking the other day, in the Council, about the enrichment of Presbyterian worship. What we are in search of awaits us here. And, coming this way, it will come to us, not from without, but from within. Recognize the presence and the claims of the children, and, when the minister's brief word to them is ended, give voice to their songs; and by that one bound, by that one addition, Presbyterian worship shall have ascended to a height and richness which an imitated liturgic service could never reach.

But, chiefly, it will be good for the children. The little sermon or story to the children will make the Sabbath a delight to them. It will draw their young hearts into the same acts of worship with their parents. It will be the sowing of their minds with seeds of thought. We can never tell the immense results in after life to which the simplest-looking event in childhood will lead up. A little boy at Tarsus once heard the story of Gideon and the earthen pitchers; and in his old age he lifted up that story into eternal forms of still fertile thought, in the great utterance where the memory of Gideon's lights and pitchers is made to illustrate both the light which God in the Gospel commanded to shine out of darkness, and the power and excellency which he has stored up in preachers who in themselves are but earthen vessels.

Be sure we have not come yet to the last visions of life, in the stories of the Bible. There are wells of truth, ideals of practice, solutions of problems, still untouched in those tales of the divine past. Drop them, minister of the Gospel, one by one as you have opportunity, into the soil of young hearts. You will tell some day, for example, the story of the runaway slave whom Paul found in the slums of Rome and sent back to Philemon, his master, and—who knows?—out of that soil, prepared by God, in after years shall spring up the very word we are waiting

for, the very solution of the problem we had before us the other day, of the relation between employer and employed.

And in other ways past naming good shall spring forth. The life of the pulpit shall flow like a river through the lives of the children; and the boys and girls who are to be the fathers and mothers of the years to come, shall rise up to call us blessed.

I am not advocating an untried proposal. Many congregations in England and Scotland have had happy experience of it for years. Would that it might become an ordinance in every Presbyterian Church in the world. At every morning service, for one ten minutes out of the ninety, let the minister be in direct contact with the souls of the children. Let never a day pass in which he shall not give wings to a story of God's love or Christian life. It will go up and down and in and out, throughout the week which follows, doing good work for God.

Doing thus we shall whet and keep whole the appetite of the children for the services of the sanctuary. Doing thus we shall open the windows of heaven and give them also glimpses of the vision of God. And in that golden space in those consecrated minutes we shall bring back for the children—and it may be for their parents as well—the days when Jesus spoke to His disciples in parables, and taught those children of His love as they were able to receive His words.

SERMONETTES.

BY REV. E. CORWIN, D. D., RACINE, WIS.

WHAT can be done to reach and retain the children; bringing them to Christ and training them up in Christ? This is one of the most practical of problems with every faithful pastor. To make the Sabbath-school a Bible school for the whole church, adults as well as the young,

is of great advantage. It works well in various ways, if the parents are ready to second the efforts of the pastor and superintendent in this direction. Whatever may be the defects of the Sabbath-school system, they are not remedied by church or pastor getting out of sympathy with it, and acting as though they thought the case hopeless and the system worthless. Till some wise critic shall devise a better system, we shall continue to use the Sabbath-school as a very important department of church work, and as the most available and efficient agency for instructing the young in a knowledge of the Word.

It is useless to tell us that Sabbath-schools have to a great extent supplanted religious instruction in the family. The households now neglecting Bible study and family religion will not be any more likely to take up the neglected duty if we turn the children adrift from the Sabbath-schools, and cease as churches to provide for their religious instruction.

To object that the Sabbath-school is too often made a substitute for the church service—as doubtless it too often is—avails nothing, if we have no practical remedy to suggest. The problem is not solved by closing these schools and saying to the children, Come to the regular services of the sanctuary, if you wish to receive religious instruction. While continuing to use the Sabbath-school as an instrumentality wonderfully blessed of God—the nursery from which the tender plants are transferred to become standard fruit-bearing trees in the garden of the Lord—let pastor and people use the school itself as the place in which to impress the importance of church-going habits upon every child. While the pastor can do much to encourage and help the superintendent and teachers by his presence at every session of the school, manifesting the deepest interest in that department of church work, the superintendent and teachers may do much to persuade the children that

the Sabbath-school is not the children's church, nor in any wise a substitute for the church service.

Good results have in some cases been secured by keeping a credit and debit account with each scholar, not only with respect to attendance upon the Sabbath-school, but upon the prayer-meetings and the public Sabbath services as well. To superadd to this pecuniary rewards for attendance is by some highly approved, but by others is regarded as of doubtful expediency, since it presents an unworthy motive to the mind of the child, and is not training him as a matter of principle and preference to attend the sanctuary. When the lower motive is withdrawn the habit is liable to fall with it, if the higher motives are wanting.

Many pastors are finding the best practical solution of the problem how to reach and retain the children, and how to establish in them church-going habits, by the introduction of the sermonette. Introduced just before the hymn, immediately preceding the regular sermon, it relieves and lights up the otherwise too staid and stately service, and acts as an appetizer, so that the people settle down with a keener relish and all the closer attention to the weightier discourse and the more compacted argument.

If care be taken to have all the exercises sharp and short, the sermonette of from five to ten minutes does not add very much, if any, to the ordinary length of the morning service. If the organist and chorister are in full sympathy with the pastor, so that the least possible time is wasted in the mere incidentals—such as tedious organ voluntaries and interludes, the needless reading of verses of the hymn which are to be omitted in singing, and the giving of irrelevant and often impertinent notices—the entire exercises can be with dignity and propriety compressed within an hour and a quarter.

With thorough preparation, earnestness and freedom in delivery, copious illustration without falling into “anec-

dotage," it will be found that the adults are quite as much interested in and profited by this as by any part of the service, while the children will need little persuasion to attend church, if it is understood that the pastor never fails to have a little sermon for them. This method is found to be far better than an occasional discourse for the children, for that brings them to the house of God only occasionally.

The pastor who fails to feed the lambs, fails to fulfill a very important part of his commission from the Great Shepherd, and has little occasion to complain that the lambs are not eager to come for the fodder that is intended and adapted only for the sheep. On this subject we offer the following suggestions :

1. Carefully avoid baby talk.
2. Use few if any endearing phrases, such as "dear children."
3. It is important to avoid excess of story telling.
4. Do not let the illustrations drown the theme. The aim is to make the subject vivid, and not merely draw attention to the ingenuity of the illustration.
5. It is important to preach a sermon for the young people every Sunday, that the children may be encouraged to come regularly.
6. It is well to follow up this work by inviting one or two classes at a time to a Monday evening meeting with the pastor. Thus, during the year all of the scholars will have been invited. One hundred and eighty dollars invested in a microscope for these Monday evenings, will be found to be a good investment.
7. If, together with the foregoing suggestions, the pastor will visit the home of each child in the congregation at least once a year, he will find his own heart kept young, and he will be able to draw the children into the church.

SERMONS TO BOYS AND GIRLS, ABOUT JESUS.

[THE SCRIPTURE READINGS AND SERMONS BEING ARRANGED
IN THE ORDER OF THE EVENTS,]

Why the stories of Jesus were written—LUKE 1. 1-4. Where Jesus was before He came to this world—JOHN 1. 1-5, 9-14, 16-18. John the Baptizer sent to witness of Jesus—JOHN 1. 6, 8, 15. His parents—LUKE 1. 1-25.

BIRTH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST FORETOLD.*

BY BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.—MALACHI 4. 6 ; LUKE 1. 17.

ANGELS are all about us night and day, and we might see them, no doubt, if our eyes were not very imperfect. There are also many sounds in nature that we never hear, because our ears do not catch sounds that are very high or very low. So we are told by those who study such things. But God can at any time "open our ears," or our eyes, to hear and see what ordinarily we do not perceive : and perhaps I shall be able to tell you more about this at another time. Now, I only wish to make you observe a pretty thing about the text. It was written four hundred years

* From *The Sunday-school Times*.

before our Saviour's birth, by the holy prophet Malachi. The times he promised seemed to tarry very long ; but once, when a pious priest was ministering in the temple, of a sudden his eyes and ears were opened, and he saw an angel. The angel spake unto him, and he heard him. And now, the pretty thing I wished to point out is that this blessed angel knew the Bible, and he took this very text for his text, and he preached upon it for the instruction of the priest. How striking is the thought that when we read the Bible we feed on angels' food ; and when clergymen preach they do what angels would gladly do, had not God, in His wisdom, preferred men to minister to their brethren.

The angel took this text, written four hundred years beforehand, and he told the priest that it was all about a great preacher that would ere long be born to him as a son. This son should grow up to be a second Elijah, and should be greater than all the other prophets, because he should complete their work, by pointing out the Lamb of God so long expected, and baptizing Him, to prepare Him for His work of redeeming poor sinners on the cross. In a word, this promised child was St. John the Baptist, and he was to introduce Christ to the world as its Saviour ; and he was also to prepare the way of the Lord, by preaching repentance and making sinners feel their need of a Saviour.

Now we come to the text, and we learn one way in which he was to make many of the Jewish people ready to receive the Son of David. Observe, my dear children, how much it concerns such as you are : "He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." Is it not a thing to think of, that preparing the way of the Lord had so much to do with the hearts of little children ?

The people of those days were perhaps no worse than those of our own times, when we think how much more has

been done for us than had been done for them. And if some people take no pains with their children now, we may well suppose they were more neglectful still in the days of cruel King Herod. And what was the consequence? The children of those days grew up to be the wicked men that crucified their king—the King of Glory—the well-beloved Son of God. They were the most miserable of all men, in being given up to do this, the most awful crime of all crimes men have ever done.

That there were any good men at all in such days seems to be the wonder. But John the Baptist grew up to do a great work in converting the wicked, and teaching them to obey the gospel. And it was the children of these converted people that became the first followers of the blessed apostles. Many of them were blessed martyrs; and many of them were missionaries who went to distant lands, and taught even our own forefathers, in Britain, to know and love the Redeemer.

Now, how was it done? You see it was by what we now call family religion. Fathers and mothers, too, began to love their children's souls as well as their bodies. So Timothy was brought up, and he became a great missionary. We know that good parents *catechized* their children, because this is what St. Luke tells us of Theophilus and his education. And children began to love to be taught, as they generally do, when loving fathers and mothers take such pains to teach them, telling them about the holy Jesus, going over all the wonderful stories of the Bible with them, and showing that they are probably made beautiful for the very purpose of interesting children, and "making them wise unto salvation."

See what a happy thing it is to belong to a Christian family, in which fathers and mothers are so bound to love their children, and take care of them. You have heard, I dare say, how heathen children are treated by their

parents—often thrown into the streets, or into the rivers, and sometimes sacrificed to their horrid idols. There never was such a thing as a true family among heathen, because neither fathers nor children know how to use their hearts in loving one another as they should ; that is, faithfully, and not with mere animal affection, as we see dogs and cats nursing their young for a time, and then forgetting them. And even among the Jews, families were not ordinarily such as Christian families always may be, and always are, when they are truly Christian.

You know how dear is the thought of *home*, when you are away from home for a short time. Now, in one word, this very thing, a *home*, is a Christian idea ; and there are no true homes where there are no true Christians.

So the angel came to tell the world about homes ; how the time was near which we call the Christian age ; how it should be the age of homes and of happy families ; and this just so far as fathers and mothers should be true Christians, and regulate their love to their children by the Holy Scriptures, so as to make their children love them dearly in return.

“ He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,” said the angel. Bad fathers, who neglect their children, generally have bad sons and daughters. I often preach to wretched men and women in prisons ; and sometimes I have said to them, “ I am afraid your fathers and mothers never taught you the catechism ; never taught you the Lord’s Prayer ; never taught you about the Saviour ; and never took you by the hand and led you to church with them on the Lord’s Day. If so, you see the consequences of their folly, in your own misery and sinfulness ; and I am afraid they, as well as you, deserve to be shut up in prison for letting their children grow up without good habits ; but even now you can repent, and teach your children to do better.” So I have talked to them ; and I have seen them

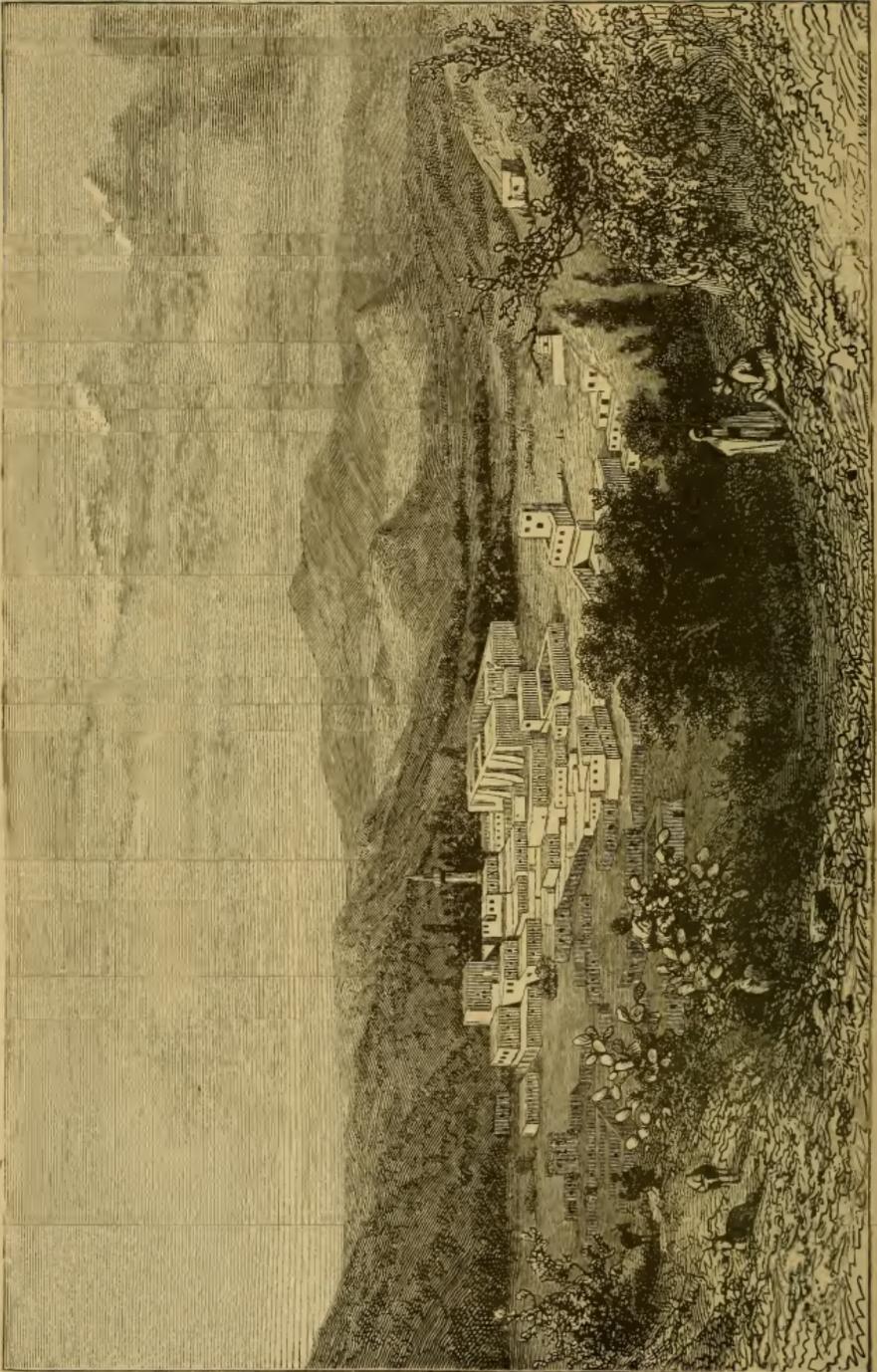
weep bitterly as I said such sad words ; and if any of them had good fathers and mothers, I have no doubt they wept because they knew the fault was all their own. The heart of their fathers had been turned to them, but, alas ! *they had not turned their hearts to their fathers.*

And this is what I come, next, to speak of. Children are often so foolish as to have no heart to be instructed ; they prefer always to do as they choose, and not to love what is good and hate what is evil. If such children grow up to become thieves, and even murderers, no wonder. You must remember it is not love when a foolish father lets his boy eat what will make him ill, or play with knives and guns that may hurt him. A good father shows his love by teaching his children to avoid what injures them, and to prefer what will make them comfortable and happy. And just so he teaches them to hate sin, which sooner or later makes us miserable ; and to love what is right and true, because to do right and speak truth always makes us happy in the end. Children's hearts, then, must be so turned to their fathers and mothers that they must love to obey them. They must be sure that they are too young to know what is for their own good, and they must delight to let their parents guide them. I have seen children very miserable, suffering great pain, and taking very disagreeable medicines, because they were disobedient to parents. And all this they would have escaped, had they turned their hearts to their parents' words and commands : knowing very well that they were forbidden nothing and commanded to do nothing except in love ; their parents only wishing to make them happy by making them wise. So children may be made wise for two worlds : wise for this life, and wise unto salvation.

Two more things I must say, and that is all just now. First, the text has these words added to it—very terrible words—“ Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.”

Every land is cursed where there are no Christian homes ; and our own happy land will be cursed as other lands have been where fathers do not love their children wisely, and where children despise their parents. Ask your fathers, when you go home, to tell you about the beautiful land of France, and what dreadful things happened there when the people forgot God and ceased to worship Him. There is no word in the French language that means just what is meant by our dear English word "home." And once I heard a very great man, in the city of Paris, telling his own countrymen about English and American homes ; and he said they would never be a truly happy people till they had such homes. And he added that the secret of such homes is to have the Bible read and believed and followed in every family. This is just what the angel might have told them, had he preached to them as he did of old to the priest in the temple.

And the last thing I wish to say is, when you hear a sermon always remember the text. And if, when you go home, your father or mother should ask you about my sermon, I trust you will be able to tell them what I have said ; but, above all, what the angel said, and *what was his text*. It is, perhaps, a little too long for you to recollect it ; and so the next best thing is to remember where the text is found. And this time it will be easy, for it is in the very last verse of the Old Testament. You can't forget that. And I think you will say that it must be a very important text, to be found on the last page of the prophets and on the first page of the great evangelist St. Luke. Besides, you will remember it was first spoken by a great prophet, and that four hundred years after it was spoken by the angel Gabriel to the priest Zacharias. And it proves this, among other things, that God and holy angels and holy men have taught us that one of the first things to make ready the way of the Lord is to teach Christian love to fathers



NAZARETH.

and children, and so to build up the blessed Christian home.

BIBLE LINK—An angel promises Mary that she will be the mother of Jesus—LUKE 1. 26 56.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARY, the mother of Jesus, was born and brought up in a little village called Nazareth, in the country of Palestine. The houses were many of them caves and dug-outs in the sides of the hills, and others were built like common stone walls of rough rocks, with mud for mortar, and dirt for carpets, with no windows, and only one low door, so that the houses looked like very large dog-kennels. The people were most of them so ignorant and wicked that men in other parts of the country used to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Mary was one of the poorest of these Nazarenes. We know this because there was a law in that country that the people who were too poor to bring a lamb to the Temple as an offering could bring two pigeons. Mary brought two pigeons; and so we know that she was very poor.

When I was in Nazareth, they showed me a cave in the rock, with three rooms in it, which they said was the house where Mary lived. If that is not the one, hers was doubtless no better. In the centre of the village there is a very old fountain, where the people get their water for drinking and washing. The women in that country do all the carrying of water. We saw a great many of them, young and old, coming to the fountain with jars as big as water-buckets, which they filled with water and carried

back on their heads to their homes. This is called the Virgin's Fountain, because many years ago, just in this way, the Virgin Mary used to come with the other bare-footed girls to carry home water for the family. Some of these we saw had quite pretty faces, which made us think how Mary might have looked ; but there were no faces so beautiful and thoughtful as some of your mothers' and sisters' in this country, where we put knowledge *into* the heads of girls, instead of putting jars of water *on* them.

When Mary grew up to be a young woman, she was engaged to be married to a young carpenter named Joseph, who came to Nazareth from Bethlehem. Strangely enough, there is only one Jew in Nazareth to-day, and his name is Joseph, and he is a carpenter.

This Joseph, who was engaged to be married to Mary, was not an old man, as you often see him represented in pictures that are made by people who worship Mary instead of God, and who want to make people think that Joseph was not afterward Mary's husband, but some old uncle. Before Joseph and Mary were married, however, an angel came to the cave or cot where Mary lived, and told her wonderful news—that she was to have the blessing that all Jewish women longed for, to be the mother of the promised Messiah, the mother of Jesus. She would be his mother, and he would have no human father. God would be his father, and he would be as mighty as God in the world. Some time after that, she had her donkey saddled, and rode bravely two or three days through the country to a little village in the hills of Judea, where her Cousin Elizabeth lived, to tell her the wonderful tidings. They did not have telegraph wires and mails to send their messages in those times. When she had told the news to her cousin, God made a wonderful song to come from her lips, just as a fountain bubbles up on the side of a hill.

Some time after that, she went with Joseph to visit his

old home at Bethlehem, where he had to go to pay his tax. But there were so many people there from the country to pay their taxes, that there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the hotel ; and so they had to find shelter in the stable, which was a cave. During the night Jesus was born, and Mary laid him in a little stone trough or manger, where the hay was kept for one of the cattle. Mary saw a beautiful star flash out in the sky, to show people far away that Jesus was born, and where He could be found. She heard the shepherds, when they came from the hills a little way off, tell about the wonderful chorus of angels that had told them that the Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born in Bethlehem. A few days afterward, she saw the wise men from far, far away, coming to see the wonderful Child, and making gifts to him of beautiful caskets of gold and frankincense and myrrh ; and she knew by all these signs and the promise of the angel, that Jesus was indeed the Son of God, the Saviour for the world.

I think the reason Jesus was born of a poor woman of wicked Nazareth was to show that he could save the most wicked people, and that he loved the poor as well as the rich. The reason why he came as a little babe in Bethlehem, I think, was to show that he was the Saviour of children as well as the older people, and even of the poorest children.

When Mary's babe was eight days old she carried him to the Temple to be circumcised and named Jesus, just as babes in these days are christened and named in the church. After this, to escape from Herod the king, who was trying to kill Jesus, Mary took him down into Egypt. After Herod died, they came back and lived at Nazareth. After Jesus was born, Joseph had become the husband of Mary, and they had other children in Nazareth.

When Jesus was twelve years old, his mother took him

to the beautiful Temple at Jerusalem. When Jesus grew to be a man and began to teach and heal the people, she was with him in Cana, when he did his first miracle. When he was crucified,

Mary stood the cross beside.

When the Holy Spirit came down upon the disciples at Pentecost, Mary was there with the rest.

Some people, who wickedly or ignorantly worship Mary instead of God or the Saviour, tell a great many other stories about her, that are not true. I have told you in this five minutes all the true stories there are about Jesus' mother except one, and that is this: One day, when Jesus had a great multitude around him, and he was making all the sick people well in a minute, by speaking a word or touching them, and forgiving those who were sorry for their sins, and teaching them all how to be good, some one said to him, "Your mother and your brothers are waiting just outside the crowd, and want to say something to you." Then Jesus said to the people, before going to see what his mother and his brothers wanted, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." That means, if any one obeys the commands of God, to love Him with all the heart and to give up everything that is sinful, and to trust in Jesus as his precious Saviour, and to try to be more like him every day,—if thus any one does the will of God, Jesus loves him just as much as his brother or his sister or his mother. Jesus loved John, who leaned upon his bosom and so often walked with him, just as much as he loved the brothers that played with him in childhood. And he loves every man or boy who tries to be a Christian, just as much as he loved his brothers and his disciples. The Saviour loves your mother, if she is a Christian, just as much as he loved his own



THE JORDAN.

mother. Every girl may have as warm a place in the love of the Saviour as Mary did. In all the great picture galleries of the world we see more pictures of Mary, the mother of Jesus, than of any body else ; but let us remember that in heaven God gives the pictures of all who love Him as high a place as that of Mary the Blessed. All faithful mothers are pictured as true Madonnas in the gallery of heaven. Whosoever shall do the will of the Father which is in heaven, the same is the brother and sister and mother of Jesus.

BIBLE LINK—The birth of John the Baptizer—LUKE 1. 57-80.

JOHN THE HERALD OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the highest : for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways.—LUKE 1. 76.

THE streets of the cities in Bible lands are very narrow—like our alleys, with no sidewalks—so that people who are on foot walk along anywhere in the street ; and so in some of the cities, such as Cairo in Egypt, when a carriage is driven through the city, the owner sends one of his servants, who is called a herald, a few rods ahead of the carriage, running to tell the people to get out of the way. This servant is generally a young man about seventeen years of age, who wears a red cap with a tassel containing a pound of blue silk, which looks very beautiful tossing in the air as he runs ; and a beautiful embroidered jacket, and around his waist a silk girdle or sash, and a white robe which reaches to his knees. As he runs, he carries a little wand or stick in his hand, nearly as long as himself.

The red cap and the wand show the people what he is. Whenever they see such a person running, they know that a carriage is coming. He cries, as he runs, "Prepare the way for my lord," and the people step aside and make way for his master's carriage. The prophet Isaiah, when he told the people what God had told him—that Jesus was coming to be a king over the hearts of all who would love and obey him—told them, also, that before this King should go forth to his work in the world, a man would go before him as a herald, and prepare the people's hearts to receive him, by telling them about his goodness and his love and his majesty.

When John the Baptizer was born, his father Zacharias knew that his child was the person that Isaiah had said would come to prepare the way for the Saviour, and so he said, "Thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways." When John grew up to be a man, he went out into the fields and hills and got great crowds of people to come and hear him preach, and told them that Jesus would soon be among them to be their king and Saviour. When the people asked John what he was doing, he said he was the herald that Isaiah had foretold—"A voice crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.'" It was a very lowly and beautiful way of describing his work, to call himself only a herald, running before Jesus, to have the people get ready for his coming, not by getting out of the way, but by giving their hearts to him in love and obedience. John preached to the people, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Repent" means to turn away from all sin and wrong. And the "kingdom of heaven" is the name for the hearts that love and obey the Saviour, that take him as a king.

Now our little text reminds us that every child may be a little Prophet of the Highest—that is, of Jesus—to go

before his face and prepare his ways. A little child once said, "I wish I had lived when Jesus was on earth. I would have run everywhere doing his errands." Jesus is alive to-day in heaven and on earth, around us like the light, though we cannot see him, and we can help him by running on his errands. He tells us what to do in the Bible. Like John, the herald of old, we can prepare the way for Jesus by our words and by our prayers.

One way to prepare the hearts of people for Jesus to come in is by bringing all the people we can to the Sunday-school. The superintendent of a Sunday-school said to his scholars one day: "Children, I want each of you to bring a new scholar to the school with you next Sunday." "I *can't* get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves. "I'll *try* what I can do," was the whispered response of a few others. One of these went home to his father, and said, "Father, will you go to the Sunday-school with me?" "I can't read, my son," replied the father, with a look of shame. "Our teachers will teach you, dear father," answered the boy, with respect and feeling in his tones. "Well, I'll go," said the father. He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on, and that man established hundreds of Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered!

We can prepare the way for the Saviour also by our prayers. There was a young man named Ames, who, with other thoughtless young men, was walking up and down a grove where people were holding a camp-meeting. There was a prayer-meeting around the preaching stand, and among those kneeling the young man saw a mother, and by her side a little daughter, who knelt with closed eyes and hands clasped, and prayed, "O Lord, bless my dear mother!" Those six short words entered the heart of the young man of whom I am speaking. Tears sprang

to his eyes, and he was not satisfied until he had prayed for himself, "O Lord, bless me!" That young man became Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, by whom a great many people were brought to the Saviour.

There was another little praying child whose father was a drunkard. All the beautiful things about the home were sold one after another to pay for liquor. Every body was unhappy, with poor clothes and not enough food, and, worse than all, the father often abused the mother and children. One night, when the father had come in feeling morose and sullen because he had ruined his beautiful home, his little girl was just about going to bed, and was kneeling to pray. She lifted up her tiny hands and prayed, "O God! spare, oh spare, my dear father!" The man understood that his child was praying that he might be saved from drunkenness, and he said earnestly, "Amen!" He threw his arms lovingly around his wife, and, with tears of sorrow for his sins falling down his cheeks, he said, as he turned to the little girl, "My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave. I'll sign the pledge." That child had prepared the way of the Lord in the heart of her father by prayer, as John prepared the hearts of some of the Jewish people to receive the Saviour.

Sometimes a child prepares the way for Jesus by a question. A little girl, sitting with her wicked father, asked him if he ever prayed, which made him very angry. She told him that the preacher said, "All good people pray; and they who do not pray are not going to heaven." And she added, "Papa, which way are you going?" It flashed upon him that he was in the way of death. He became repentant, and in a few days was a happy convert.

There have been hundreds of cases where a child, coming home from the Sunday-school or the church, and saying something to father or mother or friend about God,

has set them to thinking, and caused them at last to take Jesus to be their Saviour and king ; and I could tell you of little tracts, costing only a penny, bought with the money which a child has put into the contribution box, that have been the means of making many, many people love the Saviour.

There is one other thing about John that we ought to remember. He said he was not worthy to loose Christ's shoe-latchet—that is, unworthy to untie his shoe-strings. In Bible countries, men sit on the floor, with their feet under them, and so they have to take their shoes off whenever they go into a house ; and the custom in these lands is to take the shoes off on coming into church also, just as we take off our hats ; and so a man has to take off his shoes a great many times during the day ; and rich men have one servant—the lowest of all—whose work is to take off the shoes of their masters. John said he was not worthy to be the lowest servant of the pure and heavenly Christ ; but in another place he called himself the special friend of Jesus. So we are to remember, as we prepare the way of the Lord, that, while we are not worthy to be even his servants, his love allows us to be his friends ; and those who are faithful heralds, preparing the way for Jesus, on the earth, he says in heaven shall sit on his throne.

Let us ask ourselves to-day if there are not some persons in our homes or among our friends who are not Christians, whom we may persuade to receive the Saviour by praying for them, or by talking with them about the wondrous love of God. We must be sure to prepare our own hearts first, by giving up everything that is sinful, by loving Jesus as our friend, by taking him as our precious Saviour, and by striving to be more like him every day.

FORTUNE-TELLING, OR THE BIRTH OF JOHN
THE BAPTIZER.*

BY REV. W. W. NEWTON, BOSTON, MASS.

What manner of child shall this be?—LUKE 1. 66.

THESE words were spoken by the happy friends of Zacharias and Elizabeth when they brought their little infant John to dedicate him to the service of God. Zacharias, the father, had been dumb ever since the day when the angel Gabriel told him that he would have a son, because he did not believe him.

At last the promise which the angel brought from heaven was fulfilled ; the happy group of mother and kind-hearted aunts and friends, went through the service of dedicating the child to God. They wanted to give him a name, of course, and some of them said, "Let us call him Zacharias ; it will please his old father so much." But Elizabeth, his mother, the Virgin Mary's cousin, said, "Not so ; but he shall be called John." She remembered that this was the name the angel said he should be called. But her friends thought this name wouldn't do. They said to her, "There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name." Then they made signs to old Zacharias, who was dumb and could not talk to them about it, to know what he thought about this important matter of giving the baby a good name ; for it is an important thing to give the poor little baby in a family, who don't know anything about it, a pretty name, which is to be his as long as he lives. Then the father made signs for a writing-table and a piece of

* From "Little and Wise," a volume of sermons to children, published by Robert Carter & Bro., New York. By permission.

parchment, such as they used to have in those days, and he took it and wrote down in great big letters, so that there couldn't be any mistake about it—

“His name is John !”

And while they were all wondering what this meant, old Zacharias gave a rattling kind of gurgle in his throat, or coughed away something that had been like a heavy cold on him ; and he who had not spoken a word for nine months, now spoke out loudly like the rest of the people, and praised God.

I suppose as soon as he could talk he told them all about the vision in the Temple, which had happened to him so long ago. He must have been very thankful to get his voice once more and be able to speak. I dare say he talked for ever so long, and told them how the angel had said this unconscious little baby before them was destined to be a great prophet of the Lord's, and was to do a wonderful work in his day and generation, and was to be a second Elijah. And when the people heard about all these wonderful things, and how the angel had seen Zacharias before, and had told him what name he was to give to the child, we read that “They laid them up in their hearts, saying, *What manner of child shall this be?*”

And this is the story of our text ; this is the way in which it happened to be written.

Now let us come to the subject it brings before our minds.

When we look out on the world and on our own life, and think of our future, we never can be sure about it, or know exactly how it will come out. In days gone by God used to send to His chosen people, the Israelites, strong men, whom he raised up to do His will and deliver His messages. They were called prophets, because they predicted the future, or told beforehand how things would be in years to come. They used to tell the people of their sins. They

were not afraid to go and rebuke kings and princes, and tell them God would punish them if they didn't repent and do His will. Elijah was one of these prophets, and the wicked Queen Jezebel and her husband Ahab tried hard to kill him.

Jeremiah was another of these prophets, and the king and the nobles whom he rebuked for their sins were angry with him, and threw him into a miserable kind of pit or dungeon.

Daniel was a prophet, and you know he was thrown into the lions' den.

These men were gifted by the Spirit of God with a wonderful foresight or knowledge of the future, so that their words were at last fulfilled, though years passed by before the events they predicted came to pass. Thus it was that the captivity of the Jews was told of, years before it came to pass; and Isaiah, the prophet, in the time of the captivity, foretold their wonderful deliverance by the Persian king, Cyrus.

John the Baptist—this little infant we have been talking about—was the last of these Jewish prophets, and it was his great work to preach to the Jewish nation to repent, and point them to that Lamb of God who came at last—after the prophets had all done their work—to take away the sin of the world.

But God don't tell us now of future events by the ministry of angels or of inspired prophets. He raises up here and there great and good men to do His work; but we don't call their words prophecy, or the sure knowledge of the future.

Then there is another way by which some people think they know about the future. You know there are real good bank-notes and silver dollars, and then there are counterfeit ones. There are true, good oranges—nice and juicy, and fit for eating—and there are little oranges, called

mock oranges, which are bitter. Then in New York and Philadelphia, and in our large cities, there are auction sales which are called *mock auctions*, because the people who appear to be bidding up the goods and buying them, are bad men who are paid to do this, in order to make poor and ignorant or innocent people who come from the country, believe that all these persons are really buying goods.

Well, there are mock prophets in the world, just as there are mock oranges and counterfeit bank-notes and silver dollars. They are not true prophets; they do not know and cannot tell about the future at all. But they pretend to do so. They call themselves fortune-tellers, or clairvoyants. Sometimes you can see their advertisements in the newspapers. They say they can tell people's fortunes by the stars, or by getting into a trance or vision; and foolish ignorant persons go to their offices and pay them money to know what is going to happen to them.

Then there is a singular race of people called Gypsies, who years ago used to wander all over the face of the earth and pretend to tell people's fortunes, by looking at the palms of their hands and the leaves of tea in a tea-cup.

Some of these gypsies go about the country to this day, living in tents like Indians, and dressed up with gay ribbons and flowers. If you want to know more about these fortune-tellers or counterfeit prophets, you can read of them in one of Hannah More's tracts, called "Black Giles, the Preacher," and in another called "Tawney Rachel, the Fortune-teller," or in Sir Walter Scott's story of "Guy Mannering." This wretched man Giles used to go about the country clearing rats out of barns, by means of thin little animals called ferrets. When he would get the rats all out of one barn, he would go by night and let them loose in another; and in this way he kept the business up and was always wanted to "ferret out rats" by means of these little animal detectives. His wife, Tawney Rachel,

used to go about with him and tell the fortunes of the foolish country girls and servant maids, and give them all sorts of accounts of their future husbands and good luck.

And even to this day you will find books of Fate, and books of Luck, which are supposed to be able to help people in this matter of fortune-telling.

But, my dear children, we cannot tell of our future lives ; we cannot know what manner of children we shall be by either of these ways. God doesn't send us prophets to foretell events any more. And if He does not send us true prophets, depend upon it these mock prophets can never truly tell our fortunes. Angels do not come to tell us any more, now ; and if angels cannot come and help us, God wouldn't let gypsies and fortune-tellers come in and take their places.

But there is one way in which we can very often know what manner of people we shall be. King Solomon, who was the wisest man on earth, once said, "Even a child may be known by his doings, whether they be right or whether they be wrong." We can reason about things in this life, and can very often tell how events will come out in the future, by looking at them as we find them now, and then using the judgment God has given us. For instance, here is a house which some workmen are building. We know that if the stone is poor and crumbling, and if the mortar is bad, and the workmen are poor builders who have got the foundation crooked and out of line, that the house will be badly built, and that it would not be safe to live in it. Or go with me to a ship-yard. Here we see carpenters and shipwrights putting in the ribs of a great vessel. There is the keel on the ground ; there are the men putting in nails and bolts, and chipping off the wood. It looks like the skeleton frame of some monster animal washed up from the sea. But now suppose these workmen take poor, rotten, worm-eaten beams, to make the ribs of

that vessel ; and suppose nobody prevents them from doing this. Will it be a very difficult matter to know what manner of ship that will be ? Or suppose the colonel of a regiment tells one of his captains to be sure and post some brave capable man on a certain rock that night, so as to give notice of the enemy, whom he is expecting will come that way ; and suppose that captain sends out as sentinel some man who is a born coward, or one whom he has known to get drunk time and again. Is it very hard to tell what manner of soldier he is ? Of course it is not ! We judge of the house by the foundation, of the ship by the wood that is put in it, and of the soldier by the way he has behaved himself in the past.

And so it is with us, my dear children. We can tell what kind of persons children will be when they are grown up to be men and women, by watching their characters when they are young. We can play the part of fortune-teller to our own lives, not by waiting for angels to come and tell us, or by turning tee-totums and wheels of fortune, or by counting the tea-leaves in the bottom of a tea-cup, or looking at the lines in the palm of one's hand, but by looking at our own conduct, and by trying to make that good and strong. And thus, if we would rightly know what manner of children we are to be when we grow up, we must learn to do these two things—

1. *We must be guided by our conscience.*
2. *We must obey the Lord Jesus Christ.*

I.

First, *We must be guided by our conscience.*

Let me tell you what I mean by this. Here is a thermometer. I can hold it in my hand, and by looking at it, and by marking the mercury in it, can tell the temperature of the room. If I put it in the ice-chest, of course the quicksilver will sink to the point marked freezing. If I put

it near the fire, of course the quicksilver will mount high up in the scale. It is a law of the mercury that it must rise and expand in the heat, and must sink and contract in the cold. So with the barometer, which the sailors have at sea. When a storm is coming on and the air is very heavy, the mercury in the glass *must* sink down—down to the storm level. So with the magnetic needle of the compass. It must point its trembling finger to the North, and tell us in which direction the Pole is. It must obey the hidden law of its existence. So with a watch, when it is wound up; the little wheels must obey the main-spring, and must all go round with it.

Now then, my dear children, all these are illustrations of the law of conscience within us. This voice which God has given us, to approve when we do right and condemn when we do wrong, is just like the mercury in the glass of the thermometer. It marks our good actions and our bad ones. It says, yes! yes! when we do right; it says, no! no! when we do wrong. It is just like the barometer, which marks when the storm is coming; it is like the needle of the compass, which always points to the North; it is like the main-spring to the watch—if *it* is obeyed, all the other little wheels will go spinning round happily.

Let me tell you a story of a boy who had a hard time in minding his conscience, and who yet was happier in the end for doing it.

“Harry, what is the matter?” said his mother one day as he ran in from school, and, throwing down his satchel, commenced crying. “Have you been kept in?”

“No, mother; but the boys have been laughing at me, and I can’t stand it. Let me go to another school.”

“What did you do to make them laugh?”

“They asked me to go with them and tip a poor woman’s apple-stand over, and said it was first-rate fun.”

“What did you say?”

“I said my mother would feel dreadfully to have me to do such a thing ; and then they laughed, and Robert Bell said, ‘Does your mother know you’re out?’ and another boy said I was tied to your apron string. They called me a ‘tell-tale,’ and said I was going to tell the teacher of them ; and when I said, ‘I have never been brought up to tell tales,’ Robert Bell called out, ‘There’s his mother again. Three cheers for Harry Reed’s mother!’ I felt angry enough to knock him down.”

“Keep cool, my boy,” said Mrs. Reed. “Come sit down, and let me see whether you have any reason to be so excited.”

“O mother, you don’t know how provoking it is to be laughed at, or you wouldn’t say so.”

“If mother don’t, I do,” said Harry’s father, who had come in just in time to hear his story ; “and I know a better way than knocking down.”

“What is that, father?”

“Have true courage; my boy, and don’t notice their laughter.”

“I have tried. I cannot bear it, father.”

“What kind of a boy is Robert, Harry?” said Mr. Reed.

“He is a new scholar ; his father is rich, and he has plenty of money in his pocket every day.”

“Is he a good boy in school?”

“No, sir ; our teacher told him to-day that he was more trouble than all the rest put together.”

“I suppose, if you were a man, you would fight a duel with him, and one kill the other.”

“Why, father, you don’t think I’d be so wicked?”

“When grown-up people feel as you did to-day, when you wanted to knock Robert down, they sometimes meet and shoot at each other with pistols, because they won’t stand being laughed at. It takes more real courage, my

dear boy, to do right in spite of ridicule, than to fight. I hope you will show yourself a truly brave boy."

"I will try, father, but it is very hard."

For a while things went on pretty smoothly with Harry, until one day he came home looking flushed and unhappy. He sat down to dinner, but just as he had begun to eat, he laid down his knife and fork, and, leaning back in his chair, said, "I am not hungry, mother."

"Have you been eating, Harry?"

"No, mother; but Robert Bell acts worse than ever."

"What has he done?"

"To-day we were playing at ball, and a little girl, no bigger than our Matty, came by with a basket of potatoes as heavy as she could carry, and Robert Bell turned it upside down, and scattered them in the gutter. The little girl sat down and cried out loud; and as I started to go and pick them up, Robert began to laugh, and said, 'Go help your sister, Harry!'"

"Didn't you go and help her?"

"No, mother; the boys laughed so that I could not do it."

"My dear Harry, your fear of ridicule has made you do wrong already. You fear man more than God. If you begin to sin through dread of being laughed at, there is no telling where you will stop. I have known young men to leave a Christian home with good principles, and rather than have wicked companions know that they are obeying a pious mother's counsel, they yield to temptation and go to ruin."

"I have felt sorry all day, every time I have thought of that poor little girl, mother."

"Well, Harry, then take a bold stand on the side of right, and make up your mind you will not do wrong, even if you are laughed at."

"Mother, I have not told you half the trouble I have

had to-day. My piece begun, 'My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead.' I found it in the new book Uncle Edward gave me. I knew it by heart; but as soon as I had said the first line, I saw Robert Bell winking and laughing. It put me all out, and I forgot half of it, and spoke so poorly that Mr. Lee told me to commit my piece perfectly next time."

"Harry, are you going to let Robert Bell make you ashamed of your mother?"

"No, mother; but I'm tired of trying to get along. After school the boys went off bathing. They begged me to go, and said papa was away from home, and never would know it, and you wouldn't care. I knew better, and refused a good many times without giving any reason. At last Robert came up and said, 'His mother won't let him,' and then went off singing, 'My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead!' Now, mother, how can I stay at such a school?"

"Harry, you may find the same trials at any school, and after you leave school, and all through your life. Remember your conscience within you will be sure to tell you every time you go astray. The blush on your cheek will be a sign to you when you feel tempted to do wrong. It is God's voice speaking to you, as he spoke to Adam and Eve in the Garden. Pray to God to help you, and when you find the boys disposed to make fun of you, go on in the right way. They will soon see your firmness, and let you alone. If Christopher Columbus had been like you, he never would have discovered America."

"Was he ever laughed at, mother?"

"Yes, Harry, he had to bear a great deal of ridicule before he could persuade people that he was anything but an idle adventurer. When he tried to prove the existence of undiscovered land beyond the sea, he was laughed at and persecuted in many ways. He did not mind it, but went

on and accomplished his discovery, and silenced his adversaries. He is now a revered and honored man."

"Everybody can't be like Christopher Columbus, mother."

"Well, my dear boy, every one can imitate Christ. Wicked men clothed him in purple robes, mocked him, and blindfolded him, and smote him in the face. They laughed at him, and wagged their heads when he was dying. He never became angry, though his slightest wish could have destroyed them. He prayed for his cruel mockers with his last breath. Now, Harry, if you will pray to Christ, he will make you a brave Christian, and you will be thankful as long as you live, that you learned to bear ridicule in your youth."

Remember this story, my dear children; and remember how Harry's mother was right in reminding her boy of the example of Christopher Columbus. People laughed at him and derided him in every way, but he felt something within him telling him that he was right; and then when once he was sure that he was right, see how grandly he went ahead, and was not afraid of the world's ridicule.

And so, if we want to know what manner of people we will be when we are grown up, we must, first of all, learn to be guided by the conscience God has given us.

II.

And then, secondly, *We must obey the Lord Jesus Christ.*

You remember when our Saviour was on earth, on one occasion when he was with his disciples in a little boat, there came up a storm on the lake. Jesus was asleep in the stern of the boat! Think how tired he must have been to sleep through a storm, with the wind blowing, and the boat pitching about! The disciples went to him and waked him up, saying, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Then he arose and rebuked the wind and the sea, and there

was a great calm. The disciples were very much astonished at this, and we read they said, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

And if the hosts of heaven, and the stormy sea, and all the forces of nature obey the Son of God, surely we too ought in the same way to obey Him! And if we learn to obey well when we are children, we will be very likely to obey when we grow up to be men and women.

It is one of the very saddest things in the world to see those who grew up with us in childhood—who played together and went to Sunday-school together—turning out badly in life, and then reaping the fruit of the seed they have sowed in their young days. It is so much like that hymn we sometimes sing—

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity—
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be!"

Now God has revealed His will to us in the Bible. He has there given us His laws and commandments. Jesus Christ, the son of God, came down from heaven on purpose to reveal to us our heavenly Father's true character. He came to tell us what a dreadful thing sin is; how it will keep us from entering heaven. He came to show us what a bright and happy world awaits all those who are followers of God as dear children. And, if any one wants to be a true fortune-teller to his life, and know what manner of child he will be when he is grown, he must learn to obey the commandments Christ has given us, and must learn to love him, so that he would not do anything that

would hurt or grieve him, if he were here upon earth to-day.

Two little boys were at play in a garden where there was a large tree full of ripe cherries.

"O, Frank," said one of them, "let us pick some of these red cherries; look how fine they are!"

"No, Willie," said the other, "we must not touch them. You know we were told not to pick one of them."

"But, Frank, there is no one here to see us; you need not be afraid. And if your father should find out that we took them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"That is why I will not touch them," said Frank to Willie. "I know my father would not hurt me; yet for me to disobey would hurt my father, and I would not wish to grieve him."

And this is just the way we ought to feel about obeying the Lord Jesus Christ.

Look at Simon Peter. He wanted to obey his Lord. He drew his sword and cut off the ear of one of the high priest's servants, when they seized Jesus in the garden. No doubt he thought he was doing right. But he was an impulsive man—one who was taken by surprise in his weak moments. He couldn't bear to have the servant-girl in Pilate's Hall think that he belonged to Jesus, though only a few moments before he had been the first to draw his sword. He said he didn't know Christ. He denied him with an oath. Think of it! But Jesus didn't speak a word to rebuke him. We read that "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter." That was all. It was only a look. But that was enough. Peter couldn't stand that look. He felt that he had grieved his Lord when he was all alone and wanted his disciples to stand by him, and he wrapped his mantle around his face and ran out of the crowded hall into the cold, black, lonely night, and cried like a heart-broken child; he "wept bitterly."

And now we must close.

Let me tell you one more story.

A good many years ago a family were moving from the east to western Pennsylvania.

The father and mother and one child were in a carriage, while a boy about ten years of age followed upon a pony.

The road was a pleasant one among green fields, then tall forests and great mountains ; and the little boy enjoyed all that he saw.

As the party were passing along a rough road, they met a man on horseback—a stout, hardy fellow, just fit for the wild region in which he lived. Across his horse lay the body of an animal which, even in death, looked terrible.

“ What’s that ? ” asked the little stranger.

“ A wolf I killed up here on the mountain,” said the man, with a look of satisfaction in his face as he rode on.

The boy’s pleasure was over. He did not care to ride alone in a region where such wolves were to be seen.

He had felt very happy and independent before, traveling on his pony ; but now he drew up to the side of the carriage, and asked to get in there with his father and mother. They took him in with them, and for the remainder of the journey he was quite content to see the little pony tied behind the carriage, while he rode safely within.

And just so it is with you, my dear children. You don’t realize the dangers that are around you ; you hear of them from your parents, and your friends tell you of them ; but you are like this little boy who didn’t fear any wolves, or know anything about them *until he saw one once*, and then he was glad enough to get into the carriage with his father and mother.

Remember then what we have been talking about in this sermon. Remember that the best way to tell about your future fortune is :

1st. To be guided by the conscience God has given you, and

2d. To obey the Lord Jesus Christ.

In this way you will be kept from the sin and temptation in the world, and you will become a servant of Christ, as John the Baptist was, when his friends asked that question—asked of every little child—as they looked upon his little baby form wrapped in swaddling clothes, and said, “What manner of child shall this be?”

BIBLE LINK—An angel appears to Joseph of Nazareth—MATT. 1. 18-25.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—MATT. 1. 21.

A GREAT king, of whom, perhaps, some of you have heard, had two countries that he ruled. One of them was large and pleasant and beautiful, and the other small and unpleasant and rough. In the pleasant country the king lived, and the city in which he had his palace had streets paved with gold. Its gates were made of pearls, and there were precious stones and gold and silver in the walls of the buildings. The trees bore fruit every month, and their leaves had power to heal disease; but the inhabitants of that country never said “I am sick.” The king walked and talked with his people, and they were so happy that they sang very joyfully and shouted the praises of their king.

The king also loved the other rough country where his people dwelt, but they were very wicked and disobedient;

and when he went to live among them at the first, they drove him away by their unkindness. And yet he sent messengers almost every day to tell them that he loved them, and to promise that if they would send messengers to him, he would give them every good thing they desired. He told them he would come near to the borders of the pleasant country and talk with them across the stream that separated the two lands. But these wicked people killed many of these messengers, and stoned others, and cursed their noble king. But he *loved* them so that he sent his own son, the prince of his kingdom, to tell them about his great love for them. This prince put away his beautiful robes and dressed like a poor man, and walked with these wicked people, and slept with them in their fishing boats, and wept with them in their grave-yards, and talked with them kindly everywhere. They had disobeyed the laws of their king, and were to be punished with death ; but this kind prince offered to take the punishment in their stead, and died for them, so that the king offered to forgive all who would ask to be forgiven. Who was this great king ? (God.) What do we call the pleasant country ? (Heaven.) What do we call the other country ? (The earth.) What is the sweetest name of the prince who was punished in our stead ? (Jesus.) In that part of the Bible which we call Matthew, in the first chapter and twenty-first verse, we see why the angels told his mother to give him that name : “Thou shalt call his name Jesus : *for he shall his people from their sins.*”

MEANING OF NAMES.

Now names always mean something. How many boys here are named John ? John means “gift of God,” and every John should give himself back to God, to work for Him and love Him always. Charles means “manly ;” Richard, “liberal ;” David, “beloved ;” Peter, “rock-firm ;” Abner, “light ;” Albert, “bright ;” William,

“firm ;” Alfred, “counsellor ;” Ira, “watchful ;” Elijah, “Jehovah, my God.”

How many of the girls are named Annie ? Annie means “merciful ;” Ida, “Godlike ;” Ada, “happy beauty ;” Josie, “one who saves others ;” Kate, “pure ;” Jane and Jennie, “full of grace ;” Lizzie and Elizabeth, “consecrated ;” Lucy, “daybreak ;” Ellen, Ella, Ellinore and Nellie, “light ;” Augusta and Mary, “exalted ;” Margaret, “a pearl.”

In old times people called a pearl a “margaret.” In an old Bible the pearl of great price was called “a precious margaret.” A little girl named Margaret saw this, and was very happy to find her name in the Bible. All the Marys, Marthas, Ruths, Abigails, Graces and Charities can also find their names in the Bible. My name is not in the Bible. But there is a better place than the Bible to have our names, and we may all have our names there.

You see by what I have said that names mean something. Was Jesus called by more than one name ? Yes ; He had more than a hundred names. Tell me some of them and I will put the first letter of each on the black-board. Lamb, Lord, Light, Leader, Rose, Rock, Shepherd, Saviour, Vine, Wisdom, Emmanuel, King, Christ, God.

Which of these names of the Saviour do you like best ? (Jesus.) Why was he called Jesus ? Read the reason with me : “For he shall save his people from their sins.”

I wonder if we all understand that word “sins ?” How many of these children ever heard any one swear, or lie, or speak angrily, or use vulgar words ? Is it right to say such things ? Did you ever do any of these wrong things ? Think, and answer to God silently in your own hearts. What does God call all wrong words and deeds ? (Sins.) Whenever you or I do wrong, God writes in his book, “John used bad words,” or “Mary did a naughty deed.”

Would you just now like to see God? When we have been doing wrong and have not been forgiven, we wouldn't like to see God. But remember that *he sees us all the time*. We cannot be happy here or go to be with God in heaven, unless we are clean inside from sin.

Little Kittie said one day to her mother, "Papa calls me good, aunty calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good." "I am very sorry," said her mother. "And so am I; but I have got a very naughty think." "A naughty what?" asked her mother. "My think is naughty inside of me." Her mother asked what she meant. "Why," said she, "when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or anything, but when you was gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad; I thought all kinds of naughty things. Nobody but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

Who can save us from our sins? (Jesus.) Yes. He was punished in our stead on the cruel cross, that we might be forgiven. He was not put on the cross because he was naughty, but because we were naughty; and he didn't want us to be punished, and so he was punished in our stead. Let us offer together right now what the little girl called the "Snow Prayer"—"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Another little girl, who had been very sad because her sins were not forgiven, became very glad; and when people asked her why she was so happy, she said, "Oh! I was so wicked, and God was angry with me; but now He has forgiven me, and that is why I am so happy." God had written all her wrong words and naughty deeds, all her "bads," on His book; but when she prayed He rubbed them all out for Jesus' sake, for He has promised to those who pray to be forgiven, "Thy sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" and also, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." When our hearts

are forgiven and made clean, we shall want to see God, and be glad to think that God is near us now, and that by and by we may be near Him in heaven forever. Let us all bow down and pray that God will forgive all our sins and help us to love and obey Him always.

BIBLE LINK—The birth of Jesus—LUKE 2. 1-13.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

There was no room for them in the inn.—LUKE 2. 7.

WHEN Christ was born, God put a star over his cradle ; angels proclaimed his birth in song ; Jewish shepherds and Gentile magi hurried to the wondrous Babe, and worshiped him ; but “there was no room for him in the inn”—the rude hotel at Bethlehem—and so Mary laid him in a stable manger. The stable was a cave where cattle were kept, and the manger was a little trough of stone from which the cattle were fed. Jesus was so humble, so poor, so insignificant to the eyes of the people, that they would not crowd the poorest guest to give him room, and so his friends were obliged to make his baby bed in the hay of the stable. There was *no room* for him a few days after in all the land of Judea, and he was carried into Egypt, because Herod sought to kill him. There was *no room* for him as a man even in Jerusalem, where he was going about doing good ; for they took up stones to stone him, and he hurried away to the little cottage at Bethany. The world had no room for Jesus, except in the manger, in the wilderness, in the terrible shadow of Gethsemane, in the shameful hall of Pilate, on the painful cross of Calvary, and in the gloomy tomb in Joseph’s garden.

But he made room for himself when he shook the world with the earthquake of Calvary.

When the Swiss army once marched toward the host of their Austrian invaders, they found them drawn up in a circle with their spears pointed forward in every direction, so that the first who attacked them would be sure to perish. There was no way for the Swiss patriots to attack their enemies until this should be broken. You all know the familiar story how Arnold Winkelried rushed forward and grasped eight of the spears in his arms, crying,

“MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY !”

And while the spears were piercing his heart, his companions rushed through the breach he had made, and won the victory. The world's hatred and jealousy and pride and selfishness were pointed toward Jesus from every side, and there seemed no room for his precious truth ; but on Calvary he grasped these spears of malice and selfishness and pride, and while they pierced his heart, he made way for his truth. The cross made room for Jesus, and his kingdom is spreading every day. First, it shook Jerusalem on Pentecost, when three thousand were converted ; then the Gospel spread through Judea and Samaria, and now every nation has heard of Jesus, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and we have two Pentecosts a day—six thousand converted every twenty-four hours on the average—and at last “His dominion shall be from sea to sea.”

As Jesus came to the world, so he comes every day to our hearts. The Holy Spirit comes before him to cry, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates of the heart, and the King of Glory shall come in ;” and Jesus himself says with his sweet voice, “Behold, I stand at the door of your soul and knock ; if you will open unto me, I will come in and sup with you.” Kind friends tell you in angel words, “Unto you there is a Saviour, even Christ the Lord.” He does not wait for you to come to him, like the wise men

and the shepherds, with gifts and worship, but he comes to *you*. Have you opened the door of your hearts and let your Saviour come in ; or do you say, " There is no room for Jesus in my heart " ? In your studies, in your work, in your play, in your time, is there *no room for Jesus* ?

Many years ago a young man was

SAVED FROM A BURNING HOUSE

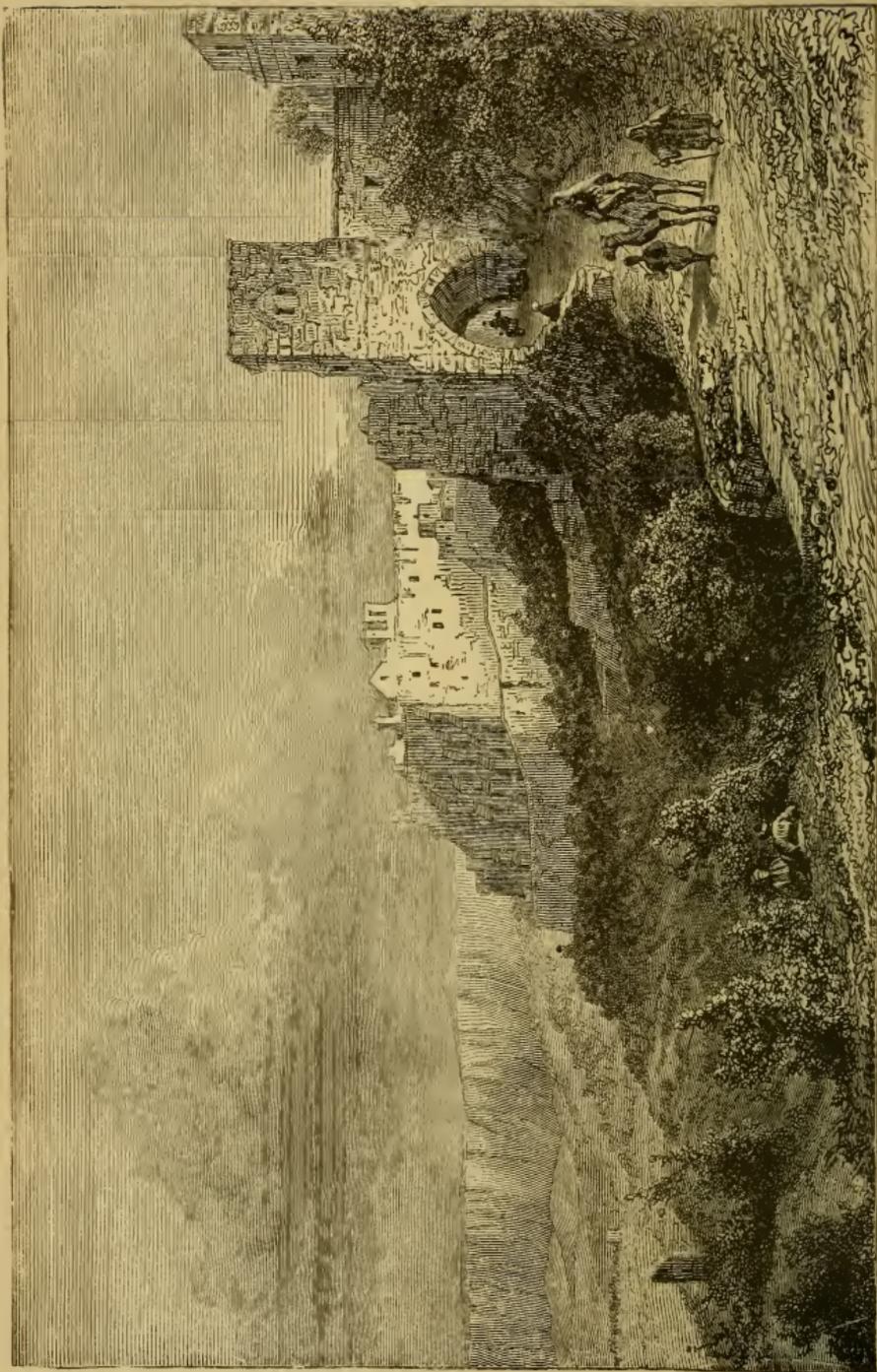
by a relative. As time rolled on, that man became rich and influential, while his preserver, by the force of circumstances, gradually sank from comparative wealth to extreme poverty. At last, driven to despair, he presented himself at the dwelling of his wealthy relative, succeeded in obtaining an interview, and begged for relief. What do you think that man did ? He spurned him from his door in disdain and contempt. That was very ungrateful, but it would be just as much so if we should shut out of our hearts that Jesus who has saved us by his own death.

My Christmas does not come on the 25th of December. Whenever you make room for Jesus in your hearts,

THAT DAY IS YOUR CHRISTMAS.

My Christmas is on the 8th of August. On that day Jesus came into my heart and made it his manger cradle, when I was only twelve years old. Having heard my father, the Sunday before, preach a sermon on being ashamed of Jesus, and having just heard a sermon on the text, " At evening time it shall be light," I came to Christ, and he was born in me. That meeting was my Bethlehem, for there I found Jesus, and gave him the gold and frankincense of my repentance and my love.

My heart is made a manger for the coming of the Lord ;
 He's sweetly born within me, whom heavenly hosts adored.
 The morning star above me now bids the darkness cease ;
 The angel choirs are hailing my glorious Prince of Peace.



GATE OF BETHLEHEM.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.*

BY JOHN RUSKIN, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS TIME, of all times, is calculated to make young people happy, because of the great event celebrated at this gladsome season, when the infant Saviour was born that he might make all people happy, and especially the little ones, whom he so much loves. But to be happy, my dear young friends, you must try to make others happy—your parents, and those who have charge over you—by seeking to do what is right and good. I was noticing, in the hymn you sang, the words—

“Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels’ feet have trod?”

which seemed to carry one on to the future, instead of thinking of the present. Not only have angels trod this earth in old times, but they do tread it now; for they are often about us, helping us in many ways—present at our tables, and present at our beds—and we ought to think of this, and rejoice that we have such heavenly companionship.

I was much interested this morning in reading the account of the angels visiting the shepherds of Bethlehem, and telling them about the infant Saviour born there. It is a strange thing that shepherds were more honored than the wise men of the East; for these were simply guided by

* MR. JOHN RUSKIN gave a dinner to the children of Coniston and neighborhood, making quite a new era in the season’s festivities. About two hundred and sixty young persons were present. The proceedings opened with the singing of one or two hymns, after which Mr. Ruskin addressed the children.

a star and directed to make inquiry where Christ was to be born, but the shepherds were told by an angel the precise place where they were to find him. And he was born in Bethlehem. You perhaps know that means "the House of Bread." Singular thing, that he who is "the Bread of Life" should have "the House of Bread" for his birthplace. He wishes us to be happy here as well as hereafter. See how he looked after the wants of those around him. He fed five thousand men with bread. He gave to his disciples bread and fish, already cooked, on the margin of the lake of Galilee. You have your lake here, and fish swimming in the lake. You can imagine the disciples feeding upon what he had supplied, and how thankful they must have been.

Then, again, I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray—

"Jesus here from sin deliver."

This is what we want : to be delivered from our sins. You know Jesus came as "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." This was what John the Baptist said ; and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for our sins which we have done ; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, that we may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over you. Remember our Saviour said, "I stand at the door and knock ; if any man [or child] open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." That is, he will make us happy, if we but receive him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants.

BIBLE LINK—"The Lord's Name Day"—MATT. 1. 25 (last clause);
LUKE 2. 21.

THE LORD'S NAME DAY.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

*When eight days were accomplished, his name was called
Jesus.—LUKE 2. 11.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY is sometimes called the Lord's Name Day, because the Saviour, eight days after his birth, was called "Jesus"—the name which the angels had told his mother to call him; and New Year's Day is eight days after Christmas—the time when we celebrate the birth of Christ, reckoning both days as the Jews did. Let us make to-day a Lord's Name Day by thinking about the names of Jesus as a sort of rosary in our hearts.

I hold in my hand a rosary of beads such as is used by the people in the Roman Catholic Church, and also by some heathen worshipers of idols, to count their prayers. They put the thumb and finger on one bead, and hold it while they say the prayer as fast as they can mumble; and then they take hold of the next bead and hurry through another prayer; and so on till they get around where they started. Then they know they have said as many prayers as there are beads in the rosary. They think God will be pleased if they say a great many prayers with their lips, even though they do not stop to think what they are saying in their words. God tells us that he would rather have us pray a few words and think about them, than to say a great many words without our hearts talking to him. Prayers that we say without thinking what we are saying

fall to the ground. God does not hear them. Only the prayers that have the love of our hearts behind them fly up to heaven. Our loving thoughts about God make wings for our words, so that they may reach the throne of God. But there is a kind of rosary that we may have in our hearts, out of sight, that would be pleasing to God, and very appropriate for this Lord's Name Day. This rosary would not be made of beads, but names of Jesus, of which there are more than a hundred. Please hunt them out in the Bible and stop over each one as if you were holding a bead, and say, "What does this mean? What does it tell me about Jesus, and what he can do for me and for others?"

The first name you will find that was given to the Saviour, was that which God spoke to Adam and Eve when he called Jesus "the Seed of the woman," so that they might know that Jesus would be born as a little babe, that he might win the love of children. One of the other names that was first given to the Saviour was this—"A Star out of Jacob;" a name that was given him by the prophet Balaam. That was to show men that as the star sheds light into the darkness, so Jesus would bring joy and forgiveness to the sad and sinful hearts of men. Moses called Jesus our Brother, when he said, "A prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you from your brethren, like unto me. Him shall ye hear." This tells us that Jesus is like a big brother who loves us very much, and is wise enough to teach us and guide us, and strong enough to protect us against those who would do us harm. David called Jesus a King, because all over the world the hearts of men and women and children would learn to love Jesus, and then to obey him as their Ruler. Isaiah called the Saviour by many beautiful names. He said, "His name shall be called Wonderful," because of the wonderful words Jesus would speak, and the wonderful works he would do ;

and he said he would also be called "Counsellor," because when people did not know what was best to do, they would come to the words of Jesus in the Bible, and learn there just what ought to be done. And Isaiah said Jesus would also be called "Mighty God," because God would live in his soul in such a wonderful way that he could still the storms upon the sea, and make a little bread enough to feed a great multitude, and could heal people who were sick in a moment, and raise to life those who were dead. And Isaiah said Jesus would be called the Everlasting Father, because as a father pitieth his children, so Jesus would pity the hearts of men. So Malachi called Jesus "a Refiner and Purifier of silver," because as the refiners take the silver when it has come out of the mountains all mixed with lead and rock and dirt, and get all these impurities out of it, to make it pure and precious silver, so Jesus would drive badness out of the hearts of those that loved him, and make them pure and precious in the sight of God, so that He would rejoice over them as the woman rejoiced that found the lost piece of silver.

John the Baptist called Jesus a Lamb, because he would be gentle as a lamb; and because as the lambs were killed upon the altars, so Jesus would die upon the cross, that men might be forgiven. Peter often called Jesus "the Christ," a word which means "anointed;" because when a man was made king, precious ointment—much sweeter than Cologne—was poured upon his head, and filled the room with fragrance; so when we speak of Jesus as Christ, it means that he is a king. James called Jesus "the Lord of Glory," because he is Lord of all the angels in heaven, as well as of the people on the earth. John called Jesus the "Son of God," because long before the world was made, or the first man lived upon it, Jesus was with the Father as his only Son, and by him God made the worlds. Paul usually called the Saviour "our Lord Jesus

Christ." He calls him by that name ten times in ten verses of one of his letters. He seemed to rejoice to write the name as that of his dearest friend. That name reminds us that Jesus is Lord in heaven and King on earth : and the word "Jesus"—the most precious of all the Saviour's names—means that he shall save his people from their sins.

Something that happened one New Year's Day, as the Jews measure their year, will show you how Jesus saved the people from their sins. The Jews were slaves in Egypt, and were made to work very hard without any pay, and were whipped and wronged in many ways, and all their little boys were killed as soon as they were born. God told the wicked Egyptians to let the Jews go free, to go to another country. The Egyptians would not obey God, and so he sent the Angel of Death through their towns and cities, to kill one in every house. And He told the Jews—His own people—how they could save themselves from being killed. In every house they were to kill a little lamb and take some of the blood and sprinkle it on the outside of the door, so that the destroying angel would see the mark of God's people, and pass over them. That was called the Passover. Jesus, the Lamb of God, died on the cross in our stead, that we might not be punished, and saves us from sin, and from the death of the soul. Every boy or girl who will kneel to-day before God and ask Him for pardon in Jesus' name, will be forgiven ; and if you love, trust and obey Christ as a good child loves, trusts and obeys his father and mother, then Jesus will be your Saviour and King forever.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus carried to God's temple, and Simeon's joy at seeing him—LUKE 2. 22-38. Wise men come from far to see Jesus, and Herod seeks to kill him—MATT. 2. 1-23; LUKE 2. 39.

HEROD'S SLAUGHTER OF THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Herod slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.—MATT. 2. 16.

WHILE the people who work in Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temperance Unions have for their watchword, "Save the Boys," there are other people in the world whose motto seems to be, "Destroy the Children." Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, enslaved the Jews who were in his land, and made their lives bitter with bondage, but God's blessing made them increase in numbers, in spite of all the king's hatred and cruelty; and so the king gave the command that all the boys that should be born should be killed. You know that Moses was one of the children that was born among the Jews at this time. He was saved from death by what we might call a Band of Hope, though they did not have any such name at that time. There were three members to the Band of Hope—one of them Moses' mother; another, Miriam, Moses' sister, twelve years old; and the third was a young lady, Pharaoh's daughter. In a Band of Hope every person is expected to do something to save others. Moses' mother did her part by hiding Moses away in her home for three months, and then contriving a nice plan for saving him. The plan was to

have him put in a little wicker basket, and laid in the tall grass on the bank of the river where the king's daughter used to bathe, thinking that the womanly heart of Pharaoh's daughter would take pity on the little child, and save him. Miriam did her part in that Band of Hope, by watching her brother as he lay there among the reeds by the river's brink, and afterwards by saying just the right word and doing just the right thing to save the little fellow. Pharaoh's daughter—the young lady of the Band—did her part by taking pity on the little boy when she saw him by the river, and adopting him to be her son, and thus saved him from death.

In these days the king that tries hardest to kill the children is King Alcohol—that which makes people drunk—beer and rum. King Alcohol does not kill children by a gun or sword in a minute, but he kills them slowly, by poisoning them with intoxicating drinks.

Sometimes he gets a father to help him. A man who was in jail for killing another man, and was to be hung in a few days, said, "A teaspoonful of rum toddy brought me to this—made me commit this awful murder, for which I am to be hung. When I was a child, my father was in the habit of taking me on his knee at dinner time and giving me a teaspoonful out of his glass. By this means the taste for drink was acquired, under the influence of which I did the crime for which I am about to suffer."

Sometimes King Alcohol destroys the boys by getting them to go to drinking saloons, where they learn not only to drink, but to gamble and to be licentious.

A friend of mine, who is a temperance man, counted four hundred boys and girls in one saloon at one time, although the law said that no one should sell intoxicating drinks to any boy or girl.

Dr. Willard Parker, one of the greatest doctors in the world, says that one-third of all the people that die in New

York are brought to death by the influence of this awful poison, alcohol, which slowly but surely kills boys who begin to drink it.

I am thinking now of some other people whose watchword was, "Kill the Boys." There were ten shepherds, grown-up men, brothers, who saw their younger brother, about seventeen years old, coming to bring them food and news from home ; and because they thought the father, as most fathers do, loved the youngest boy better than the older ones, they took him and threw him into an empty well, and then took him out when they found a chance to sell him to some cruel Arabs, who were going into a far country, where they would make him a slave. You know that I mean Joseph, and you remember how God helped him to get out of slavery and become a ruler.

There are ten brothers that in these days sell boys into slavery. Their names are "Brandy Sauce," "Bitters," "Cider," "Beer," "Ale," "Wine," "Gin," "Brandy," "Rum," and "Whisky." These ten are brothers, because all of them contain the alcohol that makes people drunk. When one has been taking brandy sauce in food, or bitters with alcohol in them for medicine, or cider, or beer or wine, at first they don't care much for it, and can stop as easy as not ; but by and by they cannot get along without it. They cannot go by a liquor shop without going in, they have such a strong appetite for these drinks. And then they want the stronger drinks, ale and brandy and whisky. It seems as if a chain was around their necks to draw them into the liquor shop to make them drunk almost every day, although they know that they are wasting their money, injuring their bodies, and making their friends unhappy. Let me explain to you how it is.

I take this thread and tie this boy's arms. He can snap the threads as easily as not. That is like the boy that is just beginning to drink. He can stop as easily as not. Now

I tie this boy's hands with twine, and it is harder to break it, but he can do it. That is like the boy who has been drinking for a little while, who has got to liking the liquor, but can stop if he tries. Now I take this large rope, and I tie this boy's hands and feet with it, and no matter how hard he pulls, he cannot break it. That is like a man who has been drinking a long time. When he finds that drink is making him poor and sick and unhappy, foolish and cruel, he tries to stop drinking, but he cannot do it of himself. Now I cut these knots, and this boy is free. That is like the case of a drunkard who could not break away from drinking, who prayed that God would help him, and asked God's people to help him by their prayers, and gave his heart to Jesus to be a Christian. And so God gave him new strength, so that he could break away from drinking.

"The Lion of Judah can break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

Herod was another who had for his watchword, "Destroy the Children." When he heard that Jesus was born in Bethlehem to be a king, he did not understand that Jesus was to be a king of men's hearts, and thought he was to be a king with a crown on his head, with soldiers about him; that he would take the throne and the palace where Herod was, and drive him away. Herod did not know just what house to find Jesus in, and so he told his soldiers to kill all the children that were two years of age and under, in Bethlehem and the country around it, so that he might be sure to kill the little king; but God warned the mother of Jesus of the coming danger, and told her to flee away into Egypt; so Jesus' life was saved.

The Herod who tries to kill the children to-day is King Alcohol; but God, in the Bible, warns us to flee away from him, to keep away from the saloons, to work in the Bands

of Hope, to take the pledge and stick to it, to spend our evenings at home. Especially God says to us in his word, "Look not upon the wine when it is red. At the last it biteth like a serpent. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." And so we can escape from this Herod of alcohol, and grow up to be Christ-like in this world, and by and by to be kings in heaven forever and ever.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus goes to Jerusalem in a great procession when he is twelve years of age—LUKE 2. 40-52.

BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—LUKE 2. 52.

ALTHOUGH Jesus came down from heaven, yet in his boyhood he was like other boys. "He grew in stature," with no evil habits, such as smoking cigarettes, and doing other things too foul to mention, to stunt his growth. Doubtless every year at his birthday he measured himself on the side of the house, to see how fast he was growing. But he also "increased in wisdom," in the thinking part of him. His mother taught him a great many things, especially about the Bible. At five years of age he began to learn by heart the Commandments and other texts, which he afterward used to repeat when he grew up to be a minister. Probably he went to some such school as I saw at Nazareth, where about twenty-five little Arab boys with red caps on their heads were sitting cross-legged on the floor, which was covered with straw matting, there being no seat in the room, except one for the teacher. Each boy

had before him a little ink-bottle, and in his hand a sharpened reed for a pen, and a tin slate like the one I hold in my hand, on which had been written a verse from the book called the Koran. All the boys were moving their bodies backward and forward and saying their verses aloud. As I stooped over to see what was on one of the slates, a roguish boy behind me gave me a push which almost tipped me over, making me think that boys in Nazareth were very much like boys in America. The teacher very quickly boxed the little fellow's ears, which made all the others, for fear of a like punishment, move their bodies faster and say their verses louder. When Jesus was a boy he probably went to such a school and wrote on his slate verses from the Bible to commit to memory.

Another way that Jesus grew in wisdom was by "asking questions." Abraham Lincoln became the great and wise man that he was in the same way. He lived in boyhood in a wild country, where he could only go to school for a few weeks, and so when he grew up he learned most that he knew by asking questions about everything that he saw on a farm or in a shop or in the streets, that he did not already understand. The only true story that we have about Jesus' boyhood tells us that once when he had gone from Nazareth to a great city called Jerusalem, in a great procession of people, for a festival that was like a whole week of Christmas days, his mother lost sight of him, and hunted around for two days before she could find him. I suppose she looked in all the candy shops and wherever the boys were playing, and last of all she thought she would look in the church, the big temple, and there she found him, in one of the rooms, sitting cross-legged on the floor at the feet of the wise teachers, asking them questions about the Bible and about God and heaven. They were very much "astonished" to find how much he already knew about these things. Children to-day might learn a

great deal more than they do about such matters if they would study their Sunday-school lessons and then ask questions of parents and teachers about whatever they could not understand.

Another thing that is told us about Jesus' boyhood is that he was obedient to his mother. I once saw in the papers an advertisement printed in this way: "*Wanted for a store—a boy that obeys his mother.*" The man who kept that store knew that if a boy did not mind his mother at home, he would not obey his master in a store, or be so likely to obey the laws of the country against stealing and other wrongs, and the laws of God. The world does not want in business or anywhere else boys who do not mind their mothers. Home is a little school of obedience. If we do not learn to obey the laws of home, we shall be very likely to break the laws of the country and get into prison at last.

One other thing that the Bible tells us about Jesus' boyhood is, that he was diligent in his duties. A certain bishop, who lived long after Jesus did, wished very much to know what Jesus did in his boyhood, about which the Bible tells us so little. After that, one day he had this dream. He seemed in his sleep to see a carpenter working at his trade, and beside him a little boy who was gathering up chips. Then came in a woman clothed in green, who called them both to dinner and set porridge before them. All this the bishop seemed to see in his dream, himself standing behind the door, that he might not be perceived. Then the little boy said, "Why does that man stand there? Shall he not also eat with us?" And this so frightened the bishop that he awoke.

In the very building at Nazareth where it is said Joseph, the husband of Mary, worked as a carpenter, there is a picture on the wall of Joseph at one end of a board, which he

is measuring with a string, and Jesus as a little boy at the other end, holding one end of the string, and helping Joseph at his work. We know that Jesus before he became a minister worked in such ways as a little carpenter in the shop of Joseph at Nazareth. He was *helpful at home*; and the boy that would be like Jesus must do likewise.

But Jesus was diligent in another kind of business. One day when he was in the church or temple, studying the Bible and talking about God and heaven, he called it his heavenly "Father's business" that he was doing. Sometimes a man has a little shop and another very large one. So Jesus teaches us that what we do in our common work is our little business, and what we do to make men Christians is our great business; and he teaches us that *a boy twelve years old is not too young to begin doing business for his heavenly Father*, by being a Christian himself and trying to lead others to be Christians. When Jesus was twelve years old, like other boys of that country, he joined the church, put the boxes called phylacteries on his forehead and arm, with verses of the Bible in them, and put on his shoulders the talith, with blue bands in it, that reminded the people they were going to heaven beyond the blue sky. And so all the boys of good parents and all the boys that loved God began to be workers in the church when they were twelve years old, the same age at which your pastor and a great many others have joined the church in these days, and some when they were not half as old.

I will give to every child who is here to-day a little covenant to sign, if you will now begin to do business for the heavenly Father by trying to love Jesus yourself and to get others to love him. Surely if Christ became a boy, every boy ought to try to be like Christ.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTIAN BAND.

"MY LAMBS."

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND :—CAN YOU, FROM YOUR HEART,
ANSWER "YES" TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS?—

Do you love Jesus ?

Are you trusting in Jesus as your own precious Saviour ?

Will you try, by the help of Jesus, to give up everything
that is sinful ?

Will you try to be more like Jesus every day ?

"SEEK ME EARLY."

Name _____ Residence _____

THE CHILD JESUS.*

BY THE LATE DEAN STANLEY, LONDON.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom ; and the grace of God was upon him.—LUKE 2. 40.

THIS day is called the day of the Holy Innocents, because it calls upon us to remember the death of those little children who were killed at Bethlehem at the time of our Saviour's birth, when he also was a little child like them. It is also a day famous in this Abbey, because it was on this day, more than eight hundred years ago, that this great church was finished by its first founder, King Edward the Confessor, who was himself an innocent, guileless

* An Address to Children assembled in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, December 28, 1871.

man, almost like a little child. We have thought, therefore, that it might be good to mark this day by gathering together here as many children as could come, and putting before them the example which our Saviour set to all children, he having been himself a little child and a little boy, such as those who are here to-day. For this purpose the different passages of Scripture have been chosen that have been sung or read to-day—the eighth Psalm in order that you might see how little children may be taught to find out the glory of God in the great works of nature, the beautiful sights and sounds that they see and hear around them ; and the fifteenth Psalm in order to show how, from our earliest years down to our latest age, that in which God finds most pleasure is the humble, pure, truthful, honorable mind ; and the one hundred and twenty-seventh Psalm in order to impress upon parents what precious, inestimable gifts are given to them in their little children. And then the anthem has been chosen in order to remind all who are young how precious to them are the days of their youth, and how the one thing which they must bear in mind from first to last is to “ Fear God and keep His commandments ; for this is the whole duty of man :” and the hymn in order to show how all of us, even the youngest, may come to our gracious Saviour to ask him to have pity upon us. And the lessons were chosen, the first in order to remind you how little Samuel knelt upon his knees at morning and evening, waiting for the voice of God to tell him what he was to do. And the second lesson—which is what I will specially speak of now—is the example of our Saviour himself as the little child. Let me, then, take these words, that may be useful both for the parents and friends of those children who are here ; and also, I hope, for the children themselves, if they will listen to what I say.

First of all it says, “ The child ” — that is, the child

Jesus—"grew." He grew in stature and he grew in character and goodness. He did not stand still. Although it was God himself who was revealed to us in the life of Jesus Christ, yet this did not prevent him from being made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted. It has been reverently and truly said—

"Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray ;
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day ?"

Yes, he was ; we need not fear to say so, and in this lies the example for us. Each one of us, whether old or young, must remember that progress, improvement, going on, advance, change into something better and better, wiser and wiser, year by year—this is the only condition, the only way of our becoming like Christ, and, therefore, like God. Do not think that you will always be, that you must always be as you are now. No ; you will grow up gradually to be something very different ; you must increase and grow in mind as well as in body, in wisdom as well as in stature. The world moves, and you and all of us must move with it. God calls us and all ever to something higher and higher ; and that higher stage you and I and the whole world must reach by steadily advancing towards it.

And then comes three things especially which the text puts before us as those in which our Lord's earthly education, in which the advance and improvement of his earthly character added to his youthful and childlike powers. First, it speaks of his strength of character. It says, he "waxed strong in spirit." Strong ! What a word is that for all of you, my dear children. You know—little boys especially know—how you value and honor those who are strong in body. The strong limb, the fleet foot, the sturdy arm, the active frame ! you do well to value these things ;

they are God's gifts. The body which can endure blows without flinching, and which can toil without fatigue ; which can win the race, conquer in the game, or vanquish in the struggle ; these are what you all wish to have. But what this strength is to the body, that strength of character is to the mind. A stout heart, that is what you want—a stout heart which will be able to resist all the temptations to do wrong, which scorns to tell a lie, which will never consent to be betrayed into doing what is wrong ; a strong, hardy conscience, which fixes itself on matters of real importance, and will not trifle, will not waste its powers on things of no concern. Therefore, I say, be stronger and stronger every year. I could not say to you, perhaps, be stronger in body every year, for that is not within our power to gain if we have it not ; but we can say be stronger in spirit, be strong in mind, be strong in character, be stout in heart, for this does come by trying to have it. It comes by being always reminded that it will come if you strive to get it. It comes to those who are determined to seek it. Be strong, therefore, and very courageous.

And the next thing which the text speaks of is wisdom. It says the child was "filled with wisdom." Wisdom, as it were, was poured into him, and his mind opened wider and wider to take it in. He drank in whatever wisdom there was in the knowledge of those about him ; he drank in the heavenly wisdom also which comes down from the fountain of all wisdom. You, too, have this to gain day by day. Those especially who are at school are sent to school for that very purpose, to have your minds opened—to take in all that your teachers can pour into them—to be ready for this instruction whenever it comes to you from books, from looking at what you see about you, from conversation, from experience, as you grow older in life. You need not be old before your time, but you must even now

be making the best use of your time. These are the golden days which never come back to you, which if once lost can never be entirely made up. Our great King Alfred used to regret in after years nothing so much as that, owing to his long wanderings and troubles when he was young, he had not had the opportunity of regular instruction at school. Seek, therefore, for wisdom ; pray for it, determine to have it, and God, who gives to those who ask for it, will give it to you. Try to gain it as our Lord gained it when he was a child, by hearing, and by asking questions. By hearing ; that is by being teachable, and humble, and modest, by fixing your attention on what you have to learn. And also, as he did, by asking questions ; that is, by trying to know the meaning of what you learn, by cross-questioning yourselves, by inquiring right and left to fill up the blanks in your minds. Nothing is more charming to see than a little child listening—not interrupting, but eager to hear what is taught. Nothing is more charming than to see a little child asking questions. That is the very way in which we are able to know whether you take in what has been taught you.

And the next thing is the grace or favor of God, or, as it says at the end of the chapter, the grace, or favor, of God and man ; the grace, the goodness, the graciousness of God, which calls forth grace and goodness and graciousness in man. Our blessed Lord had this always ; but even in him it increased more and more. It increased as he grew older, as he saw more and more of the work which was given him to do. He felt more and more that God was his Father, and that men were his brothers, and that grace and loving-kindness was the best and the dearest gift from God to man, and from man to man, and from man to God. He was subject to his parents ; he did what they told him ; and so he became dear to them. He was kind and gentle and courteous to those about him, so that they always liked

to see him when he came in and out amongst them. So may it be with you. Look upon God as your dear Father in heaven who loves you, and who wishes nothing but your happiness. Look upon your school-fellows and companions as brothers, to whom you must show whatever kindness and forbearance you can. Just as this beautiful building in which we are assembled is made up of a number of small stones beautifully carved, every one of which helps to make up the grace and beauty of the whole, so is all the state of the world made up of the graces and goodnesses not only of full-grown men and full-grown women, but of little children who will be—at least if they live—full-grown men and full-grown women. Remember, then, all you who are parents—remember still more especially all you who are children—remember this day; and if ever you are tempted to do wrong, or to be idle, or to be rude and careless, or to leave off saying your prayers, then think of your Saviour's good example which has been put before you this night in Westminster Abbey.

BIBLE LINK—About John the Baptizer and his sermons—MATT. 3. 1-12; MARK 1. 1-8; LUKE 1. 80; 3. 21-23. The Baptism of Jesus—MATT. 3. 13-17; MARK 1. 9-11; LUKE 3. 21-23. The Temptation of Jesus—MATT. 4. 1-11; MARK 1. 12, 13; LUKE 4. 1-13. Jesus calls men to follow him—JOHN 1. 19-51.

WALKING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Follow Me. — JOHN 1. 43.

WHEN Jesus began to preach, he used to say sometimes to a man whom he would find at his work, "Follow me;" and the man would leave his earthly business to journey with Jesus, and learn of him how to be good and do

good. I have sometimes called these two words, "the children's creed." They tell us in eight letters the most important thing about religion, after our sins are forgiven and our hearts are converted—to follow Jesus.

A little boy, in one of my Sunday-schools, when he came to die, showed that he had understood what the words meant, for he said, "I have been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus." That is what Jesus meant when he told men to follow him. It was not merely to come after him and walk with him, but to *try to be like him* in thoughts and words and deeds. The disciple that Jesus loved more than any other, because he was the noblest, had for his motto, as we see in his letters, the words, "Even as He;" which meant that in everything he tried to be even as Jesus was.

Being like him means a great deal for a child to-day. A Sunday-school teacher, the Sunday after the lesson on "Following Jesus," said to her class of little ones, "What have you done to follow Jesus this week?" One said, "I have prayed." That was a right answer, for Jesus used to pray every day, and sometimes all night. Another answered, "I have read the Bible." That was a true answer also, for Jesus read the Bible so much that he could repeat a great many verses out of his memory. Another child answered the question, "What have you done to follow Jesus this week?" "I have washed the dishes;" and another said, "I have been good in school;" and another said, "I have kept my ears clean." All these were right answers also; for Jesus, in his home, helped Joseph the carpenter about his work; and when he was in school at Nazareth, he did no wrong or mean thing; and we feel sure that he remembered that cleanliness is next to godliness.

I heard of another little girl who had to work, who answered the question, "How are you trying to help Jesus?"

by saying, "I scrubs." And I read of an old colored woman who, after a hard day washing clothes, sang, as she climbed the stairs at night, "One more day's work for Jesus."

A little bootblack blacked a gentleman's boots very nicely, and the gentleman said, "Do you think that will please me?" The boy said, "I don't know; but I think it will please my Father in heaven."

"Poor fellow! said the gentleman; "then your father is dead, is he?"

"Oh, no," said the boy; "I don't mean that. My Father up in heaven is God."

"Then," said the gentleman, "you think that blacking my boots so nicely will please God, the heavenly Father, do you?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I think God is pleased to have us do everything the best we can."

Let us all remember that in scrubbing, washing, blacking boots—any kind of work—we can be following Jesus, if we try to do the best we can; for Jesus was a carpenter and labored hard and faithfully. We want to be Christians, not only in the night and morning when we pray, and on Sunday when we sing, but in our daily studies and errands and work.

A little girl was walking home from church, holding on the hand of her mother, who was talking with a lady by her side. The little girl heard her mother say, "I think Sophie is a Christian." She was astonished. Sophie a Christian! She was a child very near her own age, and this little girl played with her every day, and never knew that she was a Christian. She had an idea that a Christian child should be very sober and quiet, and not care for play, only for reading the Bible and other good books. She thought to herself that she would watch Sophie, and see if she acted like a Christian.

Next day she found that Sophie was bright and cheerful, and as much interested in play as ever. She helped her little friend kindly when she needed help. Her face flushed as she kept back the impatient word, as her little friend vexed her. And when her mother called her to do an errand which she did not like to do, she went without a word of complaint. So the little girl saw that Sophie was indeed a Christian, and she longed to be one herself.

Sophie was walking in the footsteps of Jesus, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again;" who kept back impatient words, and kindly helped those who needed help—and he was generally cheerful and happy, and, when a boy, doubtless was as fond of play as other boys.

I must tell you of some other children who walked in the footsteps of Jesus in comforting a sad heart.

A curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest. She was curious, because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare; and curious, because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked, "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the

old woman ; and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

“ But I'll tell you what I'll do,” seriously continued the child. “ You may kiss us all once ; and, if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy !”

Passers by, who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go : “ O children ! I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for ; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years !” Those children were following Jesus in comforting the sad.

Every day we should seek to have the mind that was in Christ Jesus, who cared more to please God and do good than for anything else in the world. By-and-by, those who seek to walk in the footsteps of Jesus here, and who cannot be quite like him in everything, because he did no sin, will see him as he is, and be satisfied as they awake in his likeness.

“ I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak !”

Now let us all sing, with glad voices and loving hearts, our promise to follow Jesus, and to try to be more like him every day.

FOLLOW ME.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

D. F. E. AUBER.

1. { My heart has heard the Saviour saying, " Follow me, fol-low me : " }
 { My sins I left, and Christ obeying, Bent the knee, bent the knee. }

Thou bid'st the little children come, Lest in the paths of sin we roam,

And when we reach our Father's home, Rest with thee, rest with thee.

- 2 The footsteps of my blessed Saviour
 Mine shall be, mine shall be :
 Like his my words, my whole behavior
 All shall see, all shall see.
 My heart be like the Saviour's mind,
 My words like his be ever kind,
 Till in my soul I nothing find
 Unlike thee, unlike thee.
- 3 In heaven at last THE LAMB that leads us,
 We shall see, we shall see ;
 While with the heavenly joy he feeds us,
 Glad and free ! glad and free !
 The lambs that follow him below
 With him through heavenly fields shall go.
 And all his wondrous love he'll show
 Unto me, unto thee.

BIBLE LINK—*A Marriage Feast.*—JOHN 2. 1-12. Jesus cleanses the temple—JOHN 2. 13-25. He talks with Nicodemus—JOHN 3. 1-21. More about the Baptizer—JOHN 3. 22-36. Journeys of Jesus—MATT. 4. 12; 14. 3-5; MARK 1. 14; 6. 17-20; LUKE 3. 18; 4. 14; 3. 19, 20; JOHN 4. 1-3; 4. 4-42. Miracles and teachings of Jesus—MATT. 4. 17; MARK 1. 14, 15; LUKE 4. 14; JOHN 4. 43-54. Jesus visits his old home in Nazareth, and is shamefully ill-treated—MATT. 4. 13-16; LUKE 4. 15-31. He calls Peter and Andrew to be his disciples—MATT. 4. 18-22; MARK 1. 16-20; LUKE 5. 1-11. Jesus heals a demoniac—MARK 1. 21-28; LUKE 4. 31-37. Jesus restores Peter's wife's mother to health, and many others, and teaches the people—MATT. 8. 14-17; 4. 23-25; MARK 1. 29-39; LUKE 4. 38-44. Jesus heals a leper—MATT. 8. 2-4; MARK 1. 40-45; LUKE 5. 12-16.

JESUS HEALING THE LEPER.

BY JOSIAH SPIERS, OF THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION OF LONDON.

JESUS had been up the mountain side, and as he came down the great multitude of people were all waiting to listen to him, waiting to come to him; and as he walked slowly along they followed him. And now something happens. All at once a man came forward. One and another would make room for the poor fellow, and here comes the leper quite close to Jesus. There he stands; but he does not stand long. He comes close, and falls down on his knees to worship him, and puts up this earnest cry: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

Now you know what kind of disease leprosy is. It is not a little, slight ailment, like a cold that sometimes a child has, and you say, "That little girl is rather poorly to-day, but she will be all right to-morrow." Leprosy is a very terrible disease indeed. There are various kinds of

it, some worse than others. Some kinds are terribly contagious; if a man went near the leper, he would catch the disease. But all kinds are very terrible, and very horrible to look at. The man was not fit to be seen or to be touched. You would like to get away from him as soon as you could. If it was the very contagious kind, he had to leave his home, his wife, and children, and live in a separate place. If he saw any one coming to shake hands, or anything of that sort, he would fall down on the ground and cry out, "Unclean! unclean! I am a poor leper; don't come near me, or else perhaps you will catch the disease."

This poor leper came and fell down before Jesus. Leprosy is a frightful disease to look at; and what a horrible thing it must be to have it! When I was going over the Infirmary at Stoke-upon-Trent, where there are a large number of patients, I wanted to see every one, to give them a sheet of children's hymns and a little book. The matron was showing me right over, and when we got nearly all through it, the lady said to me, "Would you be afraid to see a man who has a very terrible disease?" I said, "No, I should like to see all." "We have a man," she said, "that has a kind of Egyptian leprosy, horrible beyond all description; it is not contagious, but you will have such a turn when you see him, it will make you feel very bad." When I saw him it gave me such a fright, that I gave him the papers, and got away as far as I could.

Now this poor man we read of, came and fell down before the Mighty Physician, before the Great and Blessed Saviour, the Son of God—he came and fell down on the ground, and put up this little cry: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

Now let us see if there was any answer. Did Jesus

take the trouble to answer? Was he too busy preaching to all the crowds, to attend to one poor miserable leper? No! he did not keep him waiting a bit. The man was in real earnest, he really wanted to be healed; and the Saviour did not keep him waiting at all. He did not come and say the words over carelessly, or anyhow, but his very soul was in the prayer: Look at me! see what I am! a miserable leper, not fit to be touched! I know I am not fit even to be looked upon; but "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

Now, what was the answer? Listen! Why it says, "Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him." Touched him! Why, I felt as if I dare not touch that man in the Infirmary. But Jesus put out his hand and touched him; and as he touched him, see that beautiful smile that came over his face, and listen to the gracious words that came out of his mouth: "I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

Why did Jesus touch this poor leper? Have you ever thought of that? What was the reason? Would it not have been as well if Jesus had gone a few steps back, climbed up the mountain, and then called out in a loud voice to that terrible disease, "Leprosy, begone from that poor man at once?" Would not that have been quite as well? The man would have been healed.

Do you remember that time when you were so sick and ill, and had to keep in your bed for several days? You could not get up to play, you could not read—perhaps you were in a burning fever. And do you remember what happened? I think I can remember something of the sort when I was a boy. Do you not recollect your mother coming up to the side of your bed, sitting down beside you, and taking your poor feverish hand in hers? And do you not remember how it seemed to comfort you? And when she put her nice cool hand on your forehead,

did you not almost forget the pain? It showed how she felt for you, sympathized with you; and you felt how her heart was filled with tender sympathy and love.

Why did Jesus touch this leper—put His hand upon him? Oh, think of it! Think of that blessed Saviour who took little children in his arms, putting his hand on that poor leper, with the filthy symptoms of leprosy upon him, horrible to behold! Yes, Jesus puts his kind, gentle hand upon him, and says some words of love and some words of power: “I will; be thou clean.” He saw the man there all covered with leprosy, all over with the horrible marks. He looked at him, and as soon as ever that loving hand touched him, and those tender lips said the words, see him jump up on his feet a new man. He says, “I am well; cured and healed; the leprosy is all gone. Here I am, a perfectly whole man; there is nothing the matter a bit with me.” Not one of the leprous marks remain upon the poor fellow. Oh, don’t you think he jumped with joy? And then, I fancy, he must have knelt down again, and thanked Jesus for making him well. I think he must have poured out his heart in thankfulness to him who healed him of his terrible disease.

Jesus touched the man—as it were, made himself one with him, put himself right down alongside that poor leper, and showed how much his heart loved him. We read in Isaiah of Jesus being stricken for us, just as if he became a leper for us.

Now, has this anything to do with the boys and girls in the Free Asserably Hall to-night?—with you up there in the gallery? with that young man there, with that young lady, with these little girls here? “O yes,” some of you may say. It is a very nice little story, but it is all over; it happened eighteen hundred years ago, and it has nothing to do with us to-day; there are no lepers here to-day.

Wait a minute. Do you know there are one hundred

thousand poor miserable lepers living in India now at this time? But there are more in Scotland. "Oh, that is a great mistake, Mr. Spiers." Is it? Why, there are a great many lepers here to-night.

Leprosy is a type of sin; it is used over and over again in Scripture as a picture of the poor sinner. You have got the marks of leprosy. You look very nice as you sit there. You say, there is no leprosy on me at all. Wait a minute; look into your hearts and see. That girl there is a leper, and that one, and that boy, and this one. Your heart has got the dreadful marks of leprosy, of sin; you are a leper, or a sinner. Do you see what I mean—what God's word means? Leprosy or sin every child has. And what a terrible thing it is!

I will fancy a thing: that as soon as ever you were able to understand at all, your father and mother made up their minds that whenever you did a bad thing they would write it on a bit of paper, and put it in a bag, and keep all these bits of paper. How long would it take to fill a big bag? And how long would it be before that great sack was quite full? And suppose the sack was chained to your back with a great chain, and you could not get it off, do all you could, and you were obliged to come to the meeting to-night with that sack on your back. I think I hear you saying, "Would you please to let me into the back seats?" Why, you would all be wanting to go into the back seats—there would be nobody in front at all—you would be so ashamed of that sack, and that anybody should see you.

Well, God sees the many sins in your heart. He looks down into your soul, and sees all the bad marks of sin there. Oh, what a terrible sight! And Jesus, who is here to-night, sees in your heart, and sees that you are, indeed, a poor leper.

There was a little girl once made a prayer of this text. She knelt down in the room, and said the leper's prayer,

with a little alteration. She said, "O Lord, thou wilt, and thou canst, make me clean; please do it now, for Christ's sake. Amen." That little prayer was heard and answered. Dear children, offer up that prayer now, and leave out the "if." Did not Jesus show his willingness and power? And why is this written down, but just to show that he is able to save your soul, and to wash away all these sins—that he is willing to touch you with the hand of his power and tender love to-night? Will you come to him and say—

"O God, in the blood that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals one sick of the palsy—MAT. 9. 2-8; MARK 2. 1-12; LUKE 5. 17-26.

POWER TO FORGIVE.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLES, WATERLOO, IOWA.

Who can forgive sins but God only? The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—MARK 2. 7, 10.

A MAN who had no power to help himself because of a terrible disease called the palsy, was one day brought to Jesus. There were so many people in the house where Jesus was, that they who brought the sick man could not get in, so they took the invalid up on the roof and made an opening, and so let him down just before the Lord. Jesus was interrupted in what he was saying; but after all he was pleased with the faith of the sick man's friends. So he looked kindly on the sick man, and probably saw that the disease had been brought on by a wicked life, and that the poor man was troubled about his sins as well as his sickness. Jesus, therefore, to comfort his heart, said to

him, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." When his audience heard that, some of them looked very much surprised and shocked, as much as to say, "Why! why! you have no power to forgive sins!" "Who can forgive sins but God only."

And Jesus saw what they were thinking, but he went right on to show them that he had a right to say it, by healing the poor helpless man's body whose sins he had forgiven.

He proved that the "Son of man," as he called himself, had the power to forgive sins like God, because he had power to heal the sick. Turning to the palsied man, he said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." And he who could not move so much as a hand or a foot before, now moved his whole body, sat up, stood up, took up his bed and went away cured before them all. I don't know whether those grumblers were satisfied now. You know it often takes a great deal to satisfy grumblers. But the rest of the people were all glad to think that, like God himself, Jesus had power to heal sick people and to forgive sins. From all this we should learn and remember,

1st. That our Lord Jesus *has God's power* to forgive sins among men. He certainly has no less power now that he is exalted to the right hand of God, than he had then. When we have sinned against God, and brought sorrow and suffering to ourselves or others, our loving Saviour has power to forgive us and comfort us, if we come to him sorry, and determined not to do the wrong any more.

Secondly. Jesus is *always ready* to forgive. Here he was right in the midst of his speaking, and he broke off to comfort and cure this sorrowing sufferer. Some speakers would have been vexed at such an interruption, but Jesus was glad of an opportunity to forgive sins and restore health.

Thirdly. We see that *friends can bring each other to*

Jesus. This sick man never could have come but for his friends. I have known many a child who has helped bring a sinner to a forgiving Saviour. Often it has been one of their own family, perhaps father or mother. Can't you help bring some one ?

Fourthly. *We* should be always ready to forgive. Jesus sets the example for us all to follow. He even tells us that if we wish to have our sins forgiven, we must forgive those who offend against us. With real kindness of heart for every one, therefore, let us come and bring others to Jesus, who is always ready to exercise his power to forgive.

BIBLE LINK—Matthew becomes a disciple—MATT. 9. 9 ; MARK 2, 13, 14 ; LUKE 5. 27, 28. Jesus heals a sick man at Bethesda—JOHN 5. 1-47. Jesus talks with the Pharisees—MATT. 12. 1-8 ; MARK 2. 23-28 ; LUKE 6. 1-5.

THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLES, WATERLOO, IOWA.

And the Pharisees said unto him.—MARK 2. 24.

ONE very pleasant thing about the Lord Jesus when he was on earth was that he allowed all people to come to him and ask questions. He turned his preaching service into a Sunday-school class, and, as every good teacher does, allowed the scholars to ask questions. There was a party called Pharisees among the Jews, who were very fond of talking and putting themselves forward, so they might be seen and heard ; and these often asked hard or fault-finding questions.

They were people who pretended to be very religious. But very much of what they did in the name of religion, was not done from love to God at all, but from love of

praise. They wanted to have people think they were good, far more than they wanted really to be good. They professed to be very careful to do everything which was in the law, but what they cared most for was that people should give them great credit for keeping the law. When they fasted they would sprinkle ashes over their heads and faces and tear their clothes and go about looking as hungry and sorrowful as they could, so that they might appear unto men to fast.

When they prayed they would stand on the corners of the streets, and in public places, and make very long, loud prayers, so they might be thought very devout. When they kept their Sabbath they made a great fuss about that, and had a great number of foolish rules which they said everybody must obey.

One was that no man should carry any burden on the Sabbath day ; but if the same burden were carried by two then the Sabbath would not be broken.

A knot which could be untied with one hand might be untied, but if it required two hands, it was wicked to do it. So these were the sort of people who came and asked why the disciples of Jesus did not fast as they did. And Jesus answered, that fasting was nothing except as it was done in a proper spirit and time. When people were filled with happiness was no time for sadness, any more than an old worn-out garment was a good place for new cloth, which would not keep the old rotten cloth from tearing out again in a new place ; or any more than an old wine-skin which had stretched all it could, was a good place for new wine which needed a wine-skin which would give some and yet not burst.

Then they asked him, Why he allowed his disciples to pick ears of corn to eat on the Sabbath day, and he answered, that men should not be slaves to mere rules, and starve themselves when they needed food, but that even

the Sabbath day was made to benefit and not to injure man. They asked another question by their actions. They watched him, to see if he would heal a man who had a withered hand on the Sabbath day. And he answered them this time by asking a question: "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil?" They could say nothing, and so were answered. And then he showed them what he thought about it by, telling the man to stretch out his little dried-up hand, when it became whole as the other.

In this strong opposition which Jesus here and everywhere makes to the Pharisees, I think we are to find two very useful lessons. 1st. We should never do any good and right action, merely *for the sake of being seen*. Of course we should always do right; but we should do it because it is right and best; not so that we can get the credit for being what we are not. 2d. We should not be too sure in our opinions of others. They may be much better or much worse than they seem to us. The people thought the Pharisees were very holy, but Jesus saw that they were full of pride and hypocrisy. We cannot see people's hearts, and so should think of them kindly. They may be better than we think they are.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals many who are sick—MATT. 12. 9-21; MARK 3. 1-12; LUKE 6. 6-11. Jesus chooses twelve apostles and heals the sick—MATT. 10. 2-4; MARK 3. 13-19; LUKE 6. 12-19.

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BY REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

OUR lesson this week is about "Jesus and his disciples" (Mark 3. 6-19). They are down by beautiful little sea of Galilee, where Jesus loved to be so much. It was a somewhat quiet place, a little out of the way. But no place

could be quiet for him. The people all about had heard of his wonderful works ; how he had cured the sick ; how he made the blind to see ; how he made the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. The news of this spread all over the country, and the sick and the suffering from everywhere came to him. They that had sick children, or sick friends, brought them to be cured. It must have been a wonderful sight. Here is a lame man, carried by his friends, and laid at Jesus' feet. Jesus speaks to him, and he leaps up, and goes away strong and well. Here comes a blind man who has never seen the light. Jesus touches his eyes, and the fields and the mountains, and the trees and the flowers, are all shown to him at once. Here comes a deaf man who has never heard sound ; and as he goes away, he hears for the first time the dashing of the waters and the singing of the birds.

But the more he heals the more his fame spreads. Every one that is cured goes home and tells about it, and all his neighbors come next day. Every day the crowd grows larger, and they come from farther around. They come from the great city of Jerusalem ; from away up north among the mountains, and by the great sea ; and from the other side of the river Jordan. They have found out that if they can only touch him they will be cured, and they crowd around him to touch him.

At last the crowd becomes so great that Jesus orders his disciples to get a boat and push out into the sea, so that he can have a little rest. He wants to be alone with them a little while, so that he can tell them what he wants to have them do. He had called them before, one by one, as he found them—one by his fish-boat, another in his office, and another under the fig-tree. But then he only told them to follow him ; now he wants to tell what they are to do. So after they enter the boat, they sail along the shore till they come to a quiet place, and Jesus goes up

into a mountain, and calls just those he wants—just the twelve he had called before.

These twelve are to be his apostles—"apostle" means "*one sent.*" These twelve were sent by Christ to tell about the kingdom of God, and how to be saved. In this lesson it says they are to do three things. First, "they are to be with him," to see what he does, and to hear what he says. Then he wants to send them out to preach, to tell other people what they have seen and heard, and let them know about Jesus, and what he was going to do for them. Then they were to cast out devils and heal the sick. They were to do what Jesus himself had been doing, help every body they could and tell every body about this kingdom of God. They had been with Jesus and seen him work. They no doubt became very much interested in his work. and many times they wished they could help. It must have surprised them sometimes to see how many poor people there were who needed help. Every town they came to there were some poor creatures waiting for him, either to cleanse them of leprosy, or open their eyes, or unstop their ears; or there was some poor widow who wanted her child restored. And if he stopped a few days even in a lonely place, the crowds of people who came to him from around soon made it necessary for him to hide himself away from them. The disciples had seen all this—how he was thronged and pressed, and how impossible it was for him to reach all that needed him, and all who were longing to have him help them. They must have felt anxious sometimes to go out and do the same as he was doing, and tell the good news and heal the sick.

Now they are to have the chance to go out and preach Jesus, and cast out devils. He is going to make them his ambassadors, and send them on before him. They are to go out and tell the people "Jesus is come," and "the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

But we do not read that they went out a great many times while Jesus was with them. Once or twice they went two and two, and came back and told him what they had found.

Most of the time Jesus kept these disciples with him, so that he could teach them and show them the way. They went with him on his journeys ; they heard him preach in the synagogue and talk by the way-side ; they saw him heal the sick and raise the dead ; they saw him when he was arrested, and followed him a great way off, when he was crucified ; they saw him again after his resurrection, and heard his last words. Then when he was gone they became real apostles, and went everywhere telling the story of Jesus. They understood him now a great deal better than when he was with them. A great many things he said puzzled them before, but now it was all plain and clear. They knew now he came to save men from their sins, and they went everywhere telling about him. They became very bold, and were not afraid to preach Jesus among those who had crucified him. They were persecuted and put in prison, and driven away from home, but they kept right on doing as Jesus had told them. And some of them wrote out the story of Jesus, just as they had seen it and heard it, and left it for us to read.

How glad we should have been to have Jesus call us up into that mountain, and appoint us to go out and tell his story. How glad we should be now, if he would come and put his hand on our head, and appoint us to go out and tell people he had come, and tell everybody that heaven was open, and God was waiting, and that they could every one of them come, and go into the kingdom, and be one of Christ's people. How glad we should be to have him select us out to do a work like this.

Did you never think that he has given us just this work to do ? We can tell the same story Peter and John told,

“of Jesus and his love.” It is just as true and just as beautiful now as it was then, and it will help people just as much, and save them just as quickly. And Jesus is with us just as much now as he was with them then. He has promised to be with every one that tries to do his work, clear down to the end of the world. We may all be his disciples, and he will give us all something to do for him.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY REV. J. H. WILSON, M. A., EDINBURGH.

I HAVE sometimes been asked to furnish an inscription for a Missionary Box, a motto in English or Latin, a text of Scripture, or some device of a more pictorial kind. What would you suggest for such a purpose? What do you think would be suitable? For what would be appropriate for a missionary box should also furnish a text for a missionary sermon. I have heard of such a box with this inscription in large letters :

“ ’TIS BUTS ! ”

The origin of it was this : The disposing of a large sum, such as a pound, a half sovereign, or a crown piece, would have required some thought. Such a sum would not have been thrown away on any trifle. But if it was only a sixpence, or a three-penny-piece, or a penny, or a halfpenny—most of all, if it was but a farthing—it did not matter much what was done with it. If it would buy an

apple or a biscuit, or a few sweetmeats, it would have been thought or said, "'*Tis but* a halfpenny or a penny," or whatever the coin might be. Well, instead of spending them in any such way, a lady, who had been turning the matter over in her mind, resolved that all these little odd sums, which used to be spent to so little purpose—the difference in price between a more expensive article of dress or of food, and a cheaper one which served the turn equally well; the cost of superfluous luxuries and such like—should go into the Box. Sometimes they were smaller, sometimes larger. Whenever "'*twas but*" a trifle that was to be spent on what was neither necessary nor useful, in it went; and at the end of the year, all these '*Tis buts*, when put together, amounted to a sum that astonished every body, and no one more than the owner of the box herself. The plan is worth being tried both by young and old, and any one who cares to have it, is welcome to the use of the motto.

Sometimes the inscription has been the text: "Freely ye have received, freely give!" Sometimes there is a wood-cut taken from the cover of a missionary magazine, and pasted on the front of the box: a man standing on the sea-shore, gazing wistfully across the sea, with outstretched hands, crying, "COME OVER AND HELP US!" or a globe with the words over it, "THE FIELD IS THE WORLD!" or a little child on bended knee and with uplifted hands, praying, "THY KINGDOM COME!" This last missionary motto shall be our text to-day:

"THY KINGDOM COME."

MATTHEW 6. 10.

He who is "our *Father*" is also a *King*. He has a kingdom, wears a crown of the Universe, wields the sceptre over all creation, has all living things subject to His rule. "The Lord reigneth!" now, always, everywhere. As the

God of Creation, as the God of Providence, He is King over all, and His kingdom is come already, so that in that sense we need not pray, "Thy kingdom come." Our text, however, does not refer to the kingdom of *nature*, but to the kingdom of *grace*. That has not fully come yet, though it *will* come, though it *is* coming. The coming of that kingdom will be, in itself and in its results, the grandest, most glorious of all the events that have ever been. To have anything to do with it, will be the highest of all honors. Eternity will be spent in celebrating it, and praising God for it. It will be the subject of heaven's song, and for nothing will any of us be so thankful, as for having, in any way, had to do with it. Should not *you* have a hand in this—sharing the work, the honor, the blessedness, as even the youngest of you may? Thousands and tens of thousands repeat this prayer every day. Oh, if they only *understood* what they were saying, and *prayed* it and *acted* it out, what a power it would be, and what great things would come of it! It is in hope of leading to this, that I take it up now.

This is a prayer which even children may offer. This is a matter with which even children have to do. In the war that not long since was raging on the continent of Europe, the interest and the work were not confined to those who were grown up. Not only in the universities and among the students, but in the schools, and among the young people generally, there was not only enthusiasm, but effort. They all felt that they could do, and should be doing, something. The war-spirit seemed to have made its way into the very infant schools. The very *infants* were quite becoming little soldiers. "What could such children know about these things?" you ask. Perhaps the best answer I can give, is to read to you an extract which I cut out of a newspaper at the time: "The energy, concord, and practical good sense shown by the Genoese

ladies, in their labor of charity and patriotism, were marvellous. The first instalment of supplies for the wounded had been dispatched under the superintendence of surgeons and their dressers. The chests contained bandages, compresses, lint, and shirts. They were forwarded to the central depôt at Milan, and not a day too soon. Every class had vied in these offerings. Even the children of the infant schools had given up their money-allowance for fruit, and for some weeks had eaten dry bread at their noonday meal, and, with the money thus saved, had bought materials for their contributions."

Shall the names of Italy's king and captains be household words among the people? Shall the children of Italy be familiar with the names of Garibaldi, and Victor Immanuel, and La Marmora, and Cialdini, and rise into enthusiasm at the very mention of them? Shall they be interested in the movements of their armies, and talk among themselves of winning Venetia and Rome to the Italian crown, and shall *our* boys and girls take no interest in the coming of that Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace of which our text speaks? Shall the mention of Jesus, our Leader and Captain, awaken no enthusiasm? Shall his cause call forth no effort, no sacrifice and self-denial, no active service? I am not going, meanwhile, to propose any movement akin to that among the schools of Italy; I am not going to ask you to give your pence, to work for bazaars, to go forth as little missionaries of the cross, though I shall have something to say about that, too, before we have done. What we have now specially to do with, is the matter of *prayer*. Just think what a single family, or a school, or a Sabbath-school, might do, in the way not only of *giving* and *working*, but most of all, of *praying*. If it were honestly and earnestly gone about, if the heart were thrown into it, there is nothing in the way of result that would be too great to be looked for.

Why, *fifty praying boys* would do more for this kingdom of God by their prayers, than a thousand Tyrolese riflemen would have done for Austria in her time of need, though each of them had been so good a marksman that he could hit the bull's-eye at every shot, and pick off his man at a thousand yards without a single bullet missing. We do not want *fighting* of that kind, we want *praying*. Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." The kingdom of God is in the hearts of men. The weapons of our warfare are not guns and swords and rifles, but mainly the Word of God and prayer; and if we have *these* faithfully used, we shall have all else that is needful.

In this second petition of the Lord's Prayer, notice, I. *The Prayer*. II. *Our duty* in connection with it.

I. THE PRAYER: "Thy kingdom come!" What is implied in it? Following the line indicated in our Shorter Catechism, there are these three things:—1. The *destroying* of the kingdom of *Satan*. 2. The *advancing* of the kingdom of *grace*. 3. The *hastening* of the kingdom of *glory*.

1. *The destroying of the kingdom of Satan*. Satan, too, is a king—a mighty king—the head of a kingdom, with wide-spread dominion, and many subjects. He has largely to do with the world's *sin*. He has much to do with the world's *misery*. He is the great *Tempter*. It was he who first introduced sin, and tempted our first parents, and ruined our world. Try to fancy all the evil in one of our large cities, gathered together by itself, instead of being mixed up, as it is, with good. Fancy all bad men and women, and all bad children living apart by themselves; the jails emptied of their inmates; thieves and house-breakers and drunkards and disturbers of the peace, all at

large ; all the wicked people that prowl about our streets left without restraint ; all those who have a fair outside, but are bad at heart, coming out in their true colors ; people, the very sight or hearing of whom makes you tremble, whom you would not meet in the dark, or be left alone with, for anything ;—think of all these being brought together, with all who are like them in all parts of the country, and throughout the world. Think of them as a people by themselves, all doing the worst they could, all obeying One who was ever making them worse and more miserable—he, their king, the worst of all—plotting and fighting against all the rest of the world, and seeking its ruin. *That* would be a kind of picture of the kingdom of Satan. The destruction of *that* kingdom, and so the deliverance and blessing of the world, would manifestly be a part of the coming of the kingdom of God.

I have spoken of Italy. Not long since, that country was divided into a number of petty kingdoms and states. In some of these the people were groaning under the yoke of their oppressors. Their prisons were loathsome and filthy dungeons, filled with miserable prisoners, who were there for what, in this country, would not have been accounted crime at all. For having a Bible or tract in their possession ; for getting it out of its hiding-place at dead of night, and gathering a few neighbors together to hear it read ; for telling about Jesus and the way of salvation, they were imprisoned and banished. Don't you think, when they heard the tidings of Garibaldi's wonderful exploits, and of what he and his band of brave red-jackets were bent upon doing for the whole country, as they listened to the distant bugle-sound, and then to the crack of musketry closer at hand, as they heard it coming nearer and nearer, oh, don't you think *they* would devoutly pray "Thy kingdom come," as they thought of the approach of one who would give them civil and religious liberty, who would

break off the fetters from the prisoner and open the prison doors, and bring the reign of terror to an end ?

During the Indian mutiny, when our countrymen were hemmed in on all sides by blood-thirsty rebels, who had been guilty of the most dreadful atrocities, and were waiting, like beasts of prey, ready to rush in whenever an opening was made, and subject their victims to what was worse than death—how they longed for the coming of the British soldiers, to break the power of the enemy, and bring to a speedy close his brief but dreadful supremacy ! Had the mutineers got their will, we can hardly think what might have been—how women and little children would have been mercilessly tortured and slain, and brave men would have died a lingering and shameful death. Oh, how their hearts yearned for the quiet and safety of their far-off home ; and as they went back, in thought, to the land of their birth, how earnestly they sighed, “ Thy kingdom come ! ” And when at last there was the sound of distant bagpipes, telling that Sir Colin Campbell and his brave Highlanders were coming to the rescue, and their colors at length appeared flying in the wind, and the boom of cannon fell upon the ear, who shall ever tell how welcome it was, and how they wept for joy, as the restoration of British rule saved them from the hands of cruel foes ?

We sometimes hear of villages in other lands being kept in constant terror by some tiger or other beast of prey making constant inroads upon the people—now carrying off a lamb and now a child, till mourning mothers are counted by scores. They send for help against the invader, and even to them it is the “ coming of the kingdom ” in a blessed sense, when, through the help of those whose help they sought, they see their assailant lying dead on the ground, his power effectually destroyed.

Now, akin to the coming of the deliverer in all these cases, is the coming of God’s kingdom upon earth. The

evil is unspeakably greater, and the deliverance more glorious, than in any of the cases to which we have referred. It was so great a work, that God was pleased to send His own Son for its accomplishment. Jesus himself testifies, "I came to destroy the works of the devil;" and as, one after another, the enemy's strongholds are disappearing, there is ever new cause for thanksgiving. "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously! The snare is broken, and we are escaped!" The kingdom is coming—the kingdom of God on earth!

This petition asks the destroying of Satan's power (1.) *in ourselves*. We have more to do with this than many of us fancy. What a place and power evil has in us—disobedience, bad temper, quarrelsomeness, revenge, untruthfulness, unholiness, indolence, pride, vanity, dishonesty, carelessness, dislike of prayer and the word and the things of God. All these are works of Satan. Jesus came, in the name of God, to destroy them; and when the kingdom comes, they get their death-blow. Here is a boy who has come to feel that this proud, foolish temper of his will never do—or this deceitful, double way of dealing—or this indolent, self-indulgent spirit. He has seen his sin in the mirror of God's Word, and he hates and despises himself because of it. He desires to get quit of it, but what can he do? for when he would give it up, he is like one of those animals which a serpent has twined itself round—he is like a bird caught in a snare—there is no getting away from it. What shall he do but cry for help to God, laying his heart open to Him, confessing the sin, looking to the one Deliverer, and saying—ay, *more than saying, praying*—"Thy kingdom come?"

This has not reference only to far-off lands—to the heathen and such like. It bears upon each of us. We cannot pray the prayer honestly and intelligently, without feeling that it comes home to ourselves, that it touches our

own sin, and asks deliverance from it, by the reigning of Jesus in the heart. I have heard of a boy saying that the Lord's Prayer did not suit him, and taking this instead, "O Lord, give me a new heart." Now this other prayer was all right. It is well to use words of our own, which we can understand, and which express what we feel and want—better far than merely to repeat the words of others. But beyond all question the heart is included in this petition; and had the boy understood it aright, it would have served his turn to pray, "Thy kingdom come." How often we would need to use this prayer each of us for himself! When provoked, and tempted to retaliate; when proud of my dress, or looks, or talents; when I know the right, and would do the wrong; when I feel the power of sin strong within me; when I have a desire to be other and better than I am; when the old heart is a trial and a burden to me, and I would have it made new; when I find that I must have Jesus not only as my Saviour, but as my Lord and Master, then this prayer entirely fits me—"Thy kingdom come!" It is pre-eminently a prayer for *ourselves*.

(2.) It asks the destroying of Satan's power *in others*. We must have a care for others as well as for ourselves. It is a bad sign when I am taken up about nobody but myself. Not that I am to be overlooking my own faults, and only seeing those of other people, but alike for their sins and sufferings I must have a care. Look for a little at some of these.

[1.] *Drunkenness, profanity, carelessness and crime at home*. You cannot walk our streets on a Saturday night, or even on the holy Sabbath, without being reminded of Satan's power over men. What sin and suffering there is in connection with *strong drink!* Some of you know it but too well. I have known one and another of our children laying their little hands tenderly on a father's arm,

and with their dying breath pleading, "O father, dinna drink!" and ere the funeral was over, that father had made himself worse than a brute. How often, as it was working such dreadful havoc, have you had the wish, "Would that I could do something to banish drink from the earth!" Perhaps a brother, or even a sister, was falling before it, and you could do nothing to prevent. All you could do was to pray "Thy kingdom come." In walking through the streets of the commercial metropolis in Scotland one evening, not long ago, a feeling of almost unbearable oppression and despair came over me, as I saw such multitudes of people crowding into the brightly-lighted gin-palaces and theatres, bent on sinful enjoyment, and forgetting God. I could not stop them. But it was a relief, amid the feeling of loneliness and helplessness that crept over me, to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

You have been pained and shocked at home, or elsewhere, to hear God's name taken in vain. It was some rough man, or some regardless boy, who was guilty of it—perhaps even your own father or mother. To have said a single word, in the way of reproof, might only have made matters worse—would almost have been as much as your life was worth. You could but silently pray, "Thy kingdom come." You have been saddened, on the Lord's day, to see so little care for God's ordinances; so many wandering idly about the streets or the fields, throwing away, as of no value, the day God had specially given to them to prepare for eternity, and to secure an interest in Christ; and you wonder how *they* can ever hope to go to heaven who have no care for God here. The crowds of careless children, who never think of God at all, and whose only pleasure seems to be in trying to keep back those who would do better than themselves—what can you do for many of them but pray this prayer: "Thy kingdom come?" And then, when you think how much there is of

actual crime—one prison which I know having *seven hundred* inmates, many criminals being mere children, with many preparing to take the places of these, and following fast in their footsteps, in spite of all that ragged schools and reformatories are doing;—when you think of this; which you cannot but sometimes do, and the feeling of helplessness and hopelessness comes over your young hearts, can you not, must you not, pray, “Thy kingdom come?” It bears upon all these.

[2.] *Slavery and oppression.* This evil is not now what it was once. But in many parts of the world it still exists. You have read, with pain and indignation, of the catching of slaves in Africa—the hunting of slaves—the selling of slaves—the flogging of slaves—the killing of slaves. Many parts of the earth are still full of the habitations of horrid cruelty in this way. How shall the evil be stopped? How can *you* help to put it down? In what words shall you *pray* about it, as the only thing that directly you can do? How better than, as you think of the slave, in these words, “Thy kingdom come”? Thank God, slavery has ceased on British soil! Thank God, slavery has marvellously ceased in America! Do you ask how it was brought about? I believe more by *prayer* than in any other way. *God* did it, in answer to prayer. So with oppressed nations and peoples, in different parts of the world, of whom you have read, in whom you feel interested, whom you would like to help, if you could. Some are groaning under a priestly, and some under a kingly despotism, and there seems no human power that can help them. Is it not a comfort to think that *God* can help them, and that *you* can help, by praying for them, “Thy kingdom come?”

(3.) *War.* Is it not strange that men should take such delight in murdering each other? When a man is drowning, or in danger, or dying otherwise, what efforts are made to save him! Have you ever been present when a

house was on fire, or a ship was in danger of being driven on the rocks, or a boiler had burst, or a railway accident had occurred? What excitement—what breathless anxiety there was. Thousands of people would do almost anything to save one human life. But when once the sword is drawn, men become like tigers, which, when once they have lapped blood, are said never to lose the desire for it again. The whole history of warfare is a sad and terrible one. The records of the great battles of ancient and modern times—such a story as that of the famous Retreat of the French from Moscow—these give some idea of the magnitude of the evil. Some of you remember our own Crimean and Indian wars, when so many thousands of the flower of our countrymen fell. You have read of the American war, with all the bravery and beneficence which it called forth, with its never-to-be-forgotten “Christian Commission,” and its untold sufferings. And any day, all Europe may again be in a blaze. It may seem a fine thing fighting—to some—in the distance. But near at hand, it is awful. The sufferings of the sick, the wounded, the dying, the anguish of friends, the desolation of widows and orphans, who shall describe them? There are, indeed, as there have always been, many noble Christians among our officers and soldiers—Hedley Vicars, Sir Henry Havelock, and many more like them. It may be said, that as things are, war is necessary. The best that can be said of it is, that it is a necessary evil; and while it continues, we must have armies and navies, which may *prevent* war, as well as carry it on. It is not of God, though God permits it, uses it, overrules it for good. It is of Satan. It belongs to the kingdom of Satan; for the kingdom of God is *peace*. Christ is emphatically the Prince of Peace. Perhaps you ask, “Can I help to stop it? Could I send a message to kings, and emperors, and statesmen, imploring them not to fight?” No; but you can do better: you

can send a message to *God*: “*Thy kingdom come*”—which is peace. Then men “shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

(4.) *Error and Superstition.* I have chiefly in view here, the gigantic systems of Popery and Mahometanism, which have cast their dark shadow over many beautiful lands—in Europe, Asia, South America, and other parts of the world. I have no doubt there are goodly people in the Church of Rome, but in the case of how many is their whole religion superstition! Think of poor Ireland, with its endless troubles, all very much the result of this. Think of the thousands in many of our English and Scottish towns, whom no missionary can visit, who will not receive a tract or hear the Bible read, who would tear or burn either, for whom less can be done than for the very heathen.

A year ago, in popish Austria, I saw those whom, in spite of their defective views and superstitious observances, one could not but regard as devout worshippers. By the wayside, I saw touching memorials of what one hoped might be a true faith in and love to the Lord Jesus Christ, with such inscriptions as these: “In the cross is our salvation!” “In him alone is salvation!” “Praised be Jesus Christ forever!” But I did not see the Bible in the hands of the people, as in our own land. The Virgin Mary, saints, angels, sacraments, and priests, seemed to get much of the trust and homage of which Jesus himself alone is worthy. In many quarters, foolish legends and stories are implicitly believed. Relics are worshiped—such things as a thorn, alleged to be from Christ’s crown of thorns; a bit of wood from the true cross; a tooth or bone of some departed saint. And even in our own land there are things not much better. In visiting Ireland a year or two ago, the

friend who accompanied me was asked to purchase, at the door of a church, and did purchase, for a few pence, a kind of amulet, in the form of a piece of cloth, bearing the initials I. H. S., &c., and intended to be suspended from the neck by a ribbon; its great recommendation being that, having been blessed by the bishop, it had the power of protecting against disease, drowning, fire, &c.; all which was testified to, and surely believed in, by one and another to whom it was afterwards shown. I could not but hope, in seeing Romish worship conducted in different parts of Europe, that among the young priests, and their still younger attendants, there might be raised up another Luther, who should again lead forth an elect people out of that corrupt church. It was a joy to have the prayer to offer, "Thy kingdom come."

(5.) *Judaism*—the religion of the Jew. Though divine in its origin, even *that*, in so far as it rejects the one Saviour, and does dishonor to God's beloved Son, as the one way of salvation, is now part of that kingdom which must pass away. There are thousands upon thousands of Jews scattered all over the world, whose bitter hatred to the Lord Jesus is something wonderful—shared in, as it is, by the very children. I have been in a pulpit at Amsterdam, which, one Sabbath, a few years ago, while a minister was preaching the Gospel, you might have seen entered by a Jewish boy, who rushed up the pulpit stairs, opened the door, and plunged a dagger into the preacher, for no other reason than that he was a Jewish missionary, and preached Christ and him crucified. And yet the Jews should still be "beloved for the fathers' sakes;" as the seed of Abraham, God's friend; as "the people of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." It will be a glorious era when the outcast Jew is gathered into the church of Christ, and the prayer is answered, even as regards him, "Thy kingdom come."

(6.) *Heathenism.* The careless and vicious at home are in a sad enough state, still they have a chance to learn the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. But the heathen abroad are perishing by the million for lack of knowledge—in India, in China, in Africa. Look at the worship of false gods. In India, with its teeming myriads, there are said to be three gods to each person. A friend writes to me, that she has seen the natives take up a stone from the road, make a few red marks on it—for eyes, nose, and mouth—and then set it up and worship it. Think of the destruction of children in India formerly and in China still. Think of the ignorance and degradation of the women and girls. Think of their horrid rites, and of their unholy lives. What a kingdom of evil! Oh, that it might be removed! Oh, that *we* might help! How *can* we? This is peculiarly a prayer which we may offer for such, “Thy kingdom come.”

(7.) *Division among the professed friends of Christ.* “By this,” said Jesus, “shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.” “He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.” What a power the church would be in the world, and what great things it would do for Christ, if it were more united. Union is strength. Satan knows this well; and hence his motto, as regards Christian men and Christian churches, is, “Divide, and conquer!” How this evil hinders the coming of God’s kingdom, both at home and abroad. You remember that beautiful prophecy in Isaiah: “The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together: they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.” “The Jews,” says one, “interpreting these sayings to signify the concord and peace that shall be among the people that shall own the Messiah, do from hence conclude that *the Messiah is not yet come*, because of

the contentions and divisions that are among those that profess him."

John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" you know so well, pours out his heart in deepest sorrow, because the work of God is so sadly hindered by the want of love and unity among professing Christians. "Peace is to Christians," he says, "as great rivers are to some cities, which (besides other benefits and commodities) are natural fortifications, by reason whereof these places are made impregnable; but when, by the subtilty of an adversary, or the folly of the citizens, these waters come to be divided into little petty rivulets, how soon are they assailed and taken! Thus it fares with churches. When once the devil or their own folly divides them, they will be so far from resisting him, that they will be soon subjected by him. Peace is to churches, as walls to a city; nay, unity hath defended cities that had no walls. It was once demanded of Agesilaus, why Lacedæmon had no walls; he answered (pointing back to the city), that "*the concord of the citizens* was the strength of the city."

What should we think of the different divisions of an army fighting against each other, instead of all uniting against the common foe? Should we ever expect victory to crown such warfare? And yet that is just what Christians do. Surely we do well to pray for a spirit of unity and love. Surely we do well to pray for the coming back of those happy days when it used to be said by the heathen, that, "though the Christians had *many bodies*, they had but *one soul*." "Behold these Christians, how they love one another!" And this we pray for in the petition, "Thy kingdom come."

It may seem as though some of these matters were rather out of your way; and yet why should we not all, young and old, be concerned about everything connected

with the coming of God's kingdom, and do all we can to hasten it on ?

BIBLE LINK—The Sermon on the Mount—MATTHEW 5; 6; 7; LUKE 6. 20-49.

THREE WORDS FROM THE LILIES.*

BY REV. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.—MAT. 6. 28.

THERE are three virtues which Jesus was endeavoring to teach when he told his disciples to consider the lilies. They are contentment, obedience, humility.

1. Flowers are not only very beautiful, but they always seem contented and glad. Did you ever think how little they have to make them so? They live on other people's leavings. The air gives them only what finer folks reject and call poison. When the birds and beasts have taken from the atmosphere all they want, the flowers, like poor Lazarus, desire what is left—the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Then, too, if there is any dreadful filth from the sewers or the barn-yard, that men do not know how else to be rid of, they give it to the flowers; just as I have seen certain children send ragged clothes and broken toys to the Christmas poor-box. But the flowers are grateful, and though they cannot talk they blush with gratitude, pink or blue or yellow or white. Then the poor flower folks, out of these odds and ends that nobody else will have, make such splendid clothes for themselves as King Solomon could not get, though he had first choice of everything, and all the weavers and tailors and jewelers in the world to dress him.

* From *The Christian Union*.

Once there was a toy chariot in a shop window. It had two horses, a driver, and four people inside. It went by springs, and when it moved the horses pranced, the driver cracked his whip, and the people inside craned their necks to see what was the matter. There was a certain boy who thought he would be perfectly happy if he only had that chariot. He longed for it, and talked about nothing else for weeks. At last Christmas came, and some one gave him a brown paper parcel, tied with a long piece of pack-thread. It was the coveted chariot. The boy danced with delight as he tore open the paper and tossed the thread away. Wise auntie picked up the string from the floor and said, "May I have this?"

Not many evenings after, this boy was asking for something to play with. "Why don't you get your chariot?" "Oh, I'm sick and tired of that!" he replied. Then wise auntie took out of her bag the piece of pack-thread which he had flung away. She taught the owner of the chariot to play cat's-cradle with it. She told him the names of the figures as they appeared—triangles and parallelograms and squares. She taught him how to bring out new figures. Many a long winter evening seemed short to them both as they played with that string. The boy never seemed to tire of it, and many a lesson he learned with delight from it that helped him at school, and on the playground too. But the most important was, that an old string well used could give a hundred-fold more pleasure than even a gilded chariot that all the boys coveted, that could only be looked at.

My boy had a beautiful Chinese top which spun itself. He grew tired of it in a few days. But for three seasons he has been happy with an old peg top that cost five cents, but which nobody can spin without a great deal of practice. I never knew a girl kept happy very long by a silk dress, made at the mantuamaker's, but to make one of

calico with her own hands will give her real and permanent joy. Some of you may be studying geometry. It often seems tedious and stupid. That everlasting $A, B, C=X, Y, Z$, and two parallel lines between two other parallel lines are equal, etc. What if they are? Who cares? I'd rather fly my kite.

That is because you keep on trying to gain more knowledge without getting the good out of the knowledge you have. Go into the yard. Take a shingle, a short string, a lead pencil and a yard-stick. Find out with these the distance between the back door sill and the top of the next house. When you have succeeded, you will enjoy geometry; you will understand that we could have no railroads, nor bridges, nor Atlantic cables, and could never learn how far it is to anywhere much beyond the ends of our noses if it were not for those stupid triangles and parallelograms.

Sometimes the Sunday-school lessons and even the sermons grow tedious, especially in summer. You get tired of hearing, "Blessed are the merciful." That, too, is because you don't use what you know. Carry that knowledge about mercy somewhere and use it. Try to be merciful in collecting beetles and butterflies. Try to catch trout without hurting them—you cannot do it with worms, but you can with a fly—and you will begin to enjoy the sermons.

So the first lesson in contentment is to get all the good out of things you have, before you wish for more things.

Flowers have no wings and no feet. They must stay in one place. Therefore they never do anything which they cannot do at home.

I will tell you a parable. A boy lived in the country. He was happy as the day was long. He played in the fields. He ran home at dinner and supper time, and told his mother everything he saw and everything he did. But one day he overheard the beasts talking together. The horses stood under a shady tree watching him, and he

thought they said, "Poor boy, he has only two feet ; how tired he must get !" But one old circus horse, which had been turned out to die, said, "Oh, no ! He has four feet, but his mother whips him if he don't walk on his hind legs ! I know how to pity him !"

While he listened, somehow the boy began to feel ashamed. So he got down on his hands and knees, and tried to walk that way. He was very tired when he reached home. But though his mother asked him how his trousers got so muddy and torn, he only hung his head and would not tell.

One evening he was quite late from going on all fours. The bats were flitting about, and he heard them saying, "Poor boy, he has to spend the best part of the time in bed. At night, when it is so splendid to be out, he has to be shut up." The next day he heard the crows, that steal corn and eat carrion, cawing, "Poor boy, he has to eat cooked corn and tough fresh meat ! How his jaws must ache !" Thus he began to pity himself, and think he was very wretched, and that his mother meant to make him miserable. So he staid out nights and ate carrion. He grew peaked from never walking upright, and from getting scared so often in the darkness, and from the dreadful carrion which he smoked and chewed and drank ; but when his mother asked what ailed him, he would not tell. He went to the owl about it, who looked so wise. She said his trouble all came of too much sunlight, and he must put out his eyes, or he would never be any better. So he put out his eyes. He came no more to church or Sunday-school. He could not see to find his mother, even if he had wanted to. He was seen last Sunday in a dram-shop. I don't know where he is now, but he is very forlorn.

The flowers told him long ago, "Never do anything you cannot do at home. Never do anything you are ashamed

to do at home." If a boy will stick to that, he will grow up like a flower, into a noble and beautiful man.

When the Lord Jesus was asked to do wrong, he said, "I and my Father are one." This was his way of saying "That is not the way they do at home ; therefore I cannot do so here."

If boys use their feet to get away from home, they are worse off than the flowers which have no feet. But if they use them to carry their home wherever they go, they are far more blessed than the fairest flowers. The flowers have no tongues. I do not mean that you must not talk. God has given us tongues, and means us to use them. But let the silent beauty of the flowers teach us to do all the good we can, and make no fuss about it. Never be in a hurry to tell people you are Christians, but act so that they cannot help finding it out.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up as if they had been planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know they were beans, unless they told them immediately. But most flowers wait patiently and humbly to be known by their fruits.

Sometimes boys get laughed at because they think they must tell everybody they are Christians. They talk about their piety, and never show it in any other way. But no boy gets laughed at for *being* a Christian : for being true, and brave, and kind, and humble, and pure, like the Lord Jesus.

Consider the flowers, and see if you can read, with the help of this sermon, the words written on their leaves—
"Contentment, obedience, humility."

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals the Centurion's servant—MATT. 8. 1, 5-13; LUKE 7. 1-10. A widow's dead son raised to life—LUKE 7. 11-17. John the Baptizer sends a message to Jesus—MATT. 11. 2-19; LUKE 7. 18-35; MATT. 11. 20-30. Jesus forgives a wicked woman—LUKE 7. 36-50. Jesus heals a demoniac—MATT. 9. 35; 12. 22-37; MARK 6. 6; 3. 20-30; LUKE 8. 1-3; 11. 14-23. Jesus rebukes the Scribes and Pharisees for seeking a sign—MATT. 12. 38-45; LUKE 11. 16, 29-36. Who are truly blessed—LUKE 11. 27, 28. Who are Jesus' brothers?—MATT. 12. 46-50; MARK 3. 31-35; LUKE 8. 19-21. Jesus utters woes against Pharisees—LUKE 11. 37-54. Jesus instructs his disciples and the people—LUKE 12. 1-59; 13. 1-9. Parables or picture-stories—MATT. 13. 1-53; MARK 4. 1-25.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, MILDWAY PARK, ENG.

A sower went out to sow his seed.—LUKE 8. 5; (MARK 4. 14-20).

I KNOW that you all love the country, with its forests and fields, its corn and flowers, its merry birds, and—often the finest and most beautiful of all—the great stretch of blue sky and fleecy clouds. Everybody enjoys a stroll through the fields.

But before we get to the fields, I should like you to notice *Who spoke this text*. It was Jesus Christ. And notice, too, from what sort of a pulpit it was spoken. There have been some very good sermons preached from very strange pulpits. Years ago, when our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were fighting the French, there was a good Methodist preacher named John Nelson. He went on his way preaching till he got as far as Adwalton. There they took him, and would force him to go away as a

soldier ; so they put him in prison until they could send him to the wars. But the good people wanted to hear him preach, and they came round the jail, and longed to get at the preacher who was inside the great stone wall. However, he spied a little iron grating in the corner of his prison, where the daylight came in ; and laying hold of the bars, he pulled himself up, and called through it to the people outside. He was soon heard, and a crowd quickly gathered. " John Nelson is preaching !" they cried on all sides. The magistrates who had put him in prison heard of it. " He can't be preaching," they said ; " we have him safe enough in jail." Having sent to see, they found that it was so. John Nelson had made a pulpit of the prison wall, and a mouthpiece of the grating, and was preaching to the hundreds that had gathered outside.

But Jesus had a much more beautiful place than that. It was on a lake. If you will look on a map of the Bible land, you will see a place named the Lake of Galilee. On one side of this lake there was a gentle slope, dotted with little towns and covered with rich gardens, full of citrons and dates and luscious fruits, and fringed down to the water's edge with bright flowers. This was the side on which Jesus stood ; the other side was rough and rugged, with wild rocks, where the Gadarenes lived. The people in these villages lived chiefly by fishing ; and you may picture the white or brown sails reflected in the blue waters, and the nets lying along the shore ; and scores of boats following Jesus as he went from place to place. The people sat down on the grass, and he went into a boat, and there preached his sermon. The great blue sky was the roof, and the pleasant shore made the walls, and the blue water was the floor of that " temple not made with hands." The boat was the pulpit, and as the water lapped against the side of it, with all the people listening eagerly, Jesus told how " *A sower went forth to sow.*" Everybody there

had often seen it—the man taking the basket on his arm and going on his way, flinging the seed over the ploughed field. As he went along, some fell on the way side, and the people trod on it, and the busy birds ate it ; some fell on the stones, and was scorched ; some fell among the thorns, and was choked ; and some fell on good ground, and sprung up and brought forth fruit.

The seed is *the Word of God*—the lessons you learn from the Bible ; and *those who teach* are the sowers. But what are *the fields* ? Well, *you are the fields*.

And now for our stroll. We go out across the farm-yard, and through the gate, and here is the first field—

THE HARD FIELD.

“ Ah,” says the farmer, with a sigh, “ I can do nothing with this field, the ground is so hard ;” and as he strikes it with his stick, it rings as if it were a stone. “ And yet you don’t know what trouble I have taken with it. It is so hard that I can get nothing into it : more like a road than a field.”

Ah, boys and girls, I think you know that field. In the Sunday-school, and in the house of God, and in the home, I have often seen that field. Lesson after lesson is sown, and all sorts of good seed, but nothing seems to go in. The love of God, the story of Jesus, the wickedness of sin, all seems to be lost. The heart is so dreadfully hard, that no seed can get under the surface.

This is very sad. “ Will it always be so hard, farmer ?” you ask, wondering. And now listen to what the farmer says : “ No, no ; I hope not. You remember what David says in the sixty-fifth Psalm—*Thou makest it soft with showers*. Only the rain from heaven can loosen the hard-baked earth, and open the ground so that the seed can get in and live. We must ask our Father in heaven to send that.” So there is a cure for the hard field of our hearts.

He will send upon us his Holy Spirit, then the hardness is gone. The hard field becomes the good ground, and brings forth much fruit.

Leaving this field, we pass on until we come to a gate, and stop to look at the next field. "Now," says the farmer, "this is my

WEEDY FIELD."

There is no mistake about that ; weedy enough, indeed. As we come along by the hedge, our finger is stung by a tall nettle ; and as we get out of the way of that, we are pricked by a sharp-leaved fellow with his gay red cap on his head—this thistle. But they are not all such disagreeable weeds as these. There is a patch of yellow charlock, and the pretty wild convolvulus, and the scarlet poppy, and many other flowers. Yet they are all weeds. They have no business there, and they prevent the good seed from coming up.

"You would scarcely believe how much seed I have put into this field," the farmer tells us. "And now look at it ! Why, if I had never sown a grain it could scarcely have been worse."

Ah ! who does not know the weedy fields ? Boys and girls who have been carefully taught and anxiously looked after, and yet there came nothing but weeds. These boys with the good seed sown in them, began to quarrel afterwards ; so there came nettles and thorns, instead of good fruit. This girl has the good seed in her heart, but she begins to think unkind thoughts, and perhaps to say spiteful things ; so comes a prickly thistle instead of good seed.

And these flowers—they were weeds because they were *in the wrong place*. Very good in a garden, but here, where they choked much good seed, they were very bad. Laughing is a good thing, but laughing in the wrong place is a weed. Talking is a good thing, and nothing is more foolish than to think that children should be seen and not

heard. If God has given you ears and a tongue—two ears and one tongue, remember—he does not intend you to be deaf and dumb. But talking in the wrong place helps to fill up the weedy field.

But notice as we pass along that there is one part of the field that is quite clean. The corn is pushing up and all is promising a plentiful crop. We ask how this is. Listen to the farmer's answer. "I sent for as many boys and girls as I could get, and they came, and got on their knees, and pulled up the weeds, and cleared the ground. So there I shall have some good fruit."

So, boys and girls, let us set to work pulling up weeds. Remember that we can't do much unless we get on our knees for it. We must ask God to help us, and He will. Let us get rid of the weeds—these nettles and thistles of ill temper; the inattention, and the forgetting, and the things that come in the wrong place—try to pull them up. I knew a little girl who was a very angry and passionate little maiden. Her mother said to her one day, "Mary Jane, I have been thinking how dreadful it will be for everybody when you are a woman. What a passionate, ill-tempered woman you will make." Mary Jane had not thought of that. True she was a passionate girl, but she thought that somehow she would be sure to grow up into a very kind and gentle woman, like her mother. She looked up rather frightened. Then her mother showed her how this dreadful prickly weed would grow and grow every day, until it was too strong to be pulled up. So the little maiden began to pray for help. She pulled at the weed, and kept pulling at it whenever it came again; and now she is the very gentlest woman that I know. We can clear the weedy field; but this must be your prayer, "*Create in me a clean heart, O God!*"

Passing from that field, the farmer says in a low whisper, "Now if you go quietly, and cross this lane, and up

the bank to the next gate, you will see a strange sight. This is

THE BIRD FIELD."

Directly our heads appear, up fly all sorts of birds. There are swift wood-pigeons, that go flying into the distance ; there are lazy rooks, wheeling into the air, and flapping out of danger with a "caw," "caw," as much as to say, "We are not caught yet." The blackbirds fly screaming into the hedge, and little birds rise up from the field in a cloud.

And whilst we lean over the gate listening to the merry lark, we can't help thinking that we know many fields just as badly off as this. How many boys and girls there are in whom all the good seed is eaten up by the fowls of the air ; and who does not know the names of many of these birds ?

A busy bold little bird that steals much good seed on all sides, is called *Inattention*. Then there is the *chattering Magpie*, a great thief ; busy whispering here and there, and humming and buzzing ; a very destructive bird is this.

Then there is another bird that is almost worse than these. He steals very much more good seed, and spoils as much as he steals. Can you guess his name ? He never sings. He hears the others singing on the other side of the hedge sometimes, but he himself is as dumb as the bat—it is *Always late*, who doesn't come in time for the hymn.

There is one bird more that I have found in Sunday-schools. In some places he is so much disliked that they keep people to go round and kill him, wherever they can find him. He keeps the field from getting any good seed at all. His name is *Absent*. Take care, and never let him come near you.

One day as I was going through the fields I met a little sharp-eyed fellow standing by the stile as if he were very glad to see anybody in that lonely place. In his hands he

held two pieces of stick that he kept knocking together with a loud noise. "Click-clack, click-clack," went the little fellow. "What are you doing, my boy?" I asked. He was making such a noise that he could not hear what I said. He stopped, and then I asked him again what he was doing that for. "Why, I'm scaring the birds, sir," he cried out. And as a rook settled at the end of the field he ran away after it with a click-clack, click-clack, that soon sent it flying. That is what we must all do. We must all scare away birds that eat the good seed.

Now we have come to the last field. "Here," says the farmer, "is my bit of

GOOD GROUND."

We wonder that it is so different from the rest. But the farmer tells us how the rain from heaven softened it, and how they cleared the weeds and sowed the seed, and scared the birds; and here now is this rich harvest. The seed fell into good ground, and brought forth much fruit.

And now, dear children, thank God that we can all be good ground. God can take away the stone out of our hearts, and by his Holy Spirit he can create within us the good ground. Let us kneel down and ask our heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, to make us good ground. "The good ground are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD!"

BIBLE LINK—Parables—MARK 4. 26-34 ; LUKE 8. 4-11.

GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY T. B. BISHOP, OF THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION
OF LONDON.

[MARK 6. 26-29.]

I MUST take you to a scene in the land of Palestine. A poor man has come out of yonder village to sow his seed on these hills. You see no farms, nor fields, nor hedges, like we have in England, but only patches of cultivated ground scattered over the open country. The man is in great trouble, for he had very bad crops last year, and the wheat especially was nearly all spoilt by the blight and mildew. It is winter time now, and his family are beginning to feel the scarcity of food. The poor children have had nothing but barley bread to eat for a long time, and lately there has been very little of that ; and now he is obliged to take away some of the scanty stock of corn for seed. It is like taking the bread out of the children's mouths, and yet he can't help it. If he doesn't sow the fields, next year there will be no crop at all. No wonder he is very careful with it : he looks about anxiously, to put every handful into the best ground—every grain of it is precious. And so the man goes forth, "bearing precious seed." But he sows in faith. He knows that God has promised that "as long as the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not fail ;" and though his work is rough and his lot is hard, and he is sowing now in trouble and sorrow, he looks forward to the time when the summer shall return again, and the harvest shall come, and

this seed shall bring forth a hundred-fold. He is sowing in tears now, but some day he will reap in joy.

And now I must show you another picture. One Sunday afternoon a teacher is on her way to the school. For a long time she has taught the girls in her class without much result, and some of them are still very giddy and thoughtless. But lately she has had a little encouragement: Ellen seemed a little more earnest last Sunday, and Martha said — when she met her in the week — that she was really trying to love the Saviour. She has been praying very earnestly for them all to-day. The lesson is a beautiful one, and she has worked hard to prepare it; and now she goes to the class full of hope that this afternoon a deep impression will be made. But, somehow, all seems to go wrong. Some of the girls do not come at all, and others come late and disturb the class very much. Ellen is absent, and it is said she has gone for a walk instead. Martha is come, but is not nearly so attentive as she was last Sunday, and some of the rest whisper and make her laugh. The teacher tries very hard and speaks very earnestly, but it is of no use. The girls are indifferent and careless, and she goes home nearly heart-broken; and she sits down in her own room, and the tears come into her eyes as she opens her Bible for consolation. But presently she finds the words, “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” Yes, she is sowing in tears; and her heart is cheered by this precious promise, for she believes that some day she will reap.

THE SEED.

All sowing is a work of faith. Here is a child in the garden putting a little round black thing into the ground. What can it be? She tells me it will some day come up and be a beautiful flower. What! that little mite? It is

not like a flower in the least ; it has no beautiful colors, and is not at all the shape of a flower. And then it is so small, it will surely be lost in the earth, and you could never find it again. If you were to put in a ruby, now, or an emerald, or some other brilliant precious stone, you might expect it to turn into a splendid flower. But that tiny black speck, not so big as a pin's head ! isn't it quite absurd to suppose it will ever come to anything ?

Ah ! but it is *seed*. The ruby and the emerald are only stones—they are dead things, and can never grow ; but the seed is *alive*.

Several thousand years ago some Egyptian kings were buried in those costly and wonderful tombs of theirs, the Pyramids, and, wrapped up with their bodies, there were some seeds put into the coffins. Some of these were grains of wheat—wheat such as Pharaoh saw in his dreams, and Joseph gathered into barns—and there they slept as comfortably as could be till the other day the coffins were opened and several of the mummies were brought to England, and then these wheat corns were found. So some of them were planted in the earth, and sure enough a few months after they grew up, and those little seeds produced fine large ears of corn ! During all those thousand years, you see, they had not died. No : there is *life* in seed.

Some years ago an old man died at the age of one hundred and sixteen. When he was about sixteen, he heard a sermon that he never forgot. He did not think of it much at the time, and grew up without the fear of God, and lived a sinful life. But *seventy-four* years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, something brought to his mind the sermon that he had heard in his youth. It was fresh in his memory still, and he gave his heart to God, and for the twenty-six years more that he lived he was an earnest Christian. There was life in *that* seed, too.

Seed is very *strong*. You plant a little seed, and it

shoots upward ; and though it is only a tiny blade, and there are great clods of earth and stones in the way, yet it pushes past them all, and forces its way to the surface. An acorn was once dropped into the cleft of a rock. Now you might have hammered at that rock a good deal without being able to break it ; you might have put a crowbar in, and all your strength would not have split the rock in two. But the acorn grew ; a little sapling came up first, but year by year it grew stronger, and at last it became a stately oak, and it was so strong that the rock was burst apart. There was a little filbert, too, that fell into the hole of a millstone as it was lying on the ground, and it grew up through the hole and became a filbert tree, and by degrees it raised the heavy stone quite off the earth. You see there is *strength* in seed.

God's Word is seed, and it is seed that is strong and powerful. It grows up sometimes in the sinner's hard heart, and his heart is broken and contrite ; and though Satan does all he can to crush the seed, it grows upward still, and bears fruit to God's glory.

And then the seed *multiplies*. You see the farmer taking out a sack of wheat to sow in his field : it is not much to cover such a large piece of ground, and it has to be drilled in carefully and made the best of. But go out again in August and see the field waving with yellow corn, and as the reapers come and gather in the heavy sheaves, you find that the sack of seed has multiplied. Each little grain has produced twenty or thirty more grains, and often in Palestine the increase is sixty or a hundred-fold.

It is just the same with the Gospel seed. The seed that sprang up in Bethlehem shall wave over arctic snows and desert sands. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains : the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

THE SEED SPRINGING UP.

This parable tells us something about seed, and how it grows in the earth. First of all, the farmer sows it. We saw that poor man just now throwing his seed hither and thither, but so carefully, lest any of it should be lost. But what can he do next? It is out of his sight, but not out of his mind. It would be very interesting, no doubt, if he could watch the little grain, step by step, as it grows up—if he could see the skin burst and the tiny root peep out, and send its suckers downwards into the earth, and the infant blade begin at the same time to shoot upwards. But all this is hidden. He comes out now and then, and looks about anxiously to see if any corn is coming up, but he can't do anything. He would be a very foolish man to rake up the seed, to see how it was getting on. No! there it must be left, covered up in the warm earth, while the farmer goes about his other work and waits in patience. "He sleeps and rises, night and day," and all the time the seed is growing up in secret; but he cannot see it, and cannot know whether it is growing or not.

Just like this the Gospel seed is buried, and the sower cannot see it. The minister cannot look into the hearer's heart: he will watch for the green blade, and rejoice like the husbandman when he sees the field covered with a carpet of green, but meanwhile he must wait patiently.

To be sure, there *is* something that the farmer can do after the seed is sown. Of course he will harrow the ground, and drain it, to let the wet off, and set a boy to keep the birds away. He will gather out the stones from the field, and pull up the weeds, and keep up the fences. He would be sure to stop anybody who came digging in his field now, or galloping over it. And so the minister may preach, and warn, and exhort again and again, but he can do no more. Neither of these sowers can make the

seed grow ; and it does happen sometimes, after all their trouble and all their anxiety, that the crop turns out a failure.

FAILURE OF THE SEED.

One day during the last hot summer we had, you might have seen Farmer Giles walking over his turnip field with a very long face. He had sown the seed in good time, and had manured the ground well, and he quite expected by this time to have had plenty of turnips for his sheep. But he is dreadfully disappointed : hardly any of the seeds have come up, and he is actually talking to his man about ploughing the field up again. What can be the meaning of it ? The fact is, turnips won't grow without plenty of moisture, and this has been a terribly dry season. The ground was good, and the seed was good, but there was *no rain*.

Is there a Sunday-school where teachers have long been sowing seed, and sowing it carefully and faithfully, and yet nothing appears—not even a single green blade, much less ripe corn ? What is it that is wanting ? Can the seed be better than it is ? Can the sowers do more than they have done ? It wants now the fertilizing rain of God's Holy Spirit.

Teachers and scholars, you must pray for this rain. “ I will pour water upon him that is thirsty ” (Isa. 44. 3), is God's gracious promise. He tells you “ there shall be showers of blessing ” (Ezek. 34. 26), and this will only come in answer to prayer. Your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that *ask him* (Luke 11. 13).

THE SEED GROWING GRADUALLY.

But the corn does not grow up all at once : it will come on gradually, one step at a time. We are not to expect the ripe grain in a single day. There is “ first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.”

A little girl has to learn a text for her teacher, and the teacher explains it to her. Perhaps it is, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" or, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Here is the *good seed*. She goes home, and the seed lies still for a day or two. But teacher has been praying for her, and in answer to that prayer God sends his Holy Spirit to water the seed and make it grow in that little girl's heart. She could not tell you how it is, but presently something brings the text to her mind, and she begins to think: "Jesus loves me—loves a little child"—and she prays that she may love Jesus too. Thus it is the seed begins to shoot. But next day come lessons, and play, and young companions, and a host of things to take up her thoughts: the clods are in the way of the little plant. However, it still pushes its way on. She prays again, but she feels she is a sinner and wants to have forgiveness, and she prays very earnestly. And then there are fresh hindrances: some favorite amusement comes in the way, or some temptation is yielded to; the text is forgotten; prayer is neglected—oh! will the little plant ever grow up? But then there are fresh tears and prayers; there is real repentance for sin, and the little girl finds Jesus as her Saviour. And now she is happy; and mother must know, and teacher must know that Jesus has really made her his; and so the little tiny blade peeps above the ground: modestly and humbly it appears at first, but it cannot long remain unseen.

"*First*, the blade." But this must not be all. The seed must not only come up, it must grow. If there is no growth, can there be any life? At first you cannot tell the wheat from grass. That little blade is very pretty, but we are not quite sure yet whether it is true corn. The field looks beautiful and green, but these plants may, after all, turn out to be nothing but tares, or there may be a worm at the root that will kill them presently; but if

we wait and watch the seed, we shall soon know. By-and-by it will come into *ear*. "By their *fruits* ye shall know them."

When the fruit does come it is unripe at first. Some plants will be checked by blights, or cold winds, or storms, and will wither or be laid low, and so bear little corn. It is the same with the spiritual seed. Worldly companions, and business, and amusements, often hinder it. We cannot tell whether the yield will be little or much, until it reaches the third stage, and we see the "*full corn in the ear*."

THE SEED RIPENING.

And what is it that ripens the seed? Is it not the glorious summer sun? A wet summer spoils the harvest, for when wheat is growing it cannot have too much sunshine. And it is when the plant of grace is freely exposed to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness that it quickly ripens for heaven. The Christian that lives much under the shining of God's countenance is the one that will bear much fruit.

The green ears of corn are very upright, but as they gradually fill and ripen they begin to hang down. And so it is with the Christian: he gets humbler as he gets nearer heaven. At last the harvest comes, the reapers put in the sickle, and the corn is gathered in (Matt. 13. 30; Rev. 14. 15); and the husbandman rests not until the last sheaf is safely housed, amid the glad cry of "Harvest home!" And so the Christian, like a shock of corn fully ripe, is gathered at length into the heavenly garner (Job 5. 26). Some there are who ripen for heaven in early life; some seem to live always in the sunshine; and we shall be saved from many a chilling blast, if we love to bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

On a large farm you may often see the fields, as they stand thick with corn, divided by tall hedges, and some-



GALILEE.

times separated by roads, or other fields. But at harvest time the grain is all taken to the same stack, and as the sheaves are mingled together there, you cannot tell which field they came from; in fact, they must be very much puzzled themselves among so many strangers, who are just like their own brothers and sisters. It is just like this with the Church. Here below there are many sects and denominations, like so many fields divided by the hedges and walls of outward modes and forms; but when the harvest comes all God's wheat shall be gathered into the garner, and there shall not be a single mark to show how widely it once grew apart.

[*From Guthrie, Arnot, Trench, and Bourdillon.*]

BIBLE LINK—Jesus stills a storm on the sea—MATT. 8. 18-27; MARK 4. 35-41; LUKE 8. 22; 9. 57-62; 8. 22-25.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

[MARK 4. 35-41.]

BY REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

JESUS had been teaching again by the sea-side. This sea of Galilee is a small sea, or more properly it is a lake, only a few miles wide. It is like a deep basin right in among the mountains. Storms often come up very suddenly. Sometimes it will be all smooth and calm, and in a few minutes a squall will rise and sweep over it, and scatter the boats in all directions.

Jesus had been teaching all day, and towards evening he wanted to get away from the crowd and have a little time to rest. This was a favorite way with him. When the

people found out where he was, they would throng about him so that he had no time for quiet, and he became very tired often. Then he would tell his disciples to get a ship, and they would leave the place and sail over to some other part. There it would be some time before the crowd would find him again, and he would become rested and refreshed. This time he seems to be very weary. He had been teaching a long while, and perhaps healing a great many people. He was so very tired that as soon as they pushed off from land he lay down and went to sleep ; and he slept so soundly that when the storm came up it did not wake him.

It was probably calm and quiet when they started, and they were expecting a pleasant trip in the cool night air. But when they were in the midst of the sea, one of those sudden squalls came up, and the waves ran right over the ship, and it was beginning to fill with water. The disciples became very much frightened, and thought they were all going to the bottom. They rushed about to find Jesus. He was still quietly sleeping in the stern of the ship, just as if it were a beautiful summer evening. He had not been disturbed at all by the storm, or the tossing of the boat, or the shouting of the frightened men. They awoke him in great haste, and begged him to help them, or they would all be drowned.

He came out as undisturbed as ever. He showed no fear and no excitement, and only seemed surprised that they should be afraid. "Why are you afraid? Where is your faith? Where is your confidence?" For their sakes he spoke to the sea and to the storm, just as a father might speak to his noisy children, who were disturbing somebody. "Peace, be quiet," he says. And, like obedient children, the winds hush their tumult, and the waves drop down upon the sea, and become as peaceful as anything can be.

Then they begin to be afraid in a different way. They begin to wonder what sort of a man this can be, who only

has to speak to the winds and have them hush ; and only has to beckon to the sea and have it become quiet. The winds and the waters do the Lord's bidding. He made them, and they are his servants. A few years ago a young lad in England wrote a poem, and it was so beautiful that it is now found in all our hymn books. The first verse reads :

“ The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will.
He speaks ; and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.”

When Jesus was on earth, the sea and the storm, disease and death, all did as he said. All kinds of sickness went away at his touch, the winds became quiet when he spoke, and the grave of Lazarus opened at his word. However troubled men were, he could quiet them. And you know he was so quiet himself all the while. He is not disturbed by the storm, but quiets the winds and the waves because the disciples are afraid. There is a storm in their hearts, a storm of fright ; and he is a great deal more anxious about that than he is about the storm on the sea. He wants them to learn that they need not be afraid when he is with them, nor when they are doing as he has told. They are afraid of the storm, but he shows them that the storm obeys him, and cannot harm one of them without his permission. He wants to teach them to go right on and do their work, and feel sure that their Master will take care of them.

Jesus is just the same now as he was then. He is in heaven, but he does not forget us here on earth. The winds and the waves obey him now just as much as they did then ; and he loves his children just as much as he ever did. If he is with us, we need none of us be afraid. But we may wonder how we are to find out whether he is with us or not. He is always with us when we are doing what he wants us to do. No matter how violent the storm, if

Jesus speak, it will be as harmless as an evening breeze ; no matter how loud the winds may blow, they will all be still at his word ; no matter how high the waves may roll, Jesus can make the sea as calm and smooth as a looking-glass. And he never loses sight of any of his children. The disciples thought he had forgotten them, but he came the moment they needed him. If we are doing his work he will let nothing harm us. Some one has said, "Every one is safe till his work is done." We may say every man is safe so long as he is where Jesus wants him to be, and so long as he is doing what Jesus wants him to do. When he has finished his work Jesus will take him home. Cæsar was once being rowed in a boat from one shore to another. A violent storm came up, and the boatman was very much frightened. Cæsar cried out to him, "What are you afraid of? You are carrying Cæsar." Cæsar thought he had a work to do, and the boat he was in would not sink while that work was unfinished.

This was a heathen faith or impression without any foundation. We have a faith founded on sure truth. If we are the people of the Lord we are safe wherever he puts us.

"By prayer let us wrestle, and He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm."

And he can quiet the storm in our own hearts. When we are perplexed and do not know which way to turn, if we let him speak we shall be quiet, and everything will be clear. He never forgets us, even if we think he has left us sometimes. If we call to him, he will not keep us waiting in fear and danger, but will come and help us as soon as we need him.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals a demoniac—MATT. 8. 23-34; MARK 5. 1-20; LUKE 8. 26-39.

POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS.

BY REV. GEORGE G. PHIPPS, NEWTON, MASS.

And they come to Jesus and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind.—MARK 5. 15.

DID you ever see an insane asylum, boys and girls? It is a home for people that have become insane or crazy. That means that the mind is weak and sick, so that a man thinks and acts as if he did not really know what he was doing.

Now this man whom Jesus healed, was much like a crazy man. An evil spirit had come into his mind, and his thoughts and actions all seemed insane. Nobody could safely live with him; and he no longer loved any one, nor cared where he went, even though he had to live off among the tombs, where it was lonesome and frightful. It was something dreadful even to see him. All were afraid of him. But there were no insane asylums in that country, or I think he would have been carried into one, and locked up in a cell by himself, where he could do no harm.

As it was, they had put chains on his hands and feet, so that he could do no mischief. But he had broken them off again—snap went the chains, he was so wild and strong!

But Jesus met him one day. And Jesus did not fear the wild man either. But when he saw him, he said, “*Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.*” And so the man was cured. He was no longer like a madman, frightful to

see ; but he grew calm and sat quietly down at Jesus' feet to hear his words, and felt grateful and happy that Christ had had mercy upon him.

Isn't it good to know that Jesus has such power over evil spirits ? The bad bad things in *our* hearts and lives he can wholly take away.

Sometimes the spirit of *cruelty* gets into the heart ; for instance, Jerry and Sam once met two little girls just turning down into a cross-street. "Take care !" said Jerry—making believe he was alarmed about something—"don't go down there, girls ! Don't you know there is a big bulldog down there ? He'll bite you."

The girls were very scared, just as cruel Jerry wanted to see them. One little girl said, and her lips quivered, "I want to go home to my mother." "Well you can't—that big dog !" Jerry said. Then he went along leaving the girls to cry, and saying, "I only wanted a little fun with them."

Such "fun" is only what could please *an evil spirit*—giving *pain* and tears to innocent little children. And did you never see a boy or girl get so angry as to stamp and strike, or tear and break things, and act as if almost insane with being "*so mad*" as you call it ? There is a whole troop of such bad spirits that get into the heart—their name is "Legion," as the wild man said. Don't let them come into you to stay, to make a home in your hearts, boys and girls. Ask Christ to use his wonderful power to cast all bad things off your lives.

If Christ will only live in your hearts—and he will if you love him—evil spirits will not stay with you. They cannot stay where Jesus is, any more than darkness can stay where the sun shines in. Christ is like light.

There is a bank in Boston, (Dorchester), that is protected from thieves in the night, by keeping the gas-light always burning. Every one passing by the street can see

through the large windows whatever is going on in the rooms in the bank. The police outside would know in a minute if any one walked across the floor, or went up to the safes in the night. So the light helps to keep the bank from robbers, as well as the heavy bolts and iron doors.

Now keep the love of Jesus shining brightly in your hearts all the time, and bad wicked things, such as cruelty and unkindness, lying, disobedience, cheating, and quarreling, and being ugly and cross, like thieves and wicked spirits, will be quite driven away from your lives and characters.

Jesus has power over evil things. He can say to whatever is wrong and sinful within you, "Come out of the heart, thou bad spirit," and it will obey him.

Then it will be as if you, too, like the man Jesus had healed, sat down in gentleness and love at Jesus' feet.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus goes to a feast at Matthew's house, and afterwards raises Jairus' little daughter from death to life—**MATT.** 9. 1, 10-17, 18-26; **MARK** 5. 21-43; 2. 15-23; **LUKE** 8. 40; 5. 29-39; 8. 41-56.

JESUS BRINGING DEAD CHILDREN TO LIFE.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

[**MARK** 5. 21-43.]

MANY years ago, in a beautiful home in Palestine, although the father was rich and a public officer, and everybody in the house had nice things to eat and beautiful things to wear, there was great sadness and anxiety, because the little girl, twelve years old, was very sick. The father had heard that Jesus could heal diseases that no one else could cure, and so he hurried away to find him. When he saw him, he entreated him to come quickly to his home

and save his little girl from dying ; but before Jesus got to the house, the little girl was dead, and the mother sent out the servants to tell the father that his daughter was dead, and it was no use to trouble Jesus any further about it. If they had known Jesus as we do, they would have been sure that it was no trouble to him to come to their homes and comfort them about the death of their little girl. Jesus did more than that. He took the little cold hand of the dead girl in his loving hand, and although the soul, the thinking part of her, had gone, and she was dead and still—no throbbing at her heart, no pulse at her wrist, no breath at her mouth—he spoke to her just as her mother used to call her in the morning when she was asleep, “*Talitha cumi*,” which means, “Little one, get up.” Because God that made our bodies was in the mind of Jesus, he could make the dead body live again, and so the soul, the thinking part, came back again into her flesh, and she opened her eyes and sat up, and he told them to give her something to eat. So the sad home was made glad.

At another time Jesus was coming into a little village called Nain, and he saw a very sad company going out of the town toward the graveyard. Four men were carrying on a bier or litter

THE DEAD BODY OF A BOY,

the only son of his mother, a widow, who went behind weeping as if her heart would break. Jesus stopped the bier and said to the dead body, “‘Young man, I say unto thee, arise’ ; and he that was dead sat up, and he delivered him to his mother.”

So in these days the boys and girls sometimes die, and their rosy faces become pale, and the breath stops coming through their lips, and their hearts stop beating, and the thinking part of them, the soul, flies away, as a bird flies out of a cage. Then we call them dead. But if boys and girls who die have loved the Saviour and tried to do

right, Jesus, although we see him not, stands beside their dead bodies and makes their souls to live, not in this world, but in the beautiful country we call heaven. Death is only like falling asleep for a few moments, and Jesus says to the soul, the thinking part, "Arise and live with me in heaven."

Little Willie Newton was a child, about five years old. One day, after his mother had taken him into her room and prayed for him by name, when she arose he exclaimed, "Mamma, mamma, I am

GLAD YOU TOLD JESUS MY NAME !

Now he'll know me when I get to heaven. And when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in his arms, Jesus will look at me so pleased and say, 'Why, this is little Willie Newton; his mother told me about him; how happy I am to see you, Willie!' Won't that be nice mamma?"

But some children have seen the bodies of friends who died put in a hole in the ground called a grave and covered up, and perhaps you think that what I say about their going to live with God cannot be true. I will explain how it is. I hold in my hand a watch. The outside we call the case. Inside of this are wheels and a mainspring and other machinery that make the hands go and cause the watch to say "tick, tick, tick." Now if I take the machinery out of the case and bury the case out of sight down in this hat, still the machinery keeps on ticking, ticking, just the same as before, only without the case. So when we die, it is only the body, the case, that is put in the ground, and the thinking part of us, that loves and hopes and rejoices and remembers, goes on ticking—that is thinking—just the same as before. This thinking part of us we call the soul. When the body is buried, God takes the thinking part to live with him, if we have been trying to do right and love the Saviour. The thinking part of those who disobey God and do wrong, and will not ask to be forgiven, does not go

to heaven, but to a place of trouble, and sorrow, and punishment. If we love Jesus and obey God, when we die we shall go to a place where there is no sorrow—a much happier place than any in this world.

A little boy was singing on the street, “There’ll be no sorrow there.” A gentleman on his way to the cars paused and said, “Little boy,

TELL ME WHERE THERE IS NO SORROW.”

The poor boy raised both of his little hands toward heaven and sang with a sweet voice, “In heaven above, where all is love, there’ll be no sorrow there.” The man before this had not loved God; but this little song made him think, think, think about what he ought to do, until he became a Christian, and got his heart ready to go to the land where there is no sorrow. So you see that death, to those who love God, is only moving out of this house of flesh where our souls are now living, into a more beautiful country where there is no sorrow. If we love, trust and obey the Saviour to-day, we shall live with him in that better country forever.

DEATH.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

She is not dead, but sleepeth. — LUKE 8. 52.

[MARK 5. 21-43.]

THIS was spoken of a little girl twelve years old. Her friends all supposed that she was dead. They were right; she was soon to be buried. Jesus came, and, knowing that she was dead, said, in the words of your text, “She is not dead, but sleepeth.” What did he mean? He wanted to have the friends know that he thought that they had a wrong idea of death, and wrong feelings in regard to it; and in the sense in which they spoke and thought of death, the little girl was not dead.

Now, there have been a large number of deaths during the last few weeks, and I can see that many of the people in town are thinking wrongly of death, and therefore I want to say a few words to you about it, for I am quite sure that Jesus had the right idea ; and so long as it is true that half of the graves in Oakdale are children's graves, I am very anxious to have you think and feel as you should concerning death.

It is a blessed thing to go to sleep, when we are tired out and can drop to sleep in an instant. Sometimes we wish we could have more time to play, but when the hour of sleep comes, how sweetly it takes us in its arms, and nothing is more beautiful than a sleeping child. And it was only a few days ago that I saw a little child who had been suffering day after day, die ; and in a few moments such a sweet smile came upon her lips, that I could not help saying, "How sweetly she sleeps."

The next thing for you to remember is, that those who go to sleep wake up. When you have been to school six hours, and have helped mother at home, and have played very hard all the spare moments, you begin to find it very hard to hold up your head, and nothing seems bright and pleasant ; but in the morning, when the sun looks in at the window, and says, "My little man, or little woman, it is time to get up," how bright the world looks ; how strong and happy you feel ; how very different from the way in which you felt the night before. So when any of us are put to sleep by Jesus, we can know that there is a morning coming ; and when that has come we shall be so strong, and beautiful, and happy, that the night of our sleep will seem to have been very short. But I hear some little child say, "I do not want to go to sleep in the ground ; I do not want to be put in a coffin ;" and you need not. Once in a while my little girl says, "Papa, I don't want to go to bed up stairs." She does not want to be alone, so her mother

allows her to make her bed upon the lounge in the bright sitting-room. At length she falls asleep; then, when I am through with my studies, I carry her to her bed, and she knows nothing of the dark night nor the lonely room. In the same way no child of you will ever know anything about the grave or coffin, if you have to be buried in them. You fall asleep at home, and when you wake, if you are Christ's, you awake in a better home.

But another thing, we all *grow* when we are asleep. The reason why some children do not grow more, is because they do not sleep enough. A few months ago a farmer's boy put a kernel of corn in the ground; you could pinch it between your little fingers, or hold a hundred kernels in your hand; but when the corn slept it grew, and to-day it has become a tall stalk, with full ears and long rows of kernels. So, if a little child's body is taken to the cemetery and left sleeping, it will not be very long, as God counts time, before it will come forth in heaven a most beautiful body, worthy to live in the beautiful land.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals two blind men, and casts out a dumb spirit—*MATT. 9. 27-34.* He visits Nazareth again—*MATT. 13. 54-58; MARK 6. 1-5.* Jesus sends out his apostles—*MATT. 9. 36-38; 10. 1, 5-42; MARK 6. 7-11; LUKE 9. 1-5; MATT. 11. 1; MARK 6. 12, 13; LUKE 9. 6.*

BECOMING DISCIPLES OF JESUS BY REPENTANCE.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., NEW YORK.

They went out and preached that men should repent.—*MARK 6. 12.*

I WANT to speak for ten minutes to any, young or old, who want to be Christians, but do not know how; to try and tell you very simply and plainly just what it is to be

a Christian—so simply and plainly that you cannot fail to understand it clearly.

The first thing is to be sorry when you have done wrong ; and sorry because it is wrong. Abraham and Jacob, Moses and David, Peter and Paul, did many wrong things. But they were always heartily sorry for it. There are two stories in the Bible, concerning two kings of Israel, which illustrate this very clearly. They are the stories respectively of David and Uriah, and of Ahab and Naboth. They are something alike in the beginning and very different in the end, and show very clearly the difference between one who is a Christian and one who is not. The stories are these. When David was king of Israel he chanced one day to see a very beautiful woman whom he thought at once he would like to have as his wife. But when he came to inquire about her, he found she was already married to a man named Uriah. He immediately set himself to plan how he could secure Uriah's death, so that he might marry his wife. A war was raging at the time, with the Syrians, and Uriah was in the army. So David sent to his General, Joab, a letter directing him to send Uriah into the front of the battle, that he might be killed. The plan succeeded. Uriah was killed, and David married his wife. He was really guilty of murder. It was his duty as king to protect his subjects, and particularly to care for the soldiers who were fighting for him ; but he had contrived to have a good and loyal soldier killed to gratify himself. It was a cruel and wicked thing to do.

The crime of Ahab was similar, though not as great. Close by his palace was a vineyard. It belonged to Naboth. Ahab wanted it for a garden because it adjoined his palace. He offered Naboth the money for it, but Naboth would not sell it. Of course the king had no right to compel him to give it up. But his wife, who was a very wicked woman, contrived a scheme for getting it. She sent let-

ters to certain nobles, sealing them with the king's seal—so you see he consented to it—directing them to have Naboth accused of blasphemy and to hire witnesses to swear to the accusation, and so have him put to death. It was done. And as David got his wife, so Ahab got his vineyard. The two cases were very similar—David's perhaps a little the worse. David killed Uriah to rob him of his wife; Ahab killed Naboth to rob him of his vineyard. David acted of his own accord; Ahab under the suggestion of his wife. But now appears the difference. Nathan, the prophet of God, came to David and rebuked him for his sin, and told him God would punish him. David was not angry. He did not attempt to defend himself. He confessed his sin. He was truly and heartily sorry for it; not sorry merely because he was to be punished, but because he had done wrong. He confessed his sin to God, and when God punished him by taking away his son, he submitted to the punishment without complaining.

God sent also his prophet Elijah to Ahab, to reprove him. But Ahab received him very differently. He greeted him in the outset with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" And though when he came to bear the punishment with which God threatened him he humbled himself, and rent his clothes and fasted, he showed no sign of feeling that he had really done wrong, and was sorry for it because it was wrong. He kept on just as before, doing very abominably; and when a little later another prophet, Micaiah, preached something he did not like, he put him in prison for it. This was the difference between David and Ahab. They both did wickedly—very wickedly—but David repented of his wickedness and confessed it and asked forgiveness, and Ahab did not.

Now we have all done wickedly. Not as David and Ahab, it is true, but the Bible says there is none that doeth good; no, not one. If we had done always right,

if we had committed no sins, we might go to heaven because we were good. But we have committed a great many sins. We cannot secure the favor of God on the ground of goodness. There is only one other way ; repentance, confession, and forgiveness. To be a Christian is not so much, then, to be good, as to be sorry that we have been evil, and to seek forgiveness. The preaching of the Gospel is accordingly called the baptism of *repentance* for the remission of sins, not the baptism of goodness. This is the door by which all who have ever come into the kingdom of God have entered. This is the Wicket Gate. This is the first thing in being a Christian ; repentance—that is, sorrow for sin and the abandonment of it.

And this, of course, includes confession of it. It is not sorrow for sin that heals it, but confession of sin. Ahab was sorrowful, but sorrow did not bring him to God. It makes a great deal of difference whether you go *from* Christ or go *to* Christ sorrowful.

This was the difference between Judas and Peter. Judas betrayed Christ ; Peter denied him. Both were very sorry afterwards. But Peter's sorrow did not separate him from Christ. He did not go away from him because he had sinned. He came to him with new love and new consecration. Judas, on the other hand, was driven away from Christ by his sorrow ; and instead of seeking the remission of his sins by confession and asking forgiveness, he sought to escape them by going and hanging himself.

But it is not enough to be sorry for your sins and to confess them, if you go right on in them afterward. The Prodigal not only went home, he stayed home. He not only asked his father to forgive him, but he was willing to become even as a hired servant. To be a Christian is not only to repent of our sins and confess them, but also to undertake in earnest to live thereafter a holy and godly

life. It is thus partly true that to be a Christian is to be good ; but yet not so much to be good, after all, as constantly to strive to be better. This is what Christ means when he says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." You are to follow Christ—that is, he is to be your pattern and example.

To be a Christian, then, is a very simple though not an easy matter. You can begin to be a Christian to-day ; you can begin to be a Christian now. To be a Christian is to confess to your father and mother and to God, whenever you have done wrong ; to be sorry for it ; to try to do better in future ; and to be, from this time, as kind, as gentle, as loving, as courageous and as much like Christ as you can, day by day ; to do all in your power to make others wiser and better and happier.

BIBLE LINK—Herod orders that John the Baptist shall be killed, and afterwards hears of the fame of Jesus, and wishes to see him—
 MATT. 14. 6-12 ; MARK 6. 21-29 ; MATT. 14. 1, 2 ; MARK 6. 14-16 ;
 LUKE 9. 7-9.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BY REV. B. T. VINCENT, PHILADELPHIA.

[MARK 6. 14-29.]

IN these verses we have a Panorama of Bible pictures which it will be interesting to look at. They are very old, but the canvas upon which they are painted is neither worn out nor moth-eaten ; nor will the machinery give way while the pictures roll before us. And, what is better than all, the pictures are full of life as when they were first painted by the Master Artist ; and the light that shines upon them is given by his own Spirit.

The bell rings, the curtain moves and brings the first scene before us. It is of a king at a feast, surrounded by his attendants and guests. What a face is his! There is sadness in it, and yet it is full of laughter, for all around him is revelry; and this must be a merry company, though the expression of *his* countenance seems to ill accord with it. "He looks as if he was in trouble," says one of my little friends. Aye, does he! "He looks guilty," cries another, "even while he seems so full of laughter." And here a wise boy in our group says, "I think he looks as if he was trying to make a bad heart happy by a drunken body." Wise conclusion that seems to be. And do you see that though he is the best dressed among them and is really their ruler, they seem to have him in their power? They are free of care, while he is trying to drown care by yielding to their gross jokes and accepting their offers of fresh cups. But let us wait for the next scene, and we shall doubtless know more about him.

There goes the bell! The curtain rolls on, and before us is the same room and the same company. But see the beautiful maiden in the presence of the king. How gracefully she dances, and how delighted the king and all his attendants are with her! This is another way of drowning conscience. And one has helped to bring about this plan of whom perhaps the next picture will tell us something.

The bell again. The moving canvas brings us before another room, and the festal hall has vanished. Here, though, is the maiden, but she is not dancing; she seems to be just getting ready to go. The woman with queenly air but with hard, cruel, revengeful face, is talking to her. Can it be her mother? What an awful face the painter has put into the picture! And the daughter—if a daughter—though not of cruel countenance, looks as if she was receiving some cruel order which, though she has no liking

for it, she is compelled to obey ; for her lips are set as being averse and yet submissive. But we will have an explanation in the next picture.

Here it comes ! and it is the chamber of the king again. All are here as before, but the dancing has ceased, and the girl is talking to the king. Painters cannot make their pictures speak words aloud, but this one does succeed in making these faces strangely expressive. The laughter has gone from the face of the king, and even from those of the courtiers, though they seem unconcerned as thinking little of either the humorous or the serious shades of life. But what a tale is told by the face of the king ! Despair is in it, and the old lines that shadowed through the laughter before, are now there in full blackness, not of wrath but of ghastly horror. What can it mean ?

Again the pictures change. Now a dungeon appears. In it a man alone, and yet in whom is no loneliness, you will conclude ; for while there are the lines of boldness and purpose in the face, it is full of patience and hope, and he looks as though some delightful visitor must be with him, whom the artist has not put into the scene. How different this face from the others we have been looking at !

The changing canvas still shows us the dungeon, and while the prisoner bends forward, an executioner stands above him with a drawn sword, in the act of severing the head from the body.

Quickly the scenes change ; here is another event in the king's banquet hall. The dancing girl holds in her hand a plate, and on it is the *head of the prisoner* ! There is horror on the face of the king, the horror of grief and guilt. And now we see what the request of the girl was.

Last of all the canvas shows us again the room in which the woman sat before giving command to the girl ! Now she *stands*, and before her is the girl with the terrible dish in her hands. The woman gloats over it ! See her fiend-

ish face as she looks upon the head that we may now conclude she asked for. But the face of the dead, how calm it is! No look of reproach in the eyes—no cringe of cowardly fear on the cheeks—no threat of revenge on the lips. Vice seems to have had a victory and virtue to have been defeated, as our Panorama closes. But let us study the history awhile.

1. *Herod* was the king, at least so he was *called*. But he was no king, only a little governor; yet those who wanted to use him for their own pleasure, flattered him by calling him king. He belonged to a bad family. But because he did, he need not have been bad himself. A good spirit in men may, by God's help, overcome bad tendencies, and he might have been good, if he had chosen to be. But he did not so choose. Among other bad deeds he had forsaken his own wife, and taken his brother's from him. He was reminded of his guilt in this (and this reminded him of other guilt) by a good preacher. He revenged himself upon the good man by locking him up in prison, hoping to still the voice of rebuke. And he tried to drown his conscience in pleasure and drunkenness. In the midst of the revelry the dancing beauty called forth a bad promise to take the life of the holy prisoner; and, forced by false shame and mean cowardice, he kept the cruel oath. As but a beginning of his suffering for his sins, he was afterward banished from his rulership to a distant country, where he died in dishonor.

2. *Herodias* was the queen. But she was no queen; she could not even command her own bad heart, nor play the common part of a true woman; she was a cruel, wicked, scheming, revengeful, daring one. She had not only committed the sin of marrying her uncle, but, leaving him, she married another uncle. When the good preacher rebuked them for the wrong, she raged like a maniac at him, and from that moment sought to take his life. And she was

willing to use her daughter to gain this cruel end. It is said that when the head was brought to her, she pulled out its tongue and thrust her bodkin through it, to vent her special rage on the honest tongue that told her the truth, and yet the loving tongue that would have saved her soul.

3. *Salome* was the dancing girl. She was the daughter of the queen, and niece of the king. She was unfortunate in belonging to *such* a family, for it gave her a leaning to evil. And she had been trained badly too. She was made to think, as some other girls are, that dress and the false grace that the dancing-master gives, and the admiration of giddy, brainless men, were worth living for. And so she was ready for bad deeds, in the flush of admiration, when flattered by drunkards because of her dancing. And though possibly it seemed to her horrible at first, she was yet willing to go and ask for the head of the good man, and afterward to carry the bloody burden to her vicious, cruel mother. Flattery and self-seeking and low bodily indulgence will harden the most tender heart. How sad is the picture of a girl giving her beauty and grace as an inducement to a drunken king to kill a good man, that her wretched mother might mutilate the bleeding head! And yet even this girl *might* have been good and pure, and she might have used her attractions to win souls to the beauty of holiness.

4. *The Courtiers* were the attendants of the king. They had no manliness themselves, and were willing to stay with him for a living, and to do anything to get some poor pittance at his hands. They used his weaknesses to get him to do things to their advantage and to his own ill. There are many such boys and girls, and many such men and women, who do nothing but rove around to make what they can off of others, neither doing nor getting good, but rather wasting themselves and others in frivolous and vicious deeds. Do not be followers of others, except those whom

you may help or who may help you ; and scorn those who follow you, but who seek neither to help you nor to be helped by you.

5. *John the Baptist* was the honest preacher who told the truth to the wicked king at the cost of his life. He was the forerunner of Jesus, you remember, preaching everywhere repentance and the coming of the Kingdom. He was no pretender, but plain-spoken and thoroughly honest. He wanted to make men better and to honor Christ, and he was willing to suffer anything for these good ends. In prison he was patient and peaceful. He knew all was right, and would be always right, to them who were in God's hands, and he was *always* in God's hands. When the executioner came to take off his head, we are sure he submitted without a struggle ; for to die was an end of trouble to him, and *so* to die was an immortal honor. That he would rather have lived and preached to other wicked men and women, that, if possible, he might have saved them, is certainly likely. But that God's will was his will we are also sure. This only is the true way to live ; and while in these days it will not be likely to result in our being beheaded, it may require of us some suffering from unkind rebukes and the hatred of those who hate goodness ; but we shall be loved eternally by Him whose love is worth having.

Now the pictures have rolled away, and we have learned something of these lives, so that we can remember somewhat of the faces, and see in them the characters they represent. What desires are left in us ? Do we want the little greatness that only comes with sin, and gives sharpness to cruelty ? Do we want beauty and grace, if with pride and emptiness of real worth, and in preparation for deeds of horror in the excitements of pleasure and flattery ? Do we want the places of flatterers for the low favors of the king in hollow-hearted vanity, and to be blotted out

as useless and worthless when the gaities of the court are gone? Or, do we not rather want to be honest, earnest learners of the truth, to grow into teachers who try to save men from their sins; suffer though we may for our boldness, and die though we may for our honesty, knowing that we shall receive the eternal rewards of the faithful in the courts of Heaven, where we shall be real kings and priests forever?

BIBLE LINK—The apostles return to Jesus and report what they have done—MARK 6. 30, 31; LUKE 9. 10. Five thousand people are fed by Jesus from the basket of a little boy—MATT. 14. 13-21; MARK 6. 32-44; LUKE 9. 10-17; JOHN 6. 1-14.

A LAD WHO LIVED LONG AGO.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

HUNDREDS of years ago, a boy lived near the shores of a lake which had many cities around it, and many boats on its waters.

One day he saw a great crowd of people following a kind-looking man toward the shore of the lake, and when he asked about it one of the crowd said that the man they were following could talk wonderfully, and do things that nobody ever saw done before. The boy had a basket in his hand with four or five loaves of bread and two or three little fishes in it. I think he had been selling bread and fish from his basket until now it was almost empty. He hurried on with the crowd to see this wonderful man, never thinking that he would notice such a little boy as he was in such a great crowd. It was in the morning, and the people had left their beds very early, on purpose to hear and see this man. Before he could eat breakfast, they crowded

around this loving teacher. He was also a wonderful physician, and would sometimes pause in his teaching to heal people whom no other doctors could cure. He had so many questions to answer and so many people to cure, that he could not stop long to eat or rest. He loved others so much better than his own comfort, that some selfish people called him "crazy;" but of course he was not.

I heard of a little girl once who talked so much about Jesus that they said she was crazy. She answered, "*Well, if I am, that's no reason why you shouldn't love Jesus.*"

At length this weary teacher got into a boat to go across the lake and rest, but the people ran around the shore so fast that they reached the other side first. The teacher was very tired, but he saw how anxious the people were to know about God and truth, and he taught them again until it was almost night. Then he saw that the people were getting hungry, for they had forgotten to bring anything to eat. He was kind to their bodies as well as to their souls, and so he said to his friends (he had twelve men always with him who were his dearest friends), "Where can we buy bread for the people?" There were five thousand people in the crowd, besides women and children. And one of the teacher's friends named Philip reckoned up and said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread would be only enough for each one to have a little." Two hundred pennies in that country were a great deal of money. A penny was all a man got for working all day, so that it would cost as much to feed the people as a man could earn in two hundred days.

Another friend, name Andrew, looked around to see if he could find any food, and he couldn't find any except what was in the little boy's basket, so he came back feeling very much discouraged and said, "There is no food here, except that a boy has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many people?" The

loaves were round, like cookies, and as thin, but as wide as my two hands—ten inches in diameter.

Now do you think that would be enough to feed that great crowd of hungry people? It was. Every one in that great crowd had all he wanted, and there was enough left when they got through for every one of the teacher's twelve friends to have a large basketful.

Now how could that be? Do you want me to tell you how such a strange thing happened? Well, the teacher said to Andrew, "Bring the boy and his basket to me." Then he put his hands on the bread and fishes in the basket and prayed, and gave the bread and fishes to his friends to give to the people; and the five loaves and two fishes, as he touched them, kept increasing until they were perhaps five thousand loaves and a great many fishes—enough for everybody. Now you can answer some questions in whispers. Could I touch five loaves and make them suddenly change into five thousand? Could anybody but God and God's Son do it?

Who was the teacher I have been talking about? Now tell me who gave manna to the Jews? (God.) Who gives us our daily bread? How does he give it?

SEED, SHOOT, STALK, CORN,
MILL, OVEN, BREAD.

How did God's Son give men bread? By touching the loaves and making them more. Then God's Son is just as mighty as his Father in heaven.

Who helped Jesus feed the people? His apostles and the lad. Isn't it strange that Jesus should notice that little boy, and take him to help him?

What did Jesus say to Andrew about the lad and his basket? "Bring them hither to me." So the little lad was "one to help Jesus." How many of you want to be helpers for Jesus? Well, what can you bring to him? Words, money, prayers, hands, feet, hearts. These are

your loaves and fishes. Were the five loaves and two fishes enough to feed the people? Not until Jesus touched them. Do you think your little words and pennies and prayers and hands and feet could do any good in the world if Jesus touched them?

I could tell you how a little girl's question, "Does you love God?" led a man to Jesus; how a little girl's penny bought a tract that made a man a Christian; and how a little boy's prayer made his father give up drinking and become a good man.

Now how can we bring our "loaves" to Jesus for him to bless them? Think! Can we see Jesus? How do we come to him? By praying. Then let us bring all our loaves to Jesus in prayer every day.

Jesus gave the bread to his disciples, and said, as he pointed to the people sitting on the grass in little groups, "Give ye them to eat."

In England, many years ago, the poor came once a week to the rich for food, and the rich man's wife stood in the door and gave the bread, and so the word "*lady*" means *loaf-giver*. Now I want every little *lady* here and every lad to be God's loaf-givers.

The Bible is God's basket of heavenly bread to feed the souls of men in the whole world, and every verse is a loaf. On some round paper loaves I have put a verse of the Bible to make them God's loaves: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." I'll give each of you some of God's loaves to give to other people.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus walks on the stormy sea—MATT. 14. 22-36;
MARK 6. 45-56; JOHN 6. 15-21.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

BY REV. E. B. SNYDER, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

Jesus cometh to his disciples, walking on the sea.—MARK
6. 48.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS : After a brief summer vacation, I am so glad to meet you once more in this pleasant place of worship. The morning is warm, but you know the sermon will be short.

How shall I say to you in the space of *ten* minutes all that this text teaches ?

Jesus walking on the sea, is my theme.

A number of friends with myself were bathing in the surf at Ocean Grove, a few days since, when a daring young man swam with one hand a long distance from the beach, and carrying a raised umbrella in the other. Presently he turned on his back and floated like a stick or piece of wood—still holding the umbrella over him. The act was a novel one, and naturally attracted a good deal of attention, especially from the children. If, however, the man had stood straight up and walked on the water, it would have excited everybody on the beach. All eyes would have been fastened upon him ; words of wonder would have fallen from every lip, and everybody would have asked, “ Who is that man ? ” “ How can he walk on the water ? ” But this is just what Jesus did. It was a

most wonderful thing to do, yet we all believe he did it, just because this blessed Book says so.

But as I look into your little eyes I think I see the question stirring your hearts, "Why did Jesus walk on the sea?" I answer—

I. Because he *could*. He did then what you cannot do ; what no mere man can do. If you could do some one thing better than anybody else in the world, it would prove that in that one thing you was stronger than any one else. If you could walk ten rods on the water, your name would be printed in every paper in the world ; everybody would be talking about you. So many people love notoriety, that if anybody could do this, they would try it. So when Jesus walked on the sea, he did what nobody else could possibly do. It is true, as we all remember, the Apostle Peter tried it once ; but he only took a step or two, when he became terribly frightened at the big waves, and began to sink down in the sea and would have drowned, had the Master not been there to take hold of and save him.

A little girl in one of our homes heard her father read this scene in Peter's life. She became quite excited, and impulsively said, "O papa, wasn't it good that Jesus just happened to be near enough to Peter to take hold of him and save him from sinking in the deep, deep sea?" Her father said, "My child, Jesus did not *happen* to be near Peter, he *meant* to be there to save him from drowning, and teach him a great lesson. Jesus is always near us whether we are on the stormy sea or on the land, to help us do our work, to protect us in danger, to cheer us when we are sad. 'Lo ! I am with you always.'"

Now Jesus not only walked on the water, but he did a great many other things that no other man could do—that even the mightiest angel in heaven could not do. And this proves that Jesus was not only greater than all men

and all angels, but was almighty, and so was divine. Oh, is it not pleasant to think that he who walked upon the water to his disciples, and who comes to help and save us, is not only the mighty God of the universe, but our heavenly Father?

As day after day I sat on the beach watching the ocean—always restless, and often full of great waves—I said to myself, Did Jesus walk on the storm-tossed sea to his disciples, that he might help them in their distress? Then he *can* come to me at any time and any where. No night too dark for him to be out, for “the darkness and the light are both alike to him.” No sea too rough for him to walk; no road too difficult for him to travel; no mountain too steep for him to climb. “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” What we need to have done, that we cannot do for ourselves, Jesus will do and can do for us, whether we are in our quiet homes on the land, or in rocking ships on the sea.

“We love to sing the power of God,
Which made the mountains rise;
Which spread the flowing sea abroad,
And built the lofty skies.”

II. But Jesus walked on the sea because he *should*. We say he should because he did. For Jesus never did anything that he *need* not do, or that he *should* not do. He had “all power,” and could do what he chose to do.

He was “all wise.” Therefore he knew just what he ought to do, and just what we needed to have done for us. He was also absolutely good. Hence he did nothing that he should not, but always and only did what he should.

Usefulness was his life *purpose*. “He went about doing good.” This was his “meat and his drink.” Men sometimes do things just for display, and sometimes little boys and girls like to “show off.” I knew a little girl

who was a very fine singer. She had a sweet voice, and she knew and was very proud of it. But she greatly offended good taste, by constantly trying to show off. It is very important to have accomplishments, but it is even more important to know how and when to use them.

Jesus never in his whole life did anything just to show how powerful or how wise or how good he was. He had no time or heart simply to amuse the people, or to attract attention to himself. He *was* and *is* our *Helper*. Hence all the names he has assumed denote helpfulness.

“I am the true light.” “I am the way.” “I am the door.” “I am the good shepherd.” How much we need light! How sad and dangerous to walk in darkness! How useful is a plain and well protected *way* in which to walk! What would be a splendid palace of marble without a door by which to enter it? Or what would become of the flock without the kind shepherd to lead and feed and protect it? The Bible gives some names to Jesus which denote beauty. He is called “the Bright and Morning Star,” “the Rose of Sharon,” “the Lily of the Valley.”

But the truly beautiful is always useful. The most beautiful object the Saviour beholds is a good child; and how useful is goodness in children! All that Jesus was, and all that he did, enforces this lesson: *Be useful in the highest sense and in the simplest way.* At the time to which our text alludes, the disciples, as we have seen, were in a ship on the sea of Gennesaret. It was night—dark and stormy. The winds were contrary; the sea rough and perilous. The disciples were in danger, and they needed immediate help, and the Master knew it. He walked to them upon the sea. Doubtless there was no boat at hand, else the Saviour would have sailed or rowed to the relief of the distressed disciples; since, as we have seen, he never did anything simply for display. Nor did

he ever resort to the miraculous when ordinary means would do.

Let us learn to look for success in the use of ordinary means. It is not by wonderful dreams, or by lucky turns in the wheel of fortune, or by happy random hits, or by startling events, that the masses reach success. Patient persevering toil along the ordinary paths of life leads most surely to distinction and victory. We are only warranted in trying the unusual, when the plain and practical fail. Jesus finished his journey to the opposite side of the sea in the boat, when he reached it. That is, he ceased to use the extraordinary when the ordinary would accomplish his purposes. How instructive are all the words of Jesus ! How suggestive every incident in his life ! In the incident before us, we not only learn that Jesus has power, but that he uses it wisely and lovingly for his followers.

O ! do you not feel to-day like becoming a disciple of him who can walk on the sea and still its waves ; who can touch the earth and cause it to bring forth fruits and flowers ; who can enter your heart, hush every wild passion, and fill it with love and purity and power ? O come, my dear young people, to Jesus *now*. Come humbly and teachably, and he will accept you, and so fill you with himself as that you will sing sweetly—

“Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.”

BIBLE LINK—Jesus at Capernaum—JOHN 6. 22-71 ; 7. 1. Jesus talks with the Pharisees about unwashed hands and hearts—MATT. 15. 1-20 ; MARK 7. 1-23.

GOD WANTS CLEAN HEARTS, AS WELL AS CLEAN HANDS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS

[MARK 7. 1-23.]

WHEN Jesus was living with men on the earth, there were many people who had so little understanding of religion, that they thought it was more important to have clean hands than clean hearts.

These men washed their hands before each meal, which was very proper ; and they washed their pots and cups and brazen vessels and platters very many times, which was all right ; only they made the mistake of thinking that this would take the place of having their hearts washed from sin. God had taught these Jews that it was their duty to cleanse their bodies and also to cleanse their hearts, and they forgot the most important part about the heart-cleansing. Jesus said to them, " From within, out of the heart of men, evil thoughts proceed, fornications, thefts, murders, adulteries, covetings, wickednesses, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, railing, pride, foolishness : all these evil things proceed from within, and defile the man." Mark 7. 21-23.

Mothers sometimes wash out the mouths of their children with soap-suds, when they have been saying vulgar or profane or lying words ; but the mouth isn't so much to

blame as the heart, for a child always thinks a bad thing in his heart before he speaks it with his mouth. Mother can't reach down the throat and wash the bad thoughts out of your heart, and so you must ask God to do that.

Now I want to tell you a story about a boy who made the same kind of a mistake as those old Jews, about being clean.

"I say, Harry, what has made you take this wonderfully clean fit all of a sudden?" asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. "This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes, it will; the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I'm sure it does, though," returned Harry, positively; "papa read it at prayers this morning—'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger;' and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings during the day had increased his strength.

"Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands. You are a silly boy. You have had all your trouble for nothing."

"No I haven't! I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began:

"Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have 'clean hands' you'll be strong?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford, smiling. "I see you remember what we read this morning—how Job

said, 'The righteous also shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'

"There," cried Harry, "I knew I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can't get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister. That made it far dirtier than if he had been making mud-pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed, and his papa went on:

"When I was a little boy I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing. Picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed, she did; and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Now, John, can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church?' That made his hands very dirty, indeed."

"That was Herod, papa; when he killed James and put Peter into prison."

"Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself from the blame of a very terrible act by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again:

"Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person'?"

“O, that was Pilate, papa,” said Harry, “when he let the people crucify Jesus.”

“Yes, but the stain of sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before ; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great ; we cannot get rid of them, or of their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry ? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean ?”

“God can wash them, papa ; that is what you mean, isn’t it ? because David said, ‘Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.’”

“And Peter,” added John, “asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet, but his hands and his head ; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed.”

“Yes, because, as the Lord said, he was washed already by faith in Christ’s cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed, ‘Create in me a clean heart, O God.’ And I want my dear boys to pray too :

‘Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.’

Then you will have the blessing that is promised to him that ‘hath clean hands and a pure heart ;’ and you will every day grow ‘stronger and stronger’ in the best kind of strength, till you are like those to whom St. John said, ‘I have written unto you, young men because ye are strong.’”

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals a sick girl—MATT. 15. 21-28; MARK 7. 24-30.

JESUS HEALING SICK CHILDREN.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

The child was cured from that very hour.—MATT. 17. 18.
(MARK 7. 24-30.)

THERE are three beautiful stories in the Bible about Jesus healing sick children. A mother who knew that Jesus could heal diseases which no doctor could cure, came to him one day in great trouble and asked him to come to her house and heal her daughter, who had an awful disease,

SOMETHING LIKE BEING CRAZY, ONLY WORSE.

Jesus wanted to see how much she trusted in him, and so at first he seemed not to listen; and then when she asked again, just to see what she would say, he reminded her that such poor Gentile people as she was, were called dogs; and he said, "Shall we take the children's bread and give it to the dogs?" And she was so humble in her heart that she answered, "Even the little dogs eat of the children's crumbs." Jesus saw how much she believed in God and in him, and so he told her that when she got home she would find her daughter well; and she did. Jesus had healed her by a thought. At another time, when Jesus came down from a high mountain, where he had been praying all night, a father brought to him his boy, who had that same awful disease. It made him throw himself into the fire and into the water, and he would fall upon the

ground and wallow around in the mud, and foam at his mouth like a mad dog. The boy had been troubled with this disease from childhood, and no one was able to cure him. When Jesus came toward him, he fell on the ground and rolled about in agony, and then lay still as if he was dead. Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he was cured from that very hour.

At another time a rich man, who was a public officer, a nobleman, came to Jesus in a great hurry, and from a long distance, saying, "Come quickly to my house, for my boy is dying with a fever." Jesus said to him, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." The nobleman quickly started for his home. It was so far that he could not get there until the next day. When he was almost there, his servants came running out to meet him, with glad faces, and said, "Your boy is well." Then the father asked, "What hour did he begin to get better?" And the servants said, "Yesterday, at the seventh hour, the fever left him entirely." And the nobleman remembered that it was just that hour when Jesus, far away, had told him his son was healed.

The reason why Jesus could cure so quickly diseases that no doctors could cure, was because

GOD THAT MADE OUR BODIES WAS IN HIS SOUL.

To-day, although Jesus no longer walks in our streets so that we can see him, yet the same God who was in the heart of Jesus, and could heal men's bodies because he made them at the first, heals most of our diseases to-day. When you get a little scratch on your hand, not enough for the doctor to come, after a few days it gets well of itself. God has made it well by something he has put into the air and into our flesh to make it heal. Even when the doctors come, they can only help God in making us well. If a bone is broken, doctors fasten it close together where it is broken; then God makes it grow one again. If there is a

big gash in the flesh, the doctors sew it together, and then God makes new flesh to grow. So we ought to remember the words which God gave to the people a great many years ago—"I am the Lord that healeth thee."

But there are other

DISEASES WORSE THAN SCRATCHES

and broken bones and fevers and being crazy. There are three diseases of the mouth—lying, swearing and drinking intoxicating liquors. There are diseases of the heart, called anger, hatred, pride and jealousy. There are diseases of the hand, called stealing and fighting. Doctors cannot heal these diseases. We have to ask God to cure them, and then help him do it. One man, who often got angry and said bitter words that he was sorry for afterward, was cured of this awful disease by praying every time he found he was getting angry, "Lord Jesus, calm my troubled spirit." Another man cured this disease of anger by thinking, whenever he found himself getting into a passion, how calm and forgiving Jesus was when people wronged him by insulting words or harmful deeds. When you are tempted to use angry words or strike angry blows, stop and think, "Jesus wouldn't do it." The best way to cure anger, and hatred, and jealousy, and pride, and all these sins of the heart, is to pray that God will give us a new heart—patient, kind, lowly—like the heart of Jesus. Our actions will all be right if our hearts are right. If we love God and all that is good, in our hearts, we shall not fight or steal with our hands, or swear or lie with our lips.

Let me tell you how one little boy, who had the terrible disease drunkenness, was cured by the help of Jesus.

A Christian lady had collected a lot of wild street-boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and begun to snore.

“HE’S DRUNK,”

said his ragged little companions, laughing. Of course there was no use in trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterward she saw and questioned him.

“Yes, I was drunk ; that’s a fact,” said Johnny, as frank as could be. “I didn’t mean to let yer see me, ’cause I kind o’ love yer, but I couldn’t help it.”

“Why, Johnny, you shouldn’t say so. You could help it.”

“No ; yer see I’ve got so used to it I can’t stop.”

“O, I am so sorry ! What was it that ever made you begin to drink ?”

“I learnt it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down in Willard Street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gin me the rum and sugar in the bottoms of the glasses for my pay.”

“Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can’t bear to think of it. Won’t you try to give up drinking, if I’ll tell you how you can ?”

Johnny thought a minute. “I don’t b’lieve I could. I’ve got so used to ’t, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here” (putting his hand on his stomach).

There were tears in the gentle teacher’s eyes. Johnny looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

“I—I donno but I’d try, if I thought ’twould make you feel better.”

“God bless you, Johnny ! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you’ll stop drinking, honest and true ?”

There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort. “Yes’m,” he said ; and he drew a long breath. “I’ll promise never to drink no more liquor, for your sake.”

“It ought to be for Jesus’ sake, Johnny.”

“Could he make me keep my promise? You ask him, can’t you?”

Hardly sure of the boy’s meaning, the question was so unexpected, the teacher nevertheless knelt immediately. Johnny knelt, too, and when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would “ask Him himself.”

“Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants ter be good, and don’t never let him drink rum no more. Amen.”

That was Johnny’s prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street-boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, “’cause he kind o’ loved her.” He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man.

Just as a physician feels of your pulse and looks at your tongue, to see if you have any disease, so let us think about our hearts and acts, and see if there be any wicked way in us—wicked thoughts, wicked words, wicked deeds—that we need to ask Jesus to cure. We shall all find something wrong, and then we can hurry to Jesus in prayer, feeling sure that when he was so kind in healing the sick bodies of children when he was on earth, he will cure all our wrongs to-day of thought and word and deed.

“The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
O hear the voice of Jesus.”

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals one of the deaf and dumb—MATT. 15. 29-31; MARK 7. 31-37. Jesus feeds more than four thousand people with seven loaves and a few small fishes—MATT. 15. 32-39; MARK 8. 1-10. The Pharisees wish to see signs and wonders—MATT. 16. 1-4; MARK 8. 11, 12. Jesus warns his friends of evil men—MATT. 16. 4-12; MARK 8. 13-21.

FEEDING OF THE FOUR THOUSAND.

BY REV. B. T. VINCENT, PHILADELPHIA.

[MARK 8. 1-21.]

HERE is a golden chain of five links. It reaches from suffering hunger to bountiful supply. It fastens a needy people to a rich Friend. It leads lost sinners to a mighty Saviour. We must study it, as showing how he will supply our need—for our bodies when we ask him, and it is good for us ; and for our souls when we trust him and do his will. Now see as you study how useful every link in this chain is, and how it would be impossible to do without a single one of them.

1. *Compassion.* Jesus saw the hungry people, and because he was God, and had made the wonderful machinery of the body, he knew what pain came with hunger. But he knew, too, because he was a man and had felt it himself ; for you remember how in the wilderness he was hungry, and though he could turn the stones into bread, yet he *would not*, for he came on earth to suffer as we do, that he might have sorrow with us in our sorrow ; and there is no sufferer in all the wide world for whom he is not sorry.

But he had a greater reason for being sorry for men than because of their bodily hunger, as we see in this lesson, when the Pharisees came out to him with their wicked unbelief ; for them he *sighed deeply*. Think of how your ugly tempers and envies and pride give him pain, too ; for these are worse than bodily hunger. Think how deep his pain for us is ! Like as a great engine shakes the little building it is in, so this Divine love made this human soul to sigh. And afterward, when he was upon the cross, the Divine sympathy did break the human heart ! Such is his

pitying love ; and this is the first link in this wonderful saving chain.

2. *Loaves and Fishes.* Now he could have made bread to fall from heaven as in the wilderness it fell when the Israelites were hungry and had nothing. But this could be only wisely done when there was no other way. This time there was another way, because the disciples had seven loaves and a few little fishes ; not more than a single little lad could carry, for one did carry almost as much in another case where four thousand were fed with five loaves and two fishes.

Now we would have thought, since this was not more than enough for a few people, that Jesus would not have bothered with it, but just have fed the people in his own way. He *did* do it in his *own way* ; and that way was to take what they had and make it enough. So God does in nature when he makes a great harvest grow out of the little seeds ; but he does not bring the harvest without the seeds. So it is with whatever we may have of knowledge and love and will. We may want much of all to make ourselves good and great ; but we might pray a thousand years to God to give us much, and yet he would not so long as we had a little knowledge and a little love and a little will which we would not bring out and give to him to be used in the answer to our prayer. You remember the old fable in which Hercules said to the carter, " Put your own shoulder to the wheel ; Hercules helps them who help themselves." And then his cart came out of the mud.

And we must remember, too, that there is no getting great things done unless we are ready to begin in a small way, as in the use of the little bread and fish toward the feeding of four thousand. We must bring out *our best*, little and weak though it may be. The second link in the helpful chain.

3. *Blessing.* But suppose we do use the little we have ;

it will soon be used up, and that will be the end of it. These seven loaves and few fishes would only have fed a half-dozen hungry people, and the thousands remained as hungry as before. Ah, there was another thing to be done of great importance. This food was to come under the hand of Jesus. God was to be thanked for it, and to be owned as the giver of it, and to be asked to make it worth something. An old book of the Jews, called the *Talmud*, says : "He that enjoys aught without thanksgiving is as though he robbed God." If this be true (and it seems true), we are thieves if we do not confess him in all we have and in all we do. Let us remember this when we sit at the table and eat our bountiful meals.

But the value of anything is so dependent upon this blessing, that it is more strange still that anybody will fail to secure the blessing. The force of all little things lies in their connections, as when you look at a match, the little splinter does not seem to be worth much ; but when you find it can, by being lighted, connect a train of powder with a mine of gold down in the earth somewhere, you say, "Blessed little match ! you will make me rich." So the delicate little finger that touched the keys of the electric currents which started the powder that blew up the rocks in the East River, New York, some years ago, was not much of a finger, until it was found what connections with great force it could make. A little seed is nothing until you think of earth and sunshine and rain, and then it is blessed with the promises of a hundredfold. So thus we bring our knowledge, and love and wills, and find out how they may be connected with great power. Jesus says this boy or this girl may be somebody—then it is that we are ready for great deeds. One of the early kings in England, when in battle, ordered the praying monks among his enemies to be killed, saying, "Bear they arms against us or no ; they war against us, when they cry against us to

their God." So does prayer make our little mighty. Thus the learning of the Pharisees did them no good while the weak disciples kept close to Jesus, and their weakness was made strength. This is the third link in this beautiful chain.

4. *Work.* Little things, even when blessed, are nothing until put into action. The loaves and fishes only grew when the disciples began to distribute them to the multitude. Then as they broke off piece by piece there was still enough in their hands to go on breaking and giving until all the people were *filled*. The match is nothing but a "blessed" splinter till you strike it; then it makes you rich. The little finger is beautiful, as blessed; but only blows up the rocks when it presses the key. The seed is nothing until you give the sun and rain and earth a chance at it. The farmer cuts up a potato into three or four pieces and plants them, and each answers with a whole mess of royal fellows for baking and eating.

So, always, work must follow hope, and hope will end in the joy of possession. Our knowledge, blessed, must be used, and it will grow; our little love must start out to win its way, and we shall be strong in love; our little wills that shrink from duty often, must be exercised, and soon we shall be heroes in the battle of life, never shrinking, never failing.

But we must work under *command*, as the disciples distributed the bread and fish. It may seem foolish to us as that might have seemed foolish to them. But that is none of our business. Once, on the Hudson River R. R., a station agent received telegraphic orders to turn a switch which would throw a coming freight train into the river! He did it without asking any questions. Now, though strange to him, it was right, for some escaped convicts from Sing Sing Prison had gotten on that engine and loosened it from the train, and were coming down the road

with it. The superintendent ordered the switch turned to give them what they deserved, and to save a coming passenger train from being run upon. We cannot tell whether orders are right or not ; but if God gives them we must obey, for they *must* be right. When you start into a mountain road, it looks as though a hundred yards would end it ; but go that distance and another hundred yards will appear, and so on until you reach the top. So when the handful of food has been given, the hand will be found full again, if *God* gives the order to distribute.

Thus go to work, weak and little though you are, and with the little that you have ; and this is the fourth link in this great chain.

5. *Plenty.* This comes out of little through blessing and work. The multitude were filled, and still there were left seven baskets of fragments ! How wonderful was all this ! And yet not wonderful, when you remember that it was God who did it. It was he who fed Israel with manna and quails ; who kept the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal from failing when she fed the prophet Elijah ; who made the little pot of oil to fill many vessels at the command of Elisha ; and who made this same prophet able to feed a hundred men with twenty barley loaves. And it was he who fed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes ; and indeed what has he not done in wondrous love and power ?

To you and to me he promises like wonders if we trust his *love*, bring to him *what we have*, secure his *blessing* upon it, and go to *work* to use it. All our powers will thus bring forth abundantly. We can overcome sin in ourselves ; we can make ourselves wise and loving and strong ; we can do good even among the worst of people, and make them good and happy.

But we must not seek this power for low motives, as the Pharisees sought after a sign, nor as the disciples after-

ward seemed to think more of the loaves and fishes than of the truth. But we must ask for power that we may do his will and honor him in blessing the world. Then will he do mighty things for us, and by us, for others. And this is the fifth link in this mighty chain.

Now notice that, of these links, three are divine, and two, only, are human; and remember that the three are very long and the two very short; but do not forget that the three without the two would be *no chain at all*. So, too, though Jesus loves and pities, we are to bring our little to him that he may bless it; then we must work with it, as blessed, before the plenty shall come. Then shall we be able to eat of the bread of life ourselves, and be honored with the privilege of handing it to other hungry souls, that they may be filled.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus cures blindness—MARK 8. 22-36. Peter's words about Jesus—MATT. 16. 13-20; MARK 8. 27-30; LUKE 9. 18-21. Jesus foretells his sufferings—MATT. 16. 21-28; MARK 8. 31-33.

SEEING AND CONFESSING JESUS.

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, NEW YORK.

[MARK 8. 22-33.]

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—MATTHEW
16. 16.

OUR lesson to-day contains two stories—one about a man who saw Jesus, and one about a man who confessed that Jesus was the Son of God. It seems that once when Christ was travelling on foot from town to town, he came to Bethsaida. There, some people brought to him a poor blind man. We do not know how long he had been blind.

Perhaps he was *born* blind. These good people knew that Jesus had the power to heal the man if he wanted to. When the Master saw the blind man, he took him by the hand, and led him out of the town. What do you suppose the poor man was thinking of, as Jesus led him by the hand? I presume many thoughts arose in his mind, like these: "Why is he leading me so far away? I wonder whether he will really heal me? I wonder *how* he will cure me?" When they were out of the city, Jesus spit on the man's eyes, and then gently touched them with his hands. He then asked the man whether he could see. The man looked up and said, "I can see men dimly, walking." So the Saviour again touched the man's eyes, and at once he saw everything as clearly as any man could. What a glorious experience that must have been! What a joyful and thankful look that man must have taken on everything around him! But, do you know, I think he must have loved most of all to look at the face of the One who had restored his eyesight to him. I presume, as Jesus looked at the man and he returned the glance, the Saviour smiled quietly with pleasure, and the man's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy. When this man went to his home, do you not suppose that all his friends were amazed to see the change that had come over him? I am sure that household was full of joy and gladness for many a day after that, because of the miracle that Jesus had performed.

Did you ever long to see Jesus yourself? Have you ever thought that you would like to see his kind face, and hear his gentle voice? Has it ever made you sad to feel that he was no longer here on this earth as he used to be? Well, although we cannot see him with our bodily eyes, we can still see him. Some one says, "How can we see him?" I answer, God has given us *three kinds of eyes*. First, there are our *bodily eyes*, which we are all using this minute. Then, besides these, God has given us "*mental*

eyes," with which we can see a good many things. While I was telling you the story of the blind man, did you not seem to see what took place, almost as though you had been there yourself? You did not see the events with bodily sight, but with your mental eyes. Then we have a third kind of eyes. We call them "*spiritual eyes.*" It is with these spiritual eyes that we may look unto Jesus. When David prays to God and says, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," he does not refer to his bodily, but to his spiritual sight. When God says, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," he refers to our inward spiritual eyes. If we want to see him, and find that our spiritual sight is very dim, we can pray and say "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" He will then help us to see him as our personal Saviour and our constant Friend, so that we can say, "whereas I was spiritually blind, now I see."

Soon after Jesus had healed the blind man, he was one day walking along the dusty road with his disciples, when he asked them what men said about him. They answered that some thought he was John the Baptist risen from the dead, and some thought that he was Elijah come back to this world, and some thought he was a prophet. Then Christ asked them what they thought about him. At once Peter spoke up and said, "Thou art the Christ." What did Peter mean by this? He meant to say that he believed that Jesus was the Anointed One of God, whom God had sent to save sinners. St. Matthew tells us that when Peter had made this confession, Jesus told him that he never would have reached that truth unless God himself had revealed it to him. This was not the only time that the disciples confessed that Jesus was the Son of God. All their lives long they openly confessed him as the Son of God, who came to save the world. Because of this confession of theirs, they were persecuted, stoned, whipped,

and many of them even killed. Still they were not ashamed to confess him as their Saviour.

In this they set us a very good example. They only carried out the command of Jesus, who wants all who have "seen him" as their Saviour to confess it before the world. He says, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God." Luke 12. 8, 9. How can we "confess Jesus?" In two ways. We can confess him as our Saviour by our *words* and by our *deeds*. If we truly love him, we ought to confess it in our homes, by our words. We should tell our parents and friends at home what great things the Lord has done for us. We should also join the church of Christ, and there, before God and men, confess that we want to serve him all our lives long. Then we should prove by our deeds that our words are true. He wants us to prove that we love him, by keeping his commandments. It will be useless to confess him with our lips while we refuse to obey him in our lives. That is hypocrisy, and God hates hypocrites. At the same time, if we try to live for him secretly and never in our lives say a word for his cause, we are not doing right. For the Bible says, "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 10. 10.

Do you want two good short prayers, that you can use in connection with this lesson? I will give them to you. First, ask Jesus to open your eyes that you may see him, and then pray, "Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

BIBLE LINK—Jesus urges self-denial—MARK 8. 33-38 ; 9. 1.

THE BAD BARGAIN.

BY REV. E. CORWIN, D.D., RACINE, WIS.

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—MARK 8. 36, 37.

To hear some people talk, you would think that the chief end of man is to glorify himself by getting all the money he can, hoping and expecting to enjoy it forever. And yet, in a world where that is the answer which the daily life of so many gives to the first question of our Shorter Catechism, we every day see men making very bad bargains. They give away what is of great worth, and get back only worthless trash. You pity such a person and say, "It is too bad to be cheated in that way;" or you despise him and say, "What a fool, to throw away a fortune and get back only a trifle!" Do you think a boy ever made a good bargain without being pleased, if not proud, of it? And did one ever make a bad bargain and not feel sorry and ashamed?

Now if your father should see you just ready to make a very foolish trade—giving away what is worth more than ten thousand dollars for what is not worth ten cents—it would be kind in him to warn you against doing so silly a thing. It would be cruel in him not to cry out, "Stop, my child, and think what you are doing. What shall it profit you? What real gain shall it be to get ten cents, if to get it you must lose ten thousand dollars? Everybody

would call you a fool, if to get so little you should give so much." Tell me, then, is it not very kind in your Father in heaven, when He sees you about to make a far more foolish bargain than that, to cry out, "Stop, my child; stop and think, what shall it profit a man or a boy to gain the whole world, if to get it he must lose his own soul?"

I have known many a boy with as fair prospects in life as any of you, who threw them all away to secure some pleasure that was at best but for a moment; and when at so great a loss he had secured it, it was not a real joy after all. He hated it because it cost so much. Go home and ask your father, and he will tell you he has known many a man who was such a fool as to make himself and all who loved him miserable, that he might selfishly satisfy an evil appetite that it would have made him noble and happy to conquer and crush out. Your father has known, if you have not, many a drunkard to waste houses and lands for what was worse than worthless, because it robbed him of his money, his senses, and his good name, and brought sorrow, shame, and ruin to his whole family. I have known a young man so given up to the dreadful vice of gambling, that in spite of his mother's tears and his father's many prayers, he not only wasted all he had already received from his rich parents, but he drew on all he hoped might come to him by and by. And so some who think themselves smart, shrewd men, are often so foolish as to waste not only all there is worth living for in this world, but they throw away all they hope for in the life to come. For that which is no real gain to them if they get it, they risk the loss, not of this short life alone, but of the endless life of joy that they might live after death. That was just what Christ meant when he talked to men about the danger of losing the soul, giving them this short, simple sum to cipher out and think about.

And don't you think it is just as bad for a child as for

a man to make so bad a bargain? The soul of the smallest child is worth more than a million of worlds. Yes, that soul of yours that can think great thoughts that reach further than the stars and run swifter than the lightning; that soul of yours that is the most wonderful of artists, since in an instant it can paint the big dome of the sky all over with pictures that are the likeness of what is in your own mind. That soul of yours that in a moment can see the difference between right and wrong, and can think, when tempted, "Thou God seest me:" that soul of yours which when the body dies is to live on forever: that soul, I say, is worth more than a million worlds. What gain then could it be to you or to anybody to lose such a soul, though this world were made of solid gold, and you might get it all? That is the simple sum in "Profit and Loss" which many a money-king is working out. Think how little of this world's wealth the richest of them can get; and then think for how short a time they can hold even that little. And yet for so small a part of this world, see how they fight like bulls and bears, as though money were all and the soul were nothing. What if, in the life to come, such men shall find themselves among the poorest of the poor, because they lived only to get gold, and left the soul to starve and perish?

But it might not be so sad a thing to make a bad bargain if, after we have made it, we might always have a chance to take it back. Christ, the only Saviour of men, offers freely to save us now; but he says nothing about giving us another chance to be saved in the life beyond. If we do not care to be saved now, we may not have the offer by and by. And so it is of a *lost soul* that it is said, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If once it is lost, how shall he ever buy it back? Now is the accepted, the chosen time; the time when you may accept Christ, and he is willing to accept you. Now is the day of

salvation. This very day, if you will, you may be saved. But some of you may put it off till it is too late. What then would you not give to break a bad bargain, and to buy back a lost soul ?

[*Link and sermon on p. 208 should precede this.*]

BIBLE LINK—Jesus casts out a dumb and deaf demon—MATT. 17. 14-21; MARK 9. 14-29; LUKE 9. 37-43. Jesus again foretells his sufferings—MATT. 17. 22, 23; MARK 9. 30-32; LUKE 9. 43-45. Jesus works the miracle of the tribute money—MATT. 17. 24-27; MARK 9. 33, first part. Jesus teaches humility—MATT. 18. 1-35; MARK 9. 33-50; LUKE 9. 46-50.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

BY REV. L. D. BEVAN, D. D., NEW YORK.

And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them : and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me : and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.—MARK 9. 36.

JESUS CHRIST was very fond of little children, and there are some very beautiful words in the history of our Lord about boys and girls, helping us to know what he thought about them, and what he wished them to be, and what he would like his servants to do for little children. In this passage we see that Christ took a little child and made the child to be a sort of text, and preached a short sermon to his disciples about some things which he wanted them to know. A very wise English poet speaks, in one of his lines, of "sermons" found "in stones." Now, a little boy and a little girl have a great deal more in them than stones. So that we must not wonder if Jesus was able to find a text in a child, and that everybody may learn many lessons from little children.

Now, the great point that I wish you to notice in this

passage of St. Mark, is the fact that Jesus made a child to be a lesson to the disciples ; and from this, all of you boys and girls may ask yourselves, whether you have that in your characters and conduct which would make it possible for Jesus to turn you into texts for sermons. And I am going to ask you to find out with me what our dear Lord thought about children, or what the Bible tells us, in the light of the life and words of Jesus, little children ought to be. We shall not therefore talk about this text only, but, guided by the whole passage, I shall ask you to turn with me to some of the references to children that we can find in the life of Jesus, and thus gather the whole sermon that Jesus would preach about a little child which he might set in the midst of us, and from whom he would have us, like the disciples, learn lessons. We shall then see what was our Lord's *idea of a little child*.

The first thing we learn is that Jesus was once a little child himself. If you will read the second chapter of Matthew, and the second chapter of Luke, you will see the story of the birth and earliest years of our Lord. He was a little baby in the cradle, and in his mother's arms. He was tender and helpless, and needed all care and attention, like any other little baby. He had to be protected from those who would injure him. He had to be watched and nursed by the loving eye and hand of his dear mother Mary. And yet that little baby was the Son of God. Angels sang about him, and wise men came from far to see him. And the best people and the holiest people of the time were glad to take him in their arms, and felt that he was sacred and divine.

Now, you must not think that all this was simply because he was God's son, for he came into the world not only to live a good life and do great works and to die for our sins, but he came also that he might—by taking upon him every condition that men can be in—show how beau-

tiful human life might be, how precious was every sort of human state, and that every person in his own special circumstance might be taught the value of his life, because the Son of God had shared it. Hence, when we see a little baby, let us remember that Jesus was once a baby; that it was possible for one little child to be not only his mother's child but also God's child; and what was possible in his case is possible in every other case. Let us be gentle, then, and loving and helpful to little children, for Jesus was once a little child.

Connected with the childhood of Jesus there is a passage which always seems to me to be very touching and suggestive. You will find it in Matthew 2. 16-18. Herod wanted to kill the new-born Jesus; and as he could not find out where he was, he gave orders that the little boys in Bethlehem up to two years old should all be killed. He hoped that among them the "King of the Jews" would be destroyed. And the wicked order was carried out. So it came about that the first people to suffer for the sake of Jesus were little babies. Sometimes we call Stephen the first martyr. It seems to me that the little infants of Bethlehem who were murdered because of Jesus, were really the first martyrs. Hence the honor of first suffering in Christ's cause belongs to some little babies. We do not know their names, but we are sure they are all known in God's book. We cannot tell where were their homes. But they have all had glorious seats in heaven, and we cannot wonder that Jesus loved little children, and was kind to them, and spoke great and glorious words about them, and forever takes care of little babies, and gathers them in his bosom, and saves them all. So, whenever I see a little baby suffering, I always think of those who shed their blood in Bethlehem, and I am sure, even though I cannot see the special reason of the suffering, that it is in some way for Jesus' sake, and that he will take care to turn it all into

blessing ; and even should the dear little infant die, it will be only as a martyr—a witness for Christ—and it shall receive the crown which Jesus gives to those who suffer for his sake.

And what sort of a child did the little Jesus grow up to be ? Luke will tell you, if you turn to the fortieth verse of the second chapter, and read the passage on to the end of the chapter. As a little baby “ he grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.” When a boy of twelve he went up to Jerusalem, and when his parents missed him on their return from the feast, they went back to the city and found him in the temple among the wise and good men, “ hearing them and asking them questions.” And when his mother wanted to know why he had let them go away without him, he asked her if she did not know that he had to be about the business of his Father, that is, of God ; showing that even at that age he recognized the claim of religion, and was ready to do the work which God had given him. And then, finally, notwithstanding that he was a learned and a very wise boy—apparently even then knowing far more, and feeling far more deeply than even his mother could understand—he went back to his home and was obedient to his parents, and there went on growing in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man. There we have, then, a beautiful picture of what a child should be. There is the growth of the body and the mind, and with that, the soul getting strong, and pure, and godly. The little boy loves God and serves him, and yet he is gentle and orderly and submits to those who are appointed to be his teachers and his guides. You may learn here, that not only is a little baby a very precious thing because Jesus was a baby, but also a boy or a girl may serve God and ought to serve him, and Jesus set you the example and shows you how you may follow it. You will sometimes hear people talk

about the God-man Jesus Christ. We must remember that there was also the God-child and the God-boy, and Jesus was this in order that our childhood and our boyhood may become divine also. Jesus preached a sermon from a little child as a text. If we want to know what a child ought to be, in order that it might be the most fitting text, we must learn what the child Jesus was, and all, by God's help, try to be like him.

Having seen what Jesus was as a child, let us now find out what he said about children. Please turn to your Bibles and find the tenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel and the fourteenth verse, and there you will read that when the disciples rebuked some women, who were bringing their children to Jesus that he might bless them, that Jesus told the disciples not to prevent the women from coming, and added, "suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Here, then, our Lord gives a special right to boys and girls to come to him, and even adds that those who are to be the subjects of his kingdom must become like children. Now we know that he cannot here refer to the naughtiness of the young, but to those qualities in children which make them sweet and beautiful. A little child is naturally and properly, truthful. It does not know how to conceal things. It is affectionate, ready to make friends, soon forgetting what is troublesome and painful. A little child can learn very quickly, and is teachable. A child is simple and truthful and believes very early. Now, these are the characteristics that are wanted by Christ in his kingdom, and it would be indeed a sad thing if little children, who are supposed to be like this naturally, did not possess these qualities. We should call it unnatural, and we should suppose that something very sad and dreadful had happened to the soul of such an unchildlike child. To be selfish and greedy, and sulky and revengeful—to be un-

willing to learn, and to be very rough and to make a great deal of himself, and to be disobedient, and to be a liar, and to be untrusting and unloving—all these things would be contrary to childhood, such childhood as Jesus desired, such childhood as he said belonged to his disciples, such childhood as was that of the Lord himself.

This teaches us then what children ought to be whom Christ invites to come to him. He will help them to be like this. It will be very easy for them to show these characters, if they come to him. How happy are the boys and girls who accept the invitation and obey the Lord!

And then, in our text we see how Jesus took a child and set him in the midst of them. Perhaps the little boy was frightened at first, for, it is added, that Christ “took him in his arms.” I am quite sure that when the child looked up into that loving face, and felt that tender hold, and heard the loving words which the Lord would speak, he would lose all his fear, and nestle down upon the bosom of Christ, and be quite at his ease, even in the presence of those grave and serious disciples who were around him.

And what was the lesson that Jesus taught when he took the child for his text? The disciples had been contending with one another who should be first in the grand kingdom which they thought their Master was going to set up. So Jesus told them that if any man wanted to be first, he must be willing to be last, and to serve everybody. Honor in his kingdom was not like the honor of the world—where that man is reckoned most noble who has the largest number of people whom he can compel to serve him; but that man is most noble, with the nobility of Jesus, who does most to help other people and thinks least about himself. Glory for the servant of Jesus Christ does not depend upon the magnificence and wealth, and splendor of the object that he seeks, but in the spirit with which he seeks it. That spirit must be the desire to serve

and glorify Jesus Christ ; so that if a man should be kind to such a little child as that which Christ had in his arms, for the sake of Jesus, it would be like being kind to Christ ; and that, Christ said further, was honor to God himself. And again, in the forty-second verse Jesus adds, that nothing could be a greater or more woful wickedness than to offend—that is, to make to fall, one of these little ones who believe in Christ. We learn, therefore, what value Jesus Christ set upon children. But then, remember, it was not simply because they were children, but because they were children who loved him and believed in him. I wonder whether some little boy or little girl would not be very glad and even proud to have had Christ notice them as he noticed this little fellow of whom our text speaks ? I am sure you all would be. Ah ! then do not forget that such honor you each may now have ; for the child was noticed by Christ and used by Christ, because it believed in him ; and such belief every one of you may this very moment exercise, and so be reckoned among those blessed children whom Christ receives, and of whom the kingdom of heaven consists.

Time will not allow me to refer to some other passages, but there is one that I must just mention before I close. You will find it in St. Matthew 21. 15, 16. The children were crying out in the temple “ Hosanna to the son of David.” They had probably seen the procession of the disciples and the people, who had accompanied Jesus when he rode into the city upon the foal of an ass. They had been excited by the enthusiasm shown in the city by the crowds who were there gathered ; and when they were told that this man was the prophet whom they had been taught to expect, and indeed the son and heir of King David, they began to call out, “ Hosanna ! Hosanna ! ” which was very displeasing to the Pharisees, and they complained to Jesus because he allowed the children to give him that great and

sacred title. And Christ replied, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (that is, God enables little children to render to him the most fitting praise), so justifying and accepting what these children said. Now, is not that another good lesson for you boys and girls to learn? We have seen what sort of children Jesus Christ would have you to be. Surely there is not one of you who will not be willing to serve him and possess the character he requires, when you know that God is most pleased with the hosannas that children can raise. For children to serve God, it is clear that he intends them to be happy, for people only cry hosanna when they feel very glad. If the life of the Christian child is a glad life, and if to be a Christian child gives great joy to God, then indeed there cannot be one of you who for your own sake and for the sake of God and Christ, will not be willing to serve God and love Jesus.

I have sometimes wondered what became of this little boy whom Jesus took for a text, in order to preach a sermon to his disciples. What sort of a man did he grow up? Was he a good man, perhaps one of the early preachers of the Lord, one of the planters of the gospel in the world; or did he become a hater of Christ, opposing his truth and perhaps blaspheming his name? We do not know. Our curiosity is not satisfied. This little fellow just appears for a moment and then passes away, and we hear nothing more of him. We will at all events hope for the best, and trust that he grew up as if he were always in the arms of Jesus Christ. But, at least, of some of you, dear children, need we have any doubt. If you are only willing, and will trust and serve Jesus faithfully, you shall be always safe in his care and kept for his glory. Then it will be your honor not indeed to be placed in the midst of our Lord's apostles, that they might be rebuked and taught, but to be presented before them, and to be with them in

that glory and happiness which they have received from their Master, and which he will give to all those who are his faithful servants, in the heavenly kingdom of God.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus is transfigured so that his face shines like the sun—MATT. 17. 1-13; MARK 9. 2-13; LUKE 9. 28-36.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY REV. L. D. BEVAN, D.D., NEW YORK.

MARK 9. 2-10.

THIS passage contains the narrative of what we call "the Transfiguration of our Lord." It is one of the most wonderful incidents in his life, and you must notice, first of all, how very short the story is. The Bible does not say a great deal about the most important events of the life of Jesus Christ, if they are also very strange and out of the common. It is not like other books, which dwell long upon extraordinary events, and give a great many details, for God's Word was written not that you might be surprised, and marvel, and grow very curious, but that you may believe in Jesus Christ, who is the chief subject of all Holy Scripture.

And then you will see that the transfiguration of Jesus was not seen by everybody. All the disciples even, were not allowed to behold the exceeding glory. I suppose, all were not fit for it, or perhaps these three who saw it deserved some special favor more than the others, or we were to learn that God does give some peculiar blessings to some men which others do not receive, although all men can have the salvation of their souls, if they will accept it from God.

These three were the peculiar friends of Jesus Christ. He took them with him when he raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. They accompanied him to the gar-

den of Gethsemane, and it was these who were with him when he was transfigured.

You see where they went. "Up into a high mountain, apart by themselves." We must sometimes go away from the places where we meet men, and carry on the duties of every-day life. We must leave the world a long way beneath us, that either alone or in company with a few friends who think and feel as we do, we may seek for some special sign of God's grace, something that will make us very happy, and help us when it is all over to be better servants of Christ, and more able to do good to our fellow-men. It need not be a high mountain, for we cannot always go to a high mountain. It need not be a lonely forest, for perhaps we live in a crowded city. It need not be by the side of the sea, for our life may be spent far away inland. But we can find some quiet place in our own chambers, or in some room in the church. The place does not matter much. The great thing is to have Jesus Christ with us, and then we may be sure that we shall have some great blessing, and Jesus Christ will always be with us if we ask him, for he has given that promise to all those who love and seek him.

I dare say you would like to know what the transfiguration was like. We can only tell what Scripture has said. The face of Jesus became very bright. It shone like the sun. And the clothes of Jesus glistened most gloriously, I suppose, as if they had been made of the finest silver thread, and spangled all over with the purest diamonds. You have seen the snow just after it has fallen, when the sun has come out and shone upon it. It sparkles and shines and glistens so that you can hardly look at it. The clothes of Jesus, Mark tells us, were like that snow.

And what made him to be thus transfigured? I do not think that it was any glory from outside shining upon him. It was the glory that was in Jesus Christ, which

burst out through the body which as a man he possessed, and filled the disciples with such wonder and astonishment. For you know that the Son of God dwelt in human flesh in Jesus Christ, and the body which men saw, who lived when Christ lived, and knew him, was a sort of veil hiding the glory which he really possessed. God has given us eyes to see with, and we see very many beautiful and wonderful objects in the world. But we see only a very small part of what there is really in the universe. We could not bear to look upon everything that God has made, in the light which God could make to shine upon it. And so Jesus Christ covered with his body the beautiful light and the heavenly glory which always shine from his divine person. But at the transfiguration this light, like the shining of a candle through the sides of a lanthorn, broke through the body of Jesus and astonished and almost overwhelmed the disciples who saw it. How glorious it would be to see Jesus Christ like that ! Who would not be glad to be allowed such a sight ! And yet I am afraid some of you are not getting ready to see the light of Christ's glory, which we are promised by God we shall see if we will believe in him and love him and serve him. In heaven, Jesus is always shining in a glory greater even than that of his transfiguration, and if you will be his dear children, you shall all see that glory, and be very glad to be always in its presence.

But the disciples did not only see their Lord transfigured. There came two persons out of the world of spirits, and they talked with Christ. They were Moses and Elias, or Elijah. Moses was the founder of the religion of the Jews, who gave them their laws, and told them how they were to serve God. Elijah was the greatest prophet who had ever appeared to the people and spoke to them in the name of Jehovah. Of course, they had died and passed away from earth many many years before. Moses died and

God buried him, no body knew where. Elijah did not die, but was taken up to heaven, God thus showing how good and great a man he was. And now they were sent back to the earth, that they might speak to Jesus, and that we might know that the great work which each of them did upon earth was in some way to prepare for the greater work of our Lord, and also that we might learn that the salvation of man by Jesus Christ was something so important that even the blessed dead, the glorified spirits of the unseen world, were interested in it. For if you will turn to the account of the transfiguration given by St. Luke, you will see that the two spirits from heaven and Jesus Christ were talking about the death which Jesus was about to die in Jerusalem. It was surely then the most important thing in the world, for heavenly beings when they returned to earth would not converse upon anything but that which was of greatest moment. And yet there are some people who think very little, or even nothing at all, about Jesus Christ's death. We may be sure that if Moses and Elijah and Jesus made that death the subject of their talk, we ought to think about it, and learn what it means, and find out whether it is not of the most vital importance to ourselves.

And perhaps there is another lesson which we may learn here. We think sometimes that heaven is very far away from us, and what we call the world of spirits is quite beyond our reach. Not at all. It is close by. It is all around us, and if God willed it, he could show us in a moment all the glories of that wonderful life to which he has taken those who have died. And you see, they are interested in things of the earth, if Jesus Christ has anything to do with these things. His death, from which we get our salvation, is a matter that the blessed dead think about; and surely our salvation and our good life, which springs from the death of Jesus, will therefore be interesting to those we

love, who are gone before us to be with God. Fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters and friends, who have died, do not forget us ; and I do not think that they are parted from us by any very great distance. If Moses and Elijah could come and talk with Christ, perhaps our living ones may come and watch, and, may be, help us too. At all events, we will think of them very tenderly and softly, as if they were close by, and live always as if we were in the presence and under the eye of the holy and the happy dead.

Then came the greatest wonder of all. A cloud overshadowed them, and the disciples heard a voice out of the cloud which said, "This is my beloved son ; hear him." Whose voice do you suppose that was ? Why, of course, the voice of God. How awful must that place have seemed then to Peter and James and John ! As if it were not enough that they should see the glory of Jesus, and the saintly forms of the great lawgiver and the holy prophet ; but that there should be the further witness to the truth and the claim of Jesus, namely, the voice of God himself. It was only a short sentence that God spake. One declaration and one command. The declaration was that Christ was His beloved son, and the command was, "Hear him." Let that then be the closing lesson and appeal of my words to you. It is not I who tell you that Christ was God's son. It is not Moses and the prophets that proclaim the Saviour to you. It is not Peter and John and James who as apostles preach the gospel. But it is God himself. He says that Jesus is His beloved son. God himself commands you to hear Jesus. Then surely you will honor him as the Son of God. You will give the answer of your love to Him who kept not back even the Son whom He loved so much ; and when Jesus speaks you will listen and learn, and trust him. Then you, too, will see a glory of the dear Lord's as much greater than the glory which the apostles saw upon the mountain of Transfiguration, as that

glory was itself greater than the usual human appearance of Jesus Christ.

BIBLE LINK—Seventy disciples are sent out to preach and work miracles—LUKE 10. 1-16. Jesus goes to Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles—JOHN 7. 2-53. A woman taken in adultery is brought to Jesus—JOHN 8. 2-11. Discourses of Jesus—JOHN 8. 12-59. A blind man healed—JOHN 9. 1-41; 10. 1-21. The seventy disciples return and report what they have done—LUKE 10. 17-24. The story of the good Samaritan—LUKE 10. 25-37. The disciples are again taught how to pray—LUKE 11. 1-13. Jesus heals a woman who has been an invalid for eighteen years—LUKE 13. 10-21. What Jesus said in reply to the question, Are there few that be saved?—LUKE 13. 22-35. Jesus eats with a Pharisee—LUKE 14. 1-24. Jesus speaks of the difficulties of a Christian life—LUKE 14. 25-35. Jesus speaks of his work for those who are very sinful—LUKE 15. 1-32. The story of the unjust steward—LUKE 16. 1-31. Jesus instructs his disciples—LUKE 17. 1-10. A Samaritan village refuses food to Jesus—LUKE 17. 11; 9. 51-56.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals seven lepers—LUKE 17. 12-19. Teachings of Jesus—LUKE 17. 20-37; 18. 1-14. Jesus is received by Martha and Mary at their home in Bethany—LUKE 10. 38-42. Jesus keeps a feast at Jerusalem—JOHN 10. 22-39. Jesus goes to Bethany beyond Jordan—(JOHN 1. 28), JOHN 10. 40-42. Jesus raises his friend Lazarus from the dead—JOHN 11. 1-54.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

I am the Resurrection.—JOHN 11. 25.

THESE words were spoken by Jesus to Martha, the sister of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved. He generally made his home at their house in Bethlehem, when he was at Jerusalem. Lazarus was dead, and had been buried four days before. But Jesus was going to raise him from the dead. How he did this we saw in our last sermon. And now he

wished to comfort Martha by telling her that he had the power to raise the dead. This was what he meant when he said, "I am the Resurrection." The resurrection means raising the dead to life again. Jesus wished Martha to know that he had the power to do this. And he proved the truth of what he said directly after. For he went with the weeping sisters, Martha and Mary, to the grave of their dead brother. "It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, 'Take ye away the stone.'" Some of the men rolled it away. There is the open cave. We can look in and see the dead man lying there. The Jews did not use coffins as we do. They simply wrapped their dead in grave-clothes. Jesus stands by the open grave, and says, in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" And in a moment the dead man starts into life, and walks forth from the grave. How well Jesus might say, "*I am the Resurrection!*"

And he was not only the resurrection to others—as to Lazarus, to the daughter of Jairus, and to the widow's son at Nain—but he was the resurrection to himself also. He said to the Jews, when speaking of his own life: "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again" (John 10. 18). And so, though after he had been put to death on the cross and was buried, death could not keep him. On the morning of the third day he restored himself to life. He rose from the dead by his own power. He was the resurrection to himself. He came forth from the grave to die no more. As the apostle says, "Death hath no more dominion over him." And from the very earliest times large proportions of the Christian church have kept Easter Sunday as a glad festival, in memory of the resurrection of Jesus. And we may well rejoice when we think that Jesus has risen from the dead. For, if Jesus had not risen, we should never rise. But when

Jesus rose from the dead and came forth from the grave, he proved that he had power to raise you and me, and all of us, from the grave. And this is what he meant when he said, "*I am the Resurrection.*" He intended we should learn from this that he has the power which is necessary to enable him to raise all the dead to life again, and that he will do this when the time comes that God has fixed for it. Every grave will one day be opened, and every dead person be made alive again. What Jesus wants us to know is that he has the power to do this. And this is what he teaches us when he says, "*I am the Resurrection.*" And so we may well say, in the language of the Apostles' Creed, "*I believe in the resurrection of the dead.*"

In this sermon we are called upon to look at the beauty of the King's work, as it is seen in the resurrection.

It is not the resurrection of Jesus that we are now to speak about, but our own resurrection—the resurrection of all people ; or, as we say, the *general resurrection*. There are two thoughts about the resurrection to be remembered, and in both of these we shall see the beauty of the King's work.

The first thought to be remembered in connection with the resurrection is—that it is **VERY CERTAIN**.

And there are two things which show how certain it is. One of these is what God teaches us about it *outside of the Bible*, and the other what he teaches us about it *inside of the Bible*. Outside of the Bible God speaks to us, and teaches us many important things. The world of nature around us is like a great book, in which God is speaking to us all the time. And there are many things here that seem to speak to us of the resurrection. *DAY and NIGHT speak to us about it*. When evening comes and the sun sets in the west, then it may be said that the day dies. Night is the grave in which the day is buried. And when

the sun rises again in the morning, it is the resurrection of the day.

And then *the SEASONS of the year speak to us about the resurrection.* In the spring-time the year is young. In summer the year is of age. In autumn the year grows old. In winter it dies. Winter is the grave in which the year is buried. And when spring comes back again, it brings the resurrection of the year. Then the trees begin to bud, and put forth their fresh leaves; "the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." And in all these things God speaks to us about the resurrection.

The INSECTS speak to us about the resurrection. Here is a caterpillar. He spends his days in going about as a creeping thing. But when he comes to be an old caterpillar, and his crawling days are over, he weaves for himself a cocoon, which is like a little coffin. Then he lies down to take a long sleep. It seems as if he was dead. He remains there awhile, like a body that has been buried in the grave. But after a long time has passed by, that coffin opens, and the worm, or caterpillar, that seemed to be dead, comes out from its little coffin wondrously changed. It is turned into a butterfly. And no king upon his throne was ever so beautifully dressed as he is now. Look at his wings. Did you ever see such brilliant colors? How they glitter in golden glories as he flits about in the beams of the sun! And so every butterfly that we see in the bright summer days, is a little minister that God sends to preach to us about the resurrection.

The FROGS speak to us on this subject. Suppose we make a visit to the frog pond. There are plenty of frogs in it, and we hear them in different keys, uttering their hoarse, loud sounds, and singing bass. This is the part they take in the great hymn which nature is always singing to the glory of God. When winter comes they disappear. But

they cannot fly as the birds do, to find a warmer climate till the cold weather is over. And so, in His goodness, God provides them with convenient and comfortable winter quarters in the pond where they live. They go to the bottom of the pond and bury themselves in the mud. There they remain, without either sense or feeling. It seems like sleep, or more like death, only they do not decay, as dead things do. In this state they remain all winter. And now spring returns. The weather grows pleasant again. Some mild day in early spring we have a warm rain, and there is thunder with the rain. As the loud peals of thunder are heard sounding through the sky, like the archangel's trumpet of the last day, they wake up the frogs from their death-like sleep, and then the croaking for another season begins again. And so, when we hear the familiar sounds they make, we may well say that God is making use of the hoarse voices of the frogs to speak to us of the resurrection.

These are some of the ways in which God speaks to us about the resurrection, outside of the Bible.

But it is *in the Bible* that he speaks most plainly to us on this subject. Nothing in the world is more certain than that Jesus rose again from the dead. But God tells us that it is just as certain *we* shall rise from the dead, as it is that Jesus did rise. If you wish to read what God says on this subject, you will find it in the fifteenth chapter of the first Corinthians, from the twentieth to the twenty-second verse: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, *even so in Christ shall all be made alive.*" When it says here "All shall be made alive," it means that all shall be raised from the dead. This makes the resurrection certain. This is enough to settle the matter, if there was nothing else in the Bible about it. But

there is something else. There is one passage in which Jesus himself speaks about it. His words are so clear and so strong, that they should remove all doubt about the resurrection. I refer now to John 5. 28. Here Jesus says : " Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming in the which *all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth.*" This is enough. This makes it so sure that nothing more need be said on this point.

The other thought about the resurrection is that it will be **VERY WONDERFUL.**

There will be many wonders about the resurrection. The change itself of a dead thing, no matter what it is, to a live one, must always be wonderful. Here, for example, is a walking-stick. It is dead and dry. These little marks upon it show where the branches were growing on it when it was alive. Now suppose, as I hold it in my hand, this dead stick should come to life again. Suppose that each of these places where the branches used to be should swell out and bud, and put forth leaves, and that the bark should begin to grow over the outside of this cane, and roots should spring out from the bottom of it, and from being a dead stick it should become at once a live young tree. How very wonderful this would be ! Or, supposing that you and I were walking together in a cemetery. We come to an open grave. We stand at the edge of the grave and look down. There is a coffin at the bottom of the grave. It was put there many years ago. The lid of the coffin has been taken off. The body in the coffin has turned to dust. Only the bones of the skeleton remain in the coffin. There they lie just as they were left when the mouldering flesh fell from them. Every bone is in its place. But they are all loose. There is nothing to hold them together. But suppose that, while we are looking at it, the sinews, or strings, that once bound those bones together, should come back

and bind them to each other again. And then suppose that we should see the flesh begin to grow all over those bones. Then the skin comes and covers the flesh. The hair grows out on the head. The mouth, the nose, the ears, the eyes are in their proper places. And inside the body is the breast, with all its wonderful contrivances. It begins to beat again. The lungs begin to breathe. The bosom rises and falls. The paleness of death leaves the cheeks, and the rosy hue of health takes its place. The eyes open. The man rises to his feet and leaps out of the grave a strong, hearty, living man. How very wonderful this would be. To see *one* such change as this would be wonderful. But at the time of the resurrection there will be not one, nor a few such changes, but hundreds, and thousands, and millions of them. Every grave in all our crowded cemeteries will be opened then. No matter where any body has been buried, or whether it has been buried at all, it must rise from the dead. How many persons have been drowned in the depths of the sea ! How many have been burned by fire, or devoured by wild beasts ! It makes no difference. God knows where to find all that belongs to every particular body, and how to make it alive again. It was easy for him to make our bodies all out of nothing in the beginning, and it will be easier for him to make them all out of something when he wants to do so. And when we think of this great change taking place in such multitudes of cases, we see how very wonderful the resurrection will be.

And then the resurrection will be very wonderful, too, *in the way of doing it*. Some people are not willing to believe in the resurrection, because they say it is a thing too hard to be done. Now, if you and I had to do it ; if all the men in the world, or all the angels in heaven, had to do it, this would be a good reason for not believing it. It would be too hard for us, and too hard for them. But the

resurrection will be the work of God, and not of men or angels. The *power of God* is that by which it is to be done. And we know that "nothing is too hard for the Lord." "All things are possible with him." Whatever he desires to do he can easily do. And when he begins this work of the resurrection, it will not take him long. The Apostle Paul tells us that it will be done "*in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye*" (1 Cor. 15. 52). When God made the world it was done at his word. "God said, '*Let there be light,*' and there was light" (Gen. 1. 3). David says: "*He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast*" (Ps. 33. 9). And so we are told that he will do this great work of the resurrection. God will send an archangel from heaven to sound a trumpet; and while that trumpet is sounding the voice of God will be heard speaking to all that are in their graves. "They will hear that voice, and will come forth." As St. Paul says: "*The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.*" As Jesus stood by the grave of Lazarus, and called him back to life, so it will be just as if he were standing by your grave, and my grave, and every grave, calling each one by name, to come out from the grave. And every one called will come forth. How wonderful this will be!

And then the resurrection will be wonderful *in the BEAUTY that will mark the bodies of those who are raised*. I cannot tell anything about the bodies of those who are not Christians. But, if we love Jesus, I can tell just how *our* bodies will look when they rise from the grave. Suppose that you and I were standing upon the top of Mount Tabor, if that was the place where Jesus was transfigured. Moses and Elijah have come down from heaven on a visit to him. Look, there is Jesus, sitting on a rock. And see what a change is taking place in his appearance! His clothing becomes as white as snow—whiter than anybody on the earth could make it. His face becomes bright and

shining, like the sun, only still more glorious. And this is the pattern according to which our bodies will be made at the resurrection ; for the apostle says he will “ *change our vile bodies, and make them like unto his own glorious body*” (Phil. 3. 25). And in another place we are told that “ *when he shall appear we shall be like him*” (1 John 3. 2). I suppose our bodies will be in size, and shape, and general appearance very much like what they are now, so that we shall know one another as easily as we do now, only all imperfections will be removed, and they will be made to look perfectly glorious. Suppose you have the image of a little man made of iron or clay, and suppose this image was changed to silver or gold. You could tell it in a moment, as soon as you saw it. And you would be ready to say : “ *Why, only look ! here’s my old clay image turned to gold ! How beautiful it looks !*” And when we think how changed our bodies will be at the resurrection ; when we think what multitudes of these bodies there will be ; when we think of the wonderful way in which this change will be brought about, and of the great beauty that will mark them, we may well say, How wonderful the resurrection will be !

These are the two thoughts we should remember when we think about the resurrection : It is *very certain*, and it will be *very wonderful*. And here we see the beauty of the King’s work.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus is questioned about divorcees—**MATT. 19. 1-12**;
MARK 10. 1-12. Jesus blesses little children—**MATT. 19. 13-15**;
MARK 10. 13-16 ; **LUKE 18. 15-17.**

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—**MARK 10. 14.**

YOU all know the beautiful story about this favorite text of the children. I will give it to you as I once learned it in a little poem :

And they came to him, mothers of Judah,
 Dark-eyed, and in splendor of hair
 Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,
 And bosoms half hidden, half bare ;

And they brought him their babes, and besought him,
 Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
 To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,
 With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands, he said, slowly,
 "Of such is my kingdom ;" and then
 Took the brown little babes in the holy
 White hands of the Saviour of men ;

Held them close to his heart, and caressed them ;
 Put his face down to theirs, as in prayer ;
 Put their hands to his neck, and so blessed them,
 With baby hands hid in his hair.

There were some of Jesus' grown-up friends who thought he would not like to be interrupted when he was teaching the older people and healing their diseases, by having the children come for a blessing ; and so, when they saw the

little ones and their mothers coming, they told them they had better keep back, because Jesus had something more important to do than to attend to little children. But the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." One little girl who understood the meaning of this text, but hadn't quite learned it by heart, tried to say it at a Sunday-school concert, and got it in this way: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and—and—don't any of you stop them from one and all to come." She understood just what it meant, even if she forgot the words. Another little girl repeated it in this way: "Suffer little children to come unto me, because they'll all come straight along, if you don't stop them." There was another little girl who showed that she understood it, too; for when her mother showed her a picture of Jesus blessing little children, in which there was one little girl who didn't seem to want to come, and her mother was pushing her toward the Saviour, Mary's mother said: "That is just what I would have done with you, if you had been there." Mary answered, "I would not be pushed to Jesus. I would go to Jesus without pushing." Jesus knew that the hearts of the children were all ready to come to him, and to let him come into their hearts to be their king and Saviour, and so he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The kingdom of heaven is not made up like our country, of States, but of all the hearts in heaven and in earth that take Jesus to be their king; and the little hearts of the children belong to that kingdom; and so Jesus tells the older people not to stop them "from one and all to come."

This text shows us for one thing, that Jesus loves the children.

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go to

school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

“My dear,” she asked, “why do you look so sad?”

“Because I am thinking.”

“What are you thinking about?”

“O, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not.”

“Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?”

The little girl repeated the verse, “Suffer little children to come unto me,” which she had learned in school.

“Well, whom is this for?”

In an instant, Carrie clapped her hands for joy, and said, “It is not for you, teacher, is it? For you are not a child. No; it is *for me! for me!*”

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

“Wonderful things in the Bible I see—

This the most wonderful, Jesus loves me.”

The way Mr. Bliss came to write that song was by hearing some one sing, “O how I love Jesus!” He said, “It isn’t wonderful at all that I should love Jesus, who is altogether lovely. The most wonderful thing is that Jesus should love *me* in my sinfulness.” And so he wrote the song about “Jesus loves me.” Remembering that Jesus first loved us is one of the ways to learn to love him back.

A little girl said to a minister one day, “Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?”

He saw that she was in some kind of trouble; so he took her hand and said, “Certainly, my little maiden. What do you want?”

Her lip quivered and tears filled her eyes as she said, “It’s a dreadful thing, but I don’t love Jesus.”

“And how are you going to love him?” asked the minister.

“ I don't know, sir ; I want you to tell me.” She spoke sadly, as if it was something she could never do.

“ Well, John, who loved the Lord almost more than any one else ever did, says, that ‘ we love him because he first loved us.’ Now, if you go home to-night saying in your heart, ‘ *Jesus loves me,*’ I think that to-morrow you will say, ‘ *I love Jesus.*’ ”

She looked up through her tears, and said, very softly, “ *Jesus loves me.*” She began to think about it as well as say it—about his life, and his death on the cross—and began to feel it, too. So she went home. The next evening she came to the minister, and putting both her hands into his, she said, with a very happy face :

“ O sir, I love Jesus to-night, for he does love me so !”

Ought we not all of us to love him who first loved us ?

But I must tell you how you can come to Jesus in these days. When Jesus was on the earth, children ran to him and were led to him by their mothers to be blessed ; but we don't see Jesus with our eyes now, and so we have to come to him on our knees by praying. Every little child that prays to Jesus is sure of being received.

During a great revival, a little girl remained one evening with many others in the inquiry room. The preacher spoke to the others, and when he finished he said to her, “ Well, little girl, isn't it time for you to be in bed ? Are you waiting for any one ?”

“ Yes, sir,” she said, “ I am waiting for mother,” pointing to one of the women. “ Do you think mother will give her heart to Jesus to-night, sir ?”

He was much surprised, and said to the child, whose name was Ada, “ Why, Ada, are you a Christian ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ How long have you been one ?”

“ Ever since last night, sir.”

“ And how was it, Ada ?”

“ Well, sir, last night Mr. Moody was preaching, and he said, ‘ Young man, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night ? Young lady, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night ? ’ And then he said, ‘ Little girl, what are you going to do with Jesus ? ’ and he looked right at *me*. After the meeting was over I wanted to speak to Mr. Moody, but mother was very cross, and dragged me home, and put me to bed ; but when she had gone down stairs I got out of bed again and knelt down and gave my heart right up to Jesus.” He asked her what made her think Jesus had made her his child. Ada answered, “ Because I went to him, and he has promised never to send any one away who comes to him.”

“ Hear now his accents tenderly say,
Will you, my children, come ? ”

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

But Jesus said : Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God.—
MARK 10. 14.

This is one of the texts which we have chosen to write upon our children's church, and as a good number of you are to join the children's church within a few days, I want, this morning, to tell you some things that your church means.

Three years ago there were about twenty boys and girls in the congregation who loved Jesus Christ, and whom I thought I would help by forming a children's church. So I got printed this sheet, which should tell what is meant by such a church. Let me read it.

CHILDREN'S CHURCH, DAVENPORT.

The foundation on which we build.—JOHN 3. 16.

The promise given us.—MATT. 19. 14.

Our Confession.—I love Jesus.

Our Faith.—I trust in Jesus as my own precious Saviour.

Our Repentance.—I will try, by the help of Jesus, to give up everything sinful.

Our Hope.—I want to be more like Jesus every day.

Our Worship.—Daily prayers and reading the Bible. Loving every body. Trying to be good.

MEETINGS OF OUR CHURCH ONCE A MONTH.

Now, if you knew all that older persons do about the truths and doctrines of religion, you could see that this paper has all in it that there is in the older people's belief—that is, all that is needed to make you good Christians. And some of you may say, "Why not have us children all join the real church, then?" I would be glad to have most of you do it; but I have seen that before men plant out trees where they are to stay until they die, they have them grow awhile in what is called a Nursery; and when the little trees are large enough, and straight enough, and strong enough to be dug up and placed on the lawn, they are established for life.

Now, nearly all who made up the children's church three years ago are in their father's and mother's church to-day; and, meanwhile, a large number of younger ones have come along, and they need to have the children's church started again.

Now, what help will it be to any of my young friends to join this little church?

First. You will have the same pastor that the other church has. If it is worth while for the older people to have a minister, it is certainly best that children should. We compare people to sheep, sometimes; and I think men and women are quite like sheep in many ways. If that is

so, children are like lambs ; and I guess a good farmer is more careful of his lambs than he is of the older sheep.

I have compared people to trees ; and I have heard, as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined. If I should live to be pastor of this church twenty years more, some of you children would be my deacons and trustees—pillars in the church, as people call them—so, if I would have straight, strong pillars, I must keep you straight now. What a hard task it is to take crooked sticks and make fair timber of them ! But if we can only have them straight to begin with, we can save a great deal of trouble, and get better results.

My idea of what Christ meant when he said, “Suffer little children,” etc., is that he wanted to have boy-and-girl Christians to make the best men-and-women Christians of. And this leads me to say, in the second place, that you have the same Saviour that the older church has.

I think one of the strangest notions that ever got agoing was that boys and girls all belonged to Satan. Why, a leading Christian man in this town told me that he did not want his boy to become a Christian until he was fourteen or fifteen years old ! The Bible tells us that we belong either to Satan or to God, and I am glad that Jesus said, “Suffer *little* children to come unto me,” and gave as a reason, “for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Jesus is even more tender and loving to the children’s church than to the grown people’s ; and I don’t wonder, for his heart is like that of many a man and woman who will watch, notice, and love little children because they are little. Other and older people may be hungry, cold, and abused, before little children should suffer such things. It is bad enough for an old man to become lame and have to use crutches all his life through ; but how much worse for a little boy to have his leg wither, and know that he can never walk upon it.

Then, in the third place, members of the children's church have the same kind of work to do that members of the large church do. Any one who belongs to either of the churches, agrees to help others and obey God. We all of us will have to work hard to do it. And when a little boy brings a quart pail of water from the spring, or four sticks of wood from the pile, to save his mother's steps, or because he would be a useful Christian boy, he has done just as good an act as the strong man with a pail of water in each hand, or an armful of wood that would break a boy's back.

Then, lastly, children, your little church has the same hope that the greater church has. After a few years all of us, and after a few days some of us, are to go to a better land than this. No one can have a home there unless he has trusted in and loved Jesus, who is that land's king; and when you join your little church you say, and, I hope, feel, that you do trust in that Jesus who is at the head of all true churches—yours as much as the greatest the world has ever seen.

BIBLE LINK—A rich young man asks Jesus how he can secure eternal life—MATT. 19. 16-30; 20. 1-16; MARK 10. 17-31; LUKE 18. 18-30.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

BY REV. ANNA OLIVER, BROOKLYN.

[MARK 10. 17-31.]

I HAVE promised the children a little talk before the regular sermon every Sabbath morning. Our subject to-day is found in the Gospel of Mark, 10th chapter, from the 17th to the 31st verse. It is about a young ruler who

lived when Jesus was on earth. He was what would be called a "good young man." He had kept God's commandments—always doing what he thought to be right. But still he felt in his heart that there was something else necessary before he could have eternal life.

So one day, seeing Jesus come out of a house, and believing that he was a great teacher, this young man ran up to Jesus and very earnestly asked our Lord, what he yet lacked, or what more he ought to do, that he might have eternal life. Now, this young man was very beautiful and interesting, and when Jesus looked at him he loved him. And Jesus, who knows everything, knew that he was very rich. So our Lord told him to give all that he had to the poor, and to come and follow him. But this rich man thought so much of his large, beautiful house, and all the handsome things he had in it, that he felt very sorry to hear Jesus say that he must give them up. And he would not give them up. So we are told that he went away, and did not follow Jesus.

The Lord gives us a great many beautiful things to enjoy, and to use while we are here in this world; but this account of the rich young man teaches us that if we are not willing to give them up, or spend what we have for the Lord's sake, that we will never gain eternal life; that we cannot be followers of Christ; that we are not Christians.

When we love Jesus we are not only *willing* to give up everything to please him, but we are *delighted* to give him ourselves and all we have. It makes us glad to think that the Lord has given us the means to help the poor and sick, and to send the Bible and missionaries to the heathen, to tell them about the One whom we love with our whole hearts, and who died for them and for us. If we do not feel so, it is a sign that we are not Christians.

I will tell you a little story that will show you how easy

and natural it is to give up the very best things we have, for the sake of some one whom we love very much. It is a true story, for I saw and heard myself what I am going to tell you.

One time I was visiting where there was a little girl named Nellie, at play in the room. A set of bright, shining, tin playthings had just been given her. She was perfectly delighted with them, and no wonder ; for there were plates and dishes and knives and forks and little pans, as bright as though they were made of silver. And in Nellie's eyes they were as precious as silver and gold and jewels would be to others.

Now, several of us in the room wanted Nellie to talk to us, or look up at us. You know every one enjoys talking to good little children. But Nellie was seated on the floor, with a stick of candy in one hand, and the other busy with her pretty playthings, and we could not get her attention at all.

I must tell you that Nellie's mother had been away from home for some time, and her little girl had not seen her. While we were talking among ourselves, and had quite forgotten Nellie, and while Nellie's eyes and thoughts were all engrossed with her bright toys, the door opened and her mamma entered. At once Nellie sprang up, left her pretty things, dropped her candy on the floor, and with her sticky hands was clinging round her mother's neck. You see she loved her mother more than her playthings, so she left them for her mother. She did not love us as much as she loved her toys, so we could not coax her to leave them. But when she saw her mother, she was glad to leave them. She forgot them. She had found what she cared more about, and her little heart was full of joy as she nestled in her mother's arms.

It was, perhaps, an hour before she remembered her playthings. And what do you suppose she did then ?

Why, she gathered them in her apron, as best she could, and poured them into her mother's lap, saying,

“O, mamma, see! beautiful!
I dive 'um all to 'ou.”

So, if the rich young man had loved Jesus, he would have found greater delight in following him, and even suffering for his sake, than in all his riches. If you are a true Christian you will never find it hard to spend your money for the poor, or in any way that will do good. To give the best you have and all you have to the blessed Lord will make you happy, just as little Nellie was delighted to pour all her playthings into her mother's lap.

Some persons think they cannot give up so much for Jesus; that they cannot live without their riches, or their pleasures, or without having their own way; and they go off sorrowful, like the young man, and never follow Jesus. But if they loved the Lord as Nellie loved her mother, they would find that they were happier with him as their Saviour, than any riches could make them. That is the reason that the poorest Christian is happier even in this world, than the richest man who has nothing but his houses and money to live for. And, beside our satisfaction in religion here, if we follow Jesus, he will lead us at last to mansions in heaven—those beautiful houses that he will give us there to live in forever, that shine brighter than the sun.

Now, dear children, please pay good attention to what is said to the older persons, and you will understand a great deal more about this subject.

[Miss Oliver preaches the five-minute sermon to children each Sunday morning, on the same topic which she afterwards expounds more fully to the whole congregation.]

BIBLE LINK—Jesus again foretells his sufferings—MATT. 20. 17-19 ; MARK 10. 31-34 ; LUKE 18. 31-34. The ambitious office-seeking of James and John—MATT. 20. 20-28 ; MARK 10. 35-45.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, NEW YORK.

[MARK 10. 32-45.]

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—MARK 8. 45.

TOWARDS the close of Jesus' life, he and his disciples went up to Jerusalem, where he was to be crucified. On the way the Saviour told them of the things which were going to happen there. The apostles did not fully understand what he meant, for although they believed that Jesus was the Messiah, they could not understand how it was possible for the Messiah to be crucified. They had not at all grasped the truth that Jesus could only be a Saviour by humbling himself even unto death. Soon after this James and John came to him, and begged that when he set up his kingdom in this world, he would give them the privilege of sitting on his right hand and on his left. This request shows that pride was in their hearts. They wanted to be exalted above the rest of the disciples. When the other disciples heard this they got angry, for they thought James and John were no better than they, and had no right to ask any such favor of Jesus. There would have been a regular quarrel then and there, had not Jesus at once interfered and told them that in his kingdom the way to be great, was first to be small, and the way to be exalted was by being willing to be abased. He said that the greatest

man was not he who wanted all others to serve him, but he who was willing to serve everybody else.

Then he pointed them to his own example, and showed them how he was willing to help and save even his enemies. To-day let us look at the example of suffering and service which Jesus set us. In order to help us in this, we will ask three questions.

Question 1.— *Where was Jesus before he came to this earth?* He was in heaven. He did not *begin to live* when he came into this world as we do. He always had been in heaven, and there angels had worshipped him, and were glad to obey his commands. There everybody honored him even as they honored God the Father. He was never scoffed at nor mocked up yonder, and never suffered any pain or grief. We cannot begin to conceive what glory and bliss surrounded him while he was in heaven. If you want to have a faint conception of the glory of that home of the Saviour, read the last two chapters of Revelation, where it tells all about the city of gold, with its gates of pearl and its foundations of precious stones. No pain, no sickness, no tears, no death, ever entered there, for all was life and light and joy. That was the place where Jesus Christ had always lived before he came to this world.

Question 2.— *What did the Saviour suffer when he came to this earth?* He had to lay aside all his glory and come here as a little helpless babe. We cannot understand how it is possible, and yet we know that the glorious Son of God, who always had been in heaven with his Father, became a little babe, just like the little ones we see in our homes, and then he lived for thirty years a life of poverty and of hard toil. He who had been ruler in heaven, on earth was obedient to his earthly parents. He who had created the world, earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. He whom myriads of angels had always been ready to serve, now became a servant himself and worked

for daily wages. But he suffered more than this. For when he began to tell men the truth about God, then they began to hate him. The more he told them about God and heaven and the way to get there, the more they disliked him. In spite of the fact that he never injured any one, but only helped all who cried to him, the Pharisees made up their minds to kill him. And when at last they arrested the Master, they killed him in the most cruel way they could. They laid him on a cross and drove nails through his hands and his feet, and then left him there to die. No one ever was exalted above Christ when he was in heaven, and no one ever stooped as low as he did when he was on earth.

Question 3.—*Why did Jesus humble himself in this way?* He did it in order that he might save sinners. He was not in any way *obliged* to humble himself. No one had a right to *claim* this service from him, and no one was strong enough to *compel* him to come to this earth. But though no one could force him to come, his *love for us* led him to hasten down in order that he might save us. The Bible tells us that we are sinners and must suffer for our sins unless some one can take our place. Now, no one could take our place and suffer for our sins but Jesus, the Son of God. If he had refused to come down from heaven to suffer for us, we should all have been lost. But he loved us, and therefore was quite willing to make the sacrifice. *For our sakes* he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He came not to get good, but to do good. He came not to enjoy himself, but to suffer. He came not to save his life, but to lose it for our sakes. Whenever we think of the cross, and of Christ nailed to it, we ought always to realize that we deserved to bear the punishment of our sins, but that Jesus bore the *penalty for us*. This thought should fill us with joy and love to him. Then, if we love him, we shall try and follow his example, who,

though in heaven he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. To this the apostle exhorts us when he says, "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." If we would only follow the Master's example in this, how many quarrels between brothers and sisters would cease! How much bitterness of feeling and disappointment would be done away with, for men would not try to be great any more, but would be content with being the last and the least.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus heals two blind men near Jericho—MATT. 20. 29-34; MARK 10. 46-52; LUKE 18. 35-43.

BLIND BARTIMÆUS.

BY E. P. M. DENNIS, OF THE CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION OF LONDON.

LET us try and picture to ourselves the scene which we have before us in this story. There are two things I want you to notice about this man, and the first is that he was *blind*. Oh, what a sad, sad thing it must be to be *blind*! never to be able to see the beautiful sun; never able to look at nice pictures, or to read any books; and, above all, to be unable to look upon the faces of a dear father and mother, or brothers and sisters. To hear their voices, and to long to see them—but to be blind! This indeed was a sad affliction. But not only was Bartimæus blind, but he was poor also. Now it seems to me this made the matter very much worse. For, let us remember, that if a blind man were rich he might have many comforts. For instance, he might live in a comfortable house, have plenty of servants to fetch him what he wanted, have a nice carriage to ride about in, have people to read to him, and, in short,

have as much as possible to afford him pleasure. But to be a *poor* blind man—to have to beg his bread in the street—to have to listen to others running past and enjoying themselves—the children playing, the horses and carriages rushing along, and yet to be so poor as to be wholly dependent upon the few pence that passers-by might give to obtain the next meal, this indeed was a very sad lot.

Now, as Bartimæus was sitting by the way-side, he heard a great multitude of people passing by—a much greater number than usual. Perhaps some of you wonder that Bartimæus should detect any difference in the number of people; but we must remember that when any one has lost the use of one of his senses, the others seem to have additional power; and thus, no doubt, Bartimæus could hear even better than we can. He hears the multitude pass by. Though we are not expressly told in God's word, I think we may gather from the narrative that Bartimæus had heard of the Lord Jesus. As you know, Jesus had done mighty works in Jerusalem, which is not far from Jericho; and as we are told that the fame went into all the country round about (Mark 1. 28), so no doubt it had reached to Jericho, and Bartimæus heard people talking about this wondrous prophet, and how he had healed others of their diseases—how he had given sight to the blind and made the lame to walk—and, I doubt not, he thought to himself, “Well, when this Jesus of Nazareth comes by here, if he ever does, I'll ask him to heal me.” Doubtless he waited in expectation for many a weary day, and weeks and months; but at length he hears some one say, “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.” What must his feelings then have been when he hears these words? I do not think we can for a moment fathom them.

Ah! thought he, “Now is the time for me to ask—now is my opportunity.” What next happens? Does he think to himself, “I'll wait and see if the Lord Jesus sees me;

or I'll ask some one else to tell him about my case, and to ask him to help me." O no! He cries out himself—shouts out, I doubt not, at the top of his voice—"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Why does he so shout out?

I have read somewhere that one night a large vessel struck on a rock not far from the English coast, and, as is usual in such cases, the crew fired rockets as a signal of distress. The coast guardsmen saw the rockets, and soon the life-boat was put out; but how in this dark night was the life-boat to find the wreck? No more rockets are fired from the sinking ship. What can they do? The crew of the life-boat shout as loud as they can, and they shout yet again and again; but no sound do they hear in answer, except the roar of wind and wave and the echo in the distance, and they almost are on the point of turning back again, when suddenly they think they hear a distant sound; and, encouraged by this, they shout out again, and once more they hear the distant answer. They pull off in the direction of the sound, and it gets louder, till at length, guided by the voice, they reach the wreck and save the crew.

They then learn, from the captain of the ship, of the despair he and his crew were in, when they found all their rockets gone and no sign of the life-boat; and how in their extremity they shouted out, knowing that upon this last effort rested their only possible hope of deliverance. Just so it seems to me Bartimæus feared lest the Lord Jesus should pass through Jericho, and never see or hear him; and thus that he should never get the blessing he had been so long and patiently waiting for. No sooner had he shouted out than the people tell him to be quiet. Have we all, dear boys and girls, read a proverb which says that opposition makes cowards brave? Bartimæus was no coward, but at any rate the opposition seems to have made

him braver ; for we read that “ he cried out the more a great deal.” Does the Lord Jesus hear him ? Will he, the King of kings and Lord of lords, take any notice of this poor blind beggar ? O yes ! The crowds may throng him, and there may be much else we might imagine to divert his attention from that poor sufferer lying on the highway ; but no ! “ Jesus stands still.” O what marvellous condescension ! He had heard the poor man’s cry, and he stands ready to bless. He commands Bartimæus to be called. And now let us notice what the crowds say. “ Be of good cheer, rise ; he calleth thee.” One is reminded here of another true saying, that “ nothing succeeds like success.” Those people who tried hard to stop Bartimæus from crying out, the moment the scene is changed, and that poor beggar is noticed by the Lord of life and glory, what do they now say ? “ Be of good cheer, rise ; he calleth thee.”

Now comes the reward of long waiting. Now comes the moment for which Bartimæus had so long hoped. Jesus speaks. What a moment of suspense was this ! Can we not imagine every one in that crowd straining forward to look and see what is going to happen ? Let us, too, listen to the sweet accents of mercy in which the Lord speaks : “ What wilt thou that I shall do ?” Ah ! this would seem as though Jesus offers to do anything for this poor man ; but there is really just one thing Bartimæus wants above all else, and that is his sight. And next we hear the gracious words : “ Go thy way ; thy faith hath made the whole ;” and his eyes were opened, and he followed Jesus on the way, praising him for his wondrous gift, and so well he might. Here our story ends, and we too must take our leave of Bartimæus, once the blind beggar, but now the happy follower of the Lord Jesus.

Has this story any meaning for us ?

You and I by nature are like Bartimæus, in that we are

blind and poor. God's word is very clear on this point, for there we read : "The God of this world (Satan) hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." But, perhaps, the strangest part of all is that, like the Jews of old, some of us do not know our souls are blind, and are saying, "We see" (John 9. 41). Bartimæus couldn't see the natural sun ; we cannot by nature see Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness. Let us, then, each one ask himself or herself the question, "Have the eyes of my soul ever been opened to see Jesus?"

If not, we are still in darkness ; and if we continue thus, we shall certainly one day see Jesus ; but it will not be as a Saviour but as a judge, and to hear him say to us, "Ye would not come to me, that ye might have life." But I would fain hope that there are some who have realized their blessings, and are eagerly asking, "How can I obtain sight for my soul?" To you I would say, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." As surely as he passed through Jericho on that (to Bartimæus) memorable day, so he passes by now. When you open his word to read it, and a voice seems to say to you from that word, it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by ; or again, when you hear God's word preached by his ministers, or by your Sunday-school teachers, who warn you to flee from the wrath to come, and tell you of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, it is again the Saviour who is passing by ; or when, in the solemn stillness of the night, or when walking along the busy street, a voice speaks to you, saying, "Is it well with thy soul?" it is Jesus who is passing by you ; and even (I might add) as you read this book, you may still hear the same voice ; for this book is another chord whereby the Saviour seeks to draw you to himself.

What are you going to do ? Are you going to let the opportunity pass ? Had Bartimæus done so, he would

never have received his sight ; for I do not read that Jesus again went through Jericho. It was *his* one chance, and he embraced it. Dear boys and girls, what if you should not have another opportunity ? Will you not then this very hour seek the Saviour, and cry out to him, “ God be merciful to me a sinner ? ” Never mind, if the world seeks to hinder you. Never mind if Satan opposes. Make up your mind now, as Jacob of old, that you will have the blessing ; so that like him, of you it may be written, “ And he blessed him there. ”

BIBLE LINK—Jesus visits Zacchæus, a publican—LUKE 19. 1-28.

HOW THE HARDEST CASE IN JERICHO WAS CONVERTED.

BY JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully.—LUKE 19. 6.

ONCE, when our Lord was on earth, he passed through the old city of Jericho. He stopped here only a day, but in that day he did a wonderful work. Before Jesus came to the place there were two sinners there, who were reckoned the worst cases in the whole region. Nobody supposed it possible for the Lord to take any notice of them or do anything for them. Yet these two persons were the very ones Jesus sought out and saved from their sins, and made them happy in his love. One of these sinners was a blind beggar ; and you can read how he was saved and healed, in the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke. The other man whom the Saviour blessed that day was named Zacchæus ; and he, I think, was the hardest case—the most un-

likely sinner to be saved—in the city. It seemed a more difficult thing to reach him than to heal the blind man. I will try to tell you why.

First, he was a very little man, almost a dwarf. And now you will ask why it was harder for Jesus to save a man short of stature, than it would have been if he had been tall.

Well, we will think about this a bit. Thoughtless people like to make fun of cripples, deformed folks, and other unfortunates. I remember an old crazy man who used to come to the town where I lived, with straws and weeds woven around his hat and into his garments. Whenever he made his appearance the idle boys would gather in the streets and make sport of the poor lunatic, jeering at him, taunting him, and crying out, "Halloo! here comes old Wyant!" So children who are lame or weak are often ridiculed. I suppose it was the same way with Zacchæus. He did not like to have people look down on him with sneers and laughter. His smallness of stature probably made him moody, unhappy and discontented. He would easily come to hate those who made fun of him, and to have a sullen and envious disposition. And when a man gets into this mood, it is hard for him to get out of it.

But that is not all that his shortness of size had to do with making it difficult for him to be saved. As Jesus came through the city a great multitude followed him. The crowd hid the Master from view. Taller men were all around Zacchæus, and he could not see Jesus. So it almost came to pass that he did not get even a sight of the great Teacher, the Saviour, at all.

Then, again, it was hard for Zacchæus to be saved because of his occupation.

He is called a publican. That means in our language a revenue or tax collector. Perhaps you have been in a custom-house somewhere. There was one at Jericho, and

Zacchæus was the head man of the office. Maybe you will say that that was not such a bad thing against him. But in that day it was. Most of the publicans were dishonest. They oppressed and cheated the people, making them pay more money than was due. They were cruel and heartless. They were called more savage than the wildest beast of prey. Zacchæus belonged to this hated class of publicans. The people all despised and looked down on them. That made it hard for him to become a disciple of the Saviour.

Still another reason why it was difficult for him to be saved, is, that he was a rich man. Some rich men followed Jesus when he went about doing good, and afterwards, but not many. The Master said it was hard for a rich man to enter his kingdom. He could not, as long as he loved his riches and was not willing to give to the poor—as long as he was proud and puffed up on account of his money. Zacchæus had not made all his money honestly. He had got some of it by cheating. He had defrauded people who had paid him taxes, taking more than he had a right to

All these things were in the way of his conversion. They made it hard for him to become a Christian.

Now, let us see how it happened that this man did find Jesus. How were these difficulties got rid of?

Look what Zacchæus himself did.

First, he wanted to see Jesus. He had heard of him as the great Physician, the friend of publicans and sinners, and he wished to see what sort of a man this wonderful teacher was. This was the beginning of his conversion. Whenever a poor sinner really wants to see the Saviour, he has taken the first step toward heaven.

Then he went further than this; he climbed up where he could see him. He found that the crowd hid the Saviour from his eyes, and he determined to get up into a tree where he could see him as he passed along. He did not

stop to think of what the people would say when they saw him perched up in the sycamore. They might mock and laugh if they chose, but he did not care, if he could only catch a glimpse of the Lord. And he showed that he was in earnest about it too—he ran with all his might. He did not idly wait and say, “Oh, well ; I’m too little to see over this crowd. I can’t see Jesus now. I will let the matter go this time.” If he had acted that way he would never have seen the Saviour, for Jesus did not come back to that city again. This was the only chance Zacchæus ever had, and he made good use of it. He did what he could to overcome the difficulties in his way.

Now see what the Lord did.

First, he came by where Zacchæus was. He might have gone some other road, or passed by without noticing the poor sinner up in the sycamore ; he might have done so, if he had not been the Saviour.

But he acted then as he always acted ever since. He came by where the sinner was on the lookout for him, ready to help and save.

Once more : Jesus looked up and saw Zacchæus. He gave him a glance which went right into his heart. It was a look of kindness, of gentleness, of pity, of wonderful love. You remember how, when the apostle Peter had denied the Saviour, he was rebuked and won back again to repent and be a disciple. The Lord turned and *looked* upon him—that was all ; but that was enough. Peter remembered his sins, and went out and wept bitterly. One look broke his heart.

John Newton was an Englishman who was at one time very wicked, even dealing in slaves and doing all sorts of badness. When he was converted he wrote some beautiful hymns, in one of which he tells about this look of Jesus.

In evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight
 And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look.
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

The last thing that Jesus did was this: He told Zacchæus to make haste and come down, for he wanted to stop at his house. He recognized and named him before the people, showed that he cared for him, and that while the crowd might despise the publican, he, the Saviour of sinners, was his friend. Everybody could see that Jesus thought that this publican, whom all the people hated, was worthy to entertain and take care of him while he tarried in the city. That spirit of kindness and mercy won the heart of Zacchæus. He had not a friend in all that city. The crowd despised him. But Jesus showed himself a friend in need and trouble, and this made Zacchæus a disciple.

Now, how did Zacchæus show that he was converted?

I have not time to tell all the ways in which he did this. One thing is certain: he promptly obeyed. He lost no time. He made haste and came down. He minded the word of Jesus. That was a sure sign that he was converted.

Then again, he joyfully received the Saviour. It was a glad day for him. He rejoiced, and accepted Christ as his guest and his friend.

Besides, he was not ashamed to confess the Saviour publicly. He faced the multitude when they all murmured

that Jesus was gone home with a great sinner—one of the worst in the city—and called Jesus “Lord.” His first word was one of trust and worship.

Again, he showed his conversion by his willingness to restore whatever he had in his possession that did not belong to him. He promised to give back to any man whom he had cheated, four times as much money as he had taken from him. He did not dare to keep these unjust gains.

And the last sign of his conversion that I can notice here, is his kindness to the poor.

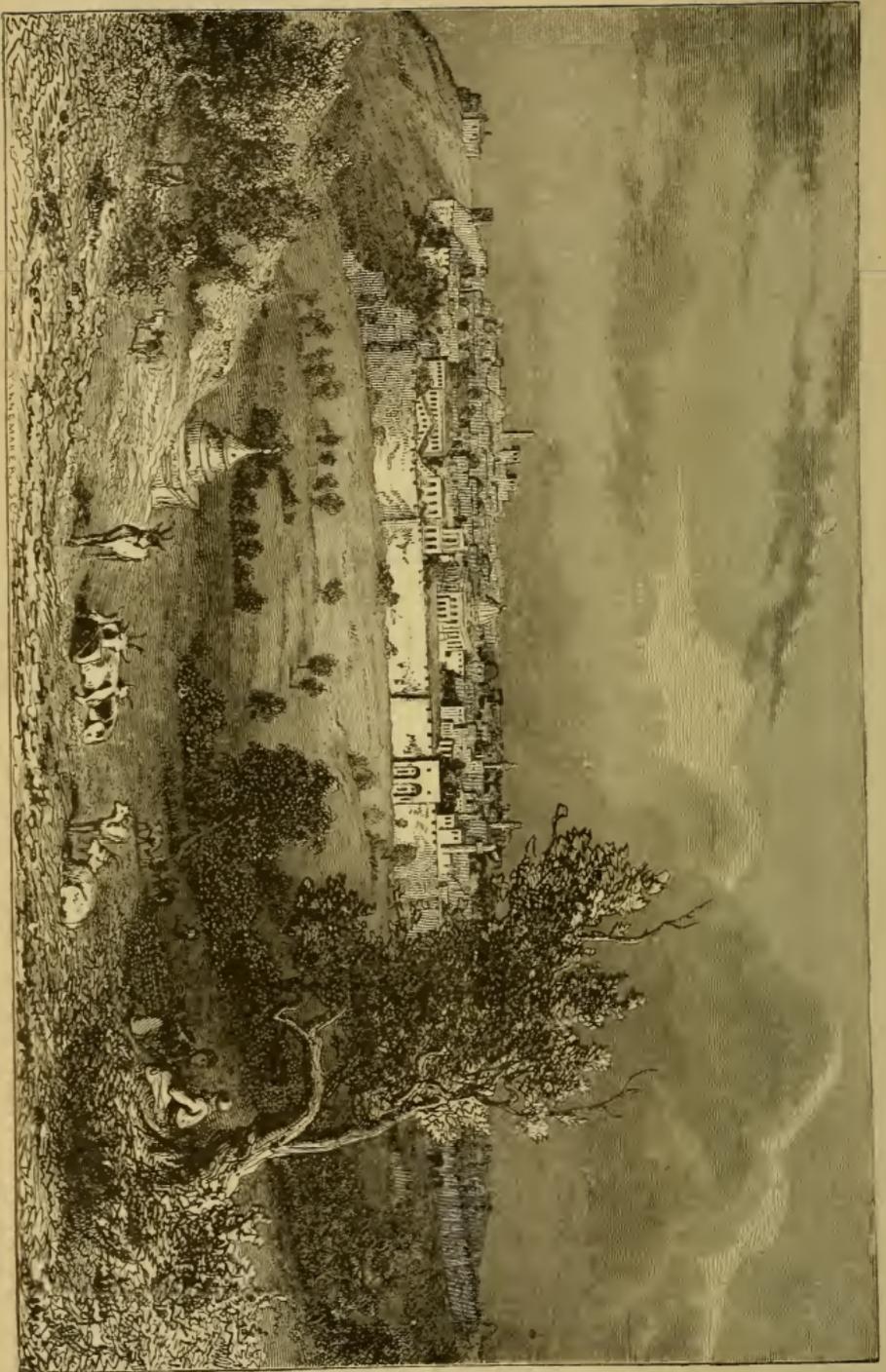
He was a rich man, and had been a stingy one. His purse now, as well as his heart, was converted. His hands had been close-fisted, but they were opened wide to feed the hungry and help the poor.

He saw what Jesus did. He said, “This man goes about doing good. He preaches the gospel to the poor. He seeks and saves the lost. Since he has chosen me to be one of his disciples, I must try to help in this work. I cannot preach the word. I am not fit to be an apostle. But I can give my money to him and to his needy ones. Henceforth half of all I am worth I will give to the poor.”

And from that day on, the orphan and the widow and the poor had a faithful friend in Zacchæus.

Dear little folks who read this sermon, remember that Jesus still comes by, seeking the lost. When he calls you by his word, or by his Spirit, follow the example of Zacchæus, and, without delay, receive him joyfully.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



BIBLE LINK—Jesus comes to Bethany—JOHN 11. 55-57; 12. 1, 9-11.
 Jesus enters Jerusalem amid the hosannas of old and young—
 MATT. 21. 1-11, 14-17; MARK 11. 1-11; LUKE 19. 29-44; JOHN 12.
 12, 50.

CHILDREN SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

The children crying in the temple, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.—MATT. 21. 15.

ONE Sunday, many many years ago, Jesus came into the great city of Jerusalem in a wonderful procession. In those countries, donkeys are much swifter and stronger and better looking than in our land, and kings ride on them. Jesus, to show that he was a king, whose words all men should obey, came to Jerusalem riding on one of these animals, and the people who had seen his miracles and heard his teachings, gathered in great crowds in front of him and behind him, and marched toward Jerusalem. They threw down their robes to carpet the road before him, and broke off branches from the beautiful palm trees, whose branches are used in those lands to wave before kings; and they waved these palms before Jesus, and cried as they marched, "Hosanna!" which means about the same as "Long live the king!" In those days most of the kings were cruel and fierce, and liked killing better than kindness; but it was said of Jesus, "Behold thy king cometh unto thee meek." Jesus was almost the first king that was gentle and kind to others, and he has taught the world that it is not so noble to be fierce men as to be *gentle* men. That Sunday of the waving palms is called Palm Sunday, and we ought to remember it on that same Sunday every year.

The next day Jesus found some people who were selling

oxen and sheep and doves in the yard of God's great church or temple, as if it had been a fair ground or a stock-yard, and he drove them all out. Just after that, he heard the voices of some children who had seen him come in and were

SINGING THE PALM SUNDAY SONG,

“Hosanna to the Son of David!” The proud scribes and Pharisees asked him if the noisy singing children ought not to be driven out of the Temple as the traders had been. But he reminded them how much good had been done by the psalms David had made and sung when he was only a boy, as well as by those he made afterward, and said that he was always glad to hear the children's songs and praises.

Jesus hears the children's songs to-day. Surely, then, we ought not to sing lazily, but very loudly and gladly. Jesus not only hears our voices, but also sees our hearts as we sing. Surely, then, we ought to think of the words we are saying when we sing, and praise and pray in our hearts as well as with our lips. Jesus teaches that we can do a great deal of good by singing. Many people have been converted from bad men to good men by hearing the children's songs.

One Sunday a man came into the Sunday-school at the Boston North End Mission, drawn by the sweetness of the children's singing. He remained until the close, and came again that evening to the prayer-meeting. When the customary invitation to seek the Saviour was given, he came forward and became a Christian. To a few who had remained to pray with the penitent ones, he said: “My friends, I feel that I am a saved man, and I owe it to your children's singing ‘Jesus Loves Me’ this afternoon. I couldn't realize it, I've been such a miserable sinner; but after I went away I thought it over, ‘Jesus Loves Me;’ and then I thought of the next line, ‘For the Bible tells me so,’ and I tried to *believe* it, and I came here this even-

ing to get you to pray for me." He became a regular attendant at the mission, and gave the clearest evidence of a genuine change of heart.

There was need of a secretary in a certain Sunday-school, and the pastor invited a wicked young man, who was a book-keeper, to come into the school and take the position. He accepted the invitation, and soon after heard the school sing this beautiful song, "Lambs of the Upper Fold," and said to the pastor, "If you'll sing that song to-night, I'll come to prayer-meeting." At night the young man was there, the song was sung, his heart was touched, he asked for the prayers of God's people, and became a Christian.

Shortly after the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Scotland, a little boy passed along the streets of Glasgow in the evening, singing, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." A Christian policeman joined in the song. At the end of the policeman's beat he asked the boy if he understood what he was singing.

"O yes," said the little fellow, "I know it in my heart, and it is very precious."

A few evenings afterward, some one in conversation with the policeman, said: "Do you know that a woman standing where we are was saved by hearing the other night

A HYMN SUNG BY A POLICEMAN AND A BOY?"

Children's songs are also many times a great comfort in trouble and sickness.

A man who was seeking to relieve the poor came to a flight of stairs that led to a door which led to a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said, "Come in," and he went in. There was no light, but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face. "What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy. "Hush! hush! I am hiding." "Hiding! What for?" And he showed

his white arms covered with bruises and swollen. "Who was it beat you like that?" "Don't tell him; my father did it." "What for?" "Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal." "Did you ever steal?" "Yes, sir; I was a thief once." These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it—it is their profession. "Then why don't you steal now?" "Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me." Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said, "But, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn; but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then in a sweet voice he sang:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
 Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
 In the kingdom of Thy grace,
 Grant Thy little child a place.

"That's my little hymn; good-by."

The gentleman went again in the morning; went upstairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home.

And the children's songs are also a comfort and help in the hour of death. A little boy in the far west was run over by a car, and so badly hurt that he died the next morn-

ing. Just before he died, with a very sweet voice and happy face, he sang to the friends who stood beside his bed, "Shall we gather at the river, where bright angels' feet have trod?" And then repeated a little prayer his mother had taught him. Shortly after the prayer the sunny eyes closed, and the soul—the thinking part of little Eddie—went out of his body and up to God; and they said, "He is dead." The little song had been a great comfort to him in dying, and to all his friends.

Since so much good can be done by singing, let us sing with all our hearts and with all our voices in the church and Sunday-school and at home, and thus we may save and comfort many sinful and sorrowful hearts.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE GLAD FOR CHRIST.

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D., BIRKENHEAD, ENG.

JESUS once said of children: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when he came riding into Jerusalem, it was as the king of that kingdom he came. The people had gone forth to meet him, and bring him in like a king. They cut branches from the palm trees and waved them in the air, to express their joy. They flung their cloaks and coats on the ground, to make a carpet for him. They went before him and followed him through the streets, and up to the temple, filling the air with their welcome. But when he came to the temple the children took up the shout and cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

That would be a very sweet sound to Jesus. Jesus has a great love for children, and their praise is very dear to him. On the outskirts of the joyful crowd that day, were

people who did not share the joy—bad men, with scowling faces and hate-filled eyes, whispering hard things against him, and plotting to put him to death. But near at hand, moving about his feet, were the children of Jerusalem. And they were crying with all their might: “Hosanna to the Son of David!”

A thousand years before, the great King David had said, in one of his psalms: “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength because of thine enemies.” Our Lord remembered that psalm in the temple when he heard the children shouting. There were the enemies, with the wicked look in their eyes, with the wicked word on their lips, with the wicked purpose in their hearts. But here were the babes and the sucklings, the children of Jerusalem, lifting up their voices in his praise, just as King David had said.

It was the fulfilment of David’s word. The children had seen Jesus doing kingly deeds. They saw him opening the eyes of the blind, healing the lame, and doing other still more wonderful things. And now, when he came up to Zion, to the palace of the great king, they said: “This is the great king himself—great David’s greater son. Hosanna! hosanna!” The praise was in their hearts, and it rushed up into their lips.

It was also a prophecy of what should be thereafter. In all ages, and in other towns besides Jerusalem, Jesus shall have children who will cry “Hosanna” in his praise, and be joyful in him as their king. In heaven, at this moment, there are multitudes of children who are sending up their hosannas around his throne, and are very glad because he is their king. On earth there are thousands and tens of thousands of children who are learning to take part in this joyful praise. It is the very mark of a Christian child to be ready to cry “Hosanna” to Jesus, and to be joyful in him as the king.

It is this I mean to speak of to-day. I intend to mention some reasons why you should take part in these hennas, and be joyful in Christ as your king. And the reasons are these: First, he is the Saviour of children. Second, he became a child, that he might understand children. Third, he is not ashamed to call children his brothers and sisters. Fourth, he is preparing a place for children above.

I. HE IS THE SAVIOUR OF CHILDREN.

It is a great thing for children to have a Saviour. A mother was knitting under the porch of her house one autumn afternoon. Her boy was playing with other children on the village green. Beyond the green was the river, and on the opposite bank of it was a wood full of nuts and berries, and sweet-smelling leaves, and flowers, and many other things which children delight to gather. "Let us cross to the wood," said some of the bigger children. "I shall cross, too," said the little boy, whose mother was knitting at the door. The ford was a little to the right, and just out of his mother's view. There were stepping-stones all the way across. And the little nutting and berrying party got quite safely to the other side. But the clouds had been darkening over the sky since the morning. And now it began to rain. First it came in heavy drops, then there was a peal of thunder, then came down torrents of rain. The bigger children hurried back to the ford, and one by one got over safely. The little boy whose mother was knitting under the porch was last. The river had by this time risen. The stepping-stones were beginning to be covered. The little man took one step, then a second, then he came to a stone over which the river was flowing swiftly, and his heart failed. He wrung his hands with fear, and cried with a piercing cry. The mother heard his cry, and flew to the ford. She was too

late. She could not reach her child. A broad black flood of water came thundering down between her boy and her. "My child ! my child !" she cried. "Mother ! mother ! come for me," cried the boy. All the village came down to the river-side—men and women, young and old ; but no one would venture to cross. They looked and pitied ; they looked and wrung their hands, but they gave no help. At that moment a young shepherd, leading his flock down from the mountains, entered the village, and saw the peril of the child. He left his sheep on the green, and took great strides to the river-brink. The roaring of the water over the stones was terrible, but he heeded not. He stepped boldly from stone to stone. In the centre, the flood had carried some of them away : he plunged into the stream. With strong arms he beat the water to the right and left. He pressed his feet against the currents, and swam right over to the body. With one arm he clasped the child, with the other he once more grappled with the flood. There was the roaring of the stream beneath, and the raging of the storm above ; but the brave shepherd, partly walking and partly swimming, brought the boy to the bank, and delivered him to his mother.

That was a boy who found a Saviour. And what the brave young shepherd saved him from was death. But Christ was the real Saviour that day. It was he who sent the shepherd at the very nick of time. It was he who put the noble willingness into his heart to risk his life for the life of the child. It was he who made him brave and strong to battle with the flood. And every day, somewhere, in this or some other way, Christ is saving children. Death in a thousand forms is continually coming near to children. But by brave swimmers, by faithful nurses, by wise doctors, by loving mothers, by kind friends, and sometimes by the unseen angels, Christ brings deliverance. And he is the Saviour from a death more

terrible than the death which threatened the boy of whom I told. It is he who saves from the death which comes by sin—the death of everything good in the soul—the death of the soul itself. Every child born in a Christian home should be joyful in this Saviour. He has saved you from being heathen children ; he has saved you from being slave children. He has come to save you from being dishonest and lying children, and idle and disobedient children. He has saved you from being ignorant of God's love. He has come to save you from spending lives without God. He has come to save you from dying without hope of going to God. He has saved you from the grave, for he has purchased resurrection for you. And he came to save you from what is worse than the grave—from being shut out of heaven ; for he has made a way for every child who will walk in it, into the eternal family and home of God above.

II. HE BECAME A LITTLE CHILD, THAT HE MIGHT UNDERSTAND CHILDREN.

I once heard about a little girl who was just learning to speak. She came up to her mamma, sick and pale, and began in her broken way to tell something. Mamma could not understand. The doctor could not understand. Nurse could not understand. But still the child continued her little tale, and by-and-by began to cry, because nobody understood. She wished to tell where her pain was, and no one could understand. At last they thought of sending for her playmate—a child not much bigger than herself. She understood at once. It was the same cry which the Shunammite's little son cried long ago, when he was struck by the heat : “ My head, my head.”

Jesus became a little child, to understand all your cries. He was hot and cold, he was sick and well, he was hungry and thirsty, just as you have been. And he had to learn to read, just as you had, beginning with the alphabet.

He knows all about children. He felt all that you feel ; he thought just as you think. When he was hurt, he cried ; when he was sad, he wept. He had to obey his mother just as you have. Every day he met with other children—with good children, and with children not good—just as you do. And he learned to be a good boy, and to seek good ; and he grew up in favor both with God and man. He knew that he had a father in heaven who could hear his cry ; and he prayed to that Father. Before he was twelve years old he made it known that his Father had given him a work to do. When his mother found him in the temple with the priests, putting questions to them, he said : “Knew ye not that I was about my father’s business ?”

He knows how weak children are ; but he knows also how strong their Helper is, and how willing he is to help them. When a boy or girl says : “I cannot live as God wants me to live. I must sometimes have my own way, and sometimes I may tell a lie,” the Lord Jesus knows that that is not so. He was a child, and lived as God wished him to live. And he never uttered a word which was not true.

At the same time, he does not forget that children cannot serve God in the very same way very good grown-up people can do. He remembers how it was with himself when he was young ; and how hard a battle he had. He knows how little you know yet, and how little you have, and how little you are. And he does not expect you to pray to him just in the very way your parents do. And he is not angry if your prayers are simple and short. And he does not expect you to work for him as big people do ; but only as children can. He knows your frame, and remembers that you are just children still.

Ah ! if you knew it aright, there is nothing better than this in the world for you. Up in heaven there is One

who understands all you think and say. When you are not able to tell your wants, he knows without telling. When you cry in broken words which even your mother cannot understand, he understands. He knows and feels every pain you have. He knows all your sorrows when you are in tears. Even the cries of the tiniest baby in a mother's arms go up into the ear of that dear Saviour who was a tiny baby himself, and sobbed and smiled in the arms of his mother Mary in Bethlehem long ago.

“Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king.”

III. HE IS NOT ASHAMED TO CALL CHILDREN HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

There are many reasons which might well make Jesus ashamed to call boys and girls his brothers and sisters. He is perfectly holy; they are far from being perfectly holy. Some have bad tempers; some are rude; some are quarrelsome; some are disobedient; some are slothful; some forget to thank God for His mercies, or pray for His help.

But the Lord Jesus is not ashamed of them. He says to children: “Ye are my brethren.” He thinks of children every day as his brethren. And every day he blesses them as brethren. He makes no difference. He loves poor children and rich children alike; and happy children and unhappy; and black children and white. Those who have parents, and those who have lost their parents—they are all his brethren. There is not a poor message boy on the streets, nor a poor newspaper boy, nor a poor foundry boy, nor a poor sailor boy, nor any poor girl, nor any girl or boy, rich or poor, in the wide world, to whom he is not a brother.

Do you remember when he called his disciples “brethren” for the first time? It was after his resurrection—after he had endured the cross and won the crown. It was when he was on the other side of the grave, and was waiting to

go up to heaven. He said to Mary : "Go and tell my brethren that I have risen, and that I am going back to God." Think of the loving-kindness of that message. It was sent to the men who had fled from him in his sorrow. It was sent to Peter, who denied him with oaths and curses. Although they had been ashamed of him before men, he was not ashamed of them. He called them brethren. There is nothing in all the Bible more beautiful than that. And it is just the same thing he says to you : "Ye are my brethren." Even to those of you who have been ashamed to pray to him ; even to those who have fled from him like the disciples, he says : "Ye are my brethren." He says that, in order to make you his true brothers and sisters. He says that, because it is in his heart to be a brother to each of you.

Lift up your hearts to God, and be very thankful. You and I have a brother in heaven—the best, the kindest in the whole world. In the high heaven, where the stars shine, and the throne of God is set, this brother lives ; and he is the Lord of these stars, and he sits on that throne. This is the king who is continually travelling about his kingdom, and doing good to his brothers and sisters. He is near to us when we do not see him. He is near to us now. Oh, wonder of wonders ! My little brothers are king's brothers, my little sisters are king's sisters ! When I enter the school, when I go among children by the fire-side, I go into the midst of brothers and sisters of the King of Glory.

Nobody need go without this joy. Christ is brother to us all. We may have no money, nor fine clothes, nor books, nor food ; but we all have, and we always have, this brother.

Nothing can take him away from us. Death may take our earthly brothers and sisters, and our fathers and mothers, but it has no power over Christ.

Health and strength, and friends and joys, may leave us ; but this brother will never leave you, and never, never forsake you.

IV. HE IS PREPARING A PLACE FOR CHILDREN ABOVE.

Some friends called on me lately who were going to Australia. I said to one of them : " Do you feel very dreary ? " He replied : " I have a brother there. " That took away the dreariness. It would be a very sad thing to look forward to the end of life, if we had no knowledge of a brother in the life beyond. The ending of life is like leaving one's native land for Australia. The ship goes out of the river, the sea widens, the land disappears : you will never look on those hills and shores again. But there are better hills and shores in heaven. And Christ, our elder brother, is there before us. He will come out and meet us, and take us to our home.

In this world there are many things that are very sad. Our life is full of partings. It is like the breaking up of a school, when the top boys and girls are not to return. Perhaps they will never see each other on the earth again. One will go to India, one to Australia, one to London, one to the grave. So are the children of God scattered in the world. They do not know each other ; often they do not see each other. One is abroad, one is at home ; one is poor, one is rich. A thousand things divide them. How joyful to think that it will not be always so—that the Lord Jesus is preparing a place for them above ; and that, at the end of the world, he will gather all his brothers and sisters into one happy home in heaven !

There is just this one sad thought that comes creeping into one's mind. Some boy may be saying to himself, " That joy is not for me ; I have not been the brother to Christ I ought to have been. " And some tender-hearted

girl may be thinking that she has not loved the Saviour enough, nor tried enough to please him.

My dear children, this is the blessing of having Christ for a Saviour. There is forgiveness with him for those who have done wrong. He is waiting to forgive you, and make you as good as you ought to be. You remember the story of Joseph—the brother who was put down into the pit, and sold for a slave into Egypt? The brothers who sold him happened, years after that, to be famishing for food, and went to Egypt to buy corn. And lo! they found the brother they had sold a great lord there. He did not put these wicked brothers to death. He had pity on them, and blessed them, and gave them corn, and told them to go back for their father, and their wives, and their children, and he would prepare a place for them in Egypt. He forgave them all their sin.

Christ is our Joseph. He is Joseph to all the children of men. Can we ever forget the treatment he received at the hands of men in Jerusalem? He came into that city which was his own, and the citizens received him not. They mocked him, and beat him, and sold him, and crucified him.

But his heart is none the less the heart of a brother. There is forgiveness and mercy in that heart for every child of man. Even for those who crucified him he cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Oh that every boy and girl before me would cry for that forgiveness! Oh that you would turn to other boys and girls, and say, "We have found the forgiving brother, whom wicked brothers sold and crucified in Jerusalem long ago. He is the king of heaven. He is preparing a place there for all who love him. Let us live to him whilst we are here, and at last we shall go up together, and dwell with him for ever and ever."

There is one of the psalms in which everything that lives is called on to join in the hosanna to Christ—sun and moon

and stars ; fire, hail, wind, and snow ; hills and trees ; and beasts, wild and tame ; and human beings—

“ Both men and virgins young,
 Even young and old,
 Exalt His name, for much His fame
 Should be extolled.”

And everything that lives — in its own way — sends up praise to Christ. The singing of birds, the glad gambolling of little creatures in the woods, the rippling of waves on the beach, express their praise. Winter and summer, spring-time and harvest, are the four-part song of the year. Every season has its own song. In the harvest, the very earth seems to take up the praise. The fields are waving with ripe corn, the pastures are clothed with glad flocks, there is a stir and movement of joy in the very air. The little hills rejoice on every side. The whole wide earth, lying in the light of harvest sun and moon, rejoices before God, who made its bosom fruitful, and ripened the wheat and the barley, and turned the little blades of spring into the yellow waving fields of harvest.

O you children of the Christian church—you who have been born in this Christian country, and have been blessed with Christian parents—you who can read the Bible, and the sweet story of Christ's love to man—what joy and praise should ascend from you !

If the little hills are glad because God's lambs are bleating on their side ; and the green fields because the cattle He made are browsing on their pasture ; if the valleys are glad because the corn is waving on their breast, and the whole earth because He has not left it to be a barren wilderness—there are a thousand better reasons why *you* should be glad for Him who came from heaven to die for you, and went back to heaven to prepare for you a home.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus curses a barren fig-tree, as an object lesson, and cleanses the temple—MATT. 21. 18, 19, 12, 13; MARK 11. 12-19; LUKE 19. 45-48; MATT. 21. 20-22; MARK 11. 20-26.

FRUITFUL AND FRUITLESS TREES.

BY BISHOP THOMAS M. CLARK, RHODE ISLAND.

[JEREMIAH 17. 8.]

THERE is a great deal said about trees in the Bible—trees of knowledge, life, righteousness, fruitfulness and unfruitfulness. I shall take the tree for my subject. St. Paul tells the Romans that before they were grafted into the Christian church they were wild olive trees. Now every boy who has lived in the country knows that the fruit of a wild apple or cherry or plum tree is not good for much, and tastes very sour and puckery. Children who are allowed to run wild, and never go to church or school, and grow up without learning anything, are likely to bring forth only “evil fruit.”

In all matters it is very important to start right. If you should go into a nursery of young trees and tie a stone to the top of one of the saplings, so as to bend it over in a curve, and leave it so for two or three years, you could never straighten it out again. When I was ten years old, I was sent away to a boarding-school, and the day before I left home I planted two horse-chestnuts in my father's garden, that I might have something to remember the time by. On my return home I found them both growing very finely; but one spring day, when they were about a foot high, somebody knocked off the rich thick bud that grew just on the end of the stalk. The little tree was not killed,

but it received a shock from which it never recovered. Fifty years ago or more, when they were quite small, these two horse-chestnuts were transplanted into the street, where they still stand, having grown, of course, into gigantic trees ; but one of them is much more beautiful and shapely than the other—the poor unfortunate who lost his top-bud when he was young continues to this day to show the effects of that calamity. If you get a bad twist, or lose any of the advantages that are offered you ; if you acquire any ugly habit while you are young, the bad effect may cling to you as long as you live.

There is another thing about trees that is worth noticing ; a great part of the tree—sometimes the greater part—is under-ground. And this for two reasons. A tree derives a large portion of its nourishment from the soil. If you should plant an acorn in a flower-pot you would never get much of an oak, unless you *trans*-planted it to some place where it would have more depth of earth. Then, again, a tree needs the *support* of its roots ; and whenever it stands in an exposed situation, where the winds are strong, the roots are stronger and more numerous than they are when it grows in a quiet, sheltered spot. In all cases there is more of the tree growing under-ground than is ordinarily needed to keep it straight in its place, because there must be some provision made for the storms to which it is occasionally exposed. We always find in nature what may be called a reserve force—something to fall back upon when it may be needed. There is a lesson for you to learn in this. You never can tell what peculiar trials and temptations may await you, or to what great duties you may be called. If you want the house you are building to stand all the shocks of the weather, you must lay the foundation much deeper and stronger than is needed to sustain the building in quiet weather.

The next point to which I would call your attention is

this. A tree is sometimes very much benefited by pruning, especially when it is young. I once saw the Rev. Dr. Wayland—of whom you may have heard, as he was one of the great men of the age—directing a working man who was digging away a portion of the rich soil around the roots of some peach trees and filling in with hard-coal ashes, which are not very nourishing. I asked him what he was doing that for, and he said that the trees were growing too fast, and everything was running to wood and leaves, so that he could get very little fruit. God sometimes treats His children in a similar way, and feeds them with the ashes of affliction, to keep down the rank growth. Christ tells us how the faithful husbandman *purges*, or prunes, the branches, that they may bring forth more fruit. You may wonder that you are so often thwarted in your plans, called to endure so much hard discipline, disappointed in your highest hopes ; but this is just what you need in order that the fiber of your soul may be made strong. Children who have the easiest time, do not always make the best men. There are none who do not need some pruning. It may hurt when you feel the knife cut, but by-and-by you will be thankful for that which makes you ache now.

There is, indeed, a kind of trimming which does not much improve the shape of a tree. In Holland I have seen trees that have been cut into all sorts of queer fantastic forms, and sometimes pruned away until they looked about as flat as flowers that had been pressed in a book. There are some children who grow up to be what are called *prigs*—pert, conceited, unnatural creatures, with all the reality squeezed out of them. They are as artificial as a mannikin, and put on airs which make them disgusting. They are not children at all, but only little stunted men or women. I would not advise you to try to become anything else than what God made you. If you can succeed in

that, you have done all that He requires. "When I was a child," says the Apostle, "I spake as a child;" and I have no doubt that he talked very well in that capacity.

And now let us consider some of the ways in which trees are liable to be injured or destroyed. Our text alludes to a "tree planted by the waters." In that part of the world where the prophet Jeremiah lived, there was not the same amount of steady rain that we enjoy, and the trees were likely to thrive best which grew near some water-course. In the absence of water, they were sure to die. Nothing can live without it. The desert is a desert simply for want of water. Let the clouds begin to distill upon the earth, and after a while the wilderness would be turned into a garden. If you children would thrive, you must drink of "the water of life" freely. And where that water is to be found you all know: "If any man thirst," says the Saviour, "let him come unto me and drink."

Or a tree, instead of dying out gradually for want of water, may be suddenly shivered by the lightning, or torn out from the roots by a tornado. So you may be destroyed by some blast of passion, some violent feeling that hurls you to the earth and crushes the life out of your soul. You may do a damage to yourself in a single hour which a whole lifetime may not be able to repair.

There are other ways in which a tree may be ruined, which are more quiet and insidious but none the less fatal. On the grounds where I live in summer there are several grand old oaks that were once full of beautiful foliage, but they are now nothing but skeletons—some of them with not a single green leaf upon the branches. They have not died of age, and it would probably take a long time for you to guess what it is that has killed them. The *fish-hawk* was their murderer. In one of the upper crotches of the oak you may see a rough, dark-colored nest, about as big as a bushel basket, made of twigs and rushes and

sea-grass, which the fish-hawks have built, and where they make their home and raise their young. At intervals during the day you will see them hovering over the bay, and if a poor menhaden or any other respectable member of the finny tribe comes to the surface, down the bird swoops like lightning, grasps the victim with his sharp claws and bears it off in triumph to feed his little ones at home. It is nothing but the salt water which those hawks carry back with them that kills the trees—with its perpetual dribble taking the life out of the bark—and when that is dead, the tree must die.

Many years ago I had a number of peach trees trained against a wall, which were very thriving and bore an abundance of delicious fruit. But one summer the leaves began to curl up and wither, and the peaches, before they were half ripe, shriveled and fell to the ground. It was very difficult to account for this sudden blight—the soil was good, the season favorable, and there was no mark of disease on the surface of the trees. But digging down a little below the ground, we found the root perforated with a small hole, and running a wire a foot or so up into the tree, we drew out what is called a *borer*—a little white worm about an inch long, with a sort of hard, black augur in its head, by means of which he had worked his way up into the very heart of the tree and sapped its life at the fountain-head. There was no cure for this, and the trees were cut down, fit only to be burned. Do you not see the application? There works its way into your heart some vile worm—some ugly thought, some low desire—and infects with its poison the very centre of your being. “It is nothing but a thought,” you say to yourself, “and cannot do much harm. I can dismiss it from my mind whenever I please. I can say just how far it shall go, and then stop it.” My young friend, you might have kept it out of your soul, if you had chosen to do so; but once in, it is not

for you to say what it shall do. Remember this : all the crime and all the sin that exists in the world began with a *bad thought*. If that had been repelled in the beginning, these bad men would not have been groaning in prison, or swinging on the scaffold, or gradually dying of inward corruption.

But, some of you may ask, Is there no way of reviving a tree that has begun to decay, and bringing the soundness back to it again ? In many cases there is, and I trust that none of *you* have got beyond the point of redemption. One of the strangest devices for doing this that I ever heard of, was in the case of a tree, the bark of which was decaying all around the lower part of the trunk, while at the same time the roots below were sending up about the stump long vigorous *suckers*, as they are often called. The owner of the tree, which was a valuable one, thought he would try the experiment of grafting the tops of these suckers into the trunk a little above the decayed part ; and, to his gratification, they took firm hold and increased in size until at last they were able to supply the tree with the sap which it needed, after the original source of supply was cut off. This is what might be called a *vicarious* operation—the definition of “vicarious” being “acting in place of another.” Now, what you are unable to do yourself, may be done for you by another. Of course you cannot atone for your own sin, neither can you heal your own soul of its wounds ; but you can put yourself into the hands of One who will do it for you. If you are really sorry for your sin, and are ready to repent—or *turn square around*, which is what the word means—and believe, that is, *trust*, then Christ will take you into his hands, and save, and sanctify, and bless you.

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

BY REV. G. C. NOYES, EVANSTON, ILL.

MARK 11. 24-33.

EVERY Sabbath, all over our land, the people are called together from their homes to the house of God by "the church-going bell." We are all familiar with its tones, as they sound forth far and wide. We have come this morning in answer to their call.

But I want you to listen to another and a mightier call, which bids you give attention to these wonderful words about prayer and forgiveness which are contained in our lesson to-day. A great and good man has likened the miracles of our Saviour to the ringing of the great bell of the universe, and he said that the sermon which followed must needs be very remarkable and important. Now a little before this sermon of Jesus about prayer and forgiveness, he rang the great bell of the universe, as if to call attention to it, by performing a miracle. By a word of his mouth he withered a fruitless and therefore useless fig-tree, so that very soon after it died. By this act he would teach us that the great purpose of our lives is to bear good fruit. He would also show his power and authority as a teacher, while by his sermon which followed the miracle, he sets before us our whole duty in regard to prayer and forgiveness.

In more than one instance the miracles of our Lord were followed by some sermon, which, however brief, was full of truth of the very greatest importance to us. Thus, after stilling the tempest, he preached to his disciples, saying, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" And how very powerfully, in that instance, must

what he did have enforced the lesson of *what he said*. It should be so now with the lesson before us. I want first of all that you should believe in the *authority* of this divine Teacher, for, as the closing part of our lesson tells us, the Pharisees denied his authority. Beware how you do this. You must not despise or neglect what he says, here or elsewhere in his word. If you pursue a course contrary to that which he marks out, you will certainly go wrong, and may be lost.

I have heard of two brothers journeying together in winter, when the snows were deep. They were directed to go by a roundabout road, and avoid the shortest way, which was quite impassable because of deep snow-drifts. One followed the direction, and safely reached his journey's end. The other insisted upon taking the forbidden road, and would have perished, if kind men had not gone after him and rescued him. Thus it is always with those who wilfully choose and follow their own way. Every one who is wise in his own eyes despises God. He is sure that there is some way of salvation as good and safe as that which God has shown us in his word. But you will find, as this traveller found, that there is one way only that is really safe. Be humble, therefore, dear children, and believe and obey what the Lord Jesus says. Believe what he teaches you in this lesson.

But what does he teach? He teaches how you should pray, and teaches you about forgiveness, saying that without a forgiving spirit you can never pray acceptably to him. Let us first consider what he tells us about prayer. Listen to his words: "Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Now we must not suppose that Jesus here means that he will gratify every desire, however wild or foolish, that you may have. No, this is not what his words mean. He

means that every good thing which you ask him for, believing, he will give it. A kind earthly father would not, if he could, give everything that his child asks. In his ignorance he asks for many things which it would not be good for him to have, and which therefore must be refused. And so God, in His greater wisdom and stronger love for us, will give to us only what He sees will be good for us. But He will give all good things which, believing, we ask Him to give. This is the meaning of the Saviour's words. But then we must *ask*. There are many who think there is no use in praying to God. Now, as in the days of Job, there are many who say, "What is the Almighty, that we should serve him; and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" My dear children, do not you follow their teaching. The very best gifts which God has to bestow, next to His dear Son, whom he has already given for our salvation, He bestows only in answer to believing prayer. Resolve then now, and say,

"Ah, if I have not yet began,
I'll go to God without delay;
For if I wait to be a man,
I may not then have grace to pray."

Let me illustrate this duty of *asking*, by telling you a story.

A most kind and loving father was about to leave home for a foreign land. He was going in search of health, and would be absent all winter. On the evening before he started, he said to his four children, "I want you each to write down on a slip of paper your wishes as to what I shall bring you. Ask for just what you want, and all you want." Loving their father dearly, as he knew they did, he knew also that they would be moderate in their desires. Three of them did as he bade them. They wrote down the names of the things they wanted, and gave the lists to him. But the fourth one said, "I am not going to ask

for anything. I will leave papa, who loves me, to choose for me." The others said to her, "Papa bade us *ask*; and if we do *not* ask, it will look as if we did not believe him, and will clearly be disobeying him." But she would not be persuaded. And so their father carried away with him only three little slips of paper, as he went forth on his long journey and absence from home. When at last he came back, and the presents were all displayed before the eager children, it was found that all their petitions had been more than fulfilled, and their joy knew no bounds. But there was one for whom there was not a single gift. An abundance for the others, but nothing for her. It seemed very hard. There was no joy for her, but only bitter passionate tears. Her father took her aside and told her how it was because she did not *ask* when he had bidden her to do so, that she received nothing. And then, with great tenderness, he explained to her that he had dealt with her in this manner, not to punish her for refusing to ask of him what she desired, but to impress upon her mind that Jesus must be obeyed when he says "Ask, and ye shall receive." It is, then, a duty to pray; and it is a duty for every one, even for the youngest child. You should in simple faith and love ask God for everything you want, trusting Him to give it or withhold it as He sees to be best for you.

But what now are the good gifts which we most need, and which our Lord engages to bestow in answer to our prayers? I speak only of those, as you will notice, which we *most* need.

1. The first of these is the gift of the Holy Spirit. The promise of Christ is a very precious one. He says: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." How great a gift this is, you very likely do not well understand. There is really no other so great or valuable of all the gifts which

God in His rich bounty grants to us. What is it to have the Holy Spirit? It is to have a new heart and a new spirit within us. It is to find ourselves helped when we are beset with sore temptations, in overcoming them. It is to be made strong for every duty which we may be called upon to perform. It is to be supported and comforted in every trial, however bitter, which we may have to bear. If you have the Holy Spirit, you will often think of the blessed Jesus, how holy and meek and full of love he is; and you will pray and constantly strive in everything to be like him. The work which he will do in your heart, and upon your character, will be as varied in its fruits, as powerful and as beautiful as that which the rain does for the dry and parched fields. You know how the same shower makes the grass to grow, the grain to shoot up and ripen for the harvesting, and the flowers to bloom and display all their beautiful colors. And even so the Holy Spirit, when he works upon the heart, renews the guilty, enlightens the ignorant, purifies the defiled, strengthens the feeble, and gives comfort to the sorrowing. We can none of us be good or do good, except as we have the Holy Spirit. And this Spirit is given to us, to abide with us, and to help us, only in answer to prayer. God has never said that He would bestow this gift unasked. "Your heavenly Father shall give the Holy Spirit." Yes, but to whom? "To them that ask Him." And this, as I have said, is the greatest gift. There is nothing else that you should so much desire from God, because there is nothing else that you so much need. For it is by the Spirit's aid that we obtain all other things which go to make our characters right in the sight of God, and beautiful and attractive in the eyes of men. And yet that God would grant us these things, as well as the Holy Spirit, we must pray to Him. And if we pray, believing that we receive them, we shall have them.

Hence, secondly, you should pray that in your spirit and character you may every day grow to be more and more like Jesus. To grow to be like him without prayer is impossible. And how very far we all are now from being such as he would have us to be, and such as he will make us to be if, with all our hearts, we ask to be like him. But now, as Dr. Watt's sings—

“How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before !
The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I.
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.”

And then, too, how subject we are to *all* evil passions, and not to pride alone. We cannot think for a moment upon the beautiful and perfect character of Jesus, without seeing that we are very very unlike him, and that we must grow very much in holiness, and must master our evil passions, before we can become like him. But prayer will help, and greatly help us, to do this very thing.

A traveller, who has journeyed thousands of miles among the savage tribes in Central Africa, tells us of a tree which he found growing there, and which is called the euphorbia tree. It is a huge cactus-like, monstrous-looking tree, which has many crooked branches, but not a single leaf. He says, however, that it is never seen standing out in its native ugliness, but that it is always covered by many charming creepers which pleasantly hide its unsightliness, while exhibiting their own grace and beauty. Now our natural characters are much like this unclothed euphorbia tree—misshapen, ugly, repulsive ; but prayer, aided by God's Spirit—who, you remember, comes to us, renews us and sanctifies us, because we ask for His presence and work in us—helps constantly to bring out upon our characters and

lives a beauty greater far than that with which the graceful creepers cover and adorn that tree monster of the African forests. Should you not then pray that you may be clothed with this beauty ?

But it is not beauty alone—the beauty of holiness—that we need in exchange for that ugliness which belongs to us by reason of our sins, but we need also strength—a strong arm on which we may lean, and of whose strength we may partake, and thus be strong ourselves. In respect of our weakness, we are all—the strong man as well as the feeble child—like the morning-glory, that little delicate flower with which some of you, I think, are acquainted. What could it do without a support ? It would soon be lying on the ground, soiled, faded, dead. But what does it do ? It lays hold of its little prop, firmly clings to it, and fears no storms. It grows in beauty because it lays hold of, and is supported by, a strength not its own. And now, dear children, how can you who are weak and helpless by nature, stand up and live before the storms of this troublesome world ? There is only one way. That is, to make the Lord Jesus your support. You lay hold of him by faith, and through prayer you are made sharers in his omnipotent strength. Should you not, then, pray to him, and pray believing that the things which you desire, and which you ask for, you will receive ?

But, still further, it is not beauty alone nor strength alone that you need. You need both these, but you need something more. It is no false sentiment nor foolish conceit to regard every child whom I address as now having, in himself or herself, a promise for the future as fair as the promise of a rose-bud. But the rose-bud must be guarded and defended from many foes, or its early promise will be sadly blighted. A little worm may be eating into the heart of the bud, boring its petals through with holes, and thus spoiling the flower ; or mildew or little frosts may blight

it ; or storms may destroy all its fair promise. Hence it must be protected and defended from all things which might arrest or defeat its blossoming in beauty.

Now this, my children, which the rose-bud needs, you also need. Your promise for the future may be very fair, and such as to inspire high hopes among those who love you. But lest all this promise should be blighted, you need to pray every day that you may be kept unhurt by the foes which surround you, and safe amid all dangers. You need to pray that the destroyer may not be permitted to do his work of injury or ruin in your souls, and that you may bloom forever in the paradise of God, to the praise and glory of His Son our Saviour. Should you not, then, pray earnestly to Him that He will afford you His constant protection and make you to abide in safety ?

Now there are many other things which we need, and which God gives us, if in faith we ask Him for them, to which I cannot now refer. In regard to them I must point you to the lesson which says, "*Whatsoever* things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." These words tell us that we are to ask Him for everything—yes, *for everything* that we want. But I have undertaken to point out to you only some of the more important things that you need, and that you should daily ask in prayer. And there remains only one other gift for me to mention, and which in prayer you should ask God to give you.

3. That is, the gift of a forgiving spirit. I speak thus particularly of this, because in the lesson our Lord makes it so important. This is what he says : " When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any ; that your Father which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

Thus you see that the Lord Jesus here teaches us that if

we do not have a forgiving spirit, we cannot pray acceptably unto him. Such a spirit is, then, a necessary condition of believing prayer; but it is also a fruit of such prayer. You cannot pray aright unless you forgive; and you cannot from the heart forgive, unless you ask and receive from God a forgiving spirit. How important, then, is it to forgive! and how important, too, to pray! You cannot be faithful in either duty without being faithful in both. It is with prayer and forgiveness as it is in the human body, where digestion forms the blood, and the blood gives power to digestion. They depend upon each other. They are both necessary to the life and growth in holiness of the soul, and without both the soul is dead, and can never live in blessedness with God.

But how hard it is to forgive those who injure us! Nothing else is so hard for old or young. But hard as it is, it is a duty which we should never dare neglect. If a forgiving spirit is necessary to the acceptableness of *all* prayer—as in the Lord's prayer we are taught that it is—how much more necessary is it when we ask such great things in prayer as those of which I have been speaking. Therefore, “when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any.” Show a forgiving spirit in prayer, and pray always that such a spirit may be given you.

You know, perhaps, that in Quaker meetings the people come together, and all sit in silence until, as they say, the Spirit moves some one to speak. Was it not a beautiful, if somewhat odd, speech which a white-haired sister once made at one of these meetings, when she rose and said:

“Sister Tabitha all to pieces,
My best China tea-pot broke.
But I kept my soul in patience;
Not a word of anger spoke.”

Nothing else was said at that meeting. But was it not enough? Could anything be better than a testimony that

even one soul had been kept free, under provocation, from anger and resentment? Nothing but God's help, sought and obtained in prayer, can enable one to gain such victories. And in this way many have gained, and you and I may gain them.

"Let Luther hate me and call me a devil a thousand times," said Calvin of his brother reformer, who had wronged and reviled him, "yet will I love him, and esteem him to be a precious servant of God." This was to forgive, and it was noble.

Archbishop Cranmer had so much of the forgiving spirit of Christ, that he once freely forgave those who had been discovered in a plot to take his life, though one of them was a member of his own household, and for the other he had done many acts which had been of great service to him. It used to be said of him, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your friend forever."

The same spirit was shown by another good man, Sir Matthew Hale, who was a great lawyer and judge. Having once frankly given advice, for which he would take no fee, to a man who had deeply injured him, and who came to him for counsel, he was asked how he could so kindly treat a man who had wronged him so much. His reply was, "I thank God that I have learned to forgive injuries."

Have *you* learned this lesson? It is a lesson that you must learn. The Lord will help you to learn it, and always to practice it, if you will in prayer believingly ask of Him this great gift of a forgiving spirit.

I beseech you, then, learn to pray. Commit yourselves every day in prayer to the keeping of the Saviour. Give yourselves up to do his will, and in the spirit of those words wherewith a great king once gave instructions to his ambassador, saying, "You must go: only do you mind my concerns heartily, and I will take care of yours." It is even in this way that God addresses us all.

Ask and expect great things from Him. The more and greater things for which you ask in faith, the more do you honor Him. It is said that Alexander the Great had a famous philosopher who, being poor, was once brought into a condition of great need and distress. To whom, in his need, could he apply but to his sovereign, the conqueror of the world? His request was no sooner made than granted. Alexander gave him an order on his treasurer for whatever he wanted. He immediately demanded, in his sovereign's name, fifty thousand dollars. The treasurer, surprised at the largeness of the sum, refused to pay it. He reported the unreasonable demand to his king. Alexander heard him with patience, and then said to him, "Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking. He has done me a great honor. By the largeness of his request, he shows that he believes in my superior wealth and in my royal bounty."

Oh that we might all honor our God by asking and expecting so that we might receive great things from him! "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things!"

BIBLE LINK—Discourses of Jesus in the temple—MATT. 21. 23-46;
22. 1-14; MARK 11. 27-33.

CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.

Whose is this image and superscription?—MARK 12. 16.

OUR Lord was looking at a piece of money when he said this, and he made that piece of money say something

to the Jews. Let us take a piece of our money, and see if the teaching of Christ will make that say anything to us. Here, for example, is a silver half dollar. Something is stamped upon it—a human figure, with some stars, some words in the Latin language, and a date on one side ; on the other, the figure of an eagle with some more words, this time in English. Look at the figure. It is called a figure of Liberty. It is put there to remind us that this is a free country, and that we must keep it free.

In some countries the chief ruler is a King instead of a President. In these countries, very often the image of the king's head is put on the money of the land, to remind the people of the duty they owe to the king and the laws. This was the case with the coin which Christ held in his hand. It showed, by having this image on it, and the words which were stamped on it also, that there was one supreme ruler of the country, and that his commands and laws were respected ; that there was an army to defend them against enemies ; and courts also, where bad men were punished. People who lived where this money was used, enjoyed the benefit of the Roman government. But government costs a great deal, and people who are protected by it have to pay for it. If these men lived there, and took advantage of these things, it was only right that they should help pay for it. And this was giving tribute to Cæsar. And they ought not only to pay the money that was needed, but in all things to be peaceable, and industrious, and good citizens. This was part of what Christ made the penny say to them. And this is also what our coin says to us.

In old times, this stamp, or anything that was cut or engraved upon stone or metal, was called by certain people called Greeks, a "character." In course of time other nations got to using the same word to mean this and some other things too, and finally, it came in some way to be

said of men that *they* had a character. Now look at the stamp on the half dollar, and it will tell us, I think, something about what this character ought to be.

1. In the first place, nobody could tell much about the coin, if the stamp were not *clear*. We should not know from what country it came, nor how much it was worth. If the stamp is what it should be, all the letters and figures and stars and points will be plain. Every line will be distinct. That is one thing to be remembered about a character. It must be clear. It must be distinct. I have heard of a boy who got into trouble when he was tempted, because he said "no" easy. I am afraid he was not a boy of much character. At least, there was one line which was not distinct. Perhaps he "sort of wanted" to do right. Perhaps he was a little afraid to do the thing his companions urged him to do, but it was not clear and decided in his mind that he meant to do right, and *would* do it anyway. If a boy of no character happens to be a Sunday-school scholar, he is very apt not to think to study his Bible lesson during the week. Or if he does, he doesn't take it up with a determined purpose to learn it. He reads it over without thinking very much about it, or drops it very soon, to read something else, or to go off to play. Even if he gets interested in it, he does not remember to *practice* it. A boy of real character takes up his Bible with a distinct purpose of studying his lesson, and learning it. He pays attention to that, and lets other things alone till that is done. There are some persons who are known to everybody as being kind, or truthful, or industrious, or faithful, or brave. There is no doubt about them. They speak and act so others know what they mean, and how they feel; and what they say and do is good, and we say they are persons of fine character.

Then there are some who are just as plainly unkind, or insincere, or cowardly, or unfaithful; and because these

things are bad, we say such persons are, so far, of a bad character. And sometimes we fall in with people who do not seem to be either one thing or the other very much. They do not seem to mean to do well. They do not seem *resolved* to do right. They are persons, so far, of *no* character. The lines are not clear. We can hardly make out that there is any particular stamp there.

In order to have a real character, then, one of the very first things to make sure of is, that you have a clear purpose, distinct feelings, and that you are prompt in action.

The young shepherd, David, told king Saul that when he was watching the sheep, a lion and a bear came to catch the sheep, and he slew them. If he had been unfaithful to his trust, he would not have tried to do this. If he had been cowardly, or if he had hesitated, he could not have done it. Part of his character was prompt courage and fidelity. Here was one line that meant bravery, and another that meant faithfulness to his trust. They were both distinct. King Saul could see them. So could every one else. There was no doubt about this boldness, or prayerfulness, or love of God. And this, too, is one of the first things we learn about our Saviour. He was only twelve years old when he said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He had already a clear purpose.

2. There is one thing more that the coin says. The Government puts on each piece of money something that the people can read, or a picture that will tell them something, if they think about it. A number of separate marks, however, would not do this. All the lines must be connected in some way, so that each mark shall belong to the other marks, and each line shall help all the other lines; and altogether they shall make up one figure—just as the short lines do in the letter "H" or "W," by joining together. If the lines on the coin are all separate,

they do not make up a "character." Nobody could tell what emperor or great person they were made to represent, or whether they were intended to remind us of anything. The lines must all be united with one purpose, or they will not have any meaning. And the meaning is, after all, the important thing. Now a boy's character is made up of qualities—"traits," we call them—such as truth, patience, courage, politeness, industry, with our talents and the powers we acquire. These are the separate strokes, or cuts, or lines. That is what the word "trait" means, which make up the one figure. These must be clear, as I have already said; but they must also be deep and lasting, and they must be put together in such a way as to mean something, so as to unite in forming one image, like the head or device on the coin or medal. If the Pharisees had brought a piece of metal covered with sharp clear lines just cut, or with very distinct old ones, if they did not form the image and superscription of the Roman Emperor, no one would receive the piece as money, because it would have no real character upon it. Now it is just so with people. If they are to have real character, they must not only be *clear* and persistent, but they must mean something by what they do, and what they are—and they must mean *one thing*. Their words and actions must be like the lines on the medal or coin, which all go together to make up an image that is beautiful to look at, and that tells us something.

People sometimes have faces cut on precious stones—as garnets or emeralds. The persons who do this work are called lapidaries. Suppose you took such a stone to a lapidary and asked him to engrave on it the face of a dear friend of yours, and he should return it to you with an eye cut in one corner, part of the mouth in another; a flower in one place, and a curved line in another, and so on. You cry out in surprise: "Why! what is this?" And he says: "Why! I thought these were pretty, and

so I put them on the gem." Would their being pretty satisfy you? Not at all. They don't make up the face you want to see there. They don't make up anything, because they have no connection, no unity. Nobody would like this in a lapidary, and yet a great many do just the same thing themselves. They are, for example, very attentive at the day school, but not at Sunday-school. They are very careful to get their arithmetic lesson, or geography, or history, but not at all careful to study their Bible lesson. They are eager in their play, but not in their work; or they are polite to those whom they like, or to strangers whom they wish to please, but not always to their own brothers or sisters, or to those who are poorly dressed, or who are not attractive. They will work hard to get pleasure, perhaps, or to earn money for themselves, but they are slow to put themselves to inconvenience to give pleasure to other people. All this shows a want of character. So it does when people are particular to appear good tempered, but don't mind telling an untruth; when they spend a great deal of time learning to play the piano, but do not take pains to be kind and gentle in their manners and their words.

Most boys think it very fine to ride horse-back—and so it is. They spend a great deal of time learning to ride well, and pride themselves on being able to manage a spirited horse. And yet, some of these same boys, if they are disappointed of an expected pleasure, will be sulky and disagreeable, or they lose their temper very easily. That is, they have thought about mastering their horse, but not about mastering themselves. A great many people are very anxious to make friends of those who are agreeable or rich, or influential, but do not think at all of making a friend of the most attractive, the richest, the wisest, the most powerful, and the very best of all friends—Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

All this shows a want of character. The lines that are needed to make up the figure—the *traits* are not drawn out to their full length and joined with the others, as they should be, or there are several very good things, like the eye and flower on the gem—beautiful in themselves, but not connected so as to make one picture, or face, or character. But here, on the other hand, is a boy who is learning to sing. He sings in Sunday-school and in church, and at the day-school, too, I hope, and at home. He sings when he is happy ; and if he is ever sad he sings happy songs, and so gets cheerful again. He sings to make other people happy, too. And then he thinks he ought to make his words and acts keep time with the songs he sings, and that when he isn't singing at all, he ought to have music in his heart—kindness and good-will toward every one. He is making that habit, or acquirement, a line that helps every other line in the face. The whole character is more beautiful by reason of this one trait, because it is made to join with the rest.

And then the same boy thinks that one of the worst discords he can make is to be untruthful, so he tries to speak the truth in all he says. Then he tries to be sincere in all his friendships, keeping his promises, and never saying one thing when he means or thinks another. Then he determines to be sincere in all his work and study ; that is, he does it thoroughly and well, and he is sincere with himself ; that is, he doesn't excuse himself for doing things which he blames other boys for doing. When he does wrong he admits it, and confesses it. So he tries to make this one line of truth help every other line, and so help to make a good character. And he doesn't think it enough to be truthful, but tries to be courageous also—courageous when others see him, and when he is alone ; in the daytime, and in the dark, in danger and accident, and also when others make fun of him for doing right ; and he tries

to be just, and courteous, and generous ; and he loves not only his friends on earth, but his best friend who is in heaven, Jesus Christ ; and, like that friend, he is kind and forgiving to his enemies. In this way he seeks to have harmony through all that he does and *is*, and have every part help the other parts, as in the songs he sings—to make the likeness of Christ. For that is the “image and the superscription” *we* must bear, if we are to be accepted by our heavenly Father, or do His work among men, just as the coin Christ had in his hand could not be a coin at all, unless it had the image and superscription of the Roman Emperor upon it.

The Bible tells us that man was first made in the image of God. But that “image” has been defaced and worn by sin. It is almost rubbed out, so that it can hardly be seen—if indeed it can be seen at all, except very faintly. It needs to be renewed, as sometimes worn-out coins are sent back to the mint to be recoined. And the Bible tells us that this image can be renewed, even in the very worst cases. That we ourselves can be renewed after the image of Him that created us : “changed into the same image, from glory to glory”—to be as the angels which are in heaven ; and, what is better still, to be made like Christ himself. For the Bible says again, in the New Testament, that Christ is the express image of God’s person, and that those who love God are to be conformed to the image of His Son. He is the “pattern” after which we must all be made, if we are to have a place in the kingdom of God. He renews the image of God in us by impressing Himself upon us, if we will let Him do it. And we do this by loving and following Him, by obeying and imitating Him in all we do. For this image can’t be put on us, as we stamp something on a coin, by force. “God is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living.” And we can only be made like Christ, by becoming really

alive ; by receiving the "power of God," by His Spirit, into our hearts ; by studying the Scriptures thoroughly, and so learning and becoming able to think, and love, and act as Christ did. He "is the power of God, and the wisdom of God ;" and He "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," if we believe on Him, if we love Him, and obey Him.

BIBLE LINK—The story of the wicked husbandmen—MARK 12. 1-12 ; LUKE 20. 1-19. The enemies of Jesus seek to entangle him by questions—MATT. 22. 15-46 ; MARK 12. 12-27. Questions of the Pharisees—MARK 12. 28-37 ; LUKE 20. 20-44. Jesus rebukes the Pharisees for their sins—MATT. 23. 1-39 ; MARK 12. 38-40 ; LUKE 20. 45-47. Jesus praises the gift of a poor widow—MARK 12. 41-44 ; LUKE 21. 1-4.

THE GREAT COMMANDMENT.

BY REV. L. F. BURGESS, ORANGE, N. J.

[MARK 12. 28-44.]

And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all ? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel ; the Lord our God is one Lord : and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.—MARK 12. 28-30.

WHY is there so much said in the Bible about commandments and obedience ? Why does God so much care as to whether we obey Him or not ? Does He need our service ? Is He jealous of His rights, and angry when we do not give Him all the honor that is His due ? Perhaps such thoughts have sometimes come to your mind. Is it wrong to ask

such questions? No. God has himself told us the reasons for our obedience, for He is not a hard nor unreasonable master. A little parable will help us to see this thing aright. There was once an eastern king who ruled over a wide and great territory, when some flattering courtiers once urged him to add to his dominions a neighboring country. He declined to do so, because he had already enough of authority and honor. He preferred to leave his neighbors to govern themselves. But he afterward did add this new country to his kingdom, and for this reason: he found that the people of that land were in a very sad condition, owing to the lack of any good government. The strong oppressed the weak, and the land was full of violence and bloodshed. There was no wise ruler to make them laws, and no strong hand to enforce even the laws that they had; so, as a deed of mercy, and in pity for the people, he undertook to govern them; and, by making good laws, and then compelling the people to keep them, he brought to that land peace and order and prosperity.

Just such is the feeling of love and mercy that moves the heart of our great King and Father. He knows very well what a desolate and vile place our world would be if we were long left to ourselves. And we can see this in part; for we know that the lands in which God is best known and most served are the happiest and most prosperous, and those places where the people "have no fear of God before their eyes" are where violence and misery abound. It is love and not jealousy that rules our world; and the more fully we are brought under that rule, the more truly are we blessed.

But it happened that the king at length decided to remove his authority from this country, and leave them again to take care of themselves. As the people had now been brought to see the advantages of law and order, he thought that they would maintain such a rule among themselves

without the presence of his power. For a little, things went well ; but very soon the old evils returned. Selfishness, and hatred, and corruption abounded ; and it was seen that these things had been kept down, but not destroyed. Although the people had been reformed in their lives, they had not been changed in heart ; and, as soon as there was an opportunity, the old nature showed itself, and matters were even worse than before.

The good king was distressed, and called a council of his wisest men to consider the reason of this continued trouble, and to advise him how to remedy it. Many long speeches were made, and many wise suggestions given ; but none seemed to suit the king, until an old and experienced judge said, "O king ! the trouble with this people is that they have received your good laws into their heads, but not into their hearts. They have obeyed as long as they were compelled to, but have never loved the law nor the law-maker. If they had learned to love you, they would have kept your laws gladly, and as well in your absence as in your presence. Nothing can be done for such a people until the law of righteousness is written in their hearts ; then they will walk in those ways gladly and always." So spake the judge, and the king and all his court felt at once that he was right. So the king again took charge of the unruly country, and this time set himself to influence the hearts of the people, and lead them to love him and his just laws.

God wants our service, and much is said in His book about the matter of obedience. But heart obedience is the only real obedience ; and God is not anxious that we should obey the letter of His laws so much as the spirit of them—that we should give Him the service of the heart, rather than the empty service of the life.

When Christ came to the world, he came to help men to do God's will—to teach them how to obey ; and the way

in which he helps us is by winning our hearts, by teaching us to love him. He says, "If ye love me, ye *will* keep my commandments." So his only care is to have us love him; and to gain this end he sets himself to showing his great love to us, for love begets love. "We love him because he first loved us." In his life of ministry and his death of sacrifice, he shows his great love. And he knew this would win love, for he said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." To draw us to him by love, was to help us in the only sure and right way to the life of obedience.

There are four chief blessings in this service of love; blessings that are not found in service that has no love in it:

(1.) The service of love is a *certain* and *prompt* service. This king found it so. When he issued a new law, he knew that those who were under the rule of love would be sure to obey it; that they would be full and prompt in their obedience. He did not have to send officers to enforce the decree, nor spies to see if it was observed. He felt quite at ease about the matter. But in those parts where the people did not yet love him, he had to compel obedience; and even then the law was never so fully nor so promptly obeyed.

Gok seeks for the service of love from us because that is the only certain and full obedience. If we love Him we will be quick to hear His words, quick to understand them, quick to obey them. Those who complain that they do not know what is duty and what is not—who seem always in doubt as to what they may and should do, and what not—are not the loving ones. Love gives sharp ears and keen eyes. I once saw a young woman in company with a number of young men. All were polite and kind; but one of the young men was especially devoted. He loved the lady very deeply, and he was so watchful and attentive that her every wish was at once supplied. He was able often

to tell what she wanted before she spoke. The others were not able to give such prompt and perfect service, for they did not see and understand her wishes as he did ; they had not their eyes and ears sharpened by love. How quickly a mother will hear her baby crying upstairs ! She often can hear it before any one else does, and she knows its voice from the voices of all other children about. It is love that gives her these keen senses. So it is with those who love God. They do not have to halt very long to know in what way He would have them to go. They do not have to be told very loudly or very often how they may do His will and give Him glory. Their hearts are so near to His heart that they can tell, almost without thinking, what are His ways and pleasure. The service of love is a very full and certain service.

(2.) This love-service is also an *easy* and *pleasant* service. Service without love is not easy. Are there any boys or girls who read these words who have not had a hard time in trying to do right just for its own sake, or because it is duty, and without any love for God ? Every one who has made such efforts has suffered and failed. But there is another way ; and it is a pleasant way. It is easy to do anything for one whom we truly love. The young gentleman I mentioned was delighted to be permitted to wait on the lady, and do her some service. He would not have found the same pleasure in serving every lady ; but love makes service a joy instead of a burden. I knew a gentleman who had to carry his crippled wife up and down stairs, and who did this for years. He did not generally enjoy carrying heavy burdens, but he bore his wife with joy as well as tenderness ; and when she would sometimes say that she was sorry to be so great a trouble to him, he would answer that the only pleasure he found in her sickness, was the opportunity it gave him to serve her.

When Jesus was on earth he said that he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He said that he was among men "as one that serveth;" and we know that he spent his whole life in doing for others. He was at the service of all who were sick or troubled, or who wanted to learn from him the way of life. This service was not given grudgingly, nor was it hard and distasteful to the Master; on the contrary, it was the only comfort and joy of his life. This was part of that "joy that was set before him," and he desires that our service of him shall be as glad and happy as was his service of others. But it can be so only as we have the same spirit. He had the spirit of love. He found joy in it only because he loved those he came to save.

God's service will be nothing but a heavy yoke, tedious and hard to bear, if we do not love Him. But when we love Him, we will find it our pleasure to do the things that please Him. During the dark days of slavery in this country, a negro woman was one day put up for sale in the slave-market. She was young and handsome, and her master therefore expected to make a good bargain in selling her. But she was on this very account in great agony of mind. She did not know what evil-minded man might purchase her, attracted by her fine appearance, and she trembled with fear and shame as she was talked about and examined by the coarse men around her. A wealthy gentleman in the crowd was so touched by her terror, that he bought her and told her that she was free. But she followed him as he went to his home; and though he told her that he did not need a servant, and had bought her only to make her free, she refused to leave him. She remained in his family all her life, a most devoted servant; and whenever she was urged by her friends to leave him and enjoy her liberty, she declared that no lot in life was so pleasant to her as that of a servant to the man who had

redeemed her ; and the only favor she had to ask, was to be permitted to be near him and work for him. Hers was the service of love, and therefore a joy. If we feel that Jesus has redeemed us, and know how much that means, we will find it our joy to follow him and serve him.

(3.) This love-service brings another great blessing, in that it draws the loving servant near to his Lord, and makes him like his Lord in nature. God does not care so much for what we *do* as he does for what we *are*. He knows that if we ourselves are right, our conduct and life will come out all right. A good tree will bring forth good fruit, and an evil tree evil fruit. Something may happen to spoil the fruit for a time. A drought, or a hail-storm, or a frost may spoil a crop. But the farmer says "never mind ; the tree is good, and the crop will be all right next year !" But if the tree is hollow, or worm-eaten, or if it bears naturally small, poor fruit, he cannot comfort himself in that way. It is useless ever to expect such a tree to give fine fruit.

Our hearts are God's fruit-trees. "Ye are God's husbandry." As He looks upon us, He sees some trees that are good at heart, but suffering from ignorance and infirmity and weakness, so that they do not bear much fruit now. But He is patient, and knows that such trees will give more and more good fruit, as they go on growing in His love and grace. But He sees other hearts that are bad trees—they are selfish, and wilful, and do not have any Christ-life in them. And He knows very well that there will be no fruit and no improvement in such cases until the *heart* is changed, and they get His Spirit in them. So He seeks to get this pure heart in us. He is more anxious about the heart than the life ; about the nature of his fruit-trees, than about the fruit they now bear. His great care is not so much to get right conduct out of us, as it is to get right natures into us. This can be done only

by drawing us to himself, and making us like himself. When we serve God in love, we are walking with Him. He is our every day friend. We are thinking of Him, talking to Him, and coming more and more to know Him. And the more we become acquainted with Him, the more do we love Him and become like Him. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

We all find that we become like the friends we are much with and love. If they are pure and noble, they help to make us so; and if they are evil, we will catch the evil just as we should catch the small-pox. It is even so with our heavenly Father. To live in daily and friendly service with Him, is to come so near Him as to make us like Him. We learn to love what He loves, and to hate what He hates. This is the best and greatest result of this service of love. It would not be so with service that had no love in it. Unloving service would drive us away from God, rather than draw us to Him. The more we are forced against our will to do anything, the more will we hate to do it. A man who did not know this, used to make his boy read the Bible regularly, just so much every day. He wanted to have his boy in the habit of loving and reading the word of God; but the only effect was to make the boy hate the book, and promise himself that when he grew up he would never open it. It would be just so if God sought to make us serve Him without any love. Such service would drive us away from Him. Therefore it was that Jesus said that love is the first and greatest commandment.

(4.) This service of love is the only sort that can give any pleasure to God.

David says, in Psalm 116: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" That is a great question. What can we give to God in return for all that He has given to us? We would like to give Him some-

thing ; and something, too, that He would care to have. Does He want service ? Can we do anything for Him ? Why ! the heavens and the earth are full of His servants. Millions of angels are ready to do His bidding, and all the forces of the world—its light, and heat, and power—He holds in His hands. He does not need our service. Does He want praise and honor ? All these agents that do His will are doing Him honor in that service. The angels sing His praise, and the very stones and water-drops of the earth give Him glory.

But acts of service and words of praise are not the things that God wants. Even if he took delight in them, He has all that He could need. But He does not take delight in them, nor seek them alone. They are of no value to Him. They cannot make Him any more rich, and mighty, and glorious than He is. All the labors and the praises of all the people on earth would not give a particle of pleasure to God, save as they told of *love*. Love He *does* want. Love he can never have too much of. "God is love." His joy is in loving His creatures, and in knowing that they love Him. Everything that tells Him of our love is like a sweet song in His ears. All this life of love-service is such a song. Every act of obedience and submission is a note of this music, and it keeps on from year to year going up into God's ear, and giving joy to His heart. It don't matter who sings the song, nor how, nor where ; if it tells of a loving heart, it adds to the music of heaven.

So here is something that God wants, and something that even the poorest and weakest of us can give Him. What a blessing it is to find a way in which we can do something for Him who is never weary in doing good to us.

We can now see very well why Jesus said, "This is the first commandment."

It is first in importance and value, because it would bring to God a service that is true, and full, and delight-

ful; and to us a service that is pleasant, and easy, and blessed.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus foretells the destruction of the temple, and the signs of his coming again—MATT. 24. 1-51; 25. 1-30; MARK 13. 1-20.

NOT ENOUGH TO BE HALF SAVED.

BY REV. ELI CORWIN, D. D.

But he that endureth to the end shall be saved.—MARK 13. 13.

IF a child were lost in the woods, the best thing it could know would be how to find its way out. The best thing it could do is to *get* out. To know the way out is to know how to be saved; to get out is to be saved. If the lost child should sit down and cry, that would not help it out. And so to feel bad because we are lost sinners is not enough. That cannot save us. Nor is it enough to know that we are lost, and to try for a little to be saved, and then give it up. We must know which way to go. We must start in the right way towards the Father's house, and then we must keep on going. He, and only he, that endureth to the end, shall be saved. To get half way out of the place where we are lost and stop there, is still to be wholly lost; it is not to be even half saved. When, years ago, I was in the far away islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, I asked a boy to climb a cocoa-nut tree and pull off some cocoa-nuts for me. The trees were very tall and without any limbs by which to climb—having a tuft of palm-leaves and fruit at the top. Now, if the boy had never climbed more than part of the way up, and then had stopped each time and said, "I am so tired I think I will go down to the bottom of the tree and rest awhile," he never would

have reached the fruit, and he would have been no better off for fruit than if he had stayed all the while at the foot of the tree and never tried to climb it.

And so in climbing heavenward, we get the best fruit and reach the rich reward only as we keep on climbing. And we are not saved if we only go half way and then turn back. If you were going to see a friend who lived five hundred miles away, the last fifty miles would be as important as any part of the journey. As respects the great object of your traveling so far, that you might in his own house visit your friend, the four hundred and fifty miles you have traveled are so much wasted, if you fail to travel the last fifty miles. But there are a great many children, and older people too, who act as if they thought it quite enough to begin a religious life and go a little way. But Christ here tells us that it is he that endureth to the end that shall be saved. It is a great thing to begin to love and serve God, but it is a far greater thing to stick to it all one's life-time, and then to go on loving and serving Him to all eternity.

The men who did most to save the country when it was in peril, were not those who enlisted for thirty or ninety days, but those who enlisted for the war. So every child that comes into the church should think of it as enlisting for life. He should start to go through, intending and expecting to endure to the end.

Several years ago, as I was walking in one of the business streets of San Francisco, a man at my side said, "Do you see that block of buildings there? Well, I can never forget what I saw where that strong block now stands. A building was going up, and for some cause it fell. But one wall, three stories high, still stood tottering in the wind, and up there on the top of the swaying wall was one of the workmen clinging for life. In a few minutes hundreds of anxious people gathered at a safe distance, while a few

brave men ventured nearer, quickly raised a long ladder with ropes tied near the top, by which to hold it from leaning against the wall, all the while crying out to the poor man to hold on and he would be saved. Then carefully leaning the ladder towards him till he could reach it, he let go his hold upon the wall, seized the ladder with great care, and came down—the whole crowd looking on in silence, afraid to shout lest the wall should fall upon him and those who were risking their lives to save him. Hardly had they all reached a place of safety, when, with a crash, the wall fell, and then the great shout of gratitude and joy went up.” Had that poor man held on ever so bravely till just a moment before the ladder was within his reach and then let go, he must have fallen and perished. It was only as he endured to the end that he could be saved. And so with each one of you ; there is for you no half-way saving. Christ came to save you wholly, even to the uttermost. It is of little use for you or for anybody to be partly saved—saved for a little while, and then lost after all. But that same blessed Saviour who is ready to help each one of you to begin a religious life, can save you wholly and forever, by helping you to endure to the end.

BIBLE LINK—The friends of Jesus are told to watch for his coming—
MARK 13. 21-37 ; LUKE 21. 5-36.

WIDE-AWAKE.

BY REV. ELI CORWIN, D.D.

Lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping.—MARK 13. 36.

It is an old question, which has been asked hundreds of times, whether we do not get as much pleasure from what we expect, as from what we have in our possession. We

will not try to answer that question to-day. But we cannot help thinking of it, when we think that it is God's way to keep His people wide awake and always at work, because they are always expecting something. Poor people, who see very hard times now, are helped to bear up under trial, by hoping for the good time coming. The thought of a heavenly rest for the weary has been very precious to those who were very tired and discouraged and ready to give up in despair. The promise of perfect happiness in a life to come has helped many a poor sorrowing child to bear the great griefs of this life. And so, when the church of Christ has been ready to faint and grow weary, and be discouraged because Christ could not be seen, and seemed so far away, it has been comforted and made glad by the thought of a good time coming, when, with a grand procession of the holy angels, Christ, our almighty friend and helper, shall come again to comfort and cheer his people, and every eye shall see him. If a great ruler, whom every body called the greatest and best of men, had sent us word that he would come to this place, and if he were one whom we all dearly loved, who is there here that would not be ready to sit up all night, rather than miss the chance to be among the first to see him? Have you ever thought how much grander thing it would be if by watching and waiting we might see Jesus our heavenly king? If we had professed to love him a thousand times better than we love anybody else, we should be ashamed if he should come on purpose to see us, and should find us sleeping, just as if we did not care very much to meet him.

If a very dear brother of yours, whom you had not seen for many years, should send you word that he was coming to see you, and wished you to meet him before the morning, you could not sleep for joy, and you would beg to sit up all night to meet him. If you love Jesus, the thought is very pleasant that at some time he is coming; and he has

bid us be always ready to meet him. Well, what if you had heard that he would come within a few days, how should you best prove your love : by idly waiting, or by working while you watched ? If your father should give you some work to do, and then go away, saying, "After a while I will be back again," what would you do ? Would you sit down to rest and wait, saying, "There is plenty of time ; I will sleep a while ?" or would you say, "I will do my work as well and as soon as I can, and then I shall not be ashamed to meet my father, let him come when he will ?" Would you be so foolish as to say, "I think he will come back very soon. I shall not have time to do much any way, so I may as well do nothing ?" No, no ; as a good and obedient child, you would say, "I love and honor my dear father, and whenever he comes he shall find me not sleeping, but wide awake and hard at work ; for that will please him, whether my work is done or not." We ought never to do anything which it is not our duty to do, or which we would be ashamed to be found doing if our Lord were to come. Many years ago there was a dark day in New England—so dark that the chickens went to roost at noon, and people could not see to read. The legislature of one of the colonies was in session, and some one said he thought the day of judgment was at hand, and moved that the legislature now adjourn. A wise and good reply was that made by the very sensible man presiding. Said he : "If it is not the day of judgment, we ought not to leave our business ; and if the day of judgment has really come, it is better that we should be found at the post of duty, doing faithfully and honestly our proper work. Let candles be brought in."

And so if Christ were to come to-day or to-morrow, it were well pleasing to him to meet us *in our working dress*, wide awake and at the post of duty ; not frightened or ashamed because we had been idle or doing some wrong

thing, but glad to have him come ever so soon, if he might find us wide awake and at work, and not slothful or sleeping. You need not fear the hour of death or the coming of the day of judgment, if, loving and serving Christ, you are found to the very last doing duty.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus describes the day of judgment—MATT. 25. 31-46 ; LUKE 21. 37, 38. What was done on the fourth day of the week in which Jesus was crucified—MATT. 26. 1-16 ; MARK 14. 1-11 ; LUKE 22. 1-6 ; JOHN 12. 2-8.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

BY REV. GEO. G. PHIPPS, NEWTON, MASS.

Why was this waste of the ointment made?—MARK 14. 4.

YOUR mother teaches you, children, not to waste anything that is good. Even crumbs of bread you do not care for will feed the birdies under your window. Don't throw them into the fire, but put them out where the sparrows and chippies can get them. To burn the crumbs would be waste, but feeding the birds is useful. Things are not "wasted" which are *used for a good purpose*.

And that was what Jesus meant about the ointment that had been poured upon his head. Somebody who saw the woman pour it out of the alabaster box said, as the ointment cost a great deal of money, "why make such a waste?" But Jesus replied, "The woman has done a *good work* on me." It was no waste, then, no matter how much the woman had paid for the rich perfume, for she had done good with it. She had anointed Jesus with it. *Nothing done for Jesus is ever wasted.*

What can you use for Jesus, boys and girls?

1. Your *time*? Yes, and some of it that you waste now,

I'm afraid. That is, you do not use it well. You idle away too much of it, or spend it only in silly, foolish ways.

Playing is not wasting time : you ought to love to play—that's right. But to play *all the time* is a waste. Just as it is right to eat food—of course everybody has to eat ; but what would you say of a boy who was eating, eating, all of the time ! It is no more right to play every minute you can get, than it would be to eat every minute. Some of your play-time might be used, then, in doing kind deeds, loving deeds, for Christ. Anything you can think of which would *please Jesus*—just take some of your time and *do* it.

Would Christ be pleased to have you attend church, sing his praises, and worship God ? then be sure to go to church every Sabbath. That would not be time *wasted* ; but to lie abed Sunday mornings, or to say you “ don't feel like getting ready ” for church, and so to dawdle around the house and not go at all, is all a great *waste* of your precious time on Sundays.

Give it to Christ instead, as the good woman gave him her ointment, and go to meeting, though it cost you much. At Wellesley College—where some of you girls may yet go to study and graduate some day—there are bread-plates on the dining-tables that have around the rim, in blue letters, the words “ *Waste not, want not.* ” Why is that a good motto to put around a loaf of bread ? Can you tell ? If one never wastes, he is not likely to come to want. And if you never waste your *time*, you will find you have a great many minutes, hours, and days to give to God's work, beside having all you need left for yourself. You will not want, but have time enough.

- When Queen Elizabeth of England was dying, she said, “ Millions of money for an inch of time ! ” But if she had spent her Sabbaths and week-days more fully in God's service, she would never have *wanted* or needed more time for herself—not an “ inch ” or an hour.

2. Cannot you use *your money*, too, for Jesus? How often you now waste your pennies on things you do not need, and which do no good. If a man spends his money for cigars, and for drink, and *becomes poor*, we say, How he has wasted his money! because he spent it for what he *was better without*. If you boys spend your dimes for cigarettes, *beer*, and things that you are better without, you too are wasting your money just as really as the intemperate man is. Better use it for good things and good purposes—for whatever would please Christ, as you think. Buy a good book, and give it to some boy that has not so many as you have in your nice home; or give more of your nickels and quarters to help send the Gospel round the world—to New Mexico, and Japan, and China, and Africa. Every little helps, you know. Think how little honey each separate busy bee carries to the hive all summer long. But there are two millions of bee-hives in this country. And each hive brings as much as twenty-two pounds of honey; so that the Government gets a revenue of over eight millions of dollars a year, just from the work of the bees—each one making but a few drops of honey, too.

Can't you be a honey-gatherer? Can't you put more of your pennies into God's work, and do more good than you have been used to doing with them?

If not, why is this waste of your money made?

If you keep on wasting time and money, and all such precious things, you will have to give account at last, to God, of

A W A S T E D L I F E .

BIBLE LINK—Jesus keeps the Passover—MATT. 26. 17-19; MARK 14. 12-16; LUKE 22. 7-13; MATT. 26. 20; MARK 14. 17; LUKE 22. 14, 24-30; 22. 15-18; JOHN 13. 1-20; MATT. 26. 21-25; MARK 14. 18-21; LUKE 22. 21-23; JOHN 13. 36-38.

THE PASSOVER.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

[MARK 14. 12-21.]

THE Passover was to the Jews very like Fourth of July to us.

It called to mind the time when their forefathers were delivered out of the hands of the Egyptians, as Independence Day calls to mind the time when our forefathers shook off the yoke of England.

In some respects it was like Thanksgiving Day, because it was a family day. The father of the house killed a lamb. This was roasted whole, not a bone could be broken. Bread that had no yeast in it, and wine that had no alcohol in it, a dish of bitter herbs and some spiced sauce was the rest of the meal.

The father asked the blessing, dipped the bitter herbs in the sauce, and distributed them to each member of the family; then he carved and passed the lamb; he offered a prayer over the bread and another over the wine; he told the story of the first Passover; they all sang together, and the feast was over.

The Passover had to be celebrated at Jerusalem. The people who lived there threw open their doors; every room in all the house was a dining-room for that evening.

As you can see, the Passover was usually a very happy

season. But there are some times when it is hard to be happy. You cannot remember, but I can, how hard it was to celebrate Fourth of July in the dark days of the civil war.

I was in college then, and one year we boys got up a great celebration, full of fun and frolic ; but after the celebration was over and night came on, I could have cried, so badly did I feel over such a celebration, when any hour we might hear of another awful defeat of the Union armies.

Was it not hard last year to celebrate "the Fourth," when President Garfield was shot on the second, and was near death's door all through "the Fourth" ?

I should think it must have been very hard for Jesus and his disciples to get ready for the Passover of which our lesson tells us. Only on Tuesday evening of that very week, Jesus had told his disciples that he was to be killed Passover week.

Thursday morning came. Jesus and his disciples got to talking about the feast, and where they should celebrate it. Jesus told Peter and John to go to Jerusalem ; that, as they should enter the gate, they would meet a servant carrying a pitcher of water from one of the fountains. They were to follow him, and when they came to the house where he lived, tell the owner of it that Jesus wished for a room to eat the Passover in. The two men went, found the place, and had a room upstairs set apart. They then got ready the Passover.

It was a dangerous thing for Jesus to show himself in the city at that time. The chief men hated him so much that they were looking for a chance to kill him. But the city was full of people. I suppose there were at least two hundred and fifty thousand families getting ready for the Passover, and that the very week when Jesus, the Lamb of God, was killed for the world, two hundred and fifty thousand lambs were slain. Of course all were busy, so that

as Jesus, toward evening, walked quietly from Bethany to the capital, no one harmed him. But Jesus was not safe when he had come into the upper room and was all alone with his disciples, for one of his chosen friends was one of his worst enemies.

I do not see how Jesus could have borne the heart-ache which he must have had at that time, for no sooner had they come into the room than a quarrel sprung up among the disciples. They each wanted the best seat at the table. Hard looks and hard words followed ; and the next day he was to die !

Jesus said nothing, but quietly got up from the table, took a towel, laid aside his outside garment, tied the towel around his waist, poured some water into a large copper basin, and began to wash and wipe the disciples' feet. This was a slave's work, and it must have made the disciples feel that while they had been quarrelling over who should have the highest place, the Master had done the lowest service.

It would seem as though this was bad enough, but no ! Jesus looked up while they were eating, and said : " One of you is to betray me."

Do you wonder that they all began to feel that any one of them might be left to do almost anything that was bad ; so wicked they had been, that even they might be left to betray him ?

One after another of them looked up to Jesus, and asked, " Is it I ?" " Is it I ?" Jesus did not answer them. At last Peter made a signal to John, who was close to Jesus, to find out who it was, and John whispered, " Who is it ?" Jesus whispered back, " The one who dips his hand with me into the dish." Judas did it. He was the guilty one. And then Jesus uttered those awful words, " Woe to the man through whom the Son of man is betrayed ; good were it for that man if he had never been born." I

do not know, my dear boys and girls, as I ever heard of a sadder scene than this, and the thing that made it sad was sin.

Jesus would not have felt sad simply because he had got to die the next day. A good man does not fear death ; but he had to die a death which was made awful because men have sinned—because you and I, sinners, would need a Saviour from sin.

And then to think that the twelve nearest friends that he had should be false to him, and one of them for a little money should betray him !

Jesus, who knows all things, knows that it were better never to have been born than to commit awful sin.

To be sure he can forgive such sins, but the worst thing about them is, that those who do such mean and wicked things, do not want to be forgiven. We all do well to be afraid of sin, and to flee from it lest it should make us so wicked that Jesus would have to say of any of us, “better had it been for that boy or girl if he had never been born.” But if any of us are really sorry for our sins, we have a Saviour who is our Passover, who can take away all our sins ; and then it will be well for us that we have been born, for we shall have eternal life.

Mr. Moody tells a beautiful legend of a little girl in Egypt, on the first Passover, who was sick, and whose father, instead of putting the blood upon the door-post that the death-angel might pass by the house, left it to a servant to attend to. The little girl felt afraid that the servant had not put the blood on, and urged her father to go and see. He found no blood on the door-post ; but at once he had it put there. So we ought all to be anxious until we are sure that Christ’s blood is made our own Passover.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus talks with his disciples at the last supper—MATT. 26. 31-35; MARK 14. 27-31; LUKE 22. 31-38; JOHN 13. 36-38; MATT. 26. 26; MARK 14. 22; LUKE 22. 19; 1 COR. 11. 23, 24; JOHN 14. 1-6.

JESUS THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN.*

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND, EVANGELIST.

IN the grounds of Hampton Court, twelve miles from London, is a labyrinth in which Henry the Eighth, more than three hundred years ago, used to wander about for his amusement.

One beautiful afternoon in autumn, after spending hours among the picture-galleries in the palace, and visiting the room where Oliver Cromwell parted for the last time with his lovely daughter, I wandered away into the park, among the delicate light-footed deer, and came to this labyrinth.

I saw people entering it, and heard them say they could find their way out easy enough; and I, too, was led to attempt it. It was very easy to go in a long distance; but when I turned to find my way back, it was a different matter. Whichever path among the high hawthorn hedges I took, I soon reached its end. I could not even find the people whom a little before I saw entering this strange place. I seemed to walk miles, and yet to be no nearer the end. It was getting dark, and I began to fear I might have to lie down upon the cold ground for the night. All this time a kind man had been standing upon a high tower near by, waiting for me to lift my eyes to him, and ask *him* to guide me out. I quickly said, "Dear sir, will you please show me the way out of this dark place?" "O

* From "The Conversion of Children," by Rev. E. P. Hammond. Published by N. Tibbals & Sons, New York.

yes," he replied ; and with a long stick he soon helped me to thread my way to the green lawn again.

How much time and anxiety I might have been saved, if I had only taken this man for my guide out of this winding puzzle ! He seemed so glad to help me, he made me think of the dear Jesus, who always stands ready to guide lost sinners in the way to heaven. *His* words, you know, are, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Let us all see if we can find that verse. Yes, here it is—John 14. 6—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." But have you ever felt, my dear children, that *you* were lost in the dark ways of sin, and that you could not find the way to heaven without the help of Jesus, who died on the cross that he might lead you home to the mansions above ? You are surely lost in the dreadful labyrinth of sin, and you will never get out without the help of Jesus.

And yet some of you have never really asked him to be your Saviour and guide, and you are every day going farther and farther away from him. In Rome we followed a guide with a lighted taper down into the Catacombs, which, like this labyrinth of which I have told you, wander off in all directions under-ground. A little before, a young man had left the guide, and was soon out of hearing. Search was made for him, but it was all in vain. Days and weeks passed away, and at last nothing but his bones were found. How closely the very thought of it made me cling to our guide ! This young man did not expect to be lost ; but he never saw the light of day after he left that guide. And I am afraid that some of you may be lost, and never see the light of heaven. You certainly never will, if you do not come to Jesus, and cling close by his side. As that guide in the Catacombs of Rome held a light for us, so Jesus will give you the light of his word all your journey through, if you will but trust in him to

save you from sin and be your guide. Will you ask him to-day? He loves you, and wishes to take you by the hand and lead you along the shining path to happiness and glory. Will you let him, "just now;" and sing with joy, "Jesus take me, just now; Jesus guide me, just now?"

A few days after my visit to Hampton Court, as I was passing along the streets of London, I fell in with a crowd of anxious people, who were gathered around a little girl on the sidewalk. She had wandered away from her home. One object after another had allured her along, until, as she began to look up and around to see where she was, she found she was lost. All was strange to her. She had been running in different directions, but could not find the way to her father's house. And as I saw her, she was beginning to cry. Her tears were all in vain, for none of us knew the way to her house. At length a kind gentleman came along, who at once knew her, and pressing his way into the crowd, he took her by the hand, saying, "I know the little girl; I will take her home."

He was as willing to be her guide as was that man by the labyrinth at Hampton to guide me out of the maze.

The tears of the child were soon brushed away, for she believed that this good man would take her straight to her father and mother.

But during the past few weeks I have seen hundreds of children awakened to feel that they were *lost*, and in need of Jesus, who, a few days before, were as careless and thoughtless as was this little girl in London before *she* found she was lost; and I have seen them weeping as though their hearts would break. In a day or two many of them had hold of Jesus' hand, and their little hearts were filled with joy.

A few days ago I found a little boy about eight years of age, in one of these seats at the children's inquiry meeting,

sobbing aloud. Said I, "What's the matter, my dear little fellow?"

"O dear, I'm lost! I'm lost! and I can't find Jesus! Oh! my wicked heart! How can I get a new heart? I have been so wicked! I have never loved Jesus at all! I thought I loved him, but now I know I never did. Will he take me?"

"O yes!" said I. "He says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'" I tried to tell him how Jesus died for sinners just like him. At length we kneeled down in one of the pews, and, in a low tone, we prayed together, and the little boy asked God to take away his wicked heart, and help him to love the dear Jesus; and that little boy, I believe, found *Jesus* to be "*the child's guide to heaven*;" and he is here to-day, with a smiling face and a singing heart.

If indeed he is following the loving Saviour as his friend and guide, you will see a change in that boy's life.

This little boy's face to-day, like many others here, is lit up with a radiant joy that is far brighter than that which shone from the face of the little girl in London, when on her way home; and I trust the reason is, that he has, by faith, a strong hold on Jesus. I have no doubt some of the parents here to-day scarcely believe that their children are at enmity with the dear Saviour. Perhaps they have never found out by experience that the Bible is true, when it says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I pray that they may learn, as many of you have, that it is a very wicked thing not to love that dear Jesus who "first loved us." Here is a letter from a little boy whom I found in a children's inquiry meeting in Brooklyn, weeping, and asking how he could get a new heart. He says, "*I thought I loved Jesus, but found I was a great sinner.*"

I will read it to you, and I trust the dear Christians

present will be lifting up their hearts to God, that all here may find what great sinners they are to reject the loving Saviour :

“I was always in the habit of coming to Sunday-school, and I thought I loved Jesus, until you came and told us about him ; and I found that I was a great sinner to reject that loving Saviour who suffered so much for me. At the first meeting I did not care much, until a kind lady in the inquiry meeting came and asked me if I loved Jesus. I did not make her any answer, for there were other boys in the seat with me. So she sat down and talked with us a long time, and said she would pray for us ; and it was then I commenced to feel that I was a sinner, and if I did not repent of my sins, I could never enter heaven. And when I went home, I asked God to give me a new heart, and make me to love that Saviour who died for me ; and when I got up off my knees, I felt so happy that I could not help singing. But still I did not say anything, for I thought the boys would laugh at me ; and you said we ought not to be ashamed of Jesus, for if we were ashamed of him, we could not be his lambs. So when I went home, I prayed to God to help me not to be ashamed of Jesus. He has answered my prayer, and has given me a new heart, and I do not think I will ever be ashamed of him again. I feel very happy now, since I have found Jesus. There are other boys and girls who have found Jesus ; and oh ! I do love to be at our little prayer-meetings, for I think that when we get to heaven we will be far happier. I love to read my Bible now, and before I found Jesus I never thought of it, except when I was in Sunday-school. But I love it now, and I will always love it ; and I love to pray to Jesus for others and myself. Pray for me.

“Your Young Friend, * . * . * .”

You see how happy this dear boy is, now that he has

found Jesus to be "*the child's guide to heaven.*" He says he asked God for a new heart, and He gave it to him, and he was so happy he could not help singing. Can some of you tell me what a new heart is? (Up fly dozens of little hands.) Well, what is it?

One little boy answers—

"It is a penitent heart."

"What else is a new heart?"

"It is a Jesus-trusting heart."

"Any other answer?"

"It is a sin-hating heart."

"It is a singing heart."

"And what else is a new heart?"

Another answers—

"It is a praying heart."

"Yes; you see this little boy says, 'I love to pray to Jesus for others and myself.' Ah! I see another hand up. Well, what is your definition of a new heart?"

"It is a working heart."

"Very good. This boy, too, must have had a working heart. You see he did all he could to get others to follow Jesus, the 'guide to heaven.' Are there any more answers?"

"A Bible-loving heart."

"Very good. If a Bible-loving heart is a new heart, then this boy in Brooklyn must have had a new heart, for you see he says, 'I love to read my *Bible* now; and before I found Jesus I never thought of it, except when I was in Sabbath-school.'

"Are there any other answers?"

"A new heart," said a little girl, "is a *happy* heart."

"Oh, how true! None of us can be really happy till we find Jesus and get a new heart; and we shall all find it to be truly a 'happy heart.' And this is another evidence that this boy had a new heart; for he says, 'I was so

happy I could not help singing. Let us count up some of these evidences of a new heart. We will place them like gold rings upon our fingers. Here, then, is the first on the left little finger. What was it?"

Several answer—

“A penitent heart.”

“A Jesus-trusting heart.”

“A sin-hating heart.”

“A singing heart.”

What next?

“A praying heart.”

Yes, and what was the name of the “gold ring” for the fifth finger?

“A working heart.”

The sixth?

“A Bible-loving heart.”

And what for the next?

“A happy heart.”

Yes, and I see numbers here to-day whose happy faces seem to show that they have this new, singing, praying, Bible-loving, working, happy heart. Some of you, who only a few days ago were weeping to think how your sins helped to nail the hands of the dear Saviour to the cruel cross, I saw at work yesterday in the children's inquiry meeting, and by your words and prayers trying to lead others to trust in the dear Saviour. I am glad some of you seem to have the “working heart.”

I pray that the sight of these many happy faces may pierce the hard hearts of some older ones here to-day, and lead them to trust in Jesus as their Saviour and guide. I have in my pocket a letter from a lady in Hamilton, in Canada, who was first startled to think of her lost condition by having a friend say to her at one of the children's meetings, “How happy these children seem! It makes me happy to look at them.”

It led her to ask the question : " Am I happy ? No ! I have all that this world can give ; but I am not happy."

In a few days she was among the happy young converts, and was able to rejoice in the " love of Christ, which passeth knowledge" (Eph. 3. 19).

Now, my dear little friends, do you want this *new heart* ? The moment you believe in Jesus you have it. Let us all turn to Ezekiel 36. 26. Here it says, " A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." Jesus will not lead you one step towards heaven till you come to him and get rid of that hard, stony heart. While many have felt happy here to-day, and joined heartily in singing these sweet hymns, I have noticed that numbers were at times in tears. I believe that the Holy Spirit has been showing some of you that you are *lost*, and that you have wicked, hard hearts. And what I am afraid of is, that you will be satisfied with trying to get a *better* heart, instead of coming at once to Jesus for a *new* heart. You see the promise in this verse is not for a *better* heart, but for a *new* heart.

A gentleman once bought a valuable gold watch ; but it did not keep time. He did not know by it when to go home to his dinner ; he thus sometimes lost his meals. He took it back to the watchmaker. He looked at it with his magnifying glass, and tried to find what the matter was ; but it was all in vain. He said to the gentleman, " It is a perfect watch, and must keep time." He took it home and tried it again, with no better success. He went back with it, quite angry, saying, " I will not have it ; I don't care if it is full of jewels, it will not keep time, and that is what I want a watch for."

At length the watchmaker found that one of the wheels was magnetized. Did he place it on his little anvil, and try to make it better ? No. He took the bad wheel *out* and

threw it away, and put a *new* one in its place, and then the watch kept good time. And that is just what you must ask God to do for you ; and He will, for Jesus' sake, take away that bad wheel in your hearts and give you a new wheel (a new heart) that will regulate all your actions by motives which you have never known before. You will then love the dear Jesus, and delight to follow him as your "guide to heaven."

BIBLE LINK—JOHN 14. 7-31 ; MATT. 26. 27-29 ; MARK 14. 23-25 ; LUKE 22. 20 ; 1 COR. 11. 23.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

[MARK 14. 22-31.]

ONCE in a while it happens that a family must break up because one of the children has made up his mind that it is his duty to go to a foreign land and have his home there.

This will be the case when a son has gotten all ready to go as a missionary to Asia or Africa, and usually the time just before he is ready to start will be very precious ; and if the father and mother feel as though they can endure it, they will have a family meeting and gather around the table for the last time.

At such a meeting there will quite often be nieces and nephews of the man who is going away from home ; boys and girls who wonder, perhaps, why grandma has tears in her eyes every now and then, and why grandpa's voice chokes when he gives thanks, and why the uncle who is going away tries so hard to be jolly, and makes such poor work at it.

He is to be gone ten years, and by that time the boys and girls will be very apt to have forgotten him entirely,

unless there should be something to remind them of him. So when supper is nearly done, a package is brought in ; the string is untied and it is handed to grandma. She opens it, she looks a moment at it, and then turning to her missionary son, says : " Why, John, this is you exactly !" and John, turning to the boys and girls, says : " Yes, I thought you would want to have something to show to these grandchildren, so that they should not forget me ; and as often as you point at it hanging on the wall and say, " This is uncle John," they will think of me away off in Asia.

It was with some such thought as this that Jesus had a last supper with his disciples, his family, just before he went to the cruel death on the cross ; but, instead of a portrait, or picture, he gave them bread which they were to look upon as it was broken, and think of his body broken for them ; and a cup of wine, which, as it was poured out, should remind them of his life-blood poured out for them.

There are a great many things used to help keep in mind those whom we love. More than two hundred years ago a good minister, trying to make people understand the meaning of the Last Supper, said it is like a pledge or token of love left by a dying friend to one who is to live after he is dead. It is like a ring that Jesus took off his finger, or a bracelet from his arm, or his picture from his breast, saying, " As often as you look on this, remember me."

Now when Jesus had given his disciples this token, they all took it.

How unkind it would have been for any of the disciples to have said, " I do not think I will taste the bread or drink the wine. I do not see any use in it. I shall never forget what you have done for me."

If Jesus gives anything to those who love him to help

them love him now, certainly it is the least they can do to take it. What would you think of a boy who should have a picture of his father given to him to remember how his father looked, and asked to look at it once in a month, if he should throw it into his trunk or let it get hid among the rubbish and never look at it ?

It is Jesus' wish that all who love him should eat the bread and drink the wine at communion ; and I do not understand how anybody who really loves Jesus can refuse to do it.

But it will not always come about, that all who do eat the bread and drink the wine will remember Jesus. I suppose there was no one more eager to do these things at the first communion than was Peter. But no sooner had they all sung their hymn together, than Jesus had to tell Peter and the rest that they would desert him. "No, indeed," said Peter ; "all the rest may forget you, but I will not." But Jesus said, "Certainly you will. Before the morning comes, you will deny me three times." This was more than Peter could bear, and he cried out, "If I must die with thee, I will not deny thee."

But, as you all know, he did deny his Master. And yet for all this Jesus—knowing that Peter was going to deny him so soon—did not tell him that he must not take the bread and wine, for he knew also that Peter would be very sorry that he denied his Master, and would be forgiven. And Jesus knows that there is no one of us strong enough or good enough to keep from doing him wrong, although we may have eaten the bread and drank the wine of the communion. And certainly it ought to be a help, as we are trying to be true to Christ, to obey his command to remember him.

We can remember him as our Saviour, who saves us from our sins, just as a boy would remember the man who took him out of the water when he was near drowning.

We can remember him as the Saviour of all who have ever loved him.

What a long, long table the Lord's table is ! All who have ever loved him belong to the one family of which he is the head. He knows them all by name, and all belong to the Saviour's table, although there are very many more who have died than are now living. We can remember him who has promised never to forget us, and who is waiting until we shall get through this world's work and worry, when he will take us to himself, where we shall not need the bread to remind us of his body, nor the wine to tell us of his blood ; but we shall see him face to face, and never forget him for a moment of all the long years of eternity.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus continues to teach his disciples at the Last Supper—JOHN 15. 1-27 ; 16. 1-33. Jesus prays for his disciples—JOHN 17. 1-26. Jesus sweats blood in awful agony in Gethsemane—MATT. 26. 30, 36-46 ; MARK 14. 26, 32-42 ; LUKE 22. 39-46 ; JOHN 18. 1.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

[MARK 14. 32-42.]

It is strange how differently things appear by moonlight from their appearance when the sun is shining. There are only two distinct colors instead of many. Shapes are changed. Everything has a "weird look," people say.

It was such a night with a full moon in the month of April, when a little company of twelve men went into an orchard of very large olive trees, not more than a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem. They had often been to the same place before, but never when there was so much sorrow in their hearts as now, for they had learned that the

leader of their company was to be killed the next day. I should have thought that they would hardly have dared go into the weird garden. But their leader had told them to follow him thither ; and although it was very late, no one stirring on the walls but the watchman as he called out the hours, they went.

When they came to the garden, or orchard, eight of the men were told to go no farther. Three went on with the Master into the dark shadows. Then they were told to watch and wait while he should go a little farther to pray. The leader was now alone, sometimes kneeling, sometimes lying with his face upon the ground, as he prays.

After a little while he came back to the three men, and found them fast asleep. He wakened them and went again to pray. Then he returned a second time and found them asleep again. He asked them if they could not keep awake to watch with him one hour ; and, if they had looked carefully, they could have seen drops of blood like sweat upon his face, although the nights in that country in April are very cold. He went away alone once more to pray ; and when he returned again the third time, the three men were sleeping.

Do you wonder that he was very sad ? What made him sad ? Was it because he was going to die ? He was a young man, but little more than thirty years old. He loved to live ; he had a mother whom he loved tenderly ; he had these eleven and other friends who loved him, and whom he did not want to leave without a leader. There were many beautiful walks among the hills and rides upon the lakes of his native land, that he would have to leave. It would be hard to die. But that was not all.

What made him sad ? He was a prophet, and could tell what was going to happen in the future. He knew that it would only be a few moments before a mob would come to kill him. That before morning his back would smart and

ache as he was whipped. That thorns would be pressed into his forehead. That he would be fastened with nails through his hands upon a cross and die between two thieves, and all the people would think him the worse of the three. All this, and more, he could see. Was it this that made him sad? It was enough to do it, but there was something more.

What made him sad? He loved his native land, the beautiful capital. Only a few days before he had caught a view of the city from a hill-top, and as he saw it the tears fell down his cheeks as he said, "I would often have cared for you as a hen careth for the chickens beneath its wings, but ye would not." And he could see the armies sweeping over the whole land, killing men, women, and children, until the rivers run with blood, while the homes and temple of the holy city were burned with fire. Jesus was a patriot, and as a patriot this was enough to have made him pray, and weep while he prayed, for his native land. But this was not all.

Why was he sad? Sin made him sad. I do not know how, and therefore I cannot tell you how sin appeared to Jesus that night, nor what the thought of his heart was when he thought of sin. It must have been an awful hour. The time had come when the words which Isaiah spoke so long ago were to come true. You remember the words as they are written in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "He hath borne our griefs; he was wounded for our sins; he was bruised because we had done wrong; he was punished that we might be forgiven; by his stripes were we healed. The Lord laid upon him the sins of us all. He was smitten of God and afflicted."

This it was that made him sad; and although none of us can at all tell what it means for him to bear our sins, we can know enough to know that it must have been an awful hour in that night in the garden, when Jesus prayed,

and passed through trials that made him sweat great drops of blood.

And when we think of it, and remember that it was for our sins, as well as for the sins of the rest of the world, that he had to pass through this hour, should we not ask him to keep us from being careless, as were the men who slept, and also from thinking lightly of our sins ; and more than that, ask him to keep us from all sin—from that dreadful thing which of all things makes him most sad ?

BIBLE LINK—Jesus is betrayed—MATT. 26. 47-56 ; MARK 14. 43-52 ;
LUKE 22. 47-53 ; JOHN 18. 2-12.

JESUS BETRAYED AND TAKEN.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

[MARK 14. 43-54.]

A MOB went out of the city. It was light, although it was near midnight. The moon was full. They carried lanterns and torches, for they were going where the trees were thick, and he whom they were seeking to catch might hide in some of the defiles which were not lighted by the moon.

It was a mixed company, as all mobs are. There were private citizens, there were policemen who had charge of the temple, and a few soldiers. Some of the company had swords, others spears, others clubs. They had a guide—oh, such a sneaking man !—who for a little money had agreed to tell the mob where his Master was, so that they might catch him. As they went along, the guide said : “ When we find him I will kiss him, and then you will know who he is.” He was in such a hurry to do his part that he got in front of all the rest. His Master met him,

saying, "Comrade, what a crime you are committing!" The man still pressed forward, saying, "Master, Master, peace be to thee!" and kissed him.

"Judas," said the Master, "do you betray me with a kiss?" Here stepped forward another comrade, Peter, an older man than his Master, saying, "Shall we smite with the sword?" and before Jesus could answer, the mob was upon him.

They came into the shade of the wood, and he met them. He asked: "Whom do you look for?" "Jesus of Nazareth," one of them replied. "I am he," said he. They did not know what to think of such a fearless man, and all fell back as though an army had met them. Again he asked, "Whom do you look for?" Again they replied, "Jesus of Nazareth." "I told you that I am he; if then you look for me, let my comrades and friends go away."

They all fled, but not until after Peter had drawn his sword, and, intending to cut off a man's head, had cut off his ear, and Jesus had told them that he wished no such weapons—that he was going to give himself up, even though for the asking for it he could have twelve thousand angels to fight for him. Jesus then asked the mob to wait a moment, until he could heal the ear of the wounded man.

They did so, and then they bound him and led him away to the city; Peter and one other friend being the only ones who thought it best to follow him; and they kept at a great distance from him, for, as the mob went along, it grew larger and more dangerous, until at last Jesus asked, "Are you come out as against a robber, with swords and staves to seize me? I was daily with you in the temple, teaching, and ye took me not: but this is done that the scripture might be fulfilled."

And now having called to mind these facts, let us stop a moment and think of them. My first thought is that the

best man the world has ever seen was treated as though he was the very worst. If Jesus had stolen horses, or broken into houses, or killed some of the citizens of Jerusalem, he ought not to have been treated as badly as he was when he had been healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and raising the dead. Mobs are always acting without reason, and never was there one more unreasonable than this, treating the best of men as though he were the worst.

My second thought is that Jesus used his power for others, not himself. He stopped to heal the man's ear, but did nothing to save himself. All the angels of heaven would have come, if he would only have said the word, and rescued him, not only from that mob, but from a mob ten thousand times as large. But no; it was time for him to die, and he was glad to do it, and would do nothing to save his life.

My third thought is that it was a most awful thing to treat Jesus as they did, because he was such a being as he was. It is an awful thing to treat a house-thief unlawfully; but when it comes to treating the Son of God as Jesus was treated, what can be said? You remember how the nation felt when a wretch fired a pistol to kill President Garfield! Had he fired it at a pickpocket or a murderer, it would have been different. Had he fired it at the ticket-agent or baggage-man, it would not have been as bad as it was; but to try to kill the President of the United States was an awful crime, that made the whole world feel that there was nothing—either shooting or hanging the assassin—which could tell how awful it was to shoot the President.

But when God becomes man, and a mob goes to his place of prayer and treats him like a very villain, all that we can say is that there must be some very important reason for such a thing being done, or God would never have allowed it to be done; and the reason was this—we had

sinned, and our sins could only be forgiven by such shame and suffering on the part of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

BIBLE LINK—Jesus is brought before Annas and Caiaphas, in whose house Peter denies him—MATT. 26. 57, 58, 69-75; MARK 14. 53, 54, 66-72; LUKE 22. 54-62; JOHN 18. 13-18, 24-27. Jesus is brought before the whole Jewish council—MATT. 26. 57, 59-68; MARK 14. 53, 55-65; LUKE 22. 66-71, 63-65; JOHN 18. 19-23, 28.

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

[MARK 14. 55-72.]

I SUPPOSE most of you boys and girls have never seen a mob. Some of you live in the newer towns of the frontier, and may have known the time when the meanest men of the place have gathered together and armed themselves with all kinds of weapons, and gone through the streets determined to do some desperate thing. Usually in such a case, there will be enough people in the town who will be anxious to have the law obeyed, who will come out against the mob, to make them go to their homes and be quiet.

But once in a while it happens that the officers of the law and the leading men of the town side with the mob. This was the case in Jerusalem, at the time when Jesus was killed. In fact, the men who ought to have kept the city quiet and orderly, were the very ones to stir up the mob.

Jesus had to face all this. He did not have a single friend to stand by him. What had he done to merit such treatment?—the whole city against him, and no one to help him! We can all see how such a wretch as Guiteau can

be without a friend. He does not deserve any. He has been so utterly mean that no one would ever do anything for him, except out of pity. But Jesus had no one to tell him even that he pitied him. What could he have done even worse than Guiteau, that he should be treated worse? Nothing! He had been about doing good—had healed the sick, given sight to the blind, raised the dead, preached the good news of salvation—never had he done a single mean or wicked, nor even an unkind act. And yet, the leading men of the city met together in the night and tried to make out that they ought to be rid of him. They tried to find people willing to tell lies concerning him, so that by this means they could have an excuse for putting him to death. They failed in this. Then they tried to make it out that he had said something against the temple. This was not much better for them, for they could not find two men to agree that they heard him say anything worthy of being remembered against him.

At last the judge—who ought to have done all that he could to see to it that law was not used against Jesus—got up from his seat and tried to make Jesus say something that could be used against him. He asked him a question which, if Jesus should answer, it would be easy to put him to death. He had no right to ask the question. He did not care for that. All he wanted was to get a chance to condemn him. The time had come for Jesus to die. He answered the question just as the judge hoped that he would, and then the judge, pretending to be very much shocked by the words that Jesus had spoken, tore his garments and said that Jesus must die. All the lawyers and wise men who were in the court-room at the time said the same, and Jesus was left to the mob.

It is perfectly awful the way they treated him! Some of them spit upon him as though he were less than a dog. Others put their hands over his eyes and struck him, and

said impudent words to him. Even the officers of the law joined in the outrage.

But all this while where were the men whom Jesus had chosen as his friends, and for whom he had done so much? Where were John, Peter, Andrew, and the rest of his disciples? John was somewhere in the room. He could hear and see all that was being said and done, but he could not do or say anything to help him. If he had tried to do it, quite likely he would have been killed on the spot.

Peter. O dear! he was out in the street—perhaps had gotten beyond the walls of the city—crying as though his heart would break. Why was he crying? Because Jesus was being treated as he was? No! but because he had been so mean and cowardly as to not only keep quiet, but to say that he had never known Jesus. He had lied and sworn as he denied the man who he knew was the best friend he had ever had. It is not strange that he was crying. Only a few hours before, he had told Jesus that if everybody else in the world should desert him, he would not—that he would die with him, if need be. But no sooner had he come into danger, than he was scared out of all his bravery. It was a cold night, and to warm himself he had sat down by the fire in the room where Jesus was. The flames shone in his face. One of the servant girls knew him, and told him that he was a friend of Jesus. Peter said he was not. The same thing was said to him again. No, he said, I am not. A third time it was said by another person, that he was a friend of Jesus. Then Peter began to curse and to swear, and to say, “I never knew the man.” Just then he looked up, and saw Jesus looking at him. It called to mind how dear Jesus had been to him, and now he was utterly mean to Jesus. He thought it over for an instant, and burst into tears.

I suppose you boys and girls are saying to yourselves, I don't believe I would do any such thing as that. But we

do not any of us know what we would have done. We quite likely would have been no stronger or braver than Peter or John. I have seen boys and girls in these days when Jesus has so many friends, who have not dared to own that they were friends of Jesus.

How mean it is to be ashamed of our friends! I heard of a young man from Vermont who went to Boston. He became "wild," and was very fond of wild boys. He was taken sick. His young men friends left him to himself. His widow mother heard of her son's trouble, took her hard-earned savings and went to Boston to care for her boy. By her kind care and nursing he began to get well. Then his young friends began to appear. He was glad to see them, but looking upon the bent form of his mother, her gray hair and wrinkled face, he was ashamed to own her as his mother, and introduced her to his young friends as his nurse. Mean, mean young man! do you all say. But is he less mean who dare not own his Saviour?

BIBLE LINK—Jesus is taken before Pilate—**MATT.** 27. 1, 2, 11-14; **MARK** 15. 1-5; **LUKE** 23. 1-5; **JOHN** 18. 28-38. Pilate sends Jesus to Herod—**LUKE** 23. 6-12. Herod sends Jesus back to Pilate, who seeks to release him—**MATT.** 27. 15-23; **MARK** 15. 6-14; **LUKE** 23. 13-23; **JOHN** 18. 39, 40. Pilate at length scourges Jesus and delivers him to be crucified—**MATT.** 27. 26-31; **MARK** 15. 15-20; **LUKE** 23. 23-25; **JOHN** 19. 1-16.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

BY REV. J. G. MERRILL.

[**MARK** 5. 1-15.]

IT was not far from six o'clock in the morning when Jesus was led from the council chamber of the Jews to the judgment-hall of Pilate. The enemies of Jesus among the Jews, the priests and scribes, have had a secret meet-

ing. They had made up their minds to go to the governor and get his leave to put Jesus to death. And now with a vast mob, howling, yelling, and demanding his death, they led him over the same road that only four days before Jesus had gone over, surrounded by a great company singing to his praise. They came at length to the palace which also served as barracks for the soldiers and a court room. At first the Jews were not going to tell Pilate what they had brought Jesus there for. They were simply going to have him see what a mob there was, and that the only way to quell it was to have Jesus put to death.

But the Governor, Pilate, was a Roman, and Romans everywhere were very careful to have it understood that they paid very great respect to law. He told the Jews, therefore, that they must show some reason why Jesus should be put to death; or, as men say nowadays, must make some charge against him. They made three charges. That he was perverting the people; that he was forbidding to pay taxes to the Roman Emperor; and that he had called himself king. Jesus said nothing in answer to any of these charges. Pilate was very much astonished at his silence. So he took him within the fortress, to give him a more quiet examination. He did not know, very likely, that it was a lie that Jesus perverted the people—meaning that he was a leader of a mob. He did not know that Jesus had told the people to pay taxes to the emperor, instead of forbidding them to do it, as the Jews charged. Nor did he know that in the sense in which they meant it, that it was a lie that Jesus had called himself king.

Pilate seemed to want to know the truth about these matters. He said to Jesus, "Are you king of the Jews?" Jesus did not keep silence; but because Pilate had a right to ask such a question, he answered it. He said, "Yes." But what did Jesus mean? Pilate learned, as you and I know, that when Jesus called himself king, he meant noth-

ing more than that, as he said, he was king in the kingdom of truth. He had never taught his followers to go to war against the Romans and for the sake of the Jews, although many of his disciples were eager to do it. He had never had any captains or generals or private soldiers. He had never had any palace or court, and what is more, had never planned to have them.

Pilate was very much puzzled. He asked Jesus other questions, and then made up his mind that he was not guilty of the charges made against him.

He came out of the room where he had been asking Jesus these questions, to tell the people that Jesus was not guilty. But while he had been talking with him, the chief priests and scribes had been going around among the mob, and telling them not to be satisfied with anything short of the death of Jesus.

Pilate tried to change the mind of the mob. It would have been just as easy for him to have changed the wind. He thought, perhaps, that he could persuade them to let him pardon Jesus, as he always was in the habit of pardoning some one at that time of the year. But he ought to have known that he could not pardon anybody who had been guilty of nothing to pardon. It was a great mistake to talk about pardoning, for it was as much as to say that Jesus was guilty. His voice could do nothing against the many voices of the chief priests and scribes, who were going busily about among the people, urging them to ask that Jesus should be crucified, and that if Pilate should pardon anybody, it should be Barabbas, a robber. Pilate did nothing. He gave up. He told the mob to take Jesus and crucify him. Mark, who writes the story which you are studying, does not tell many things that are told by the other men who wrote of Jesus' trial; and from what he tells us we might almost think that Pilate ought not to be blamed.

But we may learn that he ought to be blamed, from three things. 1st. He thought that it was envy that had brought Jesus to trial, and he knew that no man ought to be put to death because others envied him. 2d. He knew that Jesus was guilty of none of the charges that were made against him, and therefore he ought not to be punished for any of them. 3d. He knew that Jesus was a good man, and no governor has a right to take a good man's life.

But Pilate was a coward. He feared the mob, although he had power to put it down. He feared the leaders of the mob, although he had them in his power. He feared that he would lose his place. He was willing to do an awful wrong for the sake of helping himself.

How different was Jesus! He knew no fear. He was afraid neither of the mob nor of the governor. He held firmly to the truth—was willing to die for the truth. He alone of all was true.

Pilate put Jesus to death. In a few days Jesus was alive. He is alive still. In a few years Pilate was dead. He lost his kingdom, and the great Roman empire came to an end, while the kingdom of truth, of which Jesus is king, still stands, and is stronger to-day than ever before.

All the boys and girls who hear this sermon have been asked to belong to this kingdom, and to be like the king who, 1st, Feared to do nothing except the wrong; 2d, Dared to do right; 3d, Lives as long as truth lasts—and truth lasts forever.

BIBLE LINK—Judas is filled with remorse and commits suicide—
MATT. 27. 3-10; ACTS 1. 18, 19. Jesus is led away to be crucified—
MATT. 27. 32-34; MARK 15. 21-23; LUKE 23. 26-33; JOHN 19. 17.
What happened when Jesus was on the cross—MATT. 27. 35-50;
MARK 15. 24-26.

THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS.

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND, EVANGELIST.

LET us open our Bibles, and spend a few moments in following the steps of our dear Saviour from the garden of Gethsemane to the cross of Calvary. In Luke 22. 42-44, we hear him saying,

“Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

The thought of being treated as a sinner, and having God turn His face away from him, made the bloody sweat pour down his brows. But oh, dear children, he saw that there was no other way for us to be saved; and he loved us so much that he was willing to die for us, and so, in Matt. 26. 42, we hear him saying,

“Thy will be done.”

Let us read on in this twenty-second chapter of Luke, forty-fifth verse.

“And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. And while he yet spake, behold, a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus, to kiss him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?”

We learn from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of John, that

“The captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound him, and led him away to Annas first.”

In the fifty-fourth verse, we see him again taken and led to Caiaphas the high priest's house. And we see, at the sixty-third verse, how cruelly they treated the Son of God, who made all things :

“And the men that held Jesus mocked him and smote him. And when they had blindfolded him, they struck him on the face, and asked him saying, Prophecy, who is it that smote thee?”

In Mark 14. 65, it says,

“Some began to spit on him, and buffet him.”

That is, they struck him with the clenched fist.

“And the servants did strike him with the palms of their hand.”

O how wonderful, that he should have borne all so meekly and willingly for you and me ! And what hard hearts we have had, not to love him in return ! But this was not all. In the first verse of the twenty-third chapter of Luke,

“And the whole multitude of them arose, and led him unto Pilate, and they began to accuse him.”

Fourth verse :

“Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in him. And they were the more fierce.”

Oh ! how like ravening wolves they thirsted for his blood, saying,

“He stirreth up the people throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.”

When Pilate heard that he

“Belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod.”

And now, in the eleventh verse, we see, that after a mock trial,

“Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate.”

In John 19, we see how this wicked Roman officer treated the Son of God.

“Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him, and the soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with their hands. Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that you may know that I find no fault in him.”

With a great whip he caused him to be lashed, till, no doubt, big drops of blood ran down his back.

No, my dear children, if Pilate could have justly found any fault in him, he could never have been our guide to heaven. He never did one wrong thing in all his life. Yes, he who knew no sin was made sin for us.

“Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe.”

The crown-jewels which encircled Queen Victoria's brow are guarded by wakeful eyes, day and night, in the great Tower of London. They cost millions of dollars. Crowds daily flock to see them. But Jesus, the King of kings, wore this cruel crown of thorns, that you and I, rebels against God, might wear a crown of glory. Sixth verse :

“When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him.”

Sixteenth verse :

“And they took Jesus and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha, where they crucified him.”

They laid the cross down upon the ground and then took some nails, and drove them through his hands and feet. Hark! can you not almost hear the hammer as it drives those rusty spikes through his sensitive hands? Legions of angels are ready to deliver him, and are able to destroy those wicked men. But no; the Son of God is being

“Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities;”

for only by his stripes can we be healed. In agony of soul, more than of body, he cries :

“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me !”

He was forsaken for our sake. And the words of Jesus to you, are :

“Look unto me, and be ye saved.” (Isa. 45. 22.)

IT SEEMS SO STRANGE TO ME, THAT WHEN JESUS HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR US, THERE SHOULD BE ANY HERE WHO DO NOT LOVE HIM. An anxious little girl among the inquirers in Dundee, in Scotland, where the holy Robert M'Cheyne was so dearly loved by the children, said in an inquiry meeting that her heart was so wicked she could not love the Saviour. She seemed to feel her sins to be very great, but declared she could not love Jesus. As she appeared to have learned that she needed an entire “new heart,” and not a “better heart,” we began to tell her more about what Christ had done for lost sinners. In a few moments she looked up with a happy smile, saying—

“I CAN'T HELP LOVING HIM. OH, I WONDER I NEVER LOVED HIM BEFORE, WHEN HE LOVED ME SO MUCH AS TO BE WILLING TO SUFFER PUNISHMENT AND DEATH FOR ME.”

Why, if an earthly friend had done half as much for you as has this One, who so “well deserves the name of Friend,” I am *sure* you would not be so ungrateful as not to love him in return.

This reminds me of a touching story about a party who determined to climb to the top of Mount Washington, more than six thousand feet high. But they rejected THE GUIDE. Just as this party of ladies and gentlemen were leaving the hotel at the foot of Mount Washington, the proprietor urged them to take one of his guides.

“We do not wish a guide,” they said. “We are determined to find our own way to the ‘Tip-top House.’”

“But,” said he, “I will let you have one for half price.”

“No; we do not want one, even at half price. We can find our way well enough alone. We will follow the path, and so will soon find our way to the hotel at the top of the mountain, and there we shall get a good supper and all we need.”

“You may get lost,” said the hotel-keeper, “without a guide; and rather than have you go alone, I will send with you all the way a good faithful guide for nothing.”

“No, we won’t have him, even for nothing; we want to do something that will astonish our friends.”

“But it is very dangerous.”

“We are strong, and will risk it.”

“Suppose you find yourselves in a snow-storm, what would the ladies do?”

One of them laughed and said, “That would be very nice. A snow-storm in summer! I hope we *will* see one.”

“Yes, yes,” they shouted; “then we will roll up some snow-balls, and see them go rushing down the mountain-side till they become small avalanches.”

And so, with hearts full of hope, they started off for the top of Mount Washington. On they went, gay as larks, for a few miles, till they got near the top and they saw a white cloud above them. Up, up they went into it. They found what I have often seen in Switzerland—a snow-storm among the mountains, while the sun was pouring its warm rays upon the people in the valley below.

“Isn’t this fun!” said one and another. And so it was for a short time; but after awhile the snow became so deep they could not see the path. Ah! then the “fun” was at an end, and they began to think of the warning words of the proprietor of the hotel, who offered them a guide for nothing.

“O how I wish we had that guide now!” said one.

“But it’s too late to go back for him ; we must find our way alone,” said another. And so they struggled on, sometimes going quite out of the way.

Darkness came, and they were LOST ! LOST in the deep snow ! But they kept moving upward as well as they could. The two ladies got so tired they could not walk another step. It was dreadfully cold, and so they sank down in the deep, cold snow, and waited for daylight to come to show them the way to the “Tip-top House.” In the morning, the storm had all cleared away, and as the keepers of that house looked out they saw—only a little way off, not much more than a stone’s throw—the half-buried party. They went to them at once, but it was too late to save the life of one beautiful young lady, who had *frozen to death* during that awful night ; and all because she, with the rest, had said, “*We don’t want the guide !*”

When I was at the top of Mount Washington, a few summers ago, I saw a great pile of stones which had been thrown together over the spot where this young lady was found *cold in death*.

How foolish they were not to accept the guide offered to them so freely. But suppose they *had* taken him, and he had lost his life just as he had got them all safe in the warm hotel, how would the party have felt toward him ? Jesus, who “is the child’s guide to heaven,” had to die a dreadful death on the cross, before he could lead sinful children there. Yes, my dear little friend, he died in *your place*, so that God might forgive *you* all your sins.

And now he is ready to take you with him all through the journey of life, safely home to the *Golden City*.

One day, as the train entered the depôt at Rochester, N. Y., I saw a crowd of people gathering around a little boy whom the conductor was leading out of one of our cars. Everybody in that crowd seemed anxious to get even a look at the little fellow ; and so I waited round to

find out what it was all about. Soon a young gentleman who knew me, came and told me something that interested me very much ; and I think it will interest you too, my little friends, when you hear the story.

This boy, who did not look over *three years old*, had been off alone, twenty miles on the railway. And what do you think took him so far alone ? “How came his mother to let him go ?” I can hear you ask. But she didn't let him go ; he ran away down to the station all alone, and got into the train by himself, just as it was starting ; and away went the little man twenty miles before anybody knew where he was.

But now you say, “What made him do such a strange thing ?” I will tell you.

He loved his father very much, because his father used to be very kind to him, and bring him home toys, and playthings, and picture-books, and candies, and lots of good things. He thought there was nobody quite so good as his father, and he felt sure nobody loved him so much. But his father had some business in California, thousands of miles away, and so one day he told his wife and children that he must leave them all and go there. Little Frankie at once said, “Can't I go with you, papa ?”

“No, my child ; it is too far to go with me.” This made the little fellow cry bitterly. When the time came for the father to set out, little Frankie was not allowed to go to the railway station with him. But after a while he found a way to get out, and off he scampered to the station with all his might. Just as he reached there, he saw a train about to start, and he thought, of course, that his father must be in that train, and into it the little boy climbed, and went all through the cars looking for his dear father. After he had ridden about twenty miles, the conductor chanced to get hold of him ; and having found out his name, telegraphed back to his mother, and then gave

him to a conductor of a train they met, and thus he was taken back to Rochester to his home. It was his own brother who told me all this.

And what do you think *I* thought of, when I looked upon the face of that persevering little fellow, and knew how determined he had been to find his father, and go with him to California? I will tell you.

I said to myself, "Oh! I wish that little children, even as young as three or four years old, were everywhere so anxious to go with the CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN. He has done ten thousand times more for them than ever that father did for little Frankie." This dear Jesus loves you, my little friends, more than that father loved his little boy Frankie; and he is the only one that can take you home to your Father in heaven. He is also willing to give you a new heart, so that you will love God and all good things.

You remember that poor little Frankie was disappointed because he could not go with his father; but there never was a boy or girl who really wanted to go with Jesus, but that he was READY TO TAKE THEM, AND MAKE THEM FIT FOR A USEFUL AND HAPPY LIFE HERE, AND A JOYFUL LIFE IN HEAVEN FOREVER.

But, as we saw when I was reading the Bible, before Jesus could offer himself as our guide, he had to die in our stead that dreadful death on the cross; there he had to suffer for our sins that we might be forgiven. And yet there are some here to-day who I fear do not love him at all. You hate him; you speak lightly of him; you profane his name; you are ashamed of him. Perhaps yesterday you were unwilling your own dear mother should know you wanted to find the way to heaven. You have often heard how he loved you, and yet you have never loved him in return. Does not this show that you have wicked hearts? Some of you I see are in tears. But weeping will not save you. All that you can do is to confess all

this—confess that you have been very wicked in not loving him at all, when he has loved you so much. Here is a precious promise for you in 1 John 1. 9—“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

Will you not say—

“Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !”

Yes, the dear Jesus is here, full of love ; he sees your tears ; he sees you wandering in the dark labyrinth of sin ; he hears all your sighs ; his tender, loving words are, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11. 28). How can you reject him, when he so gently knocks at the door of your heart ?

Shall we then “just now” bow our heads in prayer, and “come to Jesus ?” Will you repeat after me these words ? (All bowed their heads, and in a subdued tone repeated aloud after Mr. H., one by one, these sentences of prayer.)

Dear Jesus, we come to thee with all our sins. We have been very wicked. We have told lies, and disobeyed our parents and done many wicked things. But, worst of all, we have not loved thee. We have often rejected thee. Our sins helped to crucify thee. And yet thou wast willing to die for us. Thou wast “wounded for our transgressions.” Thou art able to save unto the uttermost. Thou hast said, O God, that if we confess our sins, Thou art faithful, for Jesus’ sake, to forgive us. O God, we do confess our sins. We would repent of them. We would wish to forsake them. O God, help us to be sorry for our sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for sinners like us. Dear Jesus, show us thy love, so that we cannot help loving thee. Thy blood cleanseth

from all sin. Lord, we believe ; help thou our unbelief.
Help each of us to say from the heart—

“Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !”

Yes, dear Lamb of God, we give ourselves away to thee ;
'tis all that we can do. Strengthen our dear ministers and
our Sabbath-school teachers. Reward them for their faith-
fulness to us. May we all, at last, meet around the throne
of God in heaven. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

The choir will now sing some of these hymns—“Jesus
Paid it All,” first—and those who cannot remain to our in-
quiry meeting, can retire. I am sure these dear Christians
will love to speak and pray with the children. And the
little ones who feel they are in the fold will try and get
others to come to Jesus, “the child's guide to heaven.”

“THOU HAST BLED AND DIED FOR ME.”

TUNE—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

JESUS from his throne on high
Came into this world to die,
That I might from sin be free—
Bled and died upon the tree.

I can see him even now,
With his piercéd, thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree.
O what love !—and all for me.

Now I feel this heart of mine
Drawn to love God's holy Son,
“Lifted up” on Calvary,
Suffering shame and death for me.

Jesus take this heart of mine ;
Make it pure and wholly Thine.
Thou hast bled and died for me ;
I will henceforth live for Thee.

CHRIST DYING IN OUR STEAD.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Christ died for our sins.—1 COR. 15. 3.

IN one of our newly-settled States a farmer had cleared a plot of ground not far from a river ; had built his house there ; had fenced round his garden very carefully, giving strict orders to his little ones that they were not to go outside the garden. But one little one disobeyed his father, broke through the fence, and strayed through the waste outside on to the rock by the side of the river. His mother had missed him and gone out in search of him, and seeing him in his terrible danger—fearing to frighten him by calling out his name, or to run after him, lest he, as children will, should in sport run still farther on, and in either case be lost—she threw herself on her knees, and waited till she should catch his eye, that, seeing his mother waiting with her arms open, he might run into them and be saved. She was saying by her looks and her attitude, “Come back !” and so he was saved.

So as I think of Jesus on the cross with his hands outstretched and nailed, he seems to be beseeching all who are not Christians to be reconciled to God ; to come back from their disobedience and sin, from the place of peril, into the garden of God’s church and the home of His loving heart.

Jesus died on the cross partly to show God’s great love for us. “In this was manifested the love of God toward us ; because that God sent his only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.” And Jesus died on the cross partly because there was disobedience and sin in the world, and there must be punishment for it. If no

one was punished when the laws are broken, we would not be safe by night or day, and men would grow fearless in their wickedness.

There was a king who made a law that whoever committed a certain crime should have both eyes put out. His own son, whom he loved very much, violated the law, and the king felt very badly to think of having both of the bright eyes of his son put out forever. But he knew that if he did not punish his own son for breaking the law, people would mock at him and say, "You let your own son, when he broke the law, go free, and are you going to punish other people for doing the same?" So his government would be hated, and his laws would be broken. The king decided at last to have one of his son's eyes put out; and to save his son from utter blindness he allowed one of his own eyes to be put out, instead of the other one of his son's. So the law was kept, and everybody learned how terrible it was to break the law; and the king made his son love him very much, and keep the laws afterwards, by taking his place in the putting out of one eye.

So Jesus, in his great love for us, offered to die upon the cross, that we might not be punished for our sins.

A teacher once said to a girl in his class: "Alice, what will God do when you die and are called upon to stand before His judgment-seat, to answer for the sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she answered, "Christ died for sinners; I will hide behind him. God will not look at me; He will look at Christ."

In the West, a Christian mother and authoress had advised her son to unite with the church; but he had a difficulty. He said, "I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would; much more if there were millions of them." "But, my son, would you die for a

dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days he came to her with his doubts all cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of bug. But if it was millions of *mosquitoes*, I think I should let them die."

By the side of God, we are only like little annoying mosquitoes, full of naughty ways; and yet Christ died for our sins, that we might be forgiven and saved and made glorious forever as sons of God.

Under a picture of Jesus nailed to the cross, in Europe, there are these words: "All this I did for thee. What hast thou done for me?" All we can do in return for the love of Jesus, who died in our stead, is to love, trust and obey him.

A teacher described to her Sunday-school class of small girls the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after, one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what she was doing, she replied: "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath, to show how much I love him." The flowers we should put in the wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith and obedience. He said: "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Will you not say "Yes" to-day to these four questions?—

1. Do you love Jesus?
2. Are you trusting in Jesus as your precious Saviour?
3. Will you try, by the help of Jesus, to give up everything that is sinful?
4. Will you try to be more like Jesus every day?

BIBLE LINK—MARK 15. 27-37 ; LUKE 23. 33-46 ; JOHN 19. 18-30.

FORGIVENESS THROUGH THE DEATH OF JESUS ON THE CROSS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—PSA. 32. 1.

WE cannot cover up any sin or wrong that we do, any naughty word or deed, so that God cannot see it. When a boy at school wants to do any mischief, he waits until the teacher's back is turned ; but we cannot do anything behind God's back, for "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

When a boy is reading a bad book or smoking a cigar, and sees his father coming, he puts it ought of sight. But there is no place out of God's sight, and He never needs to say about anything, "Show it to me ;" for He is "acquainted with all our ways."

When Adam and Eve had sinned by disobeying God's command, they tried to hide from Him in the bushes, but He saw them all the while. Then they tried to hide by making excuses, and laying the wrong they had done on each other and the devil ; but they could not cover up their sin by bushes or excuses, and were punished by losing their garden-home.

When Cain killed his brother he tried to cover up his sin, as people often do, by telling a lie. When God said to him, "Where is Abel, thy brother ?" he answered, "I

know not." But he could not hide his sin from God by a lie ; neither can we.

There is no way that *we* can hide or cover our sins from the eye of God, who sees all things by night and by day. But *Jesus* has planned a way to cover up the sins that God has written beside our names on His book in heaven.

Jesus came to the world and took our punishment on the cross, and then it was written over the record of our sins in God's book, "Jesus took the punishment instead of this boy or this girl," so that our sins are *covered* by the sufferings of Jesus ; and we may be forgiven, if we are sorry for our sins, and will stop doing wrong, and ask Jesus to give us a new heart to do right, and to obey all his commands in the Bible.

David had prayed to be forgiven, and then when he knew his sins were covered by the blood of Jesus, he was so joyous that he took his harp and sang the psalm, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." We can never be truly happy until our sins are covered by the forgiveness of God and the new heart that Jesus gives us.

A little girl who had been very sad became very joyous. Her mother said, "Why are you so happy?"

"O, I was wicked, and God was angry with me ; but now He has forgiven me, and that's what makes me happy."

"How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!"

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is *covered*."

BIBLE LINK—What happened after Jesus' death on the cross, the same day—**MATT. 27. 51-61** ; **MARK 15. 38-47** ; **LUKE 23. 45, 47-56** ; **JOHN 19. 31-42**. What happened the next day—**MATT. 27. 62-66**.

PEARLS OF THE CROSS.

BY REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., NEW YORK.

Now I suppose that it will be a difficult thing for us to become perfectly quiet. Yet, if we try, it will be possible. I hold in my hand one of these programmes or lessons of song. How many of you have copies of these? Hold them up; now shake them a little; now fold them this way; now will you please to hide them? I will tell you a story of a very sad heart—a boy who started away one Monday night from his home. It was the darkest day of his life—the last day at home. He said to his mother two days before it was time to leave home: “I have one request to make from you when I am starting: don't let any tears come into your eyes. I can stand it from all the rest, but I don't want to remember my mother's face wet with tears.” She smiled and said to him, “My boy, it is the hardest thing in the world to give you up, but I will try, as far as I can, to look bright and cheerful when you go away.” Now that boy's name was Tom. His father bought him a trunk and a good suit of clothes; these were all placed in his bed-room. The trunk was of good substantial material, and when he went into the room on the Saturday morning, in order to pack his trunk, he said, “I wish that trunk were back again in the shop where it was made.” When he looked at the new clothes, he said, “I wish that the cloth were back again in the shop where that suit of clothes was made.” On the Sunday morning he

went to church with his father and mother, and afterwards with the other boys and his sister to the Sabbath-school.

The last Sunday evening at home, at family prayer, Tom's heart almost broke. As they kneeled down to pray at the old family altar, Tom's father prayed for his dear boy, that the Everlasting arms might be underneath him, that the Spirit of the living God might dwell in his heart, and that he might be kept from the evils of this world. While Tom's father was praying, Tom overheard sobs from his mother, and when he rose from his knees there was silence in the room, and though it was dark he could tell by the silence—broken only by the sobs of his mother and others—that he had better friends at home than he supposed. And when he went out in the star-light he heard the music of the river, and looked up to the sky and saw the stars palpitating there, he said to himself, "If I could change the arrangements I would not go at all." He went up to his room. There were all his new things, and now he had almost spent the last night at home, and the last few hours with his friends, before going on his long journey.

This is not the story of my experience ; but as Tom went to bed that night, with his heart almost broken, he fell into a light slumber, and dreamed that some one came into his room. He looked and saw what he thought to be an angel, with a face very sweet and fair. The angel spoke to him, and said : "Tom, to-morrow you leave the home of your childhood, and it may be five years before you come back again. You leave a good, strong, faithful father, and one of the best of mothers. You leave three good, strong, hearty brothers, with whom you have quarrelled more than once in your life, whose hearts are sorry enough because you must leave them ; and your sister, who has loved you through all your childhood, and loves you more to-night than ever."

The angel said, "Tom, I have a present to give you—a sort of talisman—and I will show it to you." The angel took a beautiful box—and, as the lid was lifted, a light shone out, as if it contained a brilliant star—and by a bright gold chain lifted out of the box a little cross, made of pearls. The angel said, "In this cross I have the secret of a true life—a strong, happy life for you"—and she then said, "Now, Tom, I want you to look at this cross, and see the pearls in it. It has a light of its own; and although it is dark in this room, yet, as you look at each pearl of the cross, you will see something to remember."

I will tell you what Tom saw in each pearl of the cross. One in the centre, another at the bottom, another at the top, and one in each arm; and, beginning at the bottom of the cross, I want you to study each pearl.

As Tom looked at it, he thought he read the word beginning with the letter T. "Surely, that is it," he said, as he spelled the word that was written in the very heart of the pearl; and I don't want you to forget TRUTH. And the angel said, "Now, Tom, I want you to tell the truth, as it is in God's word—for such is the real foundation of a true character. Read your Bible, fill your heart with truth, for truth has power."

The name of the first pearl was Truth. Tom looked at the second pearl, which was SINCERITY. This is a long word; but long words are as easy as short ones, when we understand them. Well, sincerity is truth in the heart, shining out of the eyes, speaking out of the lips, so the whole life is truth—true as truth itself. What was the name of the first pearl? (Answer, Truth.) And the next? (Sincerity.) Now, the name of the third pearl that Tom saw [boys and girls will not think it is too hard a word; and remember, I never did believe in talking to children in words of one syllable; so I use a longer word this time] was INTEGRITY. Sincerity is truth in the life speak-

ing out, and expressing itself. Integrity is truth in the will, that makes a man strong for righteousness anywhere and everywhere.

I remember, when I was much younger than I am now, I was pastor of a church in New Jersey. I remember David—a boy about as broad as he was long. I had a talk about David's will-power. One day as I sat in my room I heard a voice whining out, "Mother, mother!" I looked out of the window and saw David standing on the outside of the gate with a milk pitcher in his hands, and calling for his mother. I was ashamed of him—and I am always ashamed of any boy asking anybody to do for him anything that he can do for himself. I opened the window and said, "Is that the way you try, try, try, again?" His little face grew flushed as red as a beet, his red shirt was buttoned tight, and as he took the milk pitcher and placed it by some stones, that he might pull the gate, I was afraid that he would spring his wrists. He took hold of the gate and pulled with all his might. He tried to open the gate by pressing against it. At last he opened his little Dutch eyes and saw that the latch was on. He lifted the latch, picked up the milk pitcher, and looking up in my face, seemed, to say, "Did you see how I opened that gate?" At that moment I felt inclined to sing "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!" Now what is the difference, I said to myself, between David standing at the gate whining for his mother, and David opening the gate himself? I said the difference is this—I woke up the will when I spoke to him.

My boys, in this world the man who knows how to say "I will," will succeed. It is not a large knowledge in the brain; it is not genius, but it is will-power that conquers in this world. When once a man holds God's truth in his heart, and his will is controlled by it, he will be a man of integrity. The three words that Tom saw

were : the first, Truth ; second, Sincerity ; third, Integrity.

Now the fourth was REVERENCE. I am not going to talk to you much about that, but I love little people who have reverence for God's house, for God's word, and for God's name. Reverence for their parents—father and mother. Reverence for old people. In America there is a lack of this reverential feeling in young people. In England the thing is not so bad in this respect.

By the way, how many words have I given you ? (Answer, four—Truth, Sincerity, Integrity, Reverence.) The fifth is HUMILITY. When people have the truth in the heart, in the will and tongue, when the love and fear of God is there, they will be humble, like the lilies of the valley.

The last word which I have to give you, you must never forget. There is a word in the New Testament which I wish you never to forget. The word CHARITY. On the very top of the cross, Tom read that word in the heart of the pearl—Charity. I will tell you what charity is. It is love toward God and man.

When I first crossed the Atlantic, the weather was foggy. I did not sleep the first night I was at sea. I got up four different times to see what was the matter. I heard the men moving about the deck, and thought that there was something wrong. I heard the fog-whistle, and heard the water pouring in on the deck ; and all through that trip I was troubled.

I said, when I make the next trip, I intend to let the captain run the ship himself. I find it is a very great advantage to the travelling public not to feel responsibility themselves. I thought if I would only trust the Captain of my salvation a little more to bring my soul into everlasting habitations, and I resolved to trust Christ more than I had done.

The third trip that I made, I was lying flat on my back in my saloon, because the weather was rough and the clouds dark, and I felt more comfortable lying down in that position. Just then a little American girl passed me, and I said to her, "I think it is a very rough day." She said it was, and that our captain from the deck thought he saw a dismasted vessel in the distance, and had given orders for the ship to be turned toward it. He said it was a ship wrecked, and seven men clinging to the rigging, and he must save them. He said, "Who will go and fetch them?" She said, have you seen our first mate? He is a noble fellow. He said, "I will go, if you give me six men and the life-boat," and they started for the wreck. Our hearts trembled for him and his crew. Sometimes his little boat would be seen on the crest of a wave, then it would go down in the trough of the sea, then we lost sight of him. At last we saw the boat making for the wreck; and in less than two hours from that time he came back with his six sailors, and seven men saved from the wreck. She said, "He is a noble fellow." I said to myself, it is a very good thing for a man to be on a ship and trust, and a better thing when he is on the ship to help some one else.

Let us try to bring others to Christ. This is charity, the sweetest and best of all. Will you now repeat to me the list in order: Truth, Sincerity, Integrity, Reverence, Humility, Charity. Now reverse them—Charity, Humility, Reverence, Integrity, Sincerity, Truth. Now will you name each word, and let me give you the first letter of each as you name them—C. H. R. I. S. T. Now I tell you, my little friends, these are the last words I have to speak to you on the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. In that you will find Him who holds in His keeping all the pearls that give to you life eternal—Truth, Sincerity, Integrity, Reverence, Humility, and Charity—and may you hold them all in your hearts forever.

BIBLE LINK—What happened on the day of the resurrection of Jesus, before the first visit of the women to the sepulchre—MATT. 28. 2-4; 27. 52, 53; MARK 16. 1. The first visit of the women to the sepulchre—MATT. 28. 1, 5-8; MARK 16. 2-8; LUKE 24. 1-11; JOHN 20. 1, 2. Peter and John visit the sepulchre—LUKE 24. 12; JOHN 20. 3-10. Jesus appears first to Mary Magdalene—MARK 16. 9-11; JOHN 20. 11-18. Second appearance of Jesus—MATT. 28. 9, 10. The trick of the Jewish rulers and Roman soldiers—MATT. 28. 11-15. Jesus having been seen of Peter, appears to two disciples who are walking to Emmaus—MARK 16. 12, 13; LUKE 24. 13-36; 1 CORINTHIANS 15. 5 (in part). Jesus appears to the apostles in the absence of Thomas—MARK 16. 14-18; LUKE 24. 36-49; JOHN 20. 19-23. Jesus appears to the apostles, Thomas being present—JOHN 20. 24-29. The apostles go into Galilee, when Jesus appears to them—MATT. 28. 16; JOHN 21. 1-24. Other appearances of Jesus—1 CORINTHIANS 15. 6, 7; ACTS 1. 3-8. Jesus ascends to heaven—MARK 16. 19, 20; LUKE 24. 50-53; ACTS 1. 9-12.

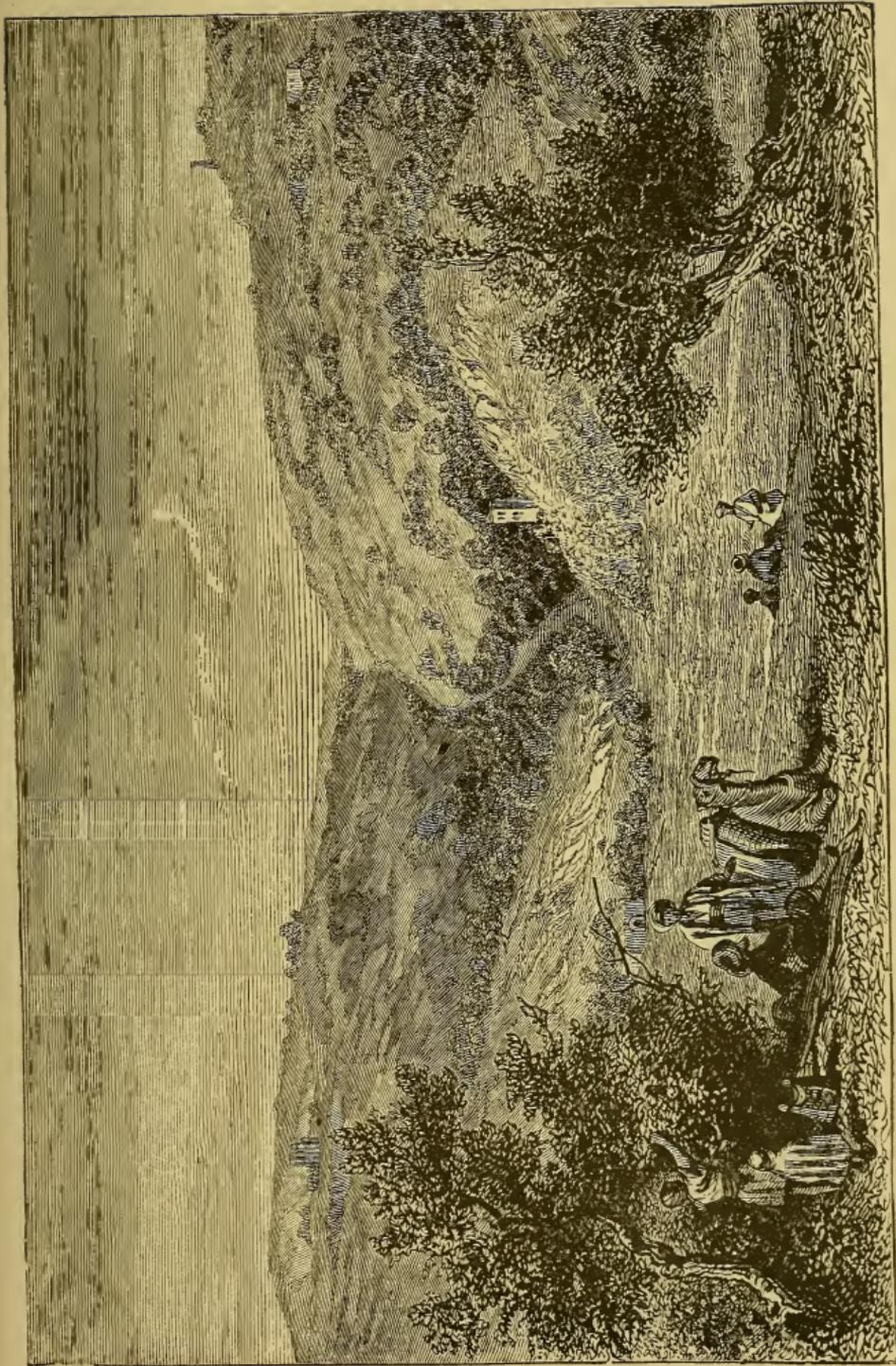
THE FORTY DAYS

THAT OUR LORD LIVED UPON THIS EARTH AFTER HE ROSE
FROM THE GRAVE.

BY REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, LONDON.

WE are going to think about "the Forty Days." They are such important days, that they are generally called "*the* Forty Days." Perhaps they are the most important "forty days" that ever were spent. "Forty days"—between the time when Jesus Christ rose from the grave and the day when Jesus Christ went up into heaven. For when Jesus Christ began, he began with "forty days" in the wilderness; and when he ended, he ended with "forty days" with his church, before he went up to heaven.

But how do we know there were "forty days?" Can you tell me? Look at the third verse of the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; will you read it? "He shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible



MOUNT OF OLIVES.

proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

"Forty days." Now look. From the feast of the Passover to the feast of the Pentecost was—how many days? "Fifty." The word "Pentecost" means fifty. And it was called "Pentecost," because it was fifty days after the Passover. Now next Thursday is Holy Thursday—the day that Jesus Christ went up into heaven; and Sunday week will be Pentecost—Whit Sunday—when the Holy Ghost came.

Now, how many days is it from Thursday to Sunday week? "Ten." Take away ten from fifty, and how many remain? "Forty." Then there are "forty days" that Jesus Christ was upon the earth after he rose from the grave, before he went up to heaven, which was next Thursday.

Now we are going to talk about these "forty days." "Forty days" between what? Between the time that Jesus Christ rose from the grave to the time that Jesus Christ went up to heaven. I wonder why. Why did not Jesus go up straight from the grave to heaven? He had said upon the cross, "It is finished!" Why did he come back to this poor world? Can you think? May we ask why? May we ask why God does anything? Yes, we may; but we must remember that we cannot tell half the reasons, when we ask why God does anything. We may find out one or two reasons, but there are a great many reasons that we do not know; and very likely the reasons we do not know are very much better than the reasons we do know.

Now will you try to think with me? I am going to think of six reasons why Jesus Christ came back to this world again before he went up to heaven. You must think too.

The first reason I think of is, to show that he loved us. To show that he loved this bad world still, and that he was

not in such a hurry to leave it. He loved us, and so he came back to us. That is the first reason.

The next reason I think of is, because he wanted to prove and show for certain that he had risen from the grave; for, supposing Jesus Christ did not rise from the grave, then what Jesus Christ said did not come true, because he said he would rise; and if Jesus Christ did not rise from the grave, then we shall not rise from the grave: but when we are put into the grave, there we shall stay forever. That would be a sad thing! Therefore, it was very important that Jesus Christ should prove that he rose from the grave. So he came back to this world to prove that he rose from the grave. He did not show himself to everybody. He showed himself to witnesses appointed for that purpose—that they might witness who had seen him; that they might be able to go and tell everybody they had seen him, and that he was risen. That is my second reason.

The third reason is because he wished to show not only that he was risen, but that he was the very same Jesus that was on the cross and was put into the grave. He showed that he had got a body. How did he show that he had got a body? Twice he ate, just as we do, because we have bodies. If we had not bodies, we should not eat and drink. Do you remember when? Once, in the room when the ten disciples were together, he took some broiled fish and a honey-comb, and he ate with the ten in the room. And once by the side of the lake. He showed he had got a body. It was not quite the same body that he had before. I mean it was a spiritual body. I cannot explain that. It is too deep. It was a spiritual body. We shall see a little more about that presently.

Not only did he show them that he had got a body, but that it was the same body—because when He chose, he could make people see that it was the same body. They saw it was Jesus; they knew him. Besides that, he showed

the wounds. How many wounds had he? "Five." Two in his feet; two in his hands; one in his side. He showed his wounds to Thomas. So that it was certainly the same body.

And was it the same heart? Did he love them just as much? Did he do just the same sort of things? Did he come and talk to the unhappy, and comfort them? Did he teach them, and say he was still their brother? Yes; he had the same body and the same heart. That is the third reason.

Now we will look at the fourth reason. Because he wanted to talk to them about the things that concern the kingdom of God. What does that mean? Do you know what the "kingdom of God" means in the Bible? Sometimes it means heaven; sometimes it does not mean heaven. Sometimes it means your heart. If Jesus is the king of your heart—if his throne is your heart—then your heart is "the kingdom of God." And sometimes "the kingdom of God" means the church—all about the church, the church on earth—that is "the kingdom of God." It is one province of the great "kingdom of God." Now he wanted to talk to them about that, about the Church. He told them about people being baptized, and about the ministers' preaching; and that they were to go into all the world, and tell people to become Christians—how they were to keep the commandments; about the Holy Ghost, and about the Bible. That was the fourth reason. He came to tell them about the things that concern "the kingdom of God," i. e., the church.

Now what was the fifth reason? To show us how he would be with us always. Is Jesus with us always? "Yes." Do we always know he is with us? "No." In some places he is with us, and we do not know it. So it was when Jesus appeared on those "forty days." Sometimes he was with people, and they did not know it was Jesus. So

he is sometimes close to you, and you do not know it, till your heart tells you—till the Holy Spirit tells you—till Jesus tells you. It was so then ; it is so now. Jesus is always with you, though you do not know it. Therefore it was to show, I think, how he will be with us always in the same way.

And one more reason—this is very difficult. I am not sure about it myself. When you and I rise out of the grave, do you think we shall go straight up into heaven ? I do not. I think that when Jesus comes again, then we shall rise out of our graves ; and then we shall be, I think, a little while with Jesus upon this earth ; and then we shall go to heaven, just as Jesus did. He rose from the grave, and stayed upon the earth awhile. Then he went up to heaven. I think it is to tell us we are to do the same, if we are God's children. When Jesus comes, we shall rise out of our graves ; we shall be with Jesus on this earth some time. I do not know how long—perhaps a thousand years—and then go to heaven.

Those are my six reasons. Can you remember them ? Let us see. Try to think of them. Because he loved us—to prove that he has risen—to show that he was the same Jesus still—to talk about the things of the kingdom of God—to show us the way in which he is always with us—and to lead us to think that we shall, like him, walk this earth when we rise from the grave.

Now, my dear children, we shall think about Jesus showing himself in "the Forty Days." Does everybody know it ? Can you go on with me about Jesus showing himself when he rose from the grave ? I shall name the occasions at first very quickly, and then come back to them.

The first time Jesus appeared was to Mary Magdalene. The next I am not quite sure about. What do you say ? To "some women"—"three women," I think—but that I

am not sure of ; it is not quite certain. The next to Peter, I think ; but I am not quite sure. In the twenty-fourth of Luke it is said, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon"—therefore I think so. It is simply said he showed himself to Peter. Then he showed himself to two men. Where were they going ? "To Emmaus." Then he showed himself to the ten disciples in the room.

These were the appearances the first Sunday—Easter Sunday.

When Jesus rose, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene ; then to three women ; then to Peter (I think) ; then to the two going to Emmaus ; then to the ten disciples—without Thomas—in the room. All that was in Jerusalem.

Did he appear again all that next week ? Not till the next Sunday. Then, to how many ? "Eleven." Who was then there with them ? "Thomas." Then, back from Jerusalem, where did he go ? "To Galilee," as he told them. And where did he appear again ? "On the mountain" that he appointed them. I am not quite sure, but I think that then he showed himself to "the five hundred" all at once. And then he went to the lake, and there, you will remember, he wrought a miracle. He made Peter catch a wonderful draught of fishes, as he had done once before. Then they came to the shore, and he appeared to the disciples, and took a meal with them, and talked with Peter, and talked about John. That was in Galilee. Then he came back to Jerusalem, and he saw them, I think, at Jerusalem, and talked with them some of those beautiful words that we have ; and then he took them out to—where ? "Bethany"—to the Mount of Olives ; and there, after talking with them a little, and blessing them, he was taken up to heaven.

Those are the appearances of Jesus in "the Forty Days."

Can you remember them? Shall we go through them again? I will speak only of those we are certain of. Mary Magdalene—the two going to Emmaus—the ten in the room without Thomas—then the next Sunday the eleven with Thomas—then in Galilee on the lake, at the miracle of the fishes, to Peter and the others, on the bank, and the conversation—and then at Bethany, when he went up to heaven. We are certain also, but we do not know when, he showed himself to “five hundred brethren”—to Peter, to James—but we are not quite sure where.

Now I am going to speak (if you like) a little about each of these. Who should you have expected would have been the first person Jesus Christ would have shown himself to when he rose from the dead? I think you would have said, Peter or John, wouldn't you? But he did not. He showed himself first to a poor woman who had been a great sinner, and who, I think, perhaps at that moment, was the most unhappy (about her sins) of anybody in the world—and because she was so—though she knew she was forgiven. But then we are all very sorry for our sins after we are forgiven—I think more so than before. And therefore Jesus showed himself to Mary Magdalene. She lived at Magdala, therefore she was called “the Magdalene.” And Jesus spoke to her in such a kind way. I don't know how he said it, but he said it in such a sweet way, “Mary! Mary!” So sweet! She did not know him at first, but thought it was the gardener; but when she knew it was Jesus, she said, “Rabboni!” — “My Master!” “My Teacher!” it means. So his first visit was to a poor penitent.

The next we are sure about was to two people taking a Sunday walk. I wish we could take such a Sunday walk—talking about Jesus, and then Jesus coming and going with us! Do you think he will? If we are taking a Sunday walk, and are thinking and talking about Jesus, will he

come and go with us? "Yes." Shall we see him? "No." Shall we feel him? "Yes." Try to find Jesus with you even in a Sunday walk. Not a foolish walk. Not a walk on the esplanade, to look upon people's dresses and talk about nonsense. I do not think Jesus will join us then. The disciples said, "Our hearts burned within us." Such a glow! such a happy feeling! And then they found him out—how? In the beautiful way in which he broke the bread. Then they knew it was Jesus.

Well then the next time was when the ten were in the room together. What did he say to them? "Peace be unto you!" Had he ever said that before? Never. He had said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." He had said, "This is my legacy to you." And after he had died, he came back with his own legacy. Then he said it like a priest—"Peace be unto you!" He then talked with them and ate before them.

And then the next time was when poor Thomas was there, who doubted. If I was to doubt your word, I think you would not like it. You would say, "Oh! if you doubt me, I won't talk with you. If you don't trust me, I won't have anything to do with you." Did Jesus do that? Here was this man who doubted what Jesus had said—declared he would not believe it—yet Jesus was so kind, even to a doubter! And he satisfied him, didn't he? He asked him to put his finger into the wounds, and thrust his hand into the side, saying, "Don't be disbelieving; don't be faithless, but believing." What did Thomas say? "My Lord, and my God." And then Christ said, "Ah! you believe because you have seen; but blessed are those that have not seen, and yet have believed." Which do you think best—to have lived with Christ on the earth, and believed because you had seen him; or live now, and believe without seeing him? We are better off than they were who lived at that time, if we believe. I think so.

Well then, after this, Jesus went down into Galilee. Why do you think he went down into Galilee? Was not it the place where he had been a little child—where his mother had lived—where he had been as a boy—where he had walked about on the mountains, and by the lake? Do you think, when you grow up to be a man or woman, you would like to come back to Christ Church? Should you say, “That is the church where I went to hear catechising when I was a little boy? To Christ Church my mother took me. It is a house I loved.” Would you like to do that, thirty years hence? That was Jesus Christ’s feeling. He loved to go back to the old places.

If you have a happy childhood—that means a good childhood, for a good childhood will be a happy childhood—then you will love Brighton, and all the old places where you used to be when a boy—your school, your house, your church. And perhaps, when Christ comes back to this world, he will like to go to the old places again; to the very same spots—Jerusalem, and Galilee—from the same feeling that prompted him then, during “the Forty Days.”

Now I want you to tell me, Was the miracle Jesus did that day upon the lake exactly the same as the one he did before on that lake? Can you tell me any difference? I will tell you some of the differences. One difference was, that before, Jesus did not say which side the net was to be cast: now, he said, “the right side.” Another difference was, they did not bring the fish into the boat, as it were, but “drew the net to land.” Another was, “the net did *not* break.” There are great reasons for those differences. I shall not talk about them now; they are too deep. The first time, it means how the people were to be brought to Christ, to become Christians; the next time, the way Christians are to be taken to heaven. How many fishes were there? “A hundred and fifty and three.” Were they big? “Yes.” Were they big before? Big

and little before ; this time, all big. Was the number told before ? "No." What was the reason for that ? Perhaps you can find that out, why the exact number is related.

So that was a miracle. And when they came to the shore, then Jesus had a conversation with St. Peter. Do you remember it ? Shall I tell you what he said to him ? Perhaps you do not exactly know. Shall I tell you exactly ? I will do so.

Jesus said to Simon Peter : "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?" Peter said, "Yea, Lord ; I am thy friend." "I am thy friend," he said. Then Jesus said again, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?" Peter said, "I am thy friend." Then Jesus said again, *not* "Lovest thou me ?" but he said, "Are you my friend ?" And Peter said, "Thou knowest all things ; thou knowest I am thy friend." Jesus said, "Do you love me ?" Peter said, "I am thy friend." He said it three times. When Jesus comes again, that will be the question.

Now let me ask you—because it is such a beautiful question, it is such an important question, I want to ask everybody in this church this afternoon—I want to ask you this : Do you really, really love Jesus Christ ? Do you really love him ? Does your heart say "Yes ?" You can tell, if I ask you, if you love me ? You could tell, if I asked you, do you love your mother ? You would say, "Yes, I am sure I love my father and my mother." Then why not say whether you love Jesus ? Do you ? All depends upon that. This is religion. Nothing will do without it. All right, if you love Jesus. Let me repeat the question—let it be Jesus saying to you now—"Lovest thou me ?"

Well, then they came up to Jerusalem, and then Jesus talked to them, and told them about going into all the world, preaching the gospel, and baptizing, and all they

were to do. And then he took them out to Bethany—little more than half a mile—and then, on the Mount of Olives, just by Bethany, he blessed them. The last thing he did was to bless them, and tell them he would always be with them ; and, as he was speaking, he rose up, and a cloud came across, and they could not see him again ; and he went to heaven.

In “the Forty Days” did Jesus ever think of little children ? Did he ? “Yes.” Now tell me where ? I think he did twice at least, perhaps very often. When he talked about baptism—I certainly think he meant little children then. And not only then, but what did he say to Peter ? “Feed my lambs.” Which did he put first—the lambs or the sheep ? “Feed my lambs.” Is Jesus feeding lambs now ? He sends me to do so. I am to try to feed the lambs. Jesus talked of the children.

Will Jesus come again ? He certainly will come again. Did the two angels say so ? Two angels, looking like men, were there on the mount, when the disciples were looking up. They said, “Don’t waste your time gazing up into heaven, in vision, or in idle thoughts about it ; he will come again.” But how ? “The same way you have seen him go.” In his body ? “Yes.” Blessing ? “Yes.” The last thing and the first thing to bless ? “Yes.” What will he say : “Come, ye blessed of my Father.” The last word on his lips, blessing ; the first word on his lips when he comes again, blessing. Such a dear, loving Jesus is he ! “Come, ye blessed of my Father !”

And who will walk with him then ? Shall I tell you ? Those who have “kept their garments white.” Have we, any of us, kept our garments white ? Have you ? No. But it means those who, having soiled their garments, have had them *washed*. If your garment is soiled, it can be washed. Washed ? In what ? In the blood of Jesus Christ. Those who “keep their garments white”—those

who have their soiled garments washed in the fountain of the blood of Jesus Christ—they shall “follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.”

THE ASCENDED CHRIST INTERCEDING FOR US.*

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

He ever liveth to make intercession.—HEBREWS 7. 25.

ALMOST every prayer which we hear is made in the name of Jesus Christ; and everything we ask God for, is asked “for Christ’s sake.” A poor sick soldier might go to the door of the king’s palace, and ask to go in, and ask for help for himself and his family, and he could not get any. But if he had in his pocket a paper in the king’s own handwriting, saying that he might come and ask help; and if the people at the palace knew that the paper was written by the king, they would hear his request and aid him, for the king’s sake. This would be asking in another’s name, just as we seek God in Christ’s name; and it would be answering for another’s sake, just as God answers us “for Christ’s sake.”

Nobody can feel happy without a friend. And almost every one tries to get and keep a few friends, however wicked he may be. Let any one have no friend to feel for him, to share his joys and sorrows, and he will feel unhappy. You have seen how children will love a little dog, or a lamb, or a dove, or anything that can love them. The little boy will talk to his top, and the little girl will talk to her doll, because they want a friend; and if the

* From “Lectures to Children,” by Rev. John Todd, D.D., (deceased). Published by Bridgeman & Childs, Northampton, Mass.

top and the doll could talk, and love them, they would be still more glad. Why? Because we all want friends to whom we can talk, and who will feel for us. Let me show you just what I mean.

Some years ago there was an Indian in North America, who, for his very good conduct, had a large farm given him by the State. He built his little house on his land, and there lived. Around him were a number of white families. They did not treat him badly, but because he was an Indian, they did not act and feel as if they loved him, and as if they were his friends. His only child was taken sick and died, and not one of the white people went near him to comfort him, or to aid him to bury his little child. A few days after, he came to the white people, and said to them,

“When white man’s child die, Indian man be sorry—he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I can’t no live here, and have no friend to love me!”

The poor Indian gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians! What love for his child! What a deep feeling in his heart that he wanted a friend!

So we all want some one to whom we may look every day. But when we are sick, when in distress, when we are about to die, oh! then we want a friend who will stand near us, and who can help us. Now, Jesus Christ is just that friend. He was once a man of sorrows, and was acquainted with grief, and knows how to help those who are in sorrow. He was once in the agonies of death, and knows all how the dying feel. Is any one poor? So was he, and knows all about being poor. Are you a poor weak child? So was he, and knows just how the child feels, and just what a friend he needs. You have little trials

and troubles, which older people would not think of, but which sometimes make your heart feel heavy and sad. Well, Jesus Christ knows all about such feelings, and can help you, and will do it every day, if you ask him every day to do so.

But though we want a friend all our lives, there is one hour when we very much need such a friend. That is the hour of dying. Let me show you why.

There was once a man who had three friends ; he had lived near them for many years. It so happened that this man was accused to the king of the country as a bad man, and the king ordered that he should be put to death. The poor man heard of it, and was in great trouble. He expected to lose his life, and to leave his family of children in great distress. After thinking it over, and weeping over it, he determined to go to the king and fall down before him, and get somebody to go with him and beg his life. So he called on these three friends, and begged them to go with him. The first whom he asked, he loved best, and thought him his best friend. But no ; he would not go with him one step toward the king's court. He would not move to help him. He next went to the second friend, and whom he loved next best, and asked him to go. So they set out to go ; but when they came to the gates of the king's court, this friend stopped, and would not go in with him and ask for his life. Then he went to the third friend, and the one whom he loved the least, and asked him to help him. This friend was known to the king, and beloved by him. So he took him by the hand, and led him in to the king, and *interceded*, or begged for him, and the king pardoned the condemned man, *for the sake of his friend who interceded for him.*

Now see how this story applies here. Some people have three things which they think of, and which they highly

value. These three things are : 1. The world ; that is, property and houses, and all the fine things which they have. 2. Their friends. 3. Jesus Christ. The first of these, the world, is loved the most. Their friends are loved next best ; and alas ! Christ least of all. So when they are taken sick, and must die, they have no true comfort, nor any good hope of heaven. The world and the things of the world, however much they may be loved, are useless the moment we are laid on the bed of death. Our friends can go with us through the sickness, and as far as to the king's gates, the gates of death ; but they there stop and leave us. But Jesus Christ, that friend of whom we think so little, and whom we love so little, he can go in with us before the great King of kings, and plead for us—intercede for us, and thus save our souls from being condemned to eternal death. This, oh this is the time when we need him for our friend, and need him for our intercessor ! He died for us, and can therefore be our friend, and plead for us and save us.

I trust you have not forgotten the last lecture, in which I tried to show you that God can save our souls, because Christ suffered for us. I am now showing you that Christ does something more—he intercedes for us. A king once made a law against a certain crime ; and the law was, that every one who did that wicked thing, should have both his eyes put out. Very soon a man was found who had broken the law. He was tried, and found guilty. It was the king's own son. Now, the king saw that if he did not punish his son, nobody ought to be punished, and nobody would keep the law. So he had one eye of his son's put out, and one of his own eyes put out ! He could now go before the court, and plead for his son, and by his own sufferings and intercession, could save his son from further punishment. All the people saw that the good king hated the crime, and loved his laws. Thus does Jesus Christ

save us by his own sufferings. He has suffered for us, and now lives to intercede for us.

How very different are Christ's prayers for us, from anything which we can do for one another! He can always aid us. We cannot always do it. Let me try to show you the difference.

Many years ago there were some men in the state of Pennsylvania who would not obey the laws of their country, but tried to destroy the laws, and have their own wills. When men go so far as to unite, and say they will not obey the laws, this crime is called "high treason." Among these men who did so, was one by the name of John Fries. He was carefully tried by the court, and found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The death-warrant was signed by the president of the United States, and the day was fixed on which he should die. But just before the day came, some people went to the president, and asked him to permit a woman to see him who had something to say to him. The president said he would see her. A few kind friends went with her to the house of the president. The president stood up to receive her. But what was his surprise to see this woman with ten children, all kneeling before him in tears! They were the wife and the ten children of John Fries, kneeling and weeping, and *interceding* for the life of their father, who was condemned to die! The president stood in amazement, and then the big tears came gushing down his cheeks, and his voice was so choked that he could not speak. With his eyes streaming with tears, and his hands raised towards heaven, he pushed away out of the room. Oh, what a moment of anxiety! Would he hear the petition, or would he let the man die? In a few moments he returned with a paper in his hand. It contained a full and free pardon for her husband, and their father. He gave it to the woman, and she went away, and returned joyful to her home having her husband with her.

This was interceding before a human being ; Christ intercedes before God. This was interceding for one man ; Christ does it for all his people. This was for one short life ; Christ asks for us eternal life. This was for one sin ; Christ intercedes for all our sins. This was for a friend ; Christ does it for those who have ever been enemies. This saved from the curse pronounced by human laws ; Christ saves us from the curse of God's law. This was a little stream ; but Christ carries us over the dark river of death.

Suppose one of the children were condemned to die, and shut up in prison ; and we were going to send a petition for his life ; whom would he wish to carry it ? The most worthy man in the whole town, certainly. Christ is the most worthy being in the universe, and therefore he is a good Intercessor. If you were to petition for your life, whom would you wish to carry your petition—a stranger, or some warm, intimate friend of the king ? The friend, surely. You would say, the king will be more likely to hear his friend than a stranger. Yes. And God is ever well-pleased with his dear Son, and is willing to hear him when he intercedes for us. And it is declared, that Christ is “able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

History informs us of a man who was doomed to die for some crime which he had committed. His brother had lost an arm in defending his country. He came forward, and held up the stump of his lost arm, and interceded for his brother. The judges were so affected by the remembrance of his past services, that they freely pardoned the guilty brother for his sake. Thus is Christ described to us as sitting on the throne, like a “lamb as it had been slain,” and interceding for us.

There are four things about Jesus Christ which make him just such an Intercessor as we need. I will tell you what they are.

1. *He is worthy.*

You know, dear children, that it is a great comfort to have good men pray for us, because we are told that if any man does the will of God, God hears him. But what good could the prayers of all good men do us, in comparison with Jesus Christ, who has died for us? When he intercedes, he can speak of his own blood shed for our sins, and of the merits of his obedience. It is thus that his intercession for us is effectual. He is worthy. Worthy in himself, for he is the Son of God; and he is worthy, by reason of what he has done, for he has deserved all he asks for. But to know how worthy Jesus Christ is, and what great reason we have to trust in him as our Intercessor, hear what he says of himself: "It is the will of God that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." He is worshiped by all in heaven. The saints and angels cast their crowns at his feet, saying, "Thou art worthy." He sits on the throne with God the Father; and God loves him, and will hear him in our behalf.

2. *Christ knows your wants.*

He was once a child like one of you. He therefore knows, from his remembrance of his own feelings, how a child feels. And not only this, but, as the Son of God, he knows all things like his Father. You will recollect how he saw into the thoughts of the scribes and Pharisees, and "needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." Just so, he knows all your thoughts, fears, sorrows, wants, and desires. You can hide nothing from his eye. And when he intercedes for you he knows exactly what you need. He knows better than your mother, and even better than you know yourself.

3. *Christ ever lives to intercede for you.*

Good parents may pray for you often. So may good ministers. But they cannot do it long. They must soon die, and leave you; they will soon all be gone. But Christ

is alive to-day ; he will be alive to-morrow ; he will be alive when you come to die, and your soul goes into the eternal world. And when the graves are opened, when the sun goes down to rise no more, and the moon and the stars all fade away, he will still live, and live to intercede for his disciples. Death will take us all away, but *he* dies no more.

4. *Christ never changes.*

Almost everything changes. The weather changes, the trees change, the flowers change, and all things which we see. Friends also change. Some go away from us. Some are good friends when we are well, but leave us when we are in trouble. The severe lines of the poet are often true :

“The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.”

Yes, we may all change, we may be disappointed, may be in sorrow, may be in sickness, be in the agonies of death, but Christ never changes, never leaves us, never forgets us. We may sink into the cold swelling river, and be drowning, and our friends stand on the banks, not daring to go in after us ; but his love cannot be quenched by the cold waters of “many floods.” We shall die, and sleep in the grave. We shall awake again at the resurrection-day. But in all this, Christ does not change. “The same yesterday, to-day, and forever,” he ever liveth to intercede for us. Oh, what a Redeemer !

AFTER THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. 3. 20.

A KING, who was as good as he was great, gave a poor man a beautiful house. In that country there was danger of robbers and wild beasts, and therefore the king gave him two soldiers as keepers and guards of the house, and two more strong men; and when there was no danger these four men worked for the poor man. Within the house there was a grinding-machine. In those days they ground corn between two round stones, the upper one having a hole through the middle, so that they could keep pouring the corn or grain into it. The man had so much grain that he ground it three times a day.

THE HOUSE HAD A WONDERFUL DOOR

with an Æolian harp in it, so that very beautiful music came from it whenever the wind went through it; and just inside the door was a still more wonderful musical instrument that gave a great variety of sounds. The windows of the house were also very carefully made, and each had a beautiful curtain that was let down every night. Everything in the house was as wonderful as it was convenient. A little way from the door was the well, where they raised the water by a cord and pail and wheel, and then brought it from the well in pitchers. One of the most beautiful things in the house was a golden bowl. All around the house were trees covered with green leaves and blossoms,

and the sky was almost always clear, except from little clouds that came now and then, so that the stars shone on it every night, and the sunlight came with its happy influence every day.

The king had made the house himself, and arranged the trees, and then he freely gave it to the poor man as his own. A little while after this

THE KING HIMSELF CAME TO THE HOUSE

and knocked, and the poor man looked out and saw who it was, but he said to himself, "If I let him in he'll stop the frolic we are having, and besides I am too busy to-day." So he kept the house fastened and said from within, "Come again to-morrow." The king felt hurt at such treatment, but he came again the next day, and again the poor man said to himself, "I'm not ready yet;" and he cried once more from within, "To-morrow." So the king kept coming day after day for years, and told the man each time that if he was let in, he would live there and guard the poor man from danger, and give him everything needful to make him happy; and after this house was worn out, the king said he would give him a more beautiful home near his own palace, that would always last. But every day the poor man said, "Come some other time," until, after coming a great many years, the king went away at length very sad, and never came again. Oh, how ungrateful and unkind was this poor man to the king who had given him so much, and then had come so often and so kindly to visit him!

After the king ceased to come, at length the keepers of the house began to tremble with fear, and the strong men were bowed with weakness, and the grinding stones were seldom heard, and the music was faint and sad, and the curtains were partly down in the windows, and the door was always shut, and the green leaves withered on the

trees, and dark clouds hung over the sky. One morning the keepers and the strong men were

FOUND DEAD,

and the door was locked and the curtains down in the windows, and the music had ceased, and the golden bowl and the pitcher were broken, and the cord was lying loose near the well. The poor man had been driven away, and had no other home where he might rest again. If the king had been admitted to the house when he came, he would have given the man a better home when he was driven from this. But now it was too late.

Some of you have already discovered what the story means. The great and good king is Jesus. After he was crucified and buried, he came out of the grave again and talked with his disciples for forty days, and then rose into the sky to be with God, and now he comes from heaven to our hearts and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

THE HOUSE HE GIVES TO THE POOR MAN

is the human body; the keepers are the hands; the strong men are the limbs; the grinders are the two rows of teeth; the door is the mouth; the Æolian harp—the wonderful musical instrument—is the voice; the windows are the eyes; the curtains are the eye-lids; the green leaves are the hair; and the clear skies represent the happiness of childhood when the house is new. Jesus made this house and has given it to each of us; and he comes and knocks at our hearts, and says that if he can come in he will live with you and guard you and make you happy, and by and by, when this house breaks down and your bodies are buried in the grave, he will give you a home that will last

forever near his own palace in heaven. Jesus is knocking at your hearts to-day, if you have not already become a Christian. Do not say, "No room for Jesus," but rather, "Come in, my Saviour." If you reject him, the evil days will come when he will knock no more, when your hands will tremble and your legs will bow themselves with age, and the mouth will close because the teeth are few, and the voice will become low and the eyes will be darkened, and the hair will become white as the almond blossoms, and you will have no Saviour to cheer you; and at last the brain will cease to think, and the lungs and heart will be stilled in death, and you will go alone to the long home of the grave, with no prospect of a home with Jesus.

Let it not be so with any of us, but while Jesus knocks at our hearts and waits, may we heed the words, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

A wonderful house have I,
That God has made for me,
With windows to see the sky,
And keepers strong and free.

The door has a tuneful harp,
A mill to grind my bread,
And there is a golden bowl,
A beautiful silver thread.

A fountain is in the house,
A pitcher lies at hand,
And strong men God has given
To bear me o'er the land.

The keepers must work for God,
The harp must sing His praise,
The windows look to heaven,
The strong men walk His ways.

And when this house shall fall,
As death at last shall come,
The good have a better house
Above, in Jesus' home.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTIAN BAND.

“MY LAMBS.”

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND :— Can you, from your heart, answer “Yes” to the following questions?—

Do you love Jesus?

Are you trusting in Jesus as your own precious Saviour?

Will you try, by the help of Jesus, to give up everything that is sinful?

Will you try to be more like Jesus every day?

“SEEK ME EARLY.”

NAMES AND RESIDENCES:—

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PLAN

FOR READING THE WHOLE NEW TESTAMENT

IN ORDER OF THE EVENTS, AND IN TEN-MINUTE
DAILY PORTIONS.*

ARRANGED BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

THE chronological arrangement of the Gospels which follows is based on Newcome's Harmony of the Four Evangelists, as given in Bagster's Bible. Bagster's "Consolidated Gospels" puts the chronological arrangement into a still more convenient form. (W.) Luke 1. 1-4; John 1. 1-18. (Th.) Luke 1. 5-25. (F.) 1. 26-38. (Sa.) 39-56. (Su.) 57-79.

1st WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 1. 18-25; 1-17; Luke 3. 23-38. (Tu.) Luke 2. 8-20; Matt. 1. 25; Luke 2. 21. (W.) 22-38. (Th.) Matt. 2. 1-23; Luke 2. 39. (F.) 40-52. (Sa.) Matthew 3. 1-12; Mark 1. 1-8. (Su.) John 1. 8; 3. 1-17.

2d WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 3. 13-17; Mark 1. 9-11; Luke 3. 21-23. (Tu.) Matt. 4. 1-11; Mark 1. 12, 13. (W.) Luke 4.1-13. (Th.) John 1. 19-34. (F.) John 1. 35-51. (Sa.) John 2. 1-12. (Su.) John 2. 13-25; 3. 1-21.

3d WEEK.—(M.,) John 3. 22-36. (Tu.) Matt. 4. 12; 14. 3-5; Mark 1. 14; 6. 17-20; Luke 3. 18; 4. 14; 3. 19, 20. (W.) John 4. 1-26. (Th.) John 4. 27-42. (F.) Matt. 4. 17; Mark 1. 14, 15; Luke 4. 14; John 4. 43-54. (Sa.) Matt. 4. 13-16; Luke

*From a chronological arrangement of the whole Bible on two yearly bookmarks, sold at \$2 per 100, at S. S. Teacher's Reading Room, 304 Fourth Avenue, New York.

4. 15-31. (Su.) Matt. 4. 18-22; Mark 1. 16-20; Luke 5. 1-11.
- 4th WEEK.—(M.,) Mark 1. 21-28; Luke 4. 31-37; (Tu.) Matthew 8. 14-17; 4. 23-25. (W.) Mark 1. 29-39. (Th.) Luke 4. 38-44. (F.) Matt. 4. 2-4; Mark 1. 40-45; Luke 5. 12-16. (Sa.) Matt. 9. 2-8; Mark 2. 1-12; Luke 15. 17-26; Matt. 9. 9; Mark 2. 13, 14; Luke 5. 27-28. (Su.) John 5. 1-18.
- 5th WEEK.—(M.,) 19-30. (Tu.) 31-47. (W.) Matt. 12. 1-8; Mark 2. 23-28; Luke 6. 1-5. (Th.) Matt. 12. 9-21; Mark 3. 1-12; Luke 6. 6-11. (F.) Matt. 10. 2-4; Mark 3. 13-19; Luke 6. 12-19. (Sa.) Matt. 5. 1-16. (Su.) 17-30.
- 6th WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 5. 31-48. (Tu.) 6. 1-18. (W.) 19-34. (Th.) 7. 1-14. (F.) 15-29. (Sa.) Luke 6. 20-49. (Su.) Matt. 8. 1, 5-13; Luke 7. 1-17.
- 7th WEEK.—(M.,) Matthew 11. 2-19; Luke 7. 18-35; Matthew 11. 20-30. (Tu.) Luke 7. 36-50. (W.) Matt. 9. 35; 12. 22-37; Mark 6. 6; 3. 20-30; Luke 8. 1-3; 11. 14-23. (Th.) Matt. 12. 38-45; Luke 11. 16, 29-36, 24-26. (F.) 27, 28; Matt. 12. 46-50; Mark 3. 31-35; Lu. 8. 19-21. (Sa.) Luke 11. 37-54. (Su.) Luke 12. 1-59; 13. 1-9.
- 8th WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 13. (Tu.) Mark 4. 1-34. (W.) Luke 8. 4-14. (Th.) Matt. 8. 18-27; Mark 4. 35-41; Luke 8. 22; 9. 57-62; 8. 22-25. (F.) Matthew 8. 23-34; Mark 5. 1-20; Luke 8. 26-39. (Sa.) Matt. 9. 1; Mark 5. 21; Luke 8. 40; Matt. 9. 10-17; Mark 2. 15-22; Lu. 5. 29-39. (Su.) Matt. 9. 18-26; Mark 5. 22-43; Luke 8. 41-56.
- 9th WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 9. 27-34; 13. 54-58; Mark 6. 1-6. (Tu.) Matt. 9. 36-39; 10. 1, 5-42; Mark 6. 7-11; Luke 9. 1-5; Matt. 11. 1; Mark 6. 12, 13; Luke 9. 6. (W.) Matthew 14. 6-12; Mark

6. 21-29; Matt. 14. 1-2; Mark 6. 14-16; Luke 9. 7-9; Mark 6. 30, 31; Luke 9. 10. (Th.) Matt. 14. 13-21; Mark 6. 32-44; Luke 9. 10-17; John 6. 1-14. (F.) Matt. 14. 22-36; Mark 6. 45-56; John 6. 15-21. (Sa.) 22-71; 7. 1. (Su.) Matthew 15. 1-20; Mark 7. 1-23.

10th WEEK.—(M.,) Matthew 15. 21-28; Mark 7. 24-30; Matthew 15. 29-31; Mark 7. 31-37. (Tu.) Matthew 15. 32-39; Mark 8. 1-10; Matt. 16. 1-4; Mark 8. 11, 12. (W.) Matthew 16. 4-12; Mark 8. 13-26. (Th.) Matthew 16. 13-20; Mark 8. 27-30; Luke 9. 18-21. (F.) Matthew 16. 21-28; Mark 8. 31-38; 9. 1; Lu. 9. 22-27. (Sa.) Matt. 17. 1-13; Mark 9. 2-13; Luke 9. 28-36; John 1. 14; 2 Peter 1. 16-18; Matt. 17. 14-21; Mark 9. 14-29; Luke 9. 37-43. (Su.) Matt. 17. 22, 23; Mark 9. 30-32; Luke 9. 43-45; Matt. 17. 24-27; Mark 9. 33.

11th WEEK.—(M.,) Matt. 18. 1-35; 9. 33-50; 9. 46-50. (Tu.) 10. 1-10. (W.) John 7. 2-53; 8. 2-11. (Th.) 12-59. (F.) 9. 10. (Sa.) Luke 10. 17-37. (Su.) 11. 1-13; 13. 10-35.

12th WEEK.—(M.,) Luke 14. (Tu.) Luke 15. (W.) 16., 17. 1-10. (Th.) 17. 11; 9. 51-56; 17. 12-19. (F.) 17. 20-37. (Sa.) 18. 1-14; 10. 38-42; John 10. 22-42. (Su.) 11.

13th WEEK.—(M.,) 19. 1-12; Mark 10. 1-12; Matt. 19. 13-15; Mark 10. 13-16; Lu. 18. 15-17; Matthew 19. 16-30; 20. 1-16; Mark 10. 17-31; Luke 18. 18-30. (Tu.) Matthew 20. 17-19; 10. 31-34; Luke 18. 31-34; Matthew 20. 20-28; Mark 10. 35-45. (W.) Matthew 20. 29-34; Mark 10. 46-52; Luke 18. 35-43; 19. 1-28. (Th.) Sat. before crucifixion. John 11. 55-57; 12. 1, 9-11. Palm Sunday.—Matthew 21. 1-11, 14-17; Mark 11. 1-11; Luke 19. 29-44; John 12. 12-50. (F.)

Monday before Crucifixion.—Matthew 21. 18, 19, 12, 13 ; Mark 11. 12-19 ; Luke 19. 45-48 ; Matthew 21. 20-22 ; Mark 11. 20-26. (Sa.) Tuesday before Crucifixion.—Matthew 21. 23-46 ; 22. 1-14 ; Mark 11. 27-33 ; 12. 1-12 ; Luke 20. 1-19. (Su.) Matt. 22. 15-46 ; Mark 12. 12-37 ; Luke 20. 20-44.

14th WEEK.—(M.,) Matthew 23. 1-39 ; Mark 12. 38-40 ; Luke 20. 45-47 ; Mark 12. 41-44 ; Luke 21. 1-4. (Tu.) Matthew 24. 1-51 ; 25. 1-30 ; Mark 13. 1-37 ; Luke 21. 5-36 ; Matthew 25. 31-46 ; 21. 37, 38. (W.) Wed. before Crucifixion.—Matt. 26. 1-16 ; Mark 14. 1-11 ; Luke 22. 1-6 ; John 12. 2-8. (Th.) Thursday before Crucifixion.—Matt. 26. 17-19 ; Mark 14. 12-16 ; 22. 7-13 ; Matt. 26. 20 ; Mark 14. 17 ; Luke 22. 14, 24-30, 15-18 ; John 13. 1-20. (F.) Matthew 26. 21-25 ; Mark 14. 18-21 ; Luke 22. 21-23 ; John 13. 21-35. (Sa.) Matt. 26. 31-35 ; Mark 14. 27-31 ; Luke 22. 31-38 ; John 13. 36-38. (Su.) Matthew 26. 26 ; Mark 14. 22 ; Luke 22. 19 ; 1 Cor. 11. 23, 24 ; John 14. ; Matthew 26. 27-29 ; Mark 14. 23-25 ; Luke 22. 20 ; 1 Cor. 11. 25.

15th WEEK.—(M.,) John 15. 1-27 ; 16. 1-33. (Tu.) 17. 1-26 ; Matthew 26. 30, 36-46 ; Mark 14. 26 ; Psa. 113-118, inclusive ; the Passover "Hymn ;" Mark 14. 32-42 ; Luke 22. 39-46 ; John 18. 1. (W.) Matthew 26. 47-56 ; Mark 14. 43-52 ; Luke 22. 47-53 ; John 18. 2-12. (Th.) Matthew 26. 57, 58, 69-75 ; Mark 14. 53, 54, 66-72 ; Luke 22. 54-62 ; John 18. 13-18, 24-27 ; Matthew 26. 57, 59-68 ; Mark 14. 53, 55-65 ; Luke 22. 66-71, 63-65 ; John 18. 19-23, 28. (F.) Friday of Crucifixion.—Matthew 27. 1, 2, 11-14 ; Mark 15. 1-15 ; Luke 23. 1-5 ; John 18. 28-38 ; Luke 23. 6-12 ; Matt. 27. 15-23 ; Mark 15. 6-14 ; Luke 23. 13-23 ;

John 18. 39, 40. (Sa.) Matthew 27. 26-31; Mark 15. 15-20; Luke 23. 23-25; John 19. 1-16; Matt. 27. 3-10; Acts 1. 18, 19. (Su.) Matt. 27. 35-50; Mark 15. 21-23; Luke 23. 26-33; John 19. 17.

16th WEEK.—(M.,) Matthew 27. 35-50; Mark 15. 24-37; Luke 23. 33-46; John 19. 18-30. (Tu.) Matthew 27. 51-61; Mark 15. 38-47; Luke 23. 45, 47-56; John 19. 31-42. Saturday after Crucifixion.—Matthew 27. 62-66. (W.) Easter.—Matt. 28. 2-4; 27. 52, 53; Mark 16. 1; Matthew 28. 1, 5-8; Mark 16. 2-8; Luke 24. 1-11; John 20. 1, 2. (Th.) Luke 24. 12; John 20. 3-10; Mark 16. 9-11; John 20. 11-18; Matthew 28. 9-15. (F.) Mark 16. 12, 13; Luke 24. 13-36; 1 Cor. 15. part of verse 5. (Sa.) Mark 16. 14-18; Luke 24. 36-49; John 20. 19-23; First Sunday after Resurrection.—John 20. 24-29. (Su.) Matt. 28. 16; John 21; 1-24; Matt. 28. 16-20; 1 Cor. 15. 6, 7; Acts 1. 3-8.

17th WEEK.—(M.,) Forty days after resurrection—Mark 16. 19, 20; Luke 24. 50-53; Acts 1. 9-12; John 20. 30, 31; 21. 25. (Tu.) Acts 1. 1-3, 12-14. Fifty days after resurrection—2. (W.) 3., 4. 1-31. (Th.) 4. 32-37; 5. (F.) 6., 7. (Sa.) 8., 9. (Su.) 10., 11. [A chapter and a half about one man's soul. Longer than the description of creation.]

18th WEEK.—M.,) 12., 13. (Tu.) 14., 15. (W.) 16. 1-6; 1 Tim.* 1., 2., 3. (Th.) Gal. 1., 2., 3. (F.) 4., 5. (Sa.) 5., 6. (Su.) Philip. 1., 2.

19th WEEK.—(M.,) 3., 4. (Tu.) Acts 17. 1-10; 1 Thes. 1. (W.) 2., 3. (Th.) 4., 5. (F.) 2 Thes.

* Each epistle is introduced, not in the order in which it was written, but rather in connection with the first references in Acts to the person or place to which it was sent, as it will thus be of most service.

- 1., 2. (Sa.) 3., 4. (Su.) Acts 17. 10-34; 18. 1-18;
1 Cor. 1.
- 20th WEEK.—(M.,) 2., 3., 4. (Tu.) 5., 6., 7.
(W.) 8., 9. (Th.) 10., 11. (F.) 12., 13. (Sa.) 14.
(Su.) 15.
- 21st WEEK.—(M.,) 16. (Tu.) 2 Cor. 1. (W.) 2.
(Th.) 3. (F.) 4. (Sa.) 5. (Su.) 6., 7., 8.
- 22d WEEK.—(M.,) 9. (Tu.) 10. (W.) 11. (Th.)
12. (F.) 13. (Sa.) Acts 18. 19-28; 19. 20. (Su.)
Eph. 1., 2., 3.
- 23d WEEK.—(M.,) 4., 5., 6. (Tu.) Acts 21., 22.,
23. (W.) 24., 25., 26. (Th.) 27., 28. 1-10. (F.)
28. 11-31; Romans 1. (Sa.) 2. (Su.) 3.
- 24th WEEK.—(M.,) 4. (Tu.) 5. (W.) 6. (Th.)
7. (F.) 8. (Sa.) 9. (Su.) 10.
- 25th WEEK.—(M.,) 11. (Tues.) 12. (W.) 13.
(Th.) 14. (F.) 15., 16. (Sat.) Philemon. (Sun.)
Col. 1.
- 26th WEEK.—(M.,) 2. (Tu.) 3. (W.) 4. (Th.)
Titus, 1. (F.) 2. (Sa.) 3. (Su.) Heb. 1.
- 27th WEEK.—(M.,) 2., 3., 4. (Tu.) 5., 6. (W.)
7., 8. (Th.) 9., 10. (F.) 11., 12. (Sa.) 13. (Su.)
2 Tim. (Paul giving his last messages.) 1., 2.
- 28th WEEK.—(M.,) 3., 4. (Tu.) Jas. 1. (W.) 2.
(Th.) 3., 4. (F.) 5. (Sa.) 1 Peter 1. (Su.) 2.
- 29th WEEK.—(M.,) 3. (Tu.) 4. (W.) 5. (Th.)
2 Peter 1. (F.) 2. (Sa.) 3. (Su.) 1 John 1., 2.
- 30th WEEK.—(M.,) 3. (Tu.) 4. (W.) 5. (Th.)
2 John. (F.) 3 John. (Sa.) Jude. (Su.) Rev. 1.
- 31st WEEK.—(M.,) 2. (Tu.) 3. (W.) 4. (Th.)
5. (F.) 6. (Sa.) 7. (Su.) 8.
- 32d WEEK.—(M.,) 9. (Tu.) 10. (W.) 11. (Th.)
12. (F.) 13. (Sa.) 14. (Su.) 15.
- 33d WEEK.—(M.,) 16. (Tu.) 17. (W.) 18. (Th.)
19. (F.) 20. (Sa.) 21. (Su.) 22.

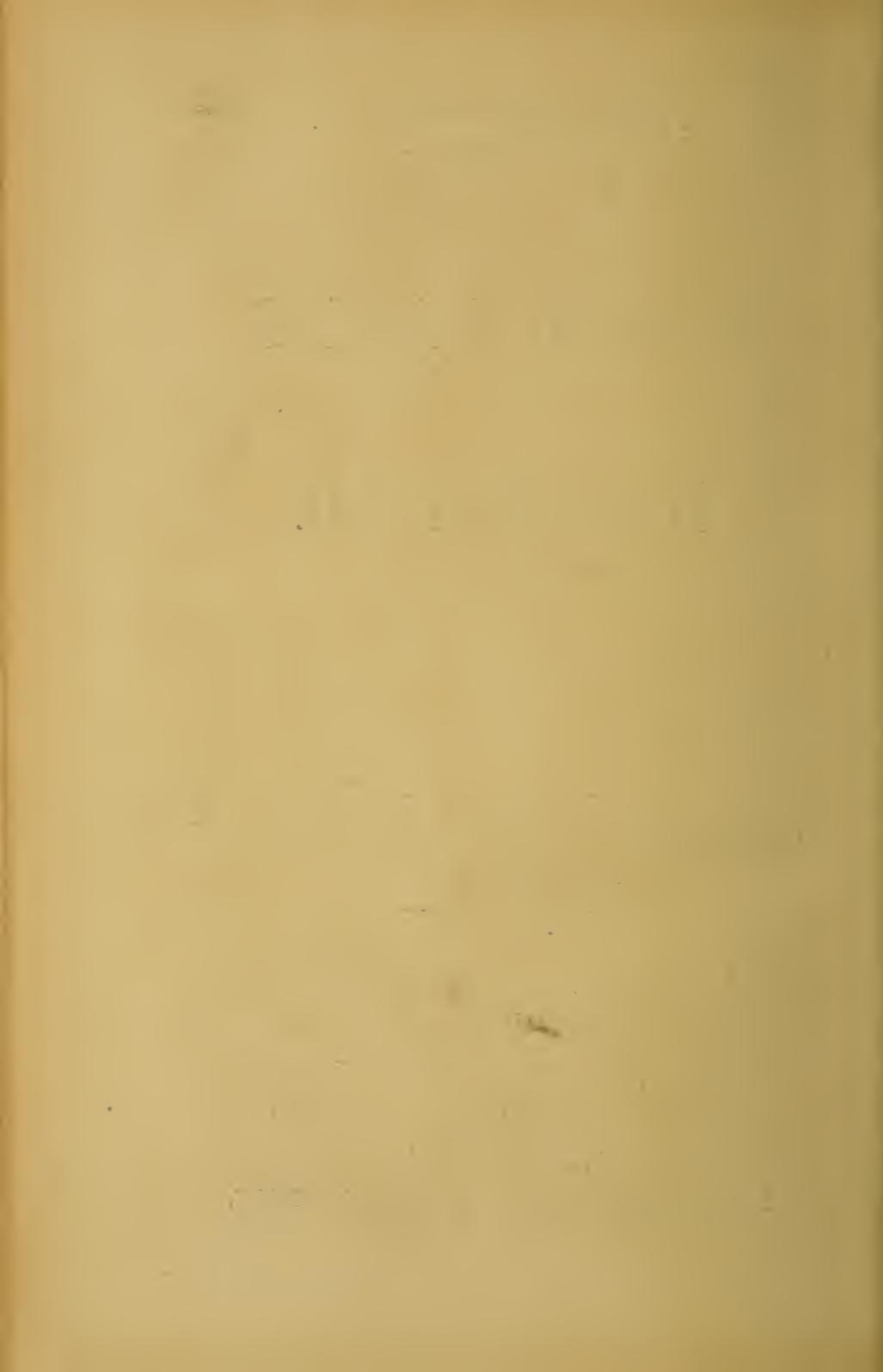
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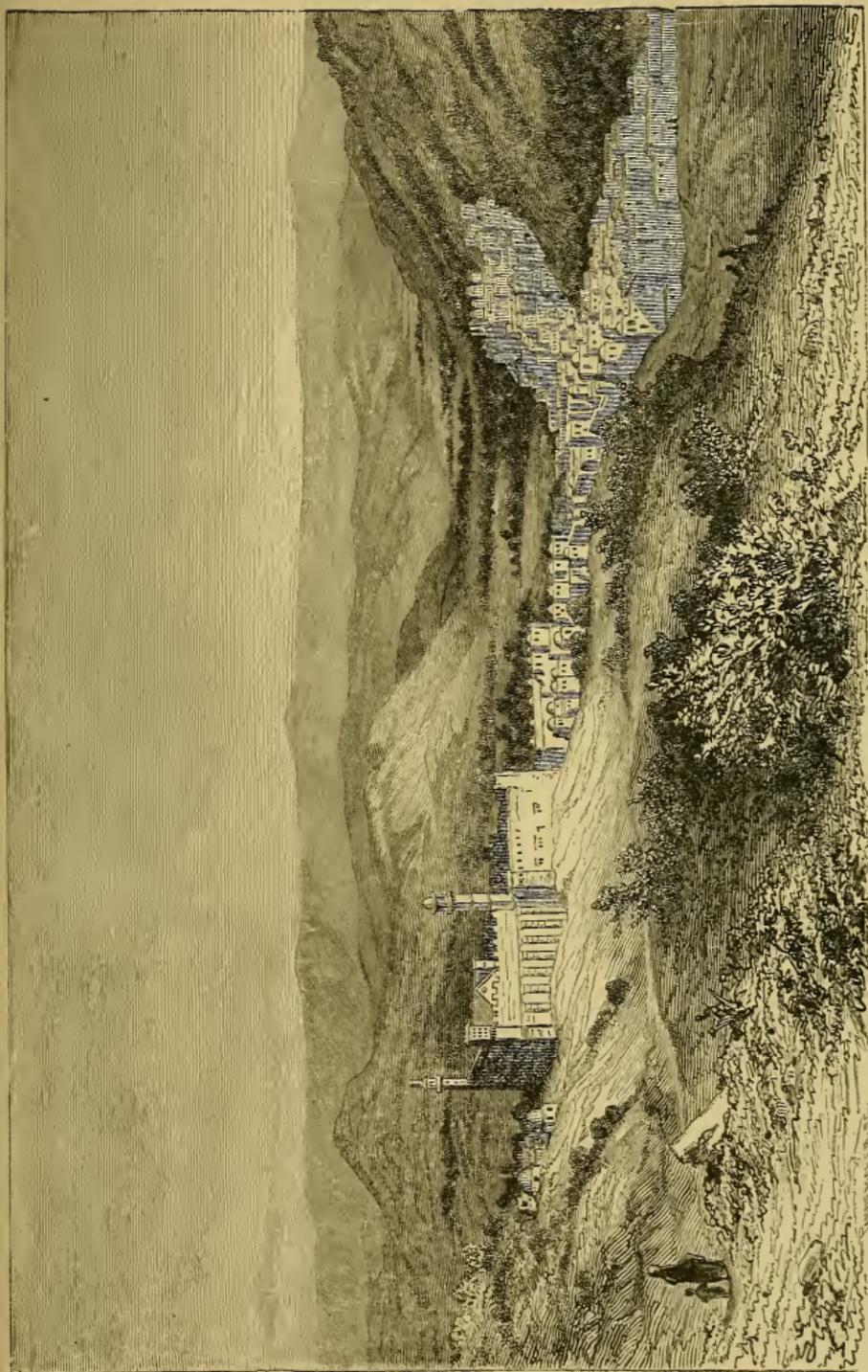
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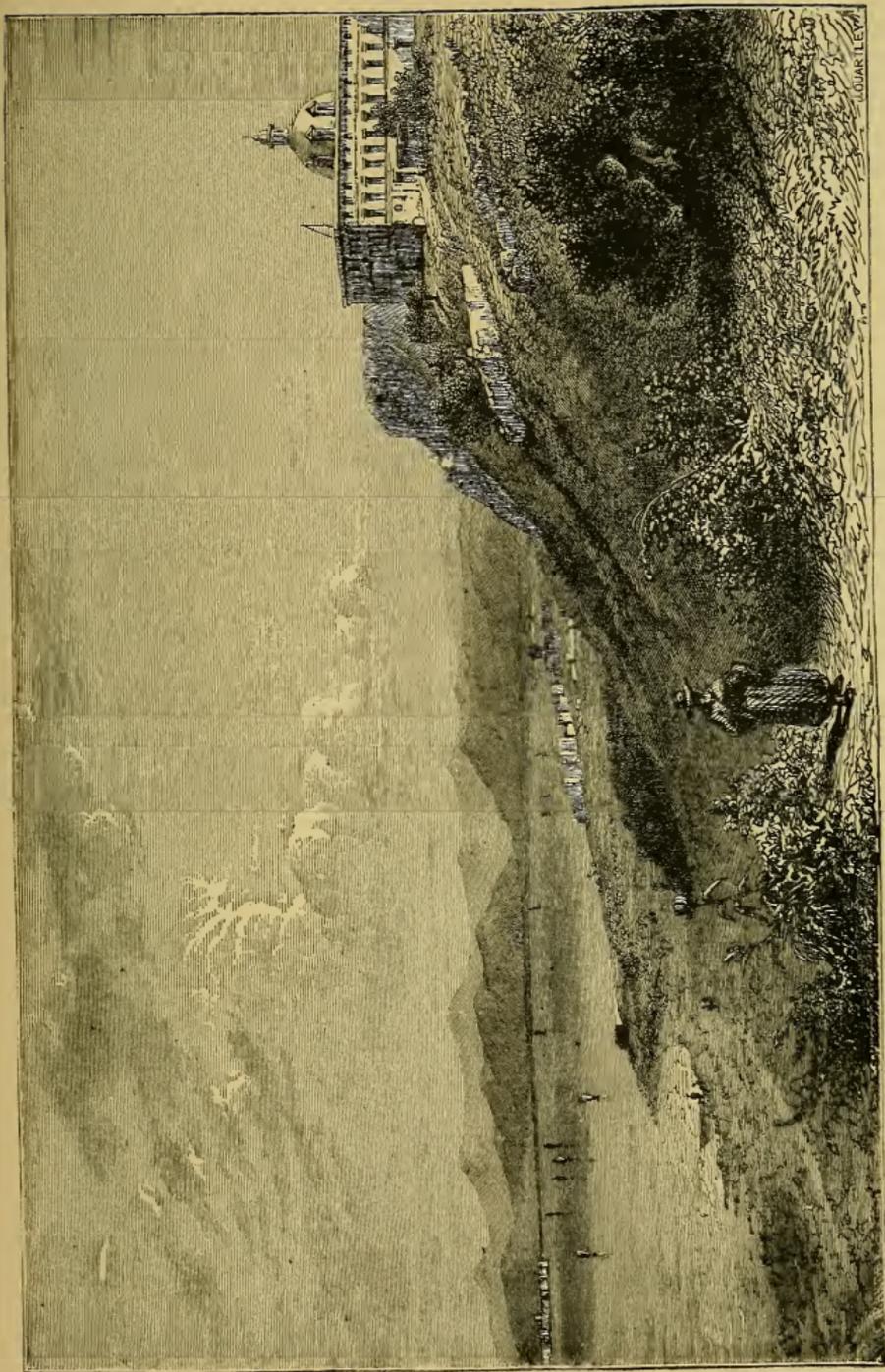
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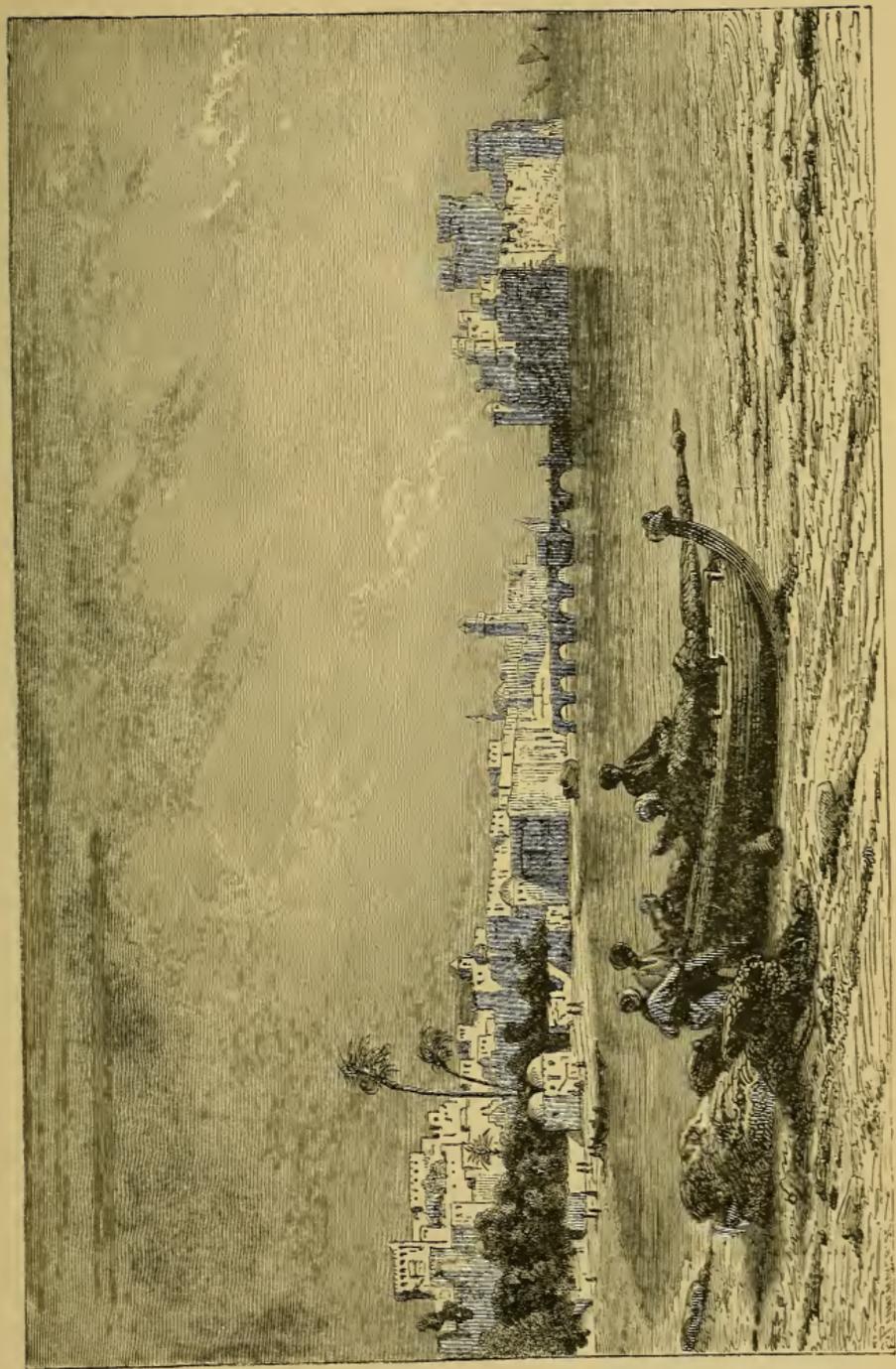
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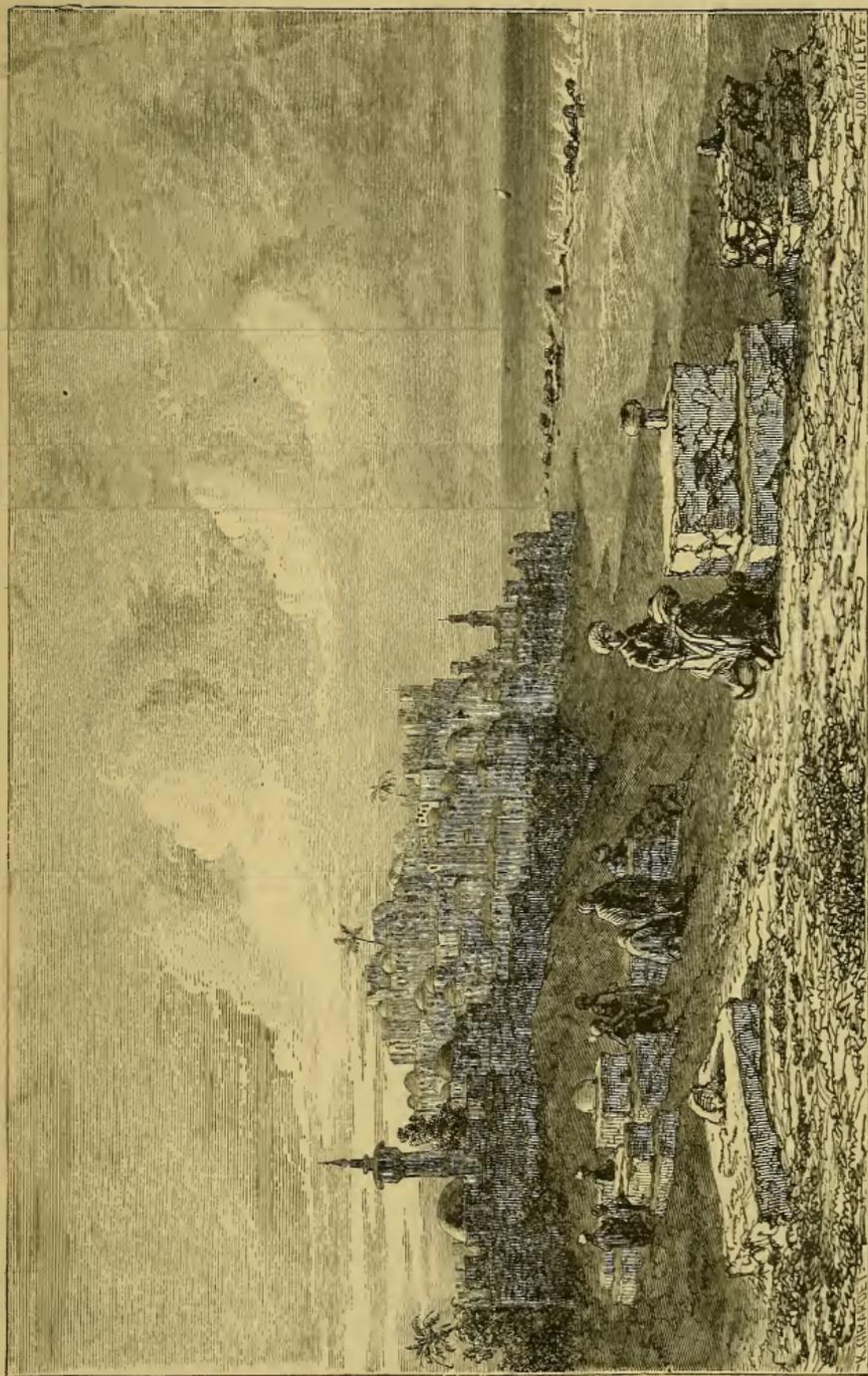
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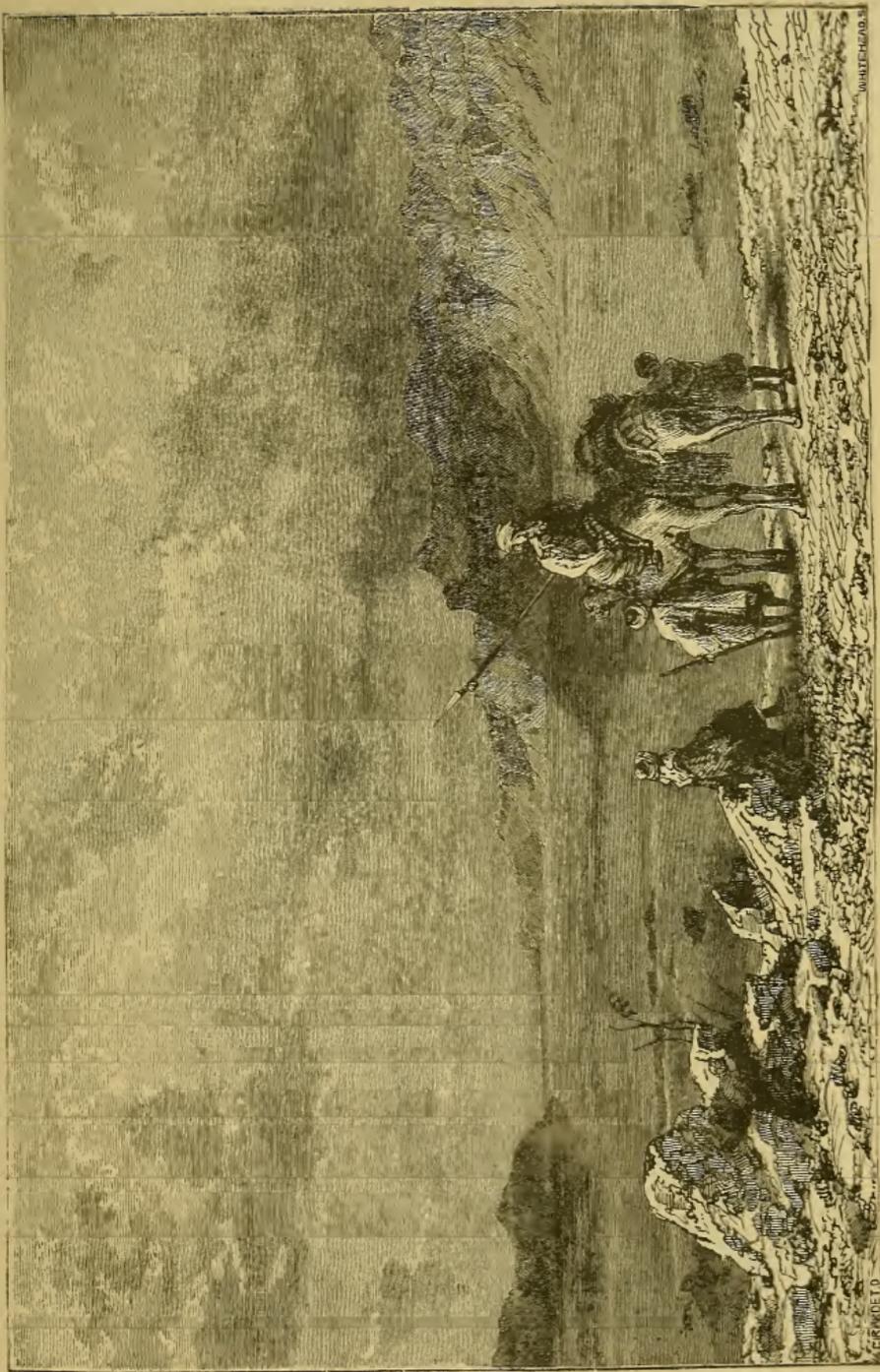
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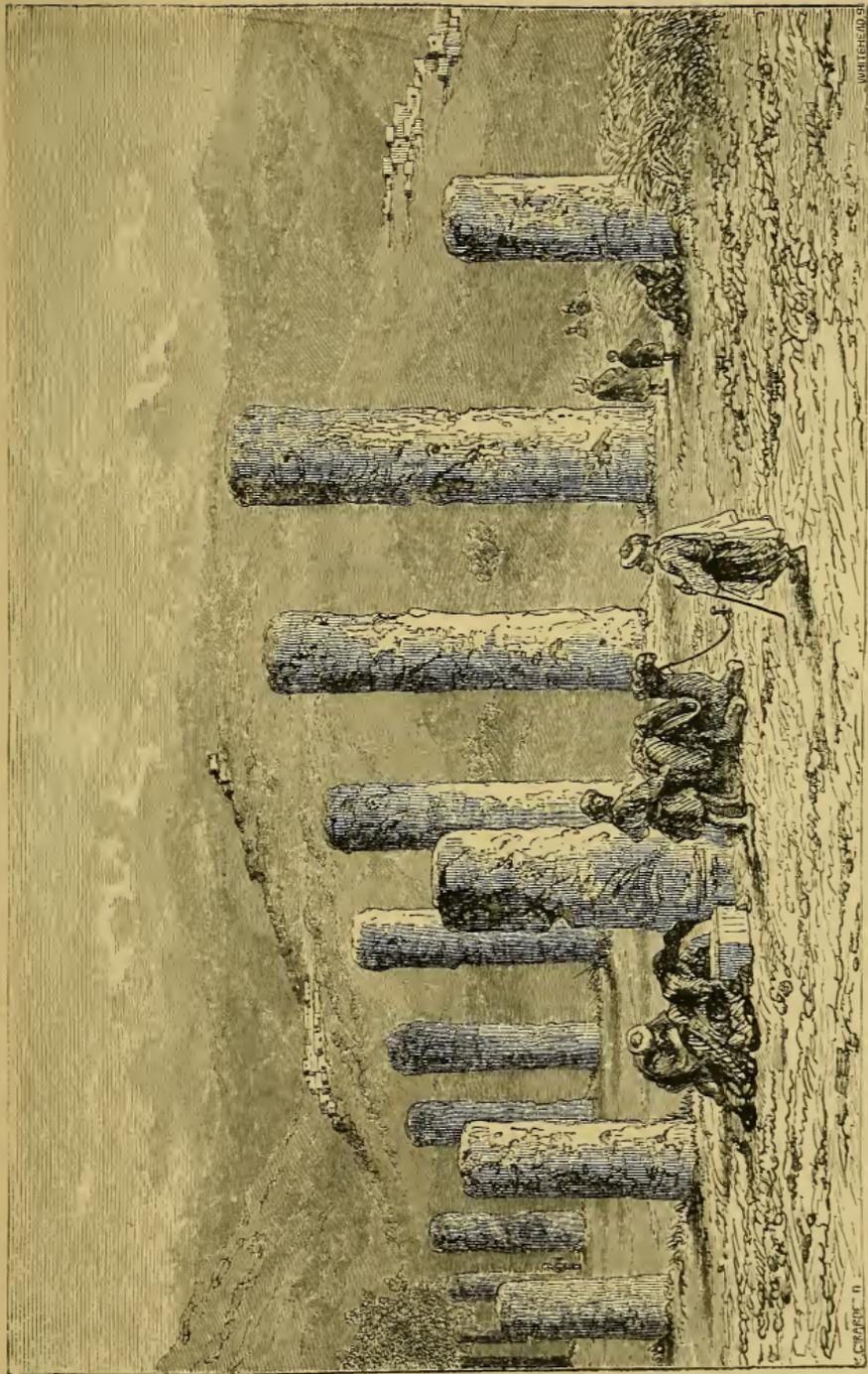
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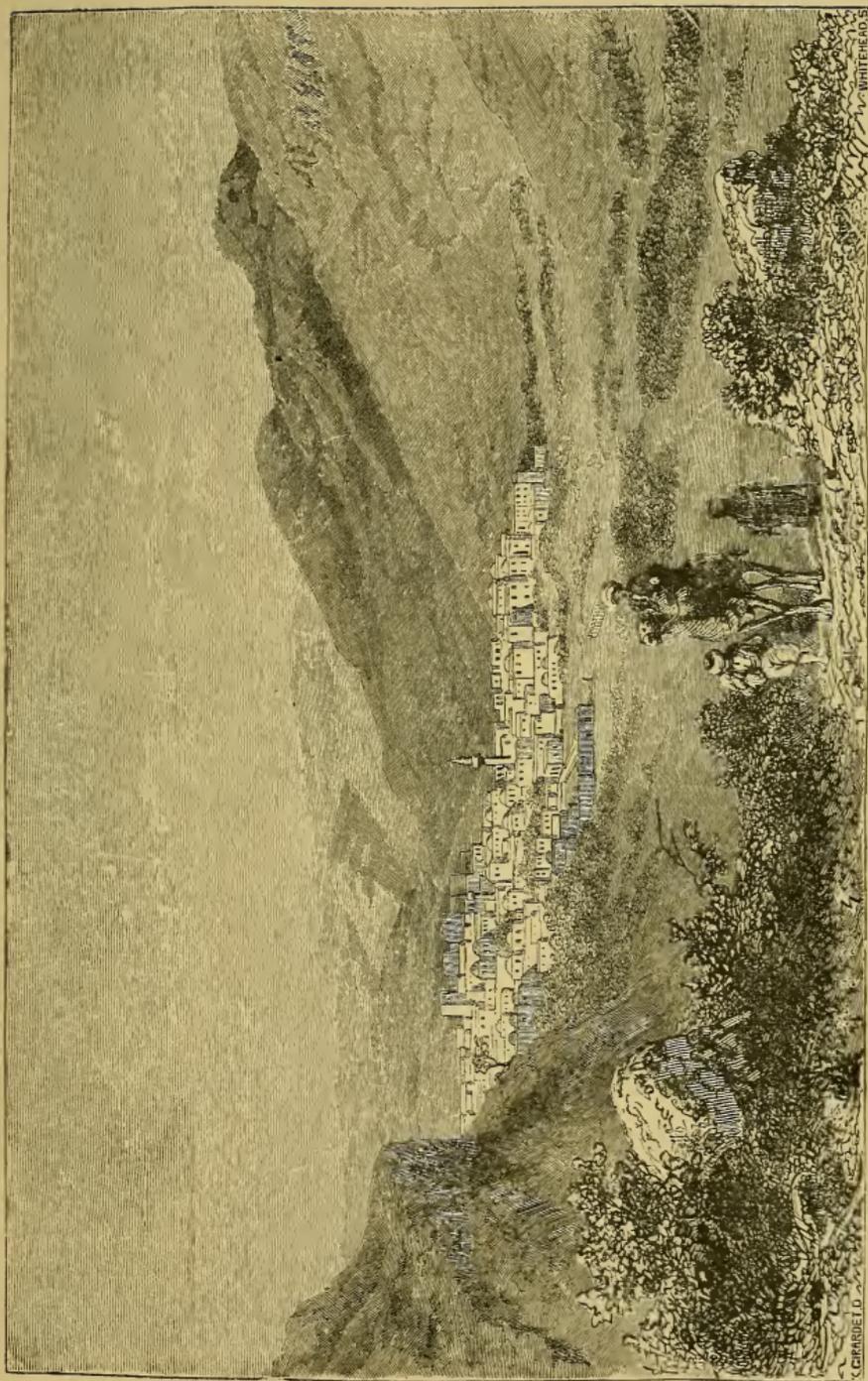
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