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Sweet Story  
OF OLD  
OR  
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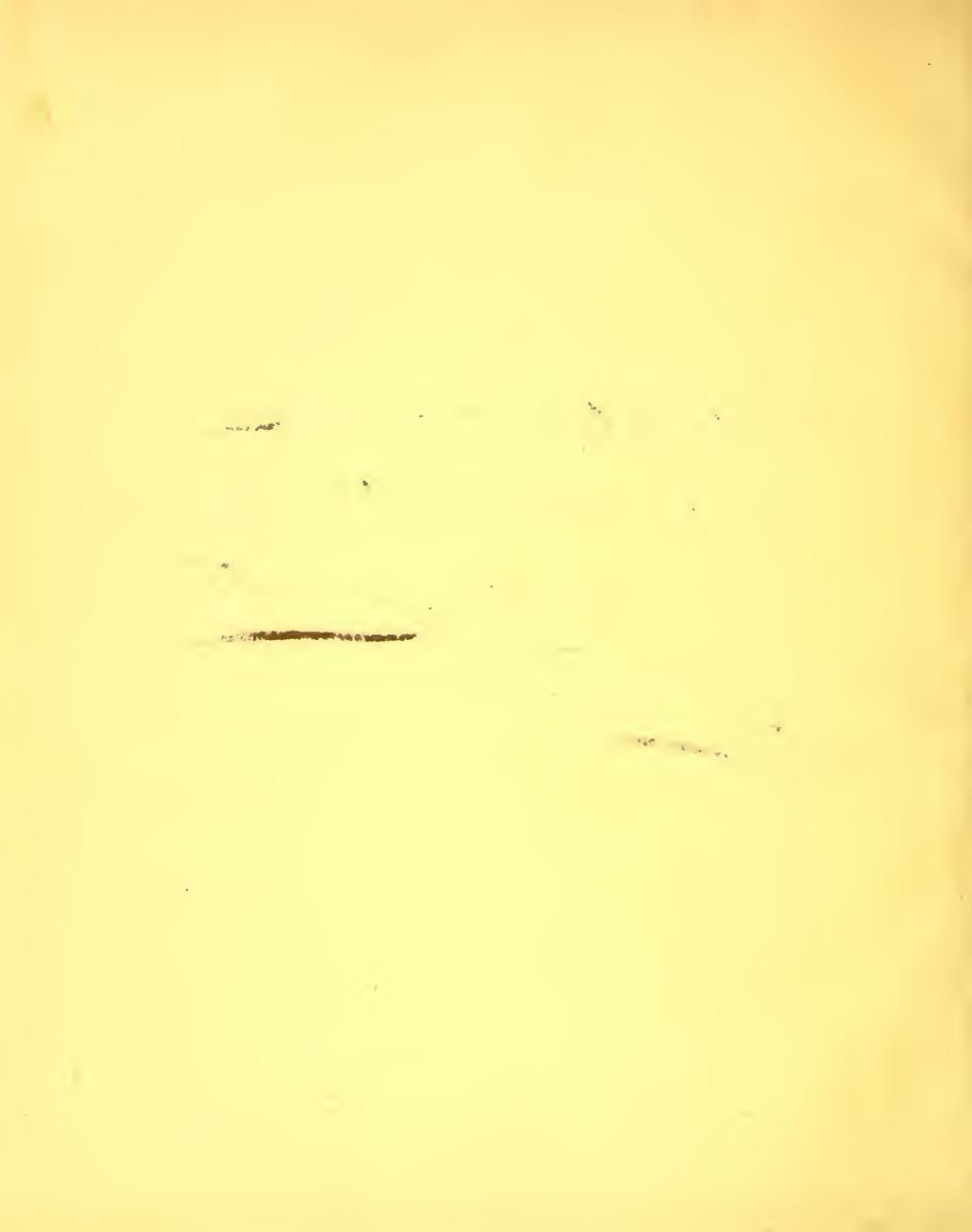
Charlie Kroon

From his little friend

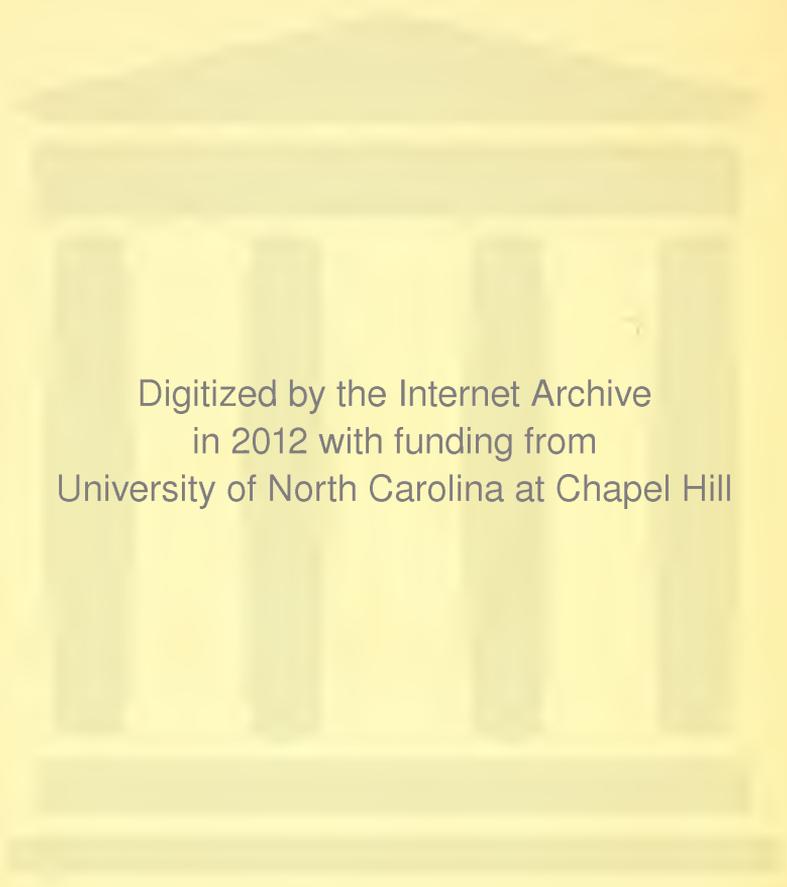
Sally Smith

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“THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD;”

OR,

THE HISTORY OF JESUS.



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“THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD;”

OR,

## THE HISTORY OF JESUS.

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### CHAPTER I.

A GREAT many years ago, a Babe was born in Bethlehem of Judea. His father and mother were poor, and besides, they were away from home. They did not live in Bethlehem, and when that Babe was born, they had to lay him in a manger, out in the stable, where horses and cows had been kept.

Do you know who this child was?

It was Christ, who made all things that were ever made. And yet, you would not have known

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him from any other little child. Perhaps he was not dressed as well as others, for his mother did not have any thing for him but coarse clothes, and these she wrapped around him. The people at the public-house thought there was not room for Joseph and Mary and the child, in the house. If they had known that this little child was God's Son, I think some of them would have offered him their room.

But God knew, and the bright and beautiful angels knew, and they were all watching him. And God wished other people to know that Christ was born. So he sent an angel that night to some men who were taking care of their sheep out of doors in the dark. Perhaps the men were almost asleep, as they sat there so quietly upon the ground; for when they saw the angel standing so near them, they were very much frightened. But the angel told them not to be afraid, for he had come to tell them good news. Then the shepherds listened, while the angel told them that in the city of



David, they would find a babe wrapped in coarse clothes, lying in a manger. As soon as the angel had said this, a great many angels came, and they

all sang and praised God, and rejoiced, they were so glad that God had sent a Saviour to this wicked world. The angels began to rise as they sang, and kept going up higher and higher into the sky, till finally they were out of sight. They had gone back to heaven.

Then the shepherds said one to another, Come, let us go to Bethlehem, and see this Babe, the Christ, which the angels have told us of. So leaving their sheep, they started immediately and went very fast, talking about what they had seen, as they walked along in the dark. They had heard before, that Christ should be born at some time, but they did not expect to see him while they lived. Now that he was born in Bethlehem, they hurried on to see him.

Pretty soon they said, Now we have come to the city; let us look till we find Christ. So they went on through one street, and then on to another, till they came to the public-house. But they did

not find him there. Then they looked for the stable, where travellers sometimes lodged. Soon they saw it, and going up very carefully and gently, they looked in.

What do you suppose they saw there? Do you think they found the babe? Yes, there he lay in the manger; and perhaps, like Moses in the ark of bulrushes, the babe wept when they first saw him. And like Moses, too, I suppose it was a very beautiful child, though it was dressed in such poor clothes, and was lying in such a poor bed, just as the angels had said. And there were Joseph and Mary, taking care of him, with their hearts trembling for the child, as the hearts of the mother and sister of Moses in the bulrushes trembled for him. Perhaps the bed of the infant Saviour was only hay or straw, while you, little children, have pleasant rooms, and good soft beds, and good clothes. Yet, it may be, you sometimes complain because you do not have better. You must often think how much

better you fare than Christ did, although he was holy, and you are sinful.

After the shepherds had seen Christ, they went out and told many people what the angels had said, and that they had seen him in the manger. I have no doubt a great many went in when they heard that, for they would all wish to see the Saviour.

When he was eight days old, they named him "JESUS," which means Saviour. This name was given him by the angel; hence they were at no loss to know what name to give him, as parents are now, when they come to name their child.

When he was about one month old, they carried him to the beautiful temple in Jerusalem. Here they presented him to the Lord, as other good people did their little boys. While they stood there, they saw an old man coming in. His hair was thin and white, and he had a long white beard hanging down upon his breast. His name was Simeon.

He loved God, and came there every day to worship him. As he came up to Joseph and Mary, God told him that the little child in Mary's arms was the Christ, or the Messiah, which he had been hoping to see before he died. How glad that old man was then. He said he wanted to take him in his arms; so Mary put the babe in his arms, and he raised his eyes to heaven and thanked God that he had sent a Saviour, saying, he was now ready to die, for he had seen the Christ. Then he turned to Mary and Joseph, and blessed them.

While he was talking, a very aged woman, about eighty-four years old, came tottering up to them. She was a good woman, and worshipped God in the temple as Simeon did. Her name was Anna; and it having been told her that the babe was Christ, she too thanked God for sending him.

A great way east of Bethlehem were some "wise men;" and God told them that Christ was born, and if they would follow a very bright star,

they would find him right under that star. So they at once set out, and after a long time they came to Jerusalem, where Herod the king lived. There they stopped, and asked for Christ the King of the Jews. When Herod heard their question, he was very much troubled; for he was afraid that if Christ was to be king, he could not continue to be one. And so he said to himself, that if he could find where Christ was, he would kill him. He called the chief priests and learned men to him, and asked them to tell him where the Bible said Christ should be born.

They did not know that he wished to kill him, so they told him that the prophet Micah had said, in the Old Testament, that Christ should be born in Bethlehem.

Then Herod told the wise men to go there and find him, and then to come back and tell him, for he said he too wished to go and worship him. How wicked he was to tell such a lie. Do you

think God would let Herod kill his dear Son as soon as he came into this world? We shall see.

The wise men had some presents for Christ, which they were keeping carefully for him. I think they had them wrapped up in some cloth, that they might not get injured. Sometimes you have nice presents brought you, do you not, from some friend? and you are always glad to get them. Would you not like to have seen what they had for Christ?

The bright star which the shepherds had been following, finally came and stood still over the place where Christ was, and the wise men soon found him. Then they were very glad, and took the gold, and some very costly and fragrant gums and spices, which they had brought for presents, and gave them to Mary, to keep for Christ, for he was too young to take care of them himself. While these wise men were there, God told them not to go back to Herod again; and when they had staid

as long as they wished, they went home to their own country another way. So wicked Herod had not yet found out where Christ was, though he was only six miles from where he lived. You see how God took care of this good child, and how he can take care of all good children.

Joseph now began to think of going back to Nazareth, his home. Perhaps he told Mary that they would start early the next morning. But that night, while all around was still, as they lay there sleeping in the dark, an angel of God appeared to Joseph in a dream, and told him to take the child and its mother, and go away to Egypt; for if he went back to Nazareth, Herod would find it out, and send some wicked men and kill Christ. Joseph, as soon as he was thus awaked, told Mary what God had said to him in his dream. But it was dark, and what could they do? Do you think they would lie still till morning? No, indeed; they got up immediately, and taking the blessed child,

which was sweetly sleeping, they started off for Egypt.

As there were then but few horses to be had, and these were costly, it is probable that Joseph, being poor, procured a mule for Mary to ride on as she carried Jesus, while Joseph went on foot, leading the mule.

The moon, the same one that we have now, might have been seen, perhaps, and the distant stars, casting a little light on the dark way that Joseph had to pick out, as he hurried along that night. And perhaps there were wild beasts that broke across his path, and growled around Joseph, as he waked them up from their sleep. But he feared these less than he did Herod; and trusting in God, he kept on his journey.

It was a long way down to Egypt, and traveling so slowly as they were obliged to, it took them many days and nights to get to their place of safety that God had told them of.

Herod became tired of waiting for the wise men to come back and tell him where Christ was; but finding out, by and by, that they had gone back to their own country another way, he was very angry, and said he would kill all the little boys that lived in Bethlehem, that were not more than two years old. In this way, he thought he would be sure to kill Christ, who he supposed was still somewhere among the other children in that city. He did not know that Joseph and Mary were then on their way to Egypt, with the little child he so much wished to kill. So we see how God was taking care of Jesus; and when he takes care of any one, neither wicked people, nor the wicked spirits in hell, can do God's precious ones any harm. •

Herod did as he said he would, for he sent some cruel men with knives and swords, and they went into every house and found all the little boys, and killed them. How dreadful this was; and how bad the mothers must have felt! I think we should

hide our little brothers away, if we could, did we know that some wicked men were coming to our house to kill them.

But God did not let Herod's wickedness go without punishing him for it. Herod was very proud, and as he was going on from one wicked thing to another, he was all at once taken very sick, so that he could not stand up, he was in such pain; and before he died, God sent worms into his flesh that soon ate him up. He could not live any longer, for he had sinned as much as God would permit him to, and now he must go to give up his account to God. How much better it would have been, if Herod had tried to do right. I hope all the children who read this, will be careful to be kind and good, like Christ, and never be cruel, and angry, and proud, as Herod was. Perhaps Herod began to be wicked when he was quite a little boy, and finally became such a murderer that God saw he was too wicked to live; and so having smitten

him with such an awful death, he went to dwell for ever with the devil and his wicked angels.

After Joseph and Mary and the holy Child had been a few months living with some Jewish friends in Egypt, Joseph saw one night in his dream, a bright and good angel sent from heaven, who told him that Herod was dead, and that he might now go back home.

How glad Joseph and Mary must have been. Christ was now several months old, and his mother loved him dearly, and took the kindest care of him as the little family travelled towards their home.

She knew he was to be the Saviour, and that he would never do any thing wrong. Your mothers, dear children, feel afraid all the time that you will grow up to be wicked; for you have bad hearts, and think wicked thoughts, and these lead to wicked actions. Your mothers are telling you every day what to do, and what you ought not to do. Sometimes you get tired of being talked to so much,

and wish you could do as you please. If you were holy, like Christ, it would be safe to let you do as you please; but as long as you are wicked, you need some kind words of caution and correction; and should be very thankful if God has given you a father or mother to do you good.

After Joseph and Mary reached Nazareth, the child Jesus grew just as you or any other little boy or girl grows, becoming larger and larger in body, and stronger and stronger in mind; for Christ had a body and soul like us, though he was God. We cannot tell how he could be God and man too, but the Bible says so, and what that says we believe; for it is God's holy word sent to us, as really as if your father should send his wishes to you, written in a great many letters, with your name on the outside.

Nazareth, where Joseph lived, was about sixty miles from Jerusalem; but he went up to Jerusalem every year to keep the feast of the Passover.

Do you remember, my good children, what that feast was? I will tell you. When God called the children of Israel to come out of Egypt, and Pharaoh would not let them go, God told the Israelites to kill a lamb, and sprinkle the blood upon their doors; for he would send an angel that night, to go into every house where there was no blood on the door, and slay the eldest son. This they did; and in the night, when almost every body was asleep, the angel came. As he came to one house, and looked on it, there he saw the blood, so he passed over that house. But another house had no blood on it. It was an Egyptian's house. So the angel went in and slew the eldest son. Then he came out, and as he went through the streets, he passed over all the houses where the blood was, but he went into all the rest and slew the eldest son. Angels can go in if the doors are locked.

So when the Israelites came into the land of Canaan, God told them to go to Jerusalem every

year, in March or April, and kill lambs, and keep this feast of the Passover, that they might remember that God had shown them such mercy in Egypt.

And he told them, too, that when all the men had gone to Jerusalem to keep this feast, the wicked nations round them should not even wish to rob them of their lands, or their possessions; so they could leave home in safety, and keep the feast. Thus God takes care of those that keep his commandments, and thus good people lose nothing by keeping the Sabbath-day holy.

When Christ was twelve years old, Joseph took him, with his mother, and went up to Jerusalem to the Passover. It was a spring-day, and there spring comes, with its flowers and leaves, earlier than it does here; and as the little family travelled on, all things that God had made beautiful in its season met their eyes, and made them the more happy as they journeyed.

The road, for a while, wound along in a valley,



the hills rising gently on both sides, though not very high. But they soon came to a plain, from which rises mount Tabor. This mountain has on it groups of handsome oak-trees, and a great many

sweet flowers, that look up meekly under the trees, and spread their leaves to catch the sunshine and the showers. Flowers are sometimes called "God's smiles," and how many of them does he give to this wicked world.

There were also some wild animals—as fierce and dreadful as these flowers are beautiful and sweet. So God often lets good and bad things grow together, and he made these flowers just as sweet as if they were not to be trodden on by the wild beasts. Some think that it was on this same mountain, that Christ, when he was past thirty years of age, went up, and was changed into a most glorious appearance. But as they now went on towards the Passover, they did not turn aside to see what was in this mountain, though now and then they could hear the song of birds in the trees, or see them flying about among the flowers near the ground.

They must have been several days in reaching

Jerusalem, for they did not then have railroads and steam-boats, nor even stages.

As they came near the city, and were joined by a great many other families going to the same feast, they must have been a strange and busy company, for they were probably riding on mules, and had on singular-looking dresses, reaching from their shoulders down to their feet, with shoes that only covered the bottom of the foot, and something like a gay-colored handkerchief wound around their heads. These were all making haste to get up to the golden temple, at the feast.

Oh how that beautiful and grand temple flashed and glittered as they came up in front of it, and saw its golden pillars and towers in the brightness of the sun. Perhaps Jesus had never seen it till then, and he admired it as much as any of his age that were there. Those who saw him then go up joyfully into that temple, little knew how much he would there have to suffer from the abuse of the

wicked men that afterwards would insult him and try to kill him.

The feast lasted seven days, and then the people began to get ready to return. Some old men with tottering steps, leaning on canes, with great difficulty made out to walk from the temple to their wagons, and younger men, and boys, most of them rode mules, or walked all the way home.

Joseph and Mary started off in the morning, along with some of their friends going the same way, supposing that Jesus was in the company. On they went, sometimes halting to rest, or eat, till it was near night. Then, as they stopped, they began to wonder where their son was. Mary asked a good many if they had seen him, and Joseph too looked among the people, but they could not find him. How bad they felt. They could not rest, but started back, and looked for him for three days. Then they went into the temple again, thinking he might be there. Do you think he was?

Yes; there he sat with some wise men, talking about what the Bible says; sometimes asking questions, and then answering these men. Those men were astonished to find that one only twelve years old should know so much, being wiser than they.

Joseph and Mary were very glad when they saw him; and his mother, going to him, asked him how he could have staid there, for they had been looking for him for three days, in great sorrow. Jesus asked them if they did not know that he must be about his Father's business. He meant, that he must be doing what God wished him to do. But he went back with them, and lived at Nazareth a good many years, and perhaps worked with Joseph, who was a carpenter. At length he became thirty years old.

## CHAPTER II.

Now Christ had a cousin, who was about six months older than himself, who was called John the Baptist. Some people thought that John was the Messiah or Saviour, who was to come; but he told them he was not, but that he would soon point out the Christ to them.

One day when John was baptizing some people in the river Jordan, Christ came there among them, and asked to be baptized. At first, John did not like to do it, but told Christ that he had need to be baptized by him. But Jesus told John, that as he was now going to be baptized to fulfil all the Jewish law, the request he had made was right. So John baptized him.

As Christ came up out of the water, the sky opened so that it seemed as if they could look up

into heaven, and they saw something bright coming down like a dove, and it rested upon Christ's head. It was the Holy Spirit. Then John pointed to Jesus, and said to those who stood by, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and a voice also came to them from heaven, which said, "Thou art my beloved Son." So God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, were there at the baptism, and "these three are one God."

The Saviour was now about to begin to preach, and to go about doing good. But that wicked one, called the Devil, was all the while watching him, and thinking how he might make him sin. He knew if Christ should do even one wrong thing, he could not save any body from hell; and Satan wants to get as many there as he can, that he may torment them night and day, for ever and ever.

That is why he told Eve such lies about the fruit in the garden; and that is why he tries to make little children tell wrong stories, and disobey

their parents. He is as anxious to get us in his power, as a hungry lion is to devour his prey.

One day Satan saw Christ going up into a wilderness alone, and he thought it would be a good time to go to him and tempt him to sin. There were wild beasts there, but Christ passed on safely among these wild animals, which were not as much enraged at him as Satan was, who followed Christ like a lion that means soon to jump upon a lamb.

Soon the devil came up to Christ, and changed his looks, and tried to seem as one of God's good angels. And then he tried to make Christ think evil thoughts. This he did forty days, but he did not make Christ sin. Then when he knew that Christ was very hungry, having eaten nothing all the forty days, he told him to turn some stones into bread. The Son of God could easily have done it, but knowing it would not be right to work a miracle to please the devil, he would not do so.

Then the evil one followed Christ as he went to Jerusalem, and when He was gone up on one of the towers of the temple, the devil told him that it would not hurt him if he should throw himself down, for God would send an angel to catch him before he struck the ground. But Christ would not do this either, to please Satan.

Then the tempter, as the devil is called, thought he would try to get Christ to sin by offering to give him a great many things, which he would show him. So he led him up into a very high mountain, and pointed to all the cities and villages, and beautiful lands and fields and gardens, and told Christ that he would give him all these, if he would fall down and worship him. Christ was poor, and had not any place to lay his head on his own pillow at night. He had no house, or garden, or money. But instead of worshipping the devil for the sake of all his gifts, Christ rebuked him, and turning round with a look of majesty, cried, "Get thee behind me,

Satan; for it is written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'

When the devil had gone, Christ saw around him many beautiful beings whom he knew to be angels from heaven, whom God had sent to tell him how his Father loved him, and to strengthen him.

I hope all children, when they think of doing something wrong, will remember that the devil is close by them, whispering in their ear, and waiting to see if they are going to please him. See if you cannot do as Jesus did. Trust in Him to help you, and tell the wicked one, "No; no; never." And then he will go away ashamed, and God's good angels will come, and happy thoughts will spring up in your breast.

Perhaps it will help you to be good, if I tell you how Christ loved good children. He had been preaching a sermon, and before he went away some good people thought they would like to have

him bless their little children. So they brought them to him, and as they were drawing near, some of the grown people told the parents that Christ did not wish to be troubled with saying any thing to their children. But the Saviour reached out his hands to the children, and spoke kindly to them, and took them in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." So he loves all good children; and if you were good, and if Christ were here now, he would love to put his hand gently on your head, and bless you.

At one time when Christ was in a little village called Cana, a man who was thought very much of, came to him from Capernaum, and told him that his little son was very sick, and that the physicians could not cure him; but that if He would go with him, he thought He could make him well. So he begged Christ to go with him, and cure the boy,

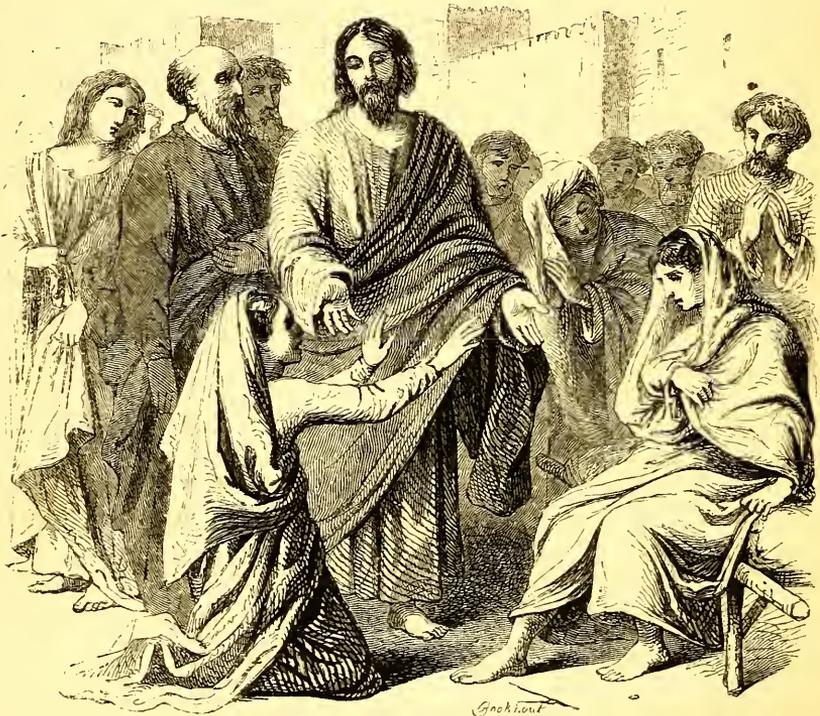
for he was very near death. "Come down," he said, "ere my child die."

Did Christ go, think you? No; but he told the father to go home, for his son would live. The man *believed* what Jesus said, and was very glad, and made haste to go back. But before he came to his house, he saw his servant coming rapidly towards him. And how astonished and rejoiced he was, to hear the servant say that the child was well! And when he came into the house, there was his dear boy, whom he took in his arms, and gave thanks to Jesus in his heart that he was cured. He was healed the very moment that Christ said he would get well. How wonderful this was, that Christ could cure a boy when he was so far from him.

Do you not think that if you were sick, he could cure you? Yes, indeed he could; and if you and your friends should pray to him in faith as the nobleman prayed for his son, you might hope to

be cured. Though Christ is away up in heaven, he can cure people here on this earth, he is so good and so great.

Another day, Christ and his disciples, and a



great many other people, were going into a small city called Nain. But all at once they saw a sad company coming out of a house, and walking down the street towards them.

There was one woman in the sad company that was weeping and wringing her hands, as she kept turning towards a bier, or coffin, which some of her friends were carrying carefully and solemnly along. She was the chief mourner, and in that coffin was her son. Her husband was dead, and she had no other son. This poor widow woman kept thinking that her dear boy was gone, and she should never see him again, and that after he was laid in the grave, by the side of his father, she must return to her house, and live there alone.

And now see how good and merciful the Saviour was; for he went to the woman, and told her not to weep; and as he spoke, he laid his hand upon the coffin, and the men carrying it stood still. What do you suppose he was going to do?

The people looked at Christ, not knowing what to think. Then he spoke aloud to the dead body, and said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And he sat up, and opened his eyes, and began to talk.

The people were afraid and astonished, for they had never seen such a miracle before. And when they had loosened his grave-clothes, so that he might use his arms and his feet, He gave him to his mother. Oh how thankful she was, and how much she and her son must have loved Jesus Christ, for raising him to life.

Do you remember any other dead people that were raised to life by the blessed Saviour?

There was a little girl who lived at Capernaum, who was very sick, and was dying. Her father went for Christ, and when Christ came he found her dead, and the people weeping over her. Christ hurried on through the crowd towards the corpse, and told them she should be raised to life. These

wicked people laughed at, and scorned him. But he did not mind that, if only he might give back that little daughter to her distressed father and mother. And as soon as he got into the room where she was lying dead, he took hold of her pale, cold little hand, and she opened her eyes, that again grew bright and happy as she went to her parent's arms. Oh how good Jesus is.

And now I am going to tell of one who was brought to life again, after he was buried in his grave. Perhaps you remember the story.

His name was Lazarus, and he had two sisters, Martha and Mary, who were much beloved by the Saviour, and who loved him in return. When it was told Christ, who was many miles distant, that their brother Lazarus was dead, he did not seem to be anxious to raise him from the dead immediately; for he did not set out at once to go to the grave. But he meant all the time to do it, after he had made his sisters see fully that no one else

could help them; and so after he had been dead and buried three days in a grave in the side of a cave, Christ went to them, and came up to the great stone that was lying at the grave's mouth, and told the people to roll away the stone. Martha and Mary were all the time weeping, and Christ wept too, as he saw how sorry they were that their brother was dead. Besides, he himself loved their brother very much, and Lazarus loved Christ.

As soon as the stone was rolled away, Christ lifted up his eyes in prayer to God, and then turned and called to the dead man to come out of his grave. In a moment the blood began to move again in his whole body, and his pulse to beat. Then his eyes opened, and the man came out with his grave-clothes on him, and his face covered with a napkin.

Christ told them to take off his grave-clothes; and with much joy, and with fear too, they did it;

and he was able to walk, and went home with his sisters, and all was joy and praise. What a happy house that was; I do not wonder that they made a feast, to which they invited Christ, where they all sat down to a happy table.

Now, children, if Christ could call Lazarus to life from his grave, so can he all the dead; and hereafter he will come from heaven, with the sound of a trump, and all the dead, men, women, and children, will come to life, and go up to the judgment.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN the governors and the priests of the Jews, who were wicked men, heard that Christ had raised Lazarus from the dead, they all came together, and said, Now, if he does such miracles, and we let him alone, every body will believe on him, and love him. They did not wish to think he was the Son of God, or that any one else should think so.

One great man said, he thought they had better seize him and put him to death; and the rest thought that would be the easiest way to get rid of him, and so they were willing to hire some very bad man to do it for them.

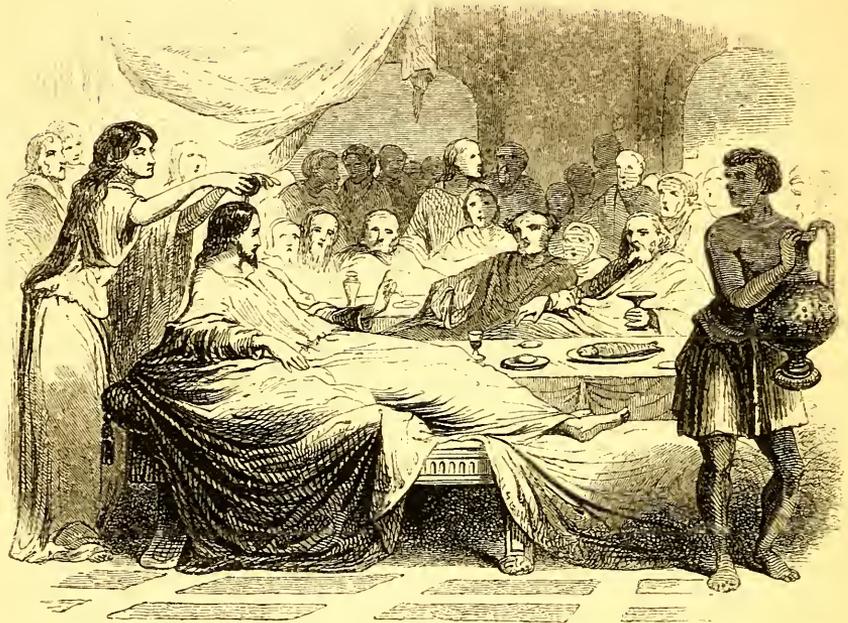
The devil was pleased when he heard the men talking in that way, and he was ready to help them, for he was trying all the while to make Christ all the trouble and sorrow he could.

But Jesus knew that the people were trying to put him to death; so he would not stay in the city, but went away to a village called Ephraim, where the people could not find him.

It was then almost time for another Passover, and as the people began to come to Jerusalem, they said one to another, Do you know where Jesus is? I wonder whether he will come to the Passover?

Some thought he would, while others said they did not know. The chief priests who pretended to worship God, and the Pharisees who were very wicked, told the people that if they knew where Christ was, they must tell of it, that they might take him. Would you have told, little child, if you had been there, where Jesus was? I think not.

About six days before the Passover, he came to Bethany; and Martha and Mary, who lived there, and who were very glad to have him visit them, made him a supper. This was very kind in them,



and I do not wonder at it, for there at the very table, near Christ, as they waited on him, sat Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. His disciples were there too.

Mary came in while they were eating, with a very costly box in her hand. She opened it, and

poured part of the ointment, which smelled very sweetly, upon Christ's head; and with the rest she anointed his feet, and wiped them with her hair. The whole house was filled with a sweet smell. She did this because she loved him so much; but some of the disciples did not like it, and Judas said it might have been sold for a great deal of money, and given to the poor. But all he wanted was the money, for he was a thief, and took all he could get.

A great many of the Jews heard that Christ was in Bethany, and came together not only to see Christ, but Lazarus also, who had been raised from the dead. I think, children, that you would walk many miles, if you could see a man who had been raised from the dead.

The chief priests were very angry because people would go to look at Lazarus, and they said they would kill him too, if they could.

The next day Christ said he was going to Jerusalem; and when the people in Jerusalem knew he

was coming, a great many broke off branches from the palm-trees, and went towards Bethany, to meet him, and spread the wide and beautiful green palm-leaves in the road; and some were so much rejoiced, that they took off their coats, and spread them down for Christ to ride over them; and they, and the children who were also there, were very glad to see Christ, and sang, "Hosanna," and praised him.

Would you not like to have been among those happy children, and have given something to Christ? Perhaps you would feel as if you had not any thing good enough for Christ; and indeed you have not; but you have one thing which he wants, and which you can give him now, and that is, your heart and love.

But the chief priests were all the time watching Christ, and wishing to kill him, and would have then taken him, if he had not had so many friends, who kept them from touching him.

You remember that he had twelve disciples, who went with him wherever he went. One of them, whose name was Judas, into whom Satan entered, went away to the chief priests, and asked them very secretly, what they would give him, if he would find Christ and deliver him up to them. Then those wicked men were glad, and told Judas, that if he would help them take him, they would give him thirty pieces of silver. This was about fifteen dollars. Judas loved money more than he loved Christ, and said he would help them catch him. Then every day after that, he was watching to find a good opportunity to betray him.

Do you think Christ knew they were trying to get him? Yes, he did; but he came into the world on purpose to die for sinners, and he wished to do it. He knew how he would have to suffer; but he loved us all so much that he went up to Jerusalem, where they were going to kill him.

But just before he went up to the Passover, he

told Peter and John to go into the city, and they would meet a man walking along with a pitcher of water in his hand, and they must follow him into his house, and ask him for a room up stairs, for Christ and his disciples to eat the Passover in.

Pretty soon, as they went along the streets, they met a man with a pitcher of water, just as Christ had said, and they said to him what Christ had told them to. Then the man took them up stairs, and showed them a room; and there they roasted the lamb, and made it ready for the feast. They also had some bread and wine.

In the evening, Christ came and sat down to the table, and the twelve disciples with him. Yes, the wicked Judas sat down and pretended to love Christ, though he had secretly agreed to give him up to the priests, for thirty pieces of silver.

Then Christ began to talk with his disciples. He told them how he had wished to eat the Passover with them once more before he died, and that

he should not be with them long, for the wicked people would soon put him to death. Then he looked round on his disciples, and was very sad, and said, "One of you which eateth with me shall betray me."

His disciples were astonished. Can it be possible? they said. Oh how sorry they felt to hear Christ say so. They sat and thought about it, and looked at each other; and then one looked up very sad, as if almost afraid to ask, and said, "Lord, is it I?" Then another said, "Lord, is it I?" And finally, Judas looked up and said, "Lord, is it I?"

Christ told them it was the one to whom he should give a piece of bread, when he had dipped it in the dish. So he took it and gave it to Judas. Judas was afraid all the time that it would come to him, for he felt guilty; and as soon as he took it, he got up from the table and went out. Perhaps he thought he would hide away in the dark, for it

was night. But he was still very miserable, as we shall by and by see.

Sometimes, when any of our friends are going away, they give us something to remember them by. So Christ was now going to give his friends something by which they might remember him. This is called the Lord's Supper. Christ took the bread, and prayed with it in his hand; then he broke it into small pieces, and gave each of his disciples some of it, and said that they must remember, as oft as they should eat the Lord's Supper, that his body had been broken for them when he died for sinners.

Then he took a cup of wine, and prayed, and handed it to his disciples, and told them all to drink a little of it, and to remember that his blood was poured out for them when he died.

You have often seen people eat bread and drink wine in church, have you not? They do it because Christ told all his people to do so; and then they remember all about him.

Well, when his disciples were eating with Christ in that upper room in Jerusalem, he sat and talked with them, and told them to love one another, and that by and by, after he should die, he would come in the clouds of heaven and take them up to himself in glory. After he had talked with them some time, he prayed with them and for them; and he prayed for all who should ever love him. So if you, my dear children, love Christ, part of that prayer was especially for you. How kind the Saviour was to think of us all, just as he was about to die.

But where do you think Judas was, all this while? After he went out into the dark, he stole away to the chief priests, and told them that now was a good time to take Christ: and they were getting some soldiers and officers ready, with swords and torches, while Christ was there praying. The disciples did not know it, but Christ did, for he could see all things.

After Christ had finished his prayer, he went

with his disciples into a garden in the mount of Olives, about one mile east of Jerusalem. He had often been there before to pray, and Judas knew very well where it was. As Christ walked along, he talked to them very kindly, but told them that that night they would all leave him and be ashamed to own him as their Lord. Then they were all astonished, and said they never would deny or forsake him; and Peter said, if the rest should all forsake him, he never would—that he would go to prison with Christ, and to death, but he would never deny him.

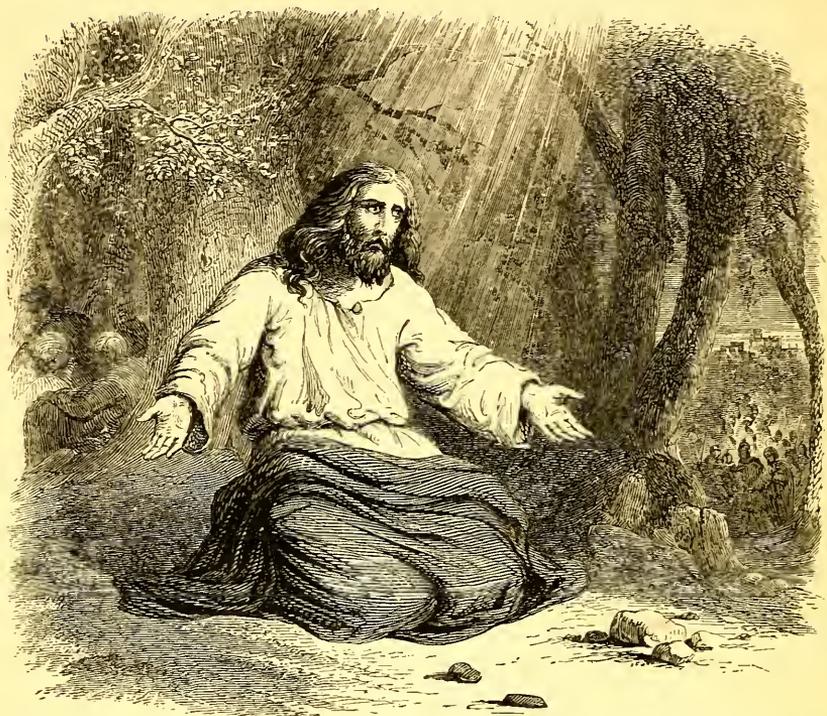
Christ looked at him sorrowfully, and told him he would deny him three times that night. Christ told him that Satan had desired to have him, that he might make him sin. But Christ said he had prayed for him, and that Peter would come back to him after Satan had tried him.

When they came into the garden, Christ said to his disciples, “Sit ye here, while I go and pray.”

So taking Peter and James and John, he went a little further off, to pray. And he began to feel very heavy indeed. He could hardly stand up, he felt so distressed. What made him feel so? It was because he saw how much he would have to suffer for sinners. He had to take the punishment of our sins upon himself, that we might be saved.

Then he told Peter and James and John that his soul was "very sorrowful, even unto death;" and asked them to stay there and watch with him. Then he walked slowly along a little way, and kneeled down, and began to pray; he soon fell upon his face, and asked God, if it were possible, to save him from suffering so much; but yet he added, "Not my will, but thine be done."

When he had prayed, he went back to Peter and James and John, and there they lay asleep! He spoke to Peter, and asked him if he could not watch one hour, when he was suffering so much. And then telling them to pray that they might not do



any thing wrong, he went away again and prayed, and again came back to these three disciples, when, strange to say, he found them again asleep!

Then he went back, and he felt more distressed

than before. He was in an agony, and was so full of pain that "his sweat was as great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Then his body began to sink; and in a little while perhaps he would have died, but God strengthened him.

Just think of Christ lying on the ground covered with a bloody sweat, pale and scarcely breathing. O how strange that they did not watch with him; and when they heard him groaning, go to him to comfort him.

When he had prayed the third time, he came to his disciples, who were still sleeping, and having waked them up, he told them that Judas and the wicked people were almost there, and would take him in a few minutes. Then they sprang up; and a little way off they saw a great many men coming with bright torches burning, and they had swords and canes.

Pretty soon Judas stepped up to Christ, and spoke kindly, and kissed him. The soldiers would

not know Jesus; so Judas told them, I will kiss him, and then you will know which one to take. So as soon as Judas kissed Christ, the soldiers came and took hold of him. Peter would not stand and see Christ taken without trying to save him; so he took a sword and struck at a man, and cut his ear off. Christ did not wish him to do that, so he told him to put the sword away. Then he put out his hand and made the man's ear well again.

Christ did not want to do them any harm; and how could they wish to lead him away and kill him!

The disciples were now very much afraid, and when they saw so many people leading Christ away, they "all forsook him, and fled."

So he was alone with all those wicked men, and they took him to the chief priests. After a while, Peter turned and followed slowly along, watching to see what they were going to do to Christ. They led him into a large hall, a place where they used

to meet, and there they tried to find Christ guilty of something, that they might put him to death.

Peter and John came then too, and a servant told Peter that he was one of Christ's disciples. But he said he was not. After a while, another person told him that he was, but he said again that he was not. Then sometime after, a girl who was there turned to some of the wicked people, and said, pointing to Peter, that he was with Jesus. Peter was very much frightened, for he thought they would take him too, so he began to curse and swear, and said he did not know the man. He knew that those who loved God would not swear, and he thought they would now believe he was not a disciple of Jesus.

Then Christ turned and looked at Peter, and he felt so grieved that he went out and "wept bitterly." Christ forgave him; and ever after that, Peter was a good man, and loved Christ so much that a good many years after, he was put to death

as a martyr—and some think he was nailed to a cross with his head downwards, for he said he was not worthy to die as his Saviour did.

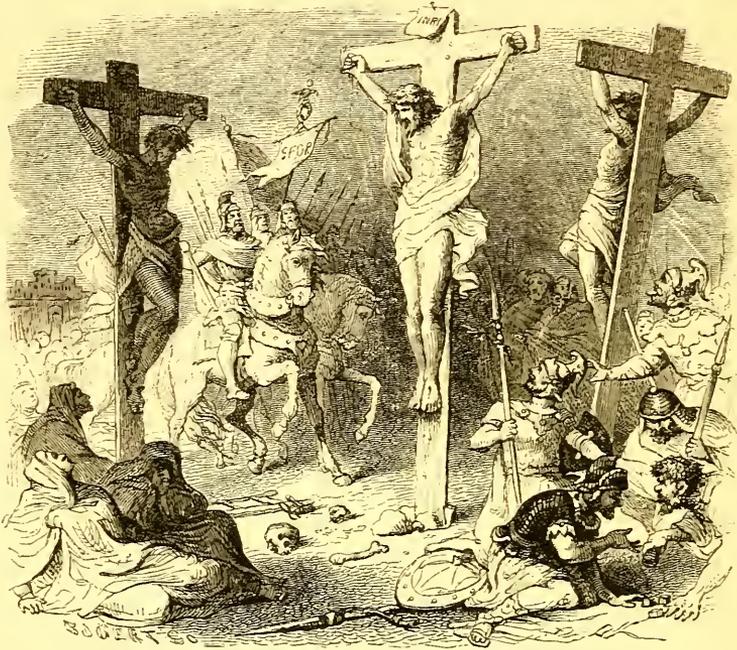
After they had asked Christ a good many questions, and could not find any thing against him, they hired some bad men to tell lies about him; so they said he should be put to death, and led him away out of the city, till they came to a place where wicked men were crucified. The soldiers were all the time watching him, for fear he would try to get away; but he went as patiently as a lamb is led to the slaughter; for he gave himself up to them on purpose to die for sinners. He might very easily have got away himself, or have called the angels to come and help him; for he said that if he should pray for it, God would send more than twelve legions of angels to help him. I think the sky was full of them, anxiously looking at Christ their God; and they wanted to fly to bear him away from those cruel men, and carry him up to

heaven. But Christ would not let them take him up yet. After his death, then they might carry him up, and cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in."

When the wicked men had led Christ out of the city to the place where they wanted to kill him, they took off his clothes, and laying him down on a cross—which was made of two pieces of wood crossing each other—they drove a large nail into each hand, and another into his feet, and then lifted up the cross with the Saviour on it, and made it stand up in the ground.

Then they sat down near by and watched him. Some of them asked who were going to have his clothes; and others said they would cast lots for them: and so, like men gambling for money, they parted and distributed his clothes by casting lots for them.

Christ's disciples, and his mother, and a good many more people, were there weeping and mourn-



ing. But he looking down, and seeing his mother bathed in tears, and John standing near, told her that John would be her son now; and then he told him to take her for his mother, which he did, and took care of her after that. How kind Christ was

to his mother. I wonder if any of my young readers will ever do any thing again to grieve their mothers.

When it was twelve o'clock, at noon, it began to be very dark, and was so till three. This frightened the people. They said this was God's Son, and he is angry with us. Soon Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then he said, "It is finished," and died. And the earth shook, and the rocks were torn asunder, and the graves opened, and the dead people came out of them alive, and walked around the city, after a few days, when Christ came to life again.

The soldiers and other people who were there, grew more and more frightened, saying again that they had killed the Son of God:

A few hours afterwards, towards night, Christ's friends took his body down from the cross, and wrapped it in a nice linen cloth, and laid it away

in a new grave which was cut out of a rock, and they rolled a great stone up before the door of it.

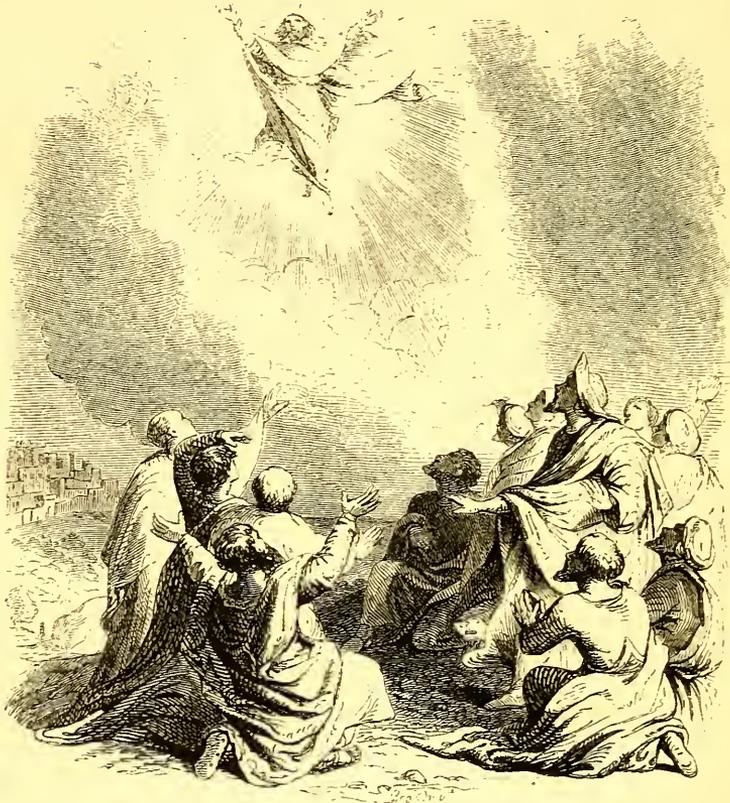
A little way off were Mary, Christ's mother, and Mary the mother of James, and Mary Magdalene. They did not like to go away, and there they sat so full of sorrow and tears. Christ was dead, and what should they do? After a while they went home. The next day was the Sabbath; but they said they would come early on the morning after the Sabbath, and bring sweet spices and ointments to embalm his body, as the Jews used to do. They would not do it on the Sabbath, for they wished to keep the day holy.

On the morning after, they took their spices and hurried to the grave, wondering all the way whom they could get to roll the stone from the grave, for it was too heavy for them. But when they came to the grave it was rolled away already, and an angel sat on the stone. His face was bright as the light. But he spoke kindly to them, and said they

must not be afraid. You have come to find Jesus, said he, but he is not here; he is risen from the grave; come and see the place where he lay.

So they looked into the grave. It was almost too good to believe that he was risen; but soon Christ met them, and then they knew he was alive again. Afterwards he came and showed himself to all his disciples, and ate and talked with them; and he commanded them to go and preach to every body, and tell them he had died to make atonement for sinners; and that if the people believed on him, and loved him, they would be saved; but if they did not, they must be lost.

He remained on earth, after his resurrection, forty days. Then, one day as he was walking out with his disciples, and blessing them, they came to Bethany, on the mount of Olives, about two miles from Jerusalem; and there, while he was yet blessing them, he began to rise from the ground, and he went up higher and higher, till he was out of sight.



He had gone back to heaven ; and as he went up, the angels that went with him sang their song,

and said, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in." And all in heaven, both great and small, cast their crowns at his feet, and sang, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

The children, too, who were there in great numbers, many of them the same little boys who were put to death by Herod on Christ's account—they too took off their bright little crowns, and cast them down before Christ, and sang with their sweet voices, "Worthy is the Lamb; for he was slain for us."

"Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand—  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love—  
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.

## "THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD."

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb."





### THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

“I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
‘Let the little ones come unto me.’

“Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home :  
I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms, and be blessed."

Mrs. Luke.







