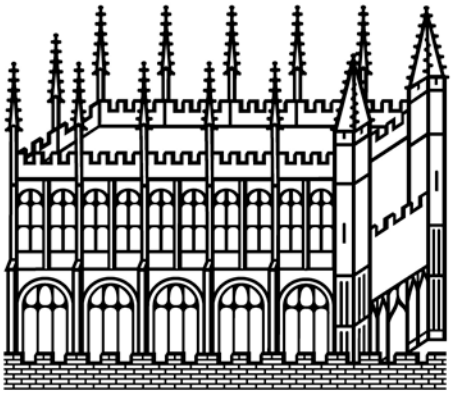

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MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL

Per. 2529
e. 75
14

Per. 2529 e. 75/4

MY LITTLE FRIEND ANNUAL.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

MY OWN FOWLS.

LONDON

MY LITTLE FRIEND

ANNUAL.

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LONDON:
OFFICE OF "MY LITTLE FRIEND,"
20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

PREFACE.

I WAS taking a walk through the City one morning, when I fou from the hurry and bustle of crowds of people that there was to a grand banquet for the officers who had returned from the war.

I continued my walk; and on reaching the outskirts of the city, wh passing one of the many fountains that have been erected for the thirs traveller, I was accosted by a little boy, about four years of age, with t air of one who feels sure he shall get what he wants, "Please give me drop of water—I can't reach it." You may be sure his wishes were so gratified. He was too short to reach the cup, and the chain was not lo enough to enable me to bring it to his lips, so I had to lift him up in ord to accomplish it. I do not know which of us had the most satisfaction that little service of love, except that I know that "It is more blessed give than to receive."

But what has this to do with the banquet for the officers? I will t you. The one was for public service, well and heartily done, and it had reward; the other was so private that I am not aware that any one else sa it, but the eyes that sleep not—the eyes of the Lord that are in every pla Yet I am aware that Jesus says, "a cup of cold water given in my na shall not lose its reward." While thinking over both events we we completing the Fourth Volume of "My Little Friend." I usually wri you a letter called a preface, and in looking back over the four years of o

labour of love, I thought we had not, perhaps, made much noise in the world, calling forth the honours of a banquet, but I felt assured we had tried to draw a cup of pure water from the fountain of eternal life for those little ones who were not able to do so for themselves; and if some young thirsty hearts have drank freely of what we have so freely and so lovingly offered, we shall be abundantly satisfied, well knowing *His eye* reads the motives of all hearts.

Jesus said "Feed my lambs;" and what we have striven to do is to give His lambs good food that they might grow up into Him. He sees and knows, and that is enough.

In closing another Volume we desire to thank those who have worked with us, whether in sending us true stories, or introducing our Magazine into fresh places, reminding them that sowers and reapers shall rejoice together very soon; and while father and mother can wield the reaping-hook, the little ones can help to bind the sheaves, or pick up a few stray ears.

Well, good-bye once more. We wish you a very, very happy New Year, and trust it will be a joyful one for the readers, as well as for

Your unknown, but loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

PRETTY POLLY.

Vol. IV.—No. 37. January, 1879. Price One Halfpenny.

PRETTY POLLY.

HOW nice it is for all little children to have what they call pets! It matters not if it is a bird, a dog, or a kitten, to look after, feed and care for. These pets help boys and girls to be kind to all dumb animals, and afraid of none, because they know God has formed them all. Fancy a girl twelve or fourteen years of age turning pale if a spider suddenly falls on the table! or screaming at the sight of a black-beetle on the floor within a yard of her frock. Whenever you hear of children who do this, I think you will often find they have no pet little creatures of their own.

One of the most amusing pets to have is a Poll Parrot: it is very sly, but affectionate in polly's way, you know, to those who treat it kindly, but its chief attraction is being able to repeat all it hears said, and mimic to a nicety even the tone and expression with which we speak. Did you ever think how wonderful it is that a bird should talk as we do? We must mind not to teach them naughty things.

A little girl named Eliese Frazer, or Little Sunbeam, as her friends used to call her, because of her bright joyous disposition, was an only child. Her father was a Colonel who died in India, so Eliese was sent home to live with her Aunt, as her dear Mamma's health gave way soon after the death of her husband. Little Sunbeam found herself located with her Aunt in a lovely part of the South of England, and as she had no friends of her own to play with, she made playfellows of a little terrier dog and a parrot. Polly had many funny ways peculiar to itself. It would follow the dog all about the house, and sometimes play little tricks on him.

If Mrs. Morgan happened to be poorly and stay in her room all the afternoon, Polly would wait till the drawing-room clock struck five, then find her way upstairs to Mrs. Morgan's room, and take her seat on the rail of the bed and begin to say, "Pretty Poll wants afternoon tea." When some tea was given her in a tiny cup, she quickly returned to the sitting-room and her favourite spot, standing by the dog.

Little Sunbeam enjoyed very much the sight of her pets and their frolics, she used to tell her Aunt that she could always learn her lessons much easier after a romp with the dog or cat. But this little girl had other things to do besides lessons and play. After tea she always did some work for the poor people who lived on her Aunt's estate, but as she was only eight years old she could not do very much in that way besides making pinafores for the children or perhaps caps for the old women. Saturday was always a holiday, and on that day her Aunt allowed her to invite two or three of the cottagers' children to the schoolroom, where she taught them to sing pretty little verses or else read to them. So Saturday was looked upon by these children as the happiest day of the week, for they not only had tea with little Sunbeam, but were delighted with the funny ways of her pets, the little dog, the cat, but especially Pretty Poll. I hope many of my readers are able to look upon Sunday as their happiest day, when I suppose they all enjoy some singing and reading, either at home or at the Sunday school.

SONG FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

OH! I am so glad that it says in God's word,
The children train up in the fear of the Lord,
And tell e'en the youngest of Jesu's blest love;
How He came here to die and now lives up above.

Each child has oft sinned both in word and in deed,
But sin-cleansing blood meets our very deep need,
And washes us clean as the pure falling snow,
Ere it reaches the ground and is trodden below.

Although His great throne is beyond the blue sky,
The distance is nothing to His loving eye,
For He sees us awake and He sees us in bed;
And He carefully numbers each hair on our head.

When we behave kindly it makes His heart glad,
But if we are naughty He thinks it so sad;
Then we'll try to be gentle, obedient and good;
And thus we shall please Him—as all children should.

And soon He is coming in glory so bright,
With a loud-sounding trumpet and angels of light,
To carry above on a white shining cloud
All the young who down here to His name shall have bowed.

T. W. B.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

ONE Sunday a very rough and ragged-looking girl found her way into our Sunday School. No one knew her, and she, poor thing, seemed to know no one either. Now we were all pleased to see this little stranger in spite of her dirty face and tattered garments, but I think she felt very uncomfortable, because she found that all the other children were clean and tidy. You would have pitied her as she sat on the very end of the form, as far away from the other girls as she could get. Yet she had a soul as precious and valuable as any one else, but it was like a diamond covered with dust or mud; a little soap and water and some cotton or thread would have made a great difference in her appearance. I've heard it said many times that if boys and girls could get into heaven without first being cleansed from their sins, they would be just as miserable there, as our little stranger was in that class. They all hope to find themselves in heaven by-and-by, but they sometimes forget the washing they must pass through first, or they would never be happy in heaven if it were possible to get there, never until they have known what it is to be washed in the blood of Jesus which makes us whiter than snow.

A Short History of Joseph.

No. 1.

ONE of the most touching and beautiful stories in the Bible is the history of Joseph. He was the son of Rachel, Jacob's favourite wife. Rachel, you remember, had two sons, Joseph and Benjamin. Joseph (the elder) was both brave and beautiful, and Jacob loved him more than all his other children, and made for him a gay coat of many different colours, for in those days bright clothing was thought much of, and if one wished to shew special honour to a man, he had him arrayed in a scarlet robe. God allowed it to be so then, but now the best robe is the robe of righteousness given by God, and the ornament God likes best to see is "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

You may suppose Joseph's brothers did not like to see him made the special object of their father's affection, and soon jealous and wicked thoughts filled their hearts, and they hate him and would not speak to him pleasantly Poor Joseph was very unhappy at this con duct, for he had a loving heart and tried t make them love him.

Soon after Joseph had two dreams, in th first, he and his brothers were binding cor into sheaves in a field, and his sheaf stood up right, and the other sheaves bowed dow before his. They hated him still more fo this dream. In the second dream, the sun moon, and eleven stars bowed before him His father rebuked him when he heard it, bu still he did not forget the dreams, and w shall see how they both came true. But hi brothers envied him. How sad that ther should be so much envy and bad feelin among brothers whom God would have t dwell together in love and peace. "Littl children, love one another," God says in H word, and the Lord Jesus when He lived o this earth was ever kind and loving to all thos about Him. Let us try and follow Him.

LOUISE.

SARAH AT THE PUMP.

WHEN Sarah started with her pail
Suspended on her arm,
She thought to fill it at the pump,
Which stands near to the farm.

But when the spot is reached, and she
The water tries to get,
She finds 'tis frozen much too hard,
The handle fast is set.

She gazes at the icicles,
Now hanging from the spout,
And wonders much what she can do
To get some water out.

No drops the frost-bound pump will yield,
Though needed e'er so much,
Although at other times a stream
Poured forth e'en at a touch.

So Sarah now must patient be,
Till gone is Master Frost,
Or search for water somewhere else
Though labour it may cost.

You see how slight a thing may give
Us trouble day by day,
And cut the bread or water short,
Or keep them quite away.

Then may we pray our God, that when
He sends the summer's drought,
Or winter's hoary dress, that it
With blessings may be fraught.

THE FROZEN PUMP.

Birds and their Young ones.

HERE is another winter scene with the snow lying thickly on the ground, it makes us hasten through the lanes and roads, to find our way back to warm firesides as quickly as possible, for somehow or other the cold will find its way through the thickest clothes and warmest gloves. Whatever do the poor little birds do with no extra clothing than what they have in summer time? As no doubt you know, some of the birds leave England as the winter approaches and go to warmer places where there is no snow. But for our cold country the verse says,—

"The north wind doth blow
and we shall have snow,
And what will the Robin
do then, poor thing?

He'll sit in t
barn,
and keep hin
self warm,
And tuck h
head
under his win
poor thing."

Yes, for, we always find that there is provision made for all God's creatures from the sparrow upward.

There was once a lady who was careful of God's creatures. In her garden a redbreast had built a nest in some ivy near a wall, and laid therein four eggs. The gardener in trimming the ivy, without intending it, so injured the nest with his shears that the eggs rolled out and fell to the ground. The lady hearing notes of sore distress went out to see what was the matter, and though the eggs were nearly cold, she replaced them carefully in the nest, after doing what she could to make the nest safe. The mother bird all this while was fluttering about in great distress, but as soon as the lady left she returned to sit upon the eggs, and in two days afterwards there wer four little redbreasts.

The family became very interested in th little brood of birds, but, sad to relate, anothe accident happened. Another cry of distre brought the lady to the place, and there sh saw that the nest was not secure, for the fou little birds had fallen through a hole and la on the ground as dead. She took them u and by the warmth of the fire and her hand they revived. She saw it was useless to pu them back into the nest as it was, so she trie to mend it, but she could not do it nearly s well as it had been built by the birds; and make it secure she put a piece of soft woolle cloth at the bottom. The little ones we carried to the nest and made snug. Th parent birds had been watching all this, an hopped about near the spot, but they were n so distressed as before, for they seemed understand that something was being don for them and their little ones. The lady n sooner left the nest than the parent birds can to welcome and warm their little ones.

But all their trouble was not over yet; f a few nights after a heavy rain fell, and thoug the cloth did well in the dry, it did not do the wet, for it would not let the water ru through fast enough, and the young birds we nearly drowned. The lady thought they we dead this time, but she again took them i doors, and dried and warmed them, and aft

a while they began to shew signs of life. But what was to be done with them? The lady gave up all hopes of being able to make the nest secure; however search was made, and an empty nest was found close by. The birds were put therein, and the old birds were now able to take care of them, until they were old enough to take care of themselves.

We hope all our little readers are kind to the birds. Remember, a sparrow does not fall to the ground without God regarding it. He would miss a single one of His creatures.

"Jesus died for me."

THE keen cold breath of winter
Was blowing sharply round,
And every crack and crevice
In door and shutter found.

The trees were shorn of beauty,
The edges black and bare;
And the cheery little robins
Found but a scanty fare.

When hips and haws have vanish'd,
Then Master Robin comes
So boldly to our doorstep,
In search of scatter'd crumbs.

And then old Frost is busy—
Indeed, I think he loves
To nip the little fingers
That never yet wore gloves.

He seems to follow closely
Those little girls and boys,
Who 've only bits of tippets
And tatter'd corduroys.

I know it's very pleasant
To see the drifting snow,
When in a snug warm parlour,
Where wild winds seldom blow.

To hear the pattering rain-drops
Against the window-pane,
Or see the hoar-frost clothing
The meadow and the plain.

But it is far from pleasing
When coals are scarce and dear,
And shoes are thin and scanty,
And *little toes* appear.

And hands are deep in pockets,
To warm the finger-ends,
And hungry mouths are waiting
For food from loving friends.

"Ah me!" I said, while musing,
"How hapless is the lot
Of parents and of children
In many a humble cot!

"But God is good and gracious,
And knows the need of all,
And tenderly He listens
To those who on Him call."

I sought a collier's cottage
On such a wintry day,
Where a poor Sunday scholar
In helpless sickness lay.

A kind and ready welcome
I met with from the boy,
And something seem'd to whisper
His heart was full of joy.

Though painful were his struggles,
And hard and short his breath,
Though life seem'd slowly ebbing—
He had no fear of death.

I spoke to him of heaven,
And heaven's eternal day,
And of that precious Saviour
Who wash'd my sins away.

And when I spoke of heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
"*And so do I*," he answer'd,
"For Jesus died for ME."

Whene'er I spoke of Jesus
Upon the cursed tree,
He said, "He died for sinners,
But, sir, He died for *me*."

Long time I sat conversing
With this dear, happy youth,
So pleased to find his spirit
Rejoicing in the truth.

He seem'd so calm and happy,—
His heart from fears so free,—
The secret of his gladness
Was "*Jesus died for me*."

And so I sat conversing
On Jesus and His love,
To fix the boy's affections
On happy scenes above.

A few more weeks, and Jesus
Had call'd the boy away,
To be with Him for ever
'Mid joys of endless day.

The tomb and slab of marble
Mark not his lowly grave;
Nor does a sombre yew-tree
Its solemn branches wave.

There bloom the simple daisies
Till winter winds destroy,
Who lift their eyes to heaven,
As did that happy boy.

'Tis this that makes me joyful,
And keeps my heart so free,
To know Christ died for sinners,
But that HE died for ME! D. R.

How the Little ones were won.

When Dr. Bettelheim went as a missionary to the Loo-choo Islands which belong to Japan, he was at first badly treated. They tried to prevent him from landing, and threw his goods into the sea. But when the ship had sailed away and left him there among them, they seemed to think he was some superior being whom they must not kill, though they could easily have done so.

When he had built a hut, the government had eight huts built around his, and put five persons in each, so that he should be thoroughly watched. But this turned out to be of great use to the missionary, from hearing these spies he learned to speak the language, and was at length able to preach the gospel to them.

When Dr. B., his wife, and little daughter went into the streets all the women and children ran away and hid themselves, and though they longed to be allowed to speak to them, they could not get the opportunity. At length they hit upon this plan. They built a brick oven—the first that was made in Loo-choo, and Mrs. B. made some nice sweet cakes and baked them in their new oven. Then she used to fill a bag with these cakes, and when they went for a walk they used to drop the cakes or throw them to the children.

Now most children like nice sweet cakes—do they not? and the Japanese children used to pick up these cakes and became fond of them, and you can easily suppose that the children soon got over their fears, and instead of running away from the missionary's wife, would watch for her coming, for the sake of the cakes she dropped. But it was a long time before the children would allow themselves to be touched. Dr. B. said he dated the success of his mission from the *first kiss* he received from a little Japanese child, but that was not until he had been there five years! From that time the work went slowly on.

Surely children at all parts of the wor must be very much alike, the white, the brow the black children; that is, they will all mak friends with those who can give them an thing that they enjoy. A little boy I kno used to say, whenever a friend of his went see him, What have you brought me? or, wha have you got for me? Well, here's good new for us all to know. God is the greatest give there ever was! It is true He does say "Young man, give me thine heart," but the He gives us something far better. He gives u life everlasting.

THE MILLER'S VAN.

A VERY stout big man was one day driv ing his van through the streets London. If you had lifted the cove ing to see what he had in it, you would hav found sacks of flour, for he worked for th miller. He was going down rather a stee turning, and as the load was heavy he dre the horses on one side of the road to let th wheels grind against the kerb-stone. That wa to prevent the horses going too quickly.

Presently a number of boys ran out of door, just as the miller's van was passing. was a school there, and four o'clock had ju struck, so the boys were very glad to leave o lessons, put away the slates, and hasten out t play or home to tea. Mr. Porter (the miller man) did not notice them, he was looking afte his horses when one boy gave another a har push—only in fun you know, but he fell wit his leg just across the kerb in front of th wheel. The heavy waggon went over his le and quite crushed it. The carman was very very sorry. He lifted up the poor boy an carried him to the King's College Hospita where the doctors attended it at once. The found his leg would never get well again, was too much hurt. Mr. Porter came th next day to ask how he was; the nurse sai he was very bad, and that same evening h was taken away from all the pain to be, I hope with Jesus, where he will never feel pain agai

There is a text that says, "In the midst o life we are in death:" but he that loves Jesu and believes in Him is safe, though he may di of sickness or be called away in this sudde manner.

Oh! don't take it off!

Two little girls who were sisters, and about the same height, were nearly always dressed alike. One day when some visitors were expected, an elder sister stitched a piece of lace on Fanny's dress, but when she saw that Alice's eye rested on it, she said, "I put that lace on Fanny's dress and forgot I had none for yours, Alice; but I will take it off that you may be dressed alike." Fanny looked rather disappointed at hearing this, but before she had time to speak, Alice begged that the lace might not be taken off. It looked pretty she said, and hoped it might remain, as she could see it on her sister's dress but not on her own if it had been placed there. Was not that a nice way of putting it? she was glad to see her sister wearing the lace without having any herself. That is the way to act, girls: give up anything that may minister to the happiness of others.

Who takes care of us?

DO you ever think of the wonderful way in which we are kept every day in our lives, from dangers of all kinds, seen and unseen? Even walking along the streets we are not free from danger. I heard of a woman not very long ago, who stepped on a piece of orange peel, and before she could save herself, down she fell heavily, and was very much hurt. Take care if you eat an orange in the streets, never to throw any peeling on the pavement.

When I went to school, too, there was one boy who had a deep scar on his face, just under his eye, which was the result of falling forward from a little chair on to the bars of the fire grate. Fortunately for him some one ran to his help when they heard him scream or he might have been burned to death. He will, however, always carry that ugly scar on his face, and each time he goes to a looking-glass to brush his hair, he will see the mark of the burn and be reminded of how narrowly he escaped with his life, for he must have been very young when it occurred, and quite unable to help or save himself.

Perhaps none of the little ones who read this Magazine may fall from stepping on orange peel or get burnt as that boy did, but there are many other ways in which you could be hurt quite as much. Indeed we always need the care of the good God to keep us, however safe we may appear to be. So do not forget to thank Him for His goodness day by day.

A PROVERB.

	the	
hill		valley
never	over	that
get	in	stays
the		will
	he	

Can anyone arrange the above words so as to form a proverb, and then give its meaning?

Answers to be sent in (by little ones under twelve years of age) by February 1st.

In commencing another year's issue of our little Magazine, we would cordially invite the help of fathers and mothers—in fact everyone interested in the welfare of the young, who can assist us in our endeavour to make this paper acceptable in many homes and to many hearts, by sending us true and original incidents of everyday occurrence illustrative of gospel truths, no matter how short or simple they may be.

Just published, price 1d.

My Little Friend Almanack for 1879,

A LARGE SHEET, ILLUSTRATED,

CONTAINING:

The Earth shall be burned up,
Street Education,
Heaven so far,
The Strides of Time,
The best Dress for a little girl,
The Cabman's Example,
The Heart, not the Shoes,
&c., &c., &c.

Price 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; beautifully bound, 2s.

MY LITTLE FRIEND VOLUME FOR 1878.

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

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

THOUGHTFUL MARY.

Vol. IV.—No. 38. February, 1879. Price One Halfpenny.

Thoughtful—not Sad.

OUR Mary is a cheerful girl,
And dearly loves to play;
No one can more enjoy the sport
When comes a holiday.

But works as well as any lass,
With strength and with a will;
A heavy load she often brings
Of flour from the mill.

The cows she milks, and to the pond
Or meadow leads them out,
And never have I yet beheld
A black look or a pout.

And she is thoughtful too—not sad—
As in the picture seen;
She pauses with her hoop and stick,
Against the wall to lean.

The pigeons hop about her feet,
And some are on the wing;
The birds around are all in glee,
And chirp, and coo, and sing.

Her God it is who made them all,
But loves her most, she knows;
He gave His Son to die, and she
Is saved from endless woes.

TAKE THE OTHER HAND.

ONE day a lady, who had tedious work to do at home attending to a sick relative, went out for a walk to get some fresh air. During her walk she came to a rope-walk. Perhaps you do not know what a rope-walk is. It is a long narrow place where people make rope, or rather string. A man takes a lot of hemp and places it round his body, and then after fastening a portion of the hemp to a wheel, he walks backward, pulling out the hemp to the proper thickness. The wheel has to be turned, and this twists the hemp into string. It is called a rope-walk, because the man as he gives out the hemp has to keep *walking*, but backwards, as I have said.

Well, this lady came to one of these places, and looking in saw a little boy turning the wheel. She asked who sent him to such a place.

"Nobody, ma'am—I came myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labour?"

"Yes, I get fourpence a day."

"Do you like this work?"

"Oh, well enough; but even if I did not I should do it, that I might get the money for my mother."

"How long do you work every day?"

"From nine till eleven in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you ever get tired of turning that great wheel?

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"*I take the other hand.*"

The lady gave him a piece of money for himself and went away thinking. Here was a little boy not quite nine years old working for his mother; he *must* have got tired at his work sometimes, but he did not complain; he took the other hand.

Will not all our little readers who have comfortable homes be thankful for all the good things God gives them? and if they are called to do tedious work, remember the little boy who when tired took the other hand and went on with his work. Scripture says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccles. ix. 10.)

A Conversation without a word being spoken.

AH, perhaps my young readers will think this was between deaf and dumb people, who talk to each other with their fingers. But no, that was not it. The conversation was between two persons who could both hear and speak, and yet they did not speak a word. And if you were to guess for a long time, I do not think you could tell how it was done. So I will tell you.

A long time ago an English soldier was stationed at a place in Holland. He was lodging with another soldier at a large farm-house, and at first the people were afraid that these soldiers would be rude and noisy; but to their surprise they both behaved very well. One evening one of them was seen to be reading a little book, and a girl out of curiosity looked over his shoulder, and seeing it divided into chapters and verses called out, "De Bibel, de Bibel!" The Bible, the Bible. It was now known that these soldiers were readers of the Bible, and this led to the conversation I want to tell you about.

The soldiers used to sit in the kitchen of the farm-house, where there was a good fire, and one evening the door of the room opened, and in walked an aged woman of seventy or eighty years of age. She brought with her a large family Bible. She could not speak a word of English, and the soldiers could not speak Dutch. But she opened her Bible and pointed to a portion of the New Testament, and did the best she could to ask them to explain what it meant. One of the soldiers opened his Bible at the same place, and having read the passage, turned to another passage which he thought would answer her question, and shewed the old lady the place. She turned to her Bible and read it. This pleased her so much that she turned to another passage and the soldier gave an answer in the same way, and so they conversed for nearly an hour. At length the old lady rose and lifting up her hands uttered a prayer in Dutch, and took an affectionate farewell of the soldiers. Thus God's book spoke to their hearts, they both loved the Saviour—and they were cheered and comforted and felt at home—though they could not speak a word to each other.

A PRAYER

THE face of my child against mine,
While kneeling in prayer;
O Lord, as I dwelt on Thy love,
Thou sawest him there.

A child-form, but precious to Thee,
This treasure of mine;
His Saviour in mine may he see,
O Lord, make Him Thine.

I gaze in the face of my boy
And picture him, when
He has grown to be no more a child,
Lord, follow him then.

Thou art coming, I know, for Thine own,
The moment draws near;
I'd place not an instant between,
It may be just here.

But while I am waiting I'll pray
Thee, Father, above,
To throw o'er the life of my boy
The shield of Thy love. W. J. W.

AN EASTERN MAIDEN AT THE WELL.

WHEN we are used to get all our water by just running into the kitchen and turning a tap, like boys who want to float their paper boats in mother's washing tub or pan, the idea seems rather strange of having to carry a couple of water-pots down the street and out of the town or village to a well, but in the time of our Lord it was the custom so to do, and it did not fall to the lot of the boys or men as you would suppose, but to the women.

You know, of course, the story of the woman of Samaria who met Jesus at the well. Rebecca too met Isaac's servant at a well. It must have been a pretty sight at the close of the day to see a line of women wending their way with water-pots on their heads to the well-known spot where they could refresh themselves and fill their pitchers. The young woman in our picture is resting herself before she starts back home. The real value of a draught of cool, clear, fresh water, is little known in this country. You need to be crossing one of the burning deserts with a scorching sun overhead, and the water-bottle empty, then you would give anything to get a cup of water.

A friend was one day travelling in Palestine in company with several others, with servants and guides, when he was asked if he would like to take a drink of water. "No, thank you," he replied, "not just now." But after being in the saddle an hour or two more, he felt really thirsty, and then inquired for the man who carried the water-bottle, and hurried his mule forward to overtake him, but his disappointment was great to hear it was all gone. He asked again but only got the same reply.

There was no help for it now but to wait till a fresh supply could be obtained, and how gladly he asked at the first house they came to for a little water to quench his thirst. Ah no, we cannot afford to be without water. It is indeed one of the very necessities of life, that is why perhaps it is used in scripture as a type of what is more to be valued and sought after—even the water of life as it is called; and no one is more pleased than the great God Himself when boys and girls drink of *that* water, and thirst not again, even as the woman of Samaria did before she parted with her Saviour.

THE EASTERN MAIDEN.

The Box on the sea-shore.

YOU must take a good look at this picture, my little friends, all of you. As the children gather round the box on the sands it would almost seem to tell its own story. That box a short time ago belonged, I suppose, to some one travelling—going abroad perhaps to join their friends. How often it happens that fathers set out with their boys and girls on a fine day, thinking to make a good and pleasant journey to some far off land, and meet the dear ones to whom they have written to say they are coming, but before very long the winds which were so still, begin to blow, the waves get rough, until there is quite a heavy storm. Then nobody knows what takes place; boxes, brushes, brooms, and many other things are washed overboard, in fact anything that may be lying loose on deck.

And each of the passengers has quite enough to do to look after himself, the youn sters must be kept down in the cabin, whi is the safest place for them, but even there t rolling of the vessel is felt to a very uncor fortable degree and nothing can be left loo or it will pitch about from side to side.

So with the box in our picture, it has con from a ship out at sea, and as Francis a Emily examine it they find it has bee knocked about a good deal; for there is ev a large hole in the bottom of the box.

But what has become of its owner? yo ask. Ah, that I cannot tell; perhaps t vessel was made a complete wreck—went to pieces, then if not soon picked up by anoth ship, the poor people are drowned. We ha heard lately of several very sad cases of shi wrecks, where many souls—grown up peopl and children as well—have lost their live Does it not remind you, my little reader, what a great many bodies have been fro time to time, buried in the sea? and what

number will be raised from the sea at that resurrection when the dead, small and great shall stand before God; and those who are not followers of Christ will then be sent away for ever. We do not read of anyone making an excuse in that day why they were not saved.

Now each time you see this picture of the box, let it remind you of the perils of the sea and what lies beyond.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I DARE say most of you have heard of the terrible accident that occurred to the "*Princess Alice*" steamboat last September, when she was struck by the large steamer, by which so many lives were lost.

A very touching incident I noticed when reading the sad account of the disaster. A poor man who gave his evidence on the accident, said with much grief, "After the boat had been struck, and we were without a moment's warning thrown into the river, I laid hold of my wife who had her baby in her arms. I kept them up for some time, and on coming close to the *Bywell Castle* steamer, I caught hold of the chain that was hanging down the sides of the ship. My strength was almost exhausted, and I felt that I could not hold on much longer, and I said to my wife that she must sacrifice the child to save her own life. She said she would not do that, and after in vain trying to hold both of them, I had to let go the hold of my wife, who still kept hold of her dear child, and both perished." This was indeed a love that death could not quench. Rather than lose the dear little one, she would sacrifice her own life—and she did so.

Oh, what a scene that must have been! One minute that great crowd was in health and enjoyment, and the next plunged in the waters of death, not to be rescued.

There were many deeds of heroism in those few moments—many a hand stretched out to save—but the self-sacrificing love of that dear mother, who would not relinquish her hold on the child of her affection, was very touching. She would rather have seen her babe saved if she were lost. But this could not be, and they were not divided in death. But I remember, that great as a mother's love is, there is One who loves us infinitely more, even *God*, and who to save us from a worse death than can befall the body, gave His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for us, that we might be saved, through faith in Him. The incident brought to my mind the verses of a hymn I am exceedingly fond of, with which I will close this painful story.

"Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will He remember me.

His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death,

This alone is my complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Him and adore,
Oh, for grace to serve Him more."

A Short history of Joseph.

No. II.

A LITTLE while after the time when Joseph had related his two dreams, Jacob, his father, sent him to inquire after his brothers who were shepherds, and were keeping their flocks in Shechem, for the sons of Jacob used to tend their own flocks after the Eastern fashion, and remain for days or even weeks away from home. When he came to Shechem he met a man who asked him what he was seeking? He said, "I seek my brethren." And the man said, "They are not here, for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan." So Joseph went to Dothan and found them there. And when they saw him afar off they conspired against him, saying, "Here comes the dreamer." And then Satan put a wicked thought into their hearts, and oh, dear little friends, beware of bad thoughts! your hearts are so ready to receive what is evil, and Satan is ever going about as "a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." It is necessary for little children as well as grown people to be on the watch against Satan. "Watch and pray," is the command of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Well! these men said, "Let us kill our brother and see what will come of his dreams."

But when Reuben heard this, he said, "No, do not let us kill him, but let us put him into this pit." He said this, hoping to rescue him when the others had gone. And when Joseph came up to them, they took him and stripped off his coat of many colors; his tears and entreaties were all in vain, the cruel men would not listen to him, but threw him into a pit, but the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

But God was watching over him, as we see, all through his life, but especially after he left his father's tent. LOUISE.

A TINY TRAVELLER.

I WANT to tell you what happened a few days ago. It is about our Willie. He is a bold little fellow, not easily frightened, you know, and very curious to inquire what everything is for, and what people are doing when it is something he cannot quite see the reason for in his own small way. He is not quite three years old. Cousin Bobby who travels by the train, and who has a small time-table in his waistcoat pocket, says Willie is 2-45 a.m., to-morrow morning.

Well, one morning while Ma was busy at her sewing machine, and Mary was tidying up the kitchen after breakfast, Master Willie finding the front door open, which Pa had accidentally left when he went out to business, he took it into his head to have a peep out, and then, we suppose, being pleased with the many wonderful things he saw, he quietly walked away. He had on only his pinafore and old garden hat, which was not fit, you may be sure, to take a journey in. Our house joins Auntie's, and we go in and out our gardens through a broken paling. As Willie is so often in at Auntie's, because he thinks the bread and butter there is better than ours, his absence was not noticed for some time. But presently Ma asked Mary where Willie was. She did not know. Ma went into Auntie's and found he had not been there for a long time. Willie was lost! Where could he be? The garden was searched and every place we could think of, even the coal-house was not forgotten, because we remembered one day Willie got Ma's fancy work-basket and filled it with coals—to help "Mairwy," as he said. I suppose he had seen her fill the coal-scuttl Ma left the sewing machine and laid dow her kilting work, and Mary left the pudding an potatoes which were being got ready f dinner. Who could go on with these thing when our little bright-eyed Willie wa missing?

There is a gipsy camp not far from ou house, and we of course thought the gipsi might find our little runaway—though sever of the gipsies are converted and are very nic Christians, so we hoped they would do him n harm. We went different roads in search our wanderer amongst the lanes and by-path Cousin Nellie went along the road by the sid of the railway a good distance, and oh, ho glad she was to see a lady leading Willie b the hand! He was found at last!

And as Nellie said, "he did look such figure" when he was brought home. H seemed as though he had tumbled down onc or twice, his pinafore was dirty and his ol garden hat crumpled about, while his hair, tha generally hangs in pretty curls over his shou ders, was rough and tangled: his little boo were covered with mud. But his face looke bright and rosy, and his little eyes sparkled a though he felt what a wonderful thing he ha done. As soon as Ma saw him she took ver little notice at first of the dirt on his clothes o how he was dressed. She was so glad to hav her own darling boy again, and she did no stop till he was washed and dressed before sh took him up and kissed him, no, no, but a my Sunday School hymn says, took him u "*just as he was!*" The lost one was found and we were all joyful, and so were the neigh bours. Then Ma said to Mary, "I will was him, Mary; and bring me a clean pinafore an some bread and butter, for my little wandere is hungry."

While all this was going on I could no help thinking of the verses in Luke xv., an the father's joy in receiving back his son saf and sound. In the evening when Willie wa safely in his cot, I got my Bible and read agai that beautiful chapter, and more than once read the verses where it says, "And the fathe said to the servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. And bring hither th fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and b

merry. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry."

As for Willie, he was very unconcerned about the trouble and sorrow he had caused us, but then he is so young, you know. But all day afterwards he was telling us in his own simple way what he had seen. "Me went wite away—see lots gee-gees—see goat—see puff-puffs—me go wite away adain—earn b'ed and butter for mamma." The idea of earning bread and butter pleases Ma very much—but she thinks he will have to eat a great deal before he does so. But she hopes he will be a great treasure to her, and grow up to be a good man—*a real Christian.*

In case he should go "wite away adain" we think it will be better to put a bit of card with a piece of ribbon round his neck. Perhaps you would like to read the nursery rhyme we put on it, so I will finish my tale by telling you.

My name is Willie Wilkins,
And when I chance to roam,
Perhaps some friend who finds me
Will kindly take me home—
My home is near the station,
The number is eleven;
My Mamma hears my prayers
To Jesus up in heaven. D. R.

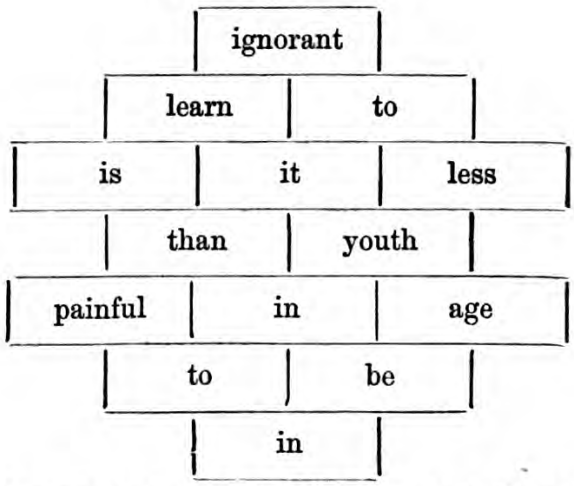
KIND WORDS.

Who can tell the real value of kind words? We all love to hear them, and know at once the difference between a kind word and an angry one. Even a baby, that has not the slightest idea of the meaning of those sounds we call words, seems to understand when something loving and kind is said. But do we in all our ways and intercourse put in as many of these little words as we possibly can, and as often as we can?

I remember a long time ago, when lessons and sums fell to my lot, we read a story in our spelling book about a boy who gave a piece of his cake to a blind man. The man took the cake and thanked the boy most heartily for it, but there was something he valued far more than the cake, sweet as it was; something he would remember long after the cake was gone. The boy had said in a low tone of voice, as he held out the cake to him, "*Poor old man.*" Very simple words they are, that the youngest child might say, but they went straight to the poor man's heart, and made his face light up with joy, to think that there was some one in this world, if only a school-boy, in whose heart there was a little love and sympathy for him on account of his sad affliction.

Will all little readers then agree with me that kind words are to be used as often as you can, but especially to those who may be blind, lame or sick, as it may help them to forget their pain, and distress that they cannot run about like most of us, and use their legs and arms as freely as we do? If we long to be like Jesus, let this be one way, for He was ever kind and gentle to all who came to Him, and even took up little children in His arms and blessed them and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A PROVERB.



Can anyone arrange the above words so as to form a proverb, and then give its meaning?

Answers must be sent in by March 1st.

These little proverbs are easy to arrange in the right order, so that a great many will be able to send us correct answers, and we hope next month to give the initials of all who have answered for January; but do not forget to give the meaning as well as the proverb itself, for we want you all to learn useful lessons from them. Dot.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND VOLUME FOR 1878.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

TAKING FATHER'S BREAKFAST.

Vol. IV.—No. 39. March, 1879. Price One Halfpenny.

Taking Father's Breakfast.

A LABOURING man was in the field,
And working hard and fast,
He loved his reaping-hook to wield,
While sunny days did last.

At morn he rises with the lark,
And very seldom leaves
His busy task till nearly dark,
Then rests among the sheaves.

Each morning at the breakfast-time
His little girl is seen,
When eight o'clock begins to chime,
Go tripping o'er the green.

With gladsome heart the merry one
Has left her mother's cot.
So eagerly she seems to run
With father's breakfast hot.

The mother with a loving smile,
One morning chanced to say,
"Be careful, Mary, of the stile;
And don't you stop to play

"With any little boys or girls
That you may chance to see—
This bit of braid will tie your curls;
Now mind, don't spill the tea!"

"I'll run *so quick*," was Mary's boast;
A kiss the promise seal'd,
And Mary, with the tea and toast,
Was running to the field.

The golden corn and poppies red
The breezes seem'd to stir,
And Mary thought each waving head
Was nodding unto her.

So with these funny little whims,
And like a bird in June,
She sweetly sang her fav'rite hymns,
Though sometimes out of tune.

She pass'd the stile in safety too,
And had not spill'd the tea,
When yonder something met her view,
And Mary goes to see.

A large round hole with brickwork bound,
Unwary feet to keep—
An un-used well the child has found,
And now she stoops to peep.

The little girl was very bold,
But sad am I to tell,
As Mary stoop'd, she lost her hold
And tumbled in the well.

The well was dry—but soon a cry
Has reach'd her father's ears,
He gives one look—he drops his hook—
The empty well he fears!

Some men who saw the father run,
To whom his hand he waved,
Had come to help the little one,
And soon the child was saved!

He had his Mary safe and sound,
Which seem'd to please him most,
And while he thank'd his neighbours round,
Forgot both tea and toast!

But fondly he his child caress'd,
And gently soothed her fears,
And while she nestled on his breast,
Her sorrow spoke in tears.

She goes not to that well again;
Poor Mary seems to know
That *disobedience* bringeth pain,
And sorrow, grief, and woe.

The little ones God loves to bless,
With joys that never cease;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all *His paths* are peace.

D. R.

Two Cents for the Dollies.

A COLLECTION was once being made in an American Sunday-school for some good purpose, and the children were told that any who liked could bring a cent (about a halfpenny). But one little girl brought *three* cents instead of one, and when asked how that was—only one cent was asked for—she said, "The two other cents are for my two dollies." Was not this a nice excuse for giving more than she was asked?

The Accident at the Party.

I REMEMBER it as if it were but a few days ago. The children had a number of their young friends to tea. I cannot tell you all their names, as I have quite forgotten some, but there were several there on that evening whose names I shall never forget, although their faces have long since been forgotten. One sturdy little fellow, whom I will call Tom, though one of the youngest, took an active part in all the games that were started, and interested us very much.

Well, during the evening, this boy Tom wanted to give some of the others a ride on

his back. This was excellent fun at first, but afterwards proved rather unfortunate.

A little girl with round rosy face and short dark curls, must have a ride on Tom's back as well as the rest. So off he started out of the parlour and along the passage, bearing his load to market as he called it. All this while there had been such shouts of laughter, in which we joined most heartily, but suddenly all the noise stopped as we heard a shriek from the hall, followed by a thud of something which had fallen. We ran hastily outside to see what was the matter. In a moment all saw what had occurred: master Tom, with the little girl on his back, had either slipped, or caught his foot in the mat, and now he lay, poor fellow, unable to move. The little girl, I am happy to say, was not hurt at all, but with Tom it was very different. At first we thought he would soon be all right, and that it would not turn out anything worse than a sprain at the most. So he was lifted up and placed on the couch in the parlour to recover himself.

After this accident all play for the children ceased; there seemed to be no getting on without Tommy, especially as he was now lying in such a sad plight.

By-and-by his father came to take home his happy boys and girls, when to his surprise he found his youngest son an invalid. I well remember how he went up to Tom and began to feel if any bones were broken; the hurt seemed to be in one leg, for when that was touched Tom called, Oh! oh! Then his father said, "Put your arms round my neck, my boy," as he leaned down over him. He did so, and slowly his father raised him up till his weight rested partly on the hurt leg. Then Tom cried out so much that his father knew the leg must *be broken.*

Now it became a question how was he to be carried home? One thought an old door would be the best to lay him on, but eventually he was left on the sofa, and that was carried through the streets by several strong arms. What a finish up to a day of joy that poor Tom had looked forward to so much! and many a weary day he lay with the splints bound round his leg before it grew strong and well again.

His father and mother were very sorry for their poor boy's accident, but they were Christians, and knew that nothing happened by chance. So they commended their boy to the care of their heavenly Father and when Tom was able to walk about among the chairs, and then walk without any help, and then with his broken leg well mended he ran about as before—they thanked God for making him well. And thus even what we call accidents result in praise to those who love God.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

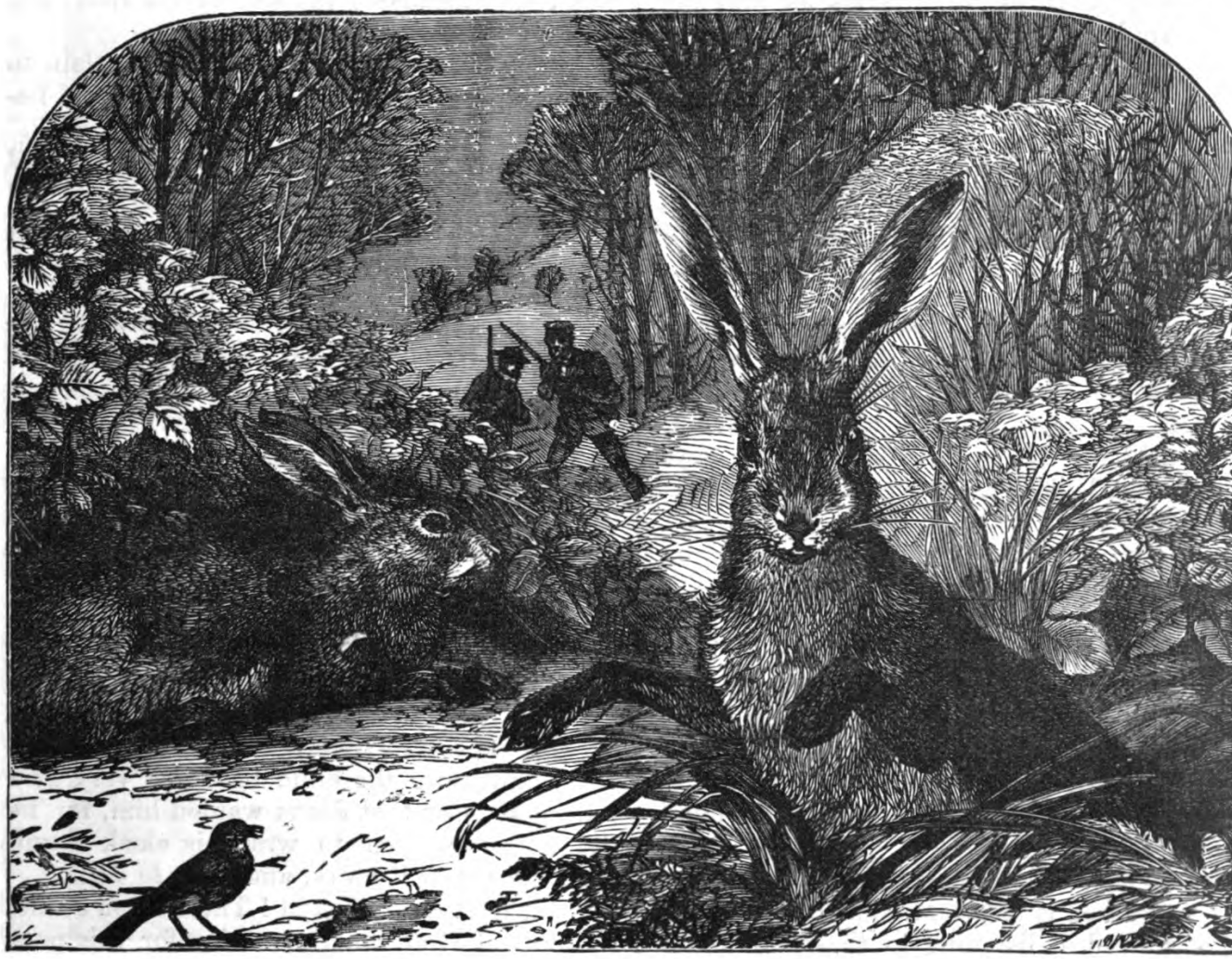
A STRAW upon the quiet waters will tell the way the stream is running. A feather will point the direction in which the wind lies, even on a still, summer's evening; so a kind action brings out the real character of a boy or girl, as well as a man or woman. Our picture speaks for itself, where a little boy is seen in the character of a *real* gentleman, not minding the dropping of his own oranges, in order to pick up the little girl's doll, which she has accidentally dropped. But I should like to have been the artist, to have been able to give the true expression of that boy's sparkle of eye and genuine blush of pleasure that gave animation to his features, as the little girl thanked him for his kindness. There is such genuine joy in the doing of a good action, without the thought of reward.

There was a little boy one day crying in the street. A person going by asked the child the reason of his distress. "He had lost a penny, and could nowhere find it." The man gave the boy a penny, and the thankful pleasure that shone through the boy's tears was very pleasant to the man; indeed he said that he had never purchased such real pleasure at *so low a price.* He had spent pounds and pounds on what he once called pleasure, but it was not of that pure and lasting kind which he purchased for a penny. And I am sure that it is pleasing to the Lord to see His little ones doing good in any small acts of kindness. I thought so the other day, as I saw a little boy leading a poor old blind man over a dangerous crossing—there he was "eyes to the blind," and scripture says, "Even a child is known by his doings."

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

Wild as March Hares.

WE often hear the expression, "As wild as March hares," as the children were, when they heard they might go to spend a whole day with their country cousins. Such a treat did not very often fall to their lot; no wonder they were overjoyed at the thought of so great a pleasure with their friends, and could not help saying, "How nice it will be," and "I hope it will be pressed very much, and sometimes will ev cross a stream. You know, the dogs can t which way the hare has gone by the scent leaves behind, but if it passes through wat the scent is destroyed, and the dogs have so trouble to find it again, and by that time t hare has got a good way off. Their nest, resting-place, is called a "form," and is oft quite unprotected, not covered, as other ne are. Hares have regular places where th obtain their food at night-time, and passi



fine," with many other similar child-like little sayings, which fall so often from the lips of rosy-faced boys and girls.

Well, here we have some real frisky hares in their natural state of freedom, and not far-off are their enemies, the huntsmen. See, poor things, how startled they look, and only wait to know from which quarter the danger comes. Then off they will be, with wonderful speed, to try and make good their escape. All sorts of turns and twists the hare makes when over the ground, backwards and forwards, and from the "form," so many times, leaves very strong scent all along the way, and al makes such a well-marked track, that it is ea for anyone to find them out; but the difficul is to catch the little creatures, their eyes a placed quite at the side of the head, so th they can see things in almost every directio Then again, their long narrow ears, which c be turned in any direction, render their he ing very acute, so that it is almost impossible

get near them without being detected. So, you see, they are, like all animals, provided with just those means of protection which they need to secure them from being caught by men, or devoured by animals.

Does it not, dear reader, shew us the great goodness and wisdom of God towards even the humblest and most helpless of His creatures? The more we know of the wonders of His handiwork, the more we must admire everything that He has made.

Little baby hares, or leverets as they are called, are born with their woolly coats on, and their eyes open too, not blind, like rabbits and kittens; thus they are not nearly so helpless, and soon learn to take care of themselves. Green-meat is the chief food of hares, though they are fond of gnawing the bark of young trees, and nibbling corn or wheat, when it comes in their way.

Now, the next time you should have some hare for dinner, you must remember all I have told you about them, and if father, or anyone else, asks you any questions on this subject, you will be able to tell him all about it. If you would like to read what scripture says about hares, look at Leviticus vi., and Deuteronomy xiv. 7.

How We Talk Together.

"DADDA, please tell me a little story." And Miss Three-years-old clambers on to my knee, with an expectant look on her bright face.

"Well, darling, what shall it be about?"

"Why, tell me—tell me about the blind man."

And so the oft-told story is told again, and the happy child is as attentive as ever, for she is never tired of listening to these wonderful Bible stories, so simple, and yet so grand.

This one, about the "blind man," is rather a favourite I think, and my tiny hearer is very fond of breaking in with what *she* remembers about it; funny enough it is sometimes. I will commence as follows: "A great many years ago, when"—— "Yes, that was when Jesus was down here. He lives up above the sky now, dadda."

"Quite right, little one; but He left His bright home once, and came to be a man upon the earth, because His heart was so full of love, even for those who did not love Him. Well, one day, as Jesus was walking along, and a great number of people with Him—for they liked to see the wonderful things that Jesus did—they came near to where a poor blind man was sitting."

"To be blind means all dark, can't see not anything," chimes in little Miss. "And he was sitting by the wayside, begging." "Yes, not the sea-side, was it, dadda? but the way-side; that means by the side of the road, and begging means poorly."

Here I have to stop a little, and explain to my chatterbox that the blind man begged because he was *poor*, not because he was "*poorly*," and then we go on again. "When the blind man heard that Jesus of Nazareth was coming that way, he began to cry out to Him, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me;' and some of those who were with Jesus told him to be quiet, but he cried out again all the louder to Jesus to have mercy on him; and then, what did Jesus do?"

"Stood quite still," is the reply.

"Yes, darling, that is right; and it was just like Jesus, to stand still when He heard the cry for mercy; and then, of course, all the people had to stop, and, I dare say, they wondered very much what Jesus was going to do. Well, they were soon able to see, for Jesus told them to call the poor blind man; and they seemed to know that it was to do him some good, for they spoke kindly, and told him to be of good comfort, because Jesus called him. I am quite sure the blind man was very glad indeed to hear that Jesus wanted him, for he did not stop even to wrap his cloak round him, but threw it away, and *came to Jesus*.

"What a beautiful sight! There stood Jesus, the Son of God, quietly waiting for this poor blind beggar to come near; and then Jesus asked him a question, and the question was so simple—it was this, 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' Of course Jesus knew all the time what he wanted, but He likes us to tell out our desires; and the blind man asked Jesus a wonderful thing, and that was to give him his sight, that he might see quite clearly. Now Jesus was pleased at his answer, for He saw the blind man believed that He was both able and willing to make

him see; and He told him that, because of his 'faith,' that is, because he owned who Jesus was, his blindness was cured; that very instant his eyes received their sight, and I have no doubt that the first object they saw was the loving face of Jesus, and then—but perhaps my little girl can tell me?"

"Why, then he followed Jesus," is her reply, with an air of satisfaction; "yes, he followed Jesus." "And now, although Jesus is no longer upon the earth, He is just as kind, just as loving, and just as willing to receive all who come to Him in simple faith."

This, dear children, is how we talk together, and I hope you, too, like to tell your little brothers and sisters, who are not old enough to read, these beautiful Bible stories. I trust also, that you who are able to understand how the same loving Jesus died upon the cross, (that those who are blinded by sin and Satan might be able to see Him, whom to know is life eternal), are resting upon His precious blood, and following Him, who has done so much for you. W. J. W.

Short History of Joseph.

No. III.

WE left Joseph in the pit last month. The pit was very likely an old empty well. Joseph, left alone in this horrible pit, must have felt very unhappy. Does it not remind you of the Lord Jesus Christ, who went down to the pit to save poor sinners from death?

But God did not intend to let Joseph remain in the pit. His brethren sat down, after putting him in the pit, and seeing a company of Arabs, or Ishmaelites (descendants of Hagar's son, Ishmael) pass by, Judah said to the others, "Let us sell him." He was afraid to kill him, for he knew God could see all he did. The brothers agreed to this, for they were glad to get rid of him so easily; and beside, they thought it well to make a little gain of him, so they sold Joseph for twenty pieces of silver.

In chapter vi. of Matthew's Gospel we read of Judas Iscariot selling the Lord Jesus for thirty pieces of silver.

The brothers thought they were quite safe when Joseph was sold. How little they thought that God was planning all this! In Psalm cv. 17 it says, "He sent a man before them, even Joseph, who was sold for a servant Before returning, they dipped his beautif coat in the blood of a kid, and then took it their father, saying, "We have found this co in the field, torn, and covered with blood. it Joseph's?" The poor aged father knew t coat, and said, "It is my son's coat, a wi beast has killed him." And Jacob cried ve much, for he loved Joseph dearly.

But Joseph was carried down to Egypt, a sold to one of the king's officers, named Po phar. Poor little slave boy! far away fro his dear father and all his friends, a captive a strange land, how sad his position! Y many people are in the same state now, f away from God, slaves of Satan, and they a so deceived by him, that they do not kno they are slaves, until God, who is Ligh shines into their dark hearts, and shews the their true condition. LOUISE.

THE YOUNG PENITENT.*

A LITTLE boy beside his bed
Was kneeling down in prayer;
Upon the quilt he laid his head,
But found no comfort there.

He seemed to struggle much with grief,
When bursting out in tears
His little heart soon found relief
And freedom from his fears.

His face so often calm and mild
With grief was all awry;
He cried, "Lord, I'm a naughty child—
To-day I told a lie!

"My mother bade me something do—
My naughty will was such
I said I'd been—that was not true,
Which grieved my mother much.

"Thou knowest too she made me smart,
The whipping made me cry;
It is not that which grieves my heart—
It is the wicked lie!

"Forgive me, Lord, for what I've done,
Make me a truthful boy;
Forgive me for Thine own dear Son"—
There was a gleam of joy

Upon that little tearful face,
No longer did he weep;
But rising from the throne of grace
He sweetly sank to sleep.

D. R.

* The anecdote is given as nearly as possible the exact words of the child, as related to me by h grandfather.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON BOTTLES.

1. They were made of skins of animals, I have been told, and I have also seen pictures of them; the neck of the animal made the neck of the bottle. They must have been very much larger than our bottles.

2. We read of bottles being old, and rent, and bound up, in Joshua ix. 4, and in Matthew ix. 17. It says that if a man put new wine into old bottles, they would burst, and the wine would be spilled. It would have to be something that is not porous, or the liquid put into them would run out. Skins would get old, wear out, tear, and when they were empty they would bind up.

3. We read in Genesis xxi. 14 that Abraham gave Hagar *a bottle of water*, and put it on her shoulder, when he sent her and Ishmael away. And in Judges iv. 19, when Sisera asked Jael for a little water, she opened a *bottle of milk*, and gave him a drink. In 1 Samuel i. 24, when Hannah brought Samuel to Eli, she brought with him a *bottle of wine;* and in 1 Samuel x. 3, Samuel told Saul that he would meet three men, and one of them was carrying a *bottle of wine*. Also, in 1 Samuel xvi. 20, we find, when David was going to Saul, Jesse sent with him bread, and a kid, and a *bottle of wine*. In 2 Samuel xvi. 1, we find, when David fled from Absalom, Ziba met him, with two asses, bread, raisins, summer fruits, and a *bottle of wine*. The prophet Hosea says that the princes of Israel made the king sick with *bottles of wine*. (Hosea vii. 5.)

David asks God to put his *tears into His bottle*. (Psalm lvi. 8.) Jesus says, Men put *new wine into new bottles*, for new wine would burst old bottles. (Matt. ix. 17; Mark ii. 22; Luke v. 37.)

4. In Psalm lvi. 8, we learn that God treasures up His people's tears when they are in grief. The time is coming when God Himself will wipe away all tears from His people's eyes. The Lord told Jeremiah to get an earthen bottle, and take the oldest of the priests, and the oldest of the people, then go to the valley of the son of Hinnom, and break the bottle before the people that were with him, to shew them that God was going to break up Israel as a nation, for their sin. We learn from this that God can break up a nation as easily as a man can break an earthen bottle; and the time will come when God will break up those that have heard of His dear Son, and would not listen to Him. When our Lord said new wine is not to be put into old bottles, He meant that He was going to do away with the Jewish laws and sacrifices, and bring in grace and truth, the sacrifices were only types of the good things that were coming; and all the sacrifices were pointing to Jesus. After Jesus came they were all done away. He made a new and living way for us to come to God, and offered Himself once for all; so that now we have not to offer sacrifices as the Jews did, but come, believing in the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth all that believe in Him from all sin.

J. H.,
Aged 9 years and 6 months.
Ravenscleugh, Otterburn.

Dear Little Friends,

I was very pleased to receive so many answers to the interesting questions on bottles, and glad to see that you have been searching your Bibles pretty well to find out all you could about bottles. After reading all the letters two or three times over, I thought there could be little doubt that J. H.'s was the best, so I have had that one printed this month, for you to see; and though, of course, you would all like to have answered the questions best, yet I hope you will not give up, but try again next time. The more you turn over the pages of your Bible or Testament, the more you will learn of God's word, and be better able to answer any future questions I may give. Answers were also received from the following: G. F. M., M. S. M., R. G. P., E. S. H., J. F., E. R., R. H., P. M. R., E. C. C., J. H. M. I have sent J. H. a prize volume.

UFYUT JO DZQIFS.

JO bmm uiz xbzt bdlopxmfehf ijn boe if tibmm ejsfdu uiz qbuit: Mfu opu nfsdz boe usvui gpstblf uiff; cjoe uifn bcpvu uiz ofdl xsjuf uifn vqpo uid ubcmf pg uijof ifbsu. Qspw uijse.

A book will be given to the youngest little one, under twelve years of age, who can explain the above scripture puzzle, stating that it has been done *without the assistance of anyone.*

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

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

THE RAINBOW.

Vol. IV.—No. 40. April, 1879. | Price One Halfpenny.

THE RAINBOW.

OH, mother! do look at the rainbow,
It was never so pretty I'm sure;
At least—well I do not remember
Having seen it so plainly before.

Come, mother, as far as the door-step!
Our Willie is filled with delight
As he gazes with boyish rapture
Upon this most beautiful sight.

The toys lose their interest for Annie,
She's caring no longer for play;
But wonders—as little girls wonder—
What makes the sun shine in that way.

So mother now tells to her children
The promise God gave years ago;
And how of His love we should ponder
Whenever we look at the bow.

Man—so wicked—caused God to destroy
This earth with a terrible flood;
But in order for man to be cleansed
He needs to be washed in the blood.

Oh look, then, by faith to the Saviour,
Forgiveness of sins you shall know;
God's presence made meet for—He saith it,
Because you're made whiter than snow.

Three Little Afghan Prisoners.

I DARE say most of you have heard of the war that is being carried on beyond the borders of our Indian empire. Well, when our soldiers had succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of mountain paths and narrow passes, where they expected to meet with a fierce enemy, they at last arrived very near to a strongly-fortified place, called Ali Musjid. There they expected to meet the foe in great numbers, and prepared for battle; but news was brought to the commander that the soldiers had fled, and that the fort was empty. After careful search, they found it was so. There were the guns and the stores, but all the soldiers were gone. Then the commander led his troops into the garrison, and every place was searched, but not a man was to be found. But in a dark and very dirty room, three poor little Afghan children were seen, almost naked, lying on some straw and rags. As soon as the terrified prisoners saw the British soldiers enter, with their guns and swords, they rose up, and held some cages, made of string, in which were some birds, and which they offered to the soldiers not to kill them. The poor children, no doubt, thought they were going to be killed. But they soon found that English soldiers did not love to kill children, for they were kindly treated, and had food and clothing given to them, and were taken care of. The English soldiers were at war with the king and his soldiers, and all who followed him. So the poor prisoners soon found that the people they were the most afraid of were their best friends.

Now, is not that an illustration of how man, and even young children, treat God? He did not send Jesus to destroy men's lives, but to save them. He is at war with Satan, who is the prince of this world, and all who, with rebellious hearts, follow him, and fight *his* battles. Like the little Afghan prisoners, when we are brought face to face with Him whom we have dreaded because of our sinful ways, we are afraid; and if we only think of Him as an angry King, who is going to destroy us, we think of turning away His anger by doing something, or offering something, as worthless as birds in string cages. And yet how different we find it when at last we are found of Him, the One who is willing to save us, and cleanse us, and clothe us, and make us happy—for who upon earth is so happy as a sinner washed from his sins in the blood of Jesus? And then how glad we are to be delivered from our former master, who, as the little Afghan children found, always deserts us when we most need protection.

See what the God of all grace is doing. He sends His servants, not with sword and gun, but with good news to tell all whom they may find in the dark fortresses and prison-houses of Satan, that He has sent His Son to save all who will trust themselves to Him. He came to set at liberty those that are bruised. (Luke iv. 18.)

And what do the little Afghan children find? That the very guns and swords that filled their souls with terror, would now be used on their behalf, if anyone attempted to injure a hair of their heads. And what do little ones find who have fled to Christ for refuge? That to Him they are as precious as the apple of His eye. He is a *shield* to all them that trust in Him; and, dear children, if you are hidden behind a shield larger than yourselves, are you

afraid what an enemy can do? It is only when we get away from the security of the Shield that we are in danger. When we trust to our own skill or strength, that is when we fall.

What a beautiful word is that to a young soldier of Christ, "Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

DEAR LITTLE HARRY.

DEAR little friends, a tale I'll tell to you
Of a dear child, both young and merry too,
He was my little brother, oh so fair,
Bright rosy cheeks had he and silvery hair,
And dark brown eyes which beamed with love to all,
Both rich and poor, afflicted, old or small,
He was a merry child, so full of glee,
And always loved his sister's company.
She his companion was—his Lizzie brave,
And such sweet answers her dear brother gave,
They'd run and hide, and then their merry call,
Or else they'd play with rocking-horse or ball,
They were as happy as the day was long,
Or any bird that sings its morning song.

But though dear Harry had s cheerful smile,
He'd ever leave his play and sit awhile,
Delighted if he heard the Bible read,
Or heard of Christ, who suffer'd in our stead.
Of Jesus who from heaven came down to die,
For sinful girls and boys, like you and I.

If one in trouble our dear Harry found,
With warmest sympathy his heart would bound,
So fair and lovely both in looks and mind,
It seemed as though a fairer none could find,
He was an Eva, one loved friend had said,
But they are early number'd with the dead.
Although so fair and lovely, and so true,
Our Harry had some faults, and knew them too.
But soon a lingering sickness to him came,
Which caused the darling boy to be quite lame;
Much pain he suffered for a long, long year,
Before there came the call he wished to hear.

Ten months before his end, his sister died,
For his dear Liz the little boy oft cried;
"Oh dear Mamma, ask Lizzie back again,"
For prayer in faith, he knew would not be vain.

As months pass'd on, dear Harry patient lay,
Sometimes he'd knit to while the hours away;
Then he would ask that some to him would sing
Some well-known hymns—with him a favourite thing.
To part no more in that bright happy land,
Where soon he hoped to join the holy band,
To leave this world of suffering, grief and pain,
To be with Christ would be eternal gain.
Scarce seven springs and summers had he seen
When fields and trees are covered o'er with green.

A little while before his happy death,
He charged each one around with parting breath,
"In heaven mind you meet me, dear Mamma,
In heaven mind you meet me, dear Papa,
And Willie, mind in heaven we meet again,
Yes! each and all mind that you do the same."
He knew he was a sinner saved by grace,
And Christ was his secure resting place.
When he was asked to rest from talking much,
He quickly said that he could not do such;
He thought he'd be in heaven in one half-hour.
And so must speak of Christ with all his power.
Then at the last he called his mother o'er,
"Just one more kiss and cuddle, dear mamma,"
His was a happy end, his spirit fled,
To Christ who ever lives the Fountain Head.

Now most of those to whom that charge was given,
Have met our darling Harry up in heaven;
All partings now for them are ever o'er,
For Christ has shut them in, who is the door.

December 1*st*, 1878.

GLADSOME SPRING.

STERN old winter now has fled
To his northern icy bed;
While the meadow and the plain
Wear their own green robes again.
In the valleys, o'er the hills,
By the rivers and the rills,
Spring has strewn her countless flowers,
Decking hedges, trees, and bowers,
With her blossomings and buds;
Glorious glinting sunshine floods
Open fields and quiet nook;
While along the babbling brook
Nodding cowslips, grand and grave,
Stoop at times to kiss the wave.
Hark! what wondrous music floats
From a thousand little throats,
Borne upon the scented breeze
From the songsters in the trees.
Though a little one I be,
I will join their tuneful glee,
I will praise the God above,
Who in goodness and in love
Sends us gladsome spring again,—
Sends us sunshine and the rain,
Calling forth the countless flowers,
Thus to gladden childhood's hours;
Sweeter still my song shall run
For the gift of that Blest One,
Who at such a mighty cost,
Came to seek and save the lost. D. R.

GLADSOME SPRING.

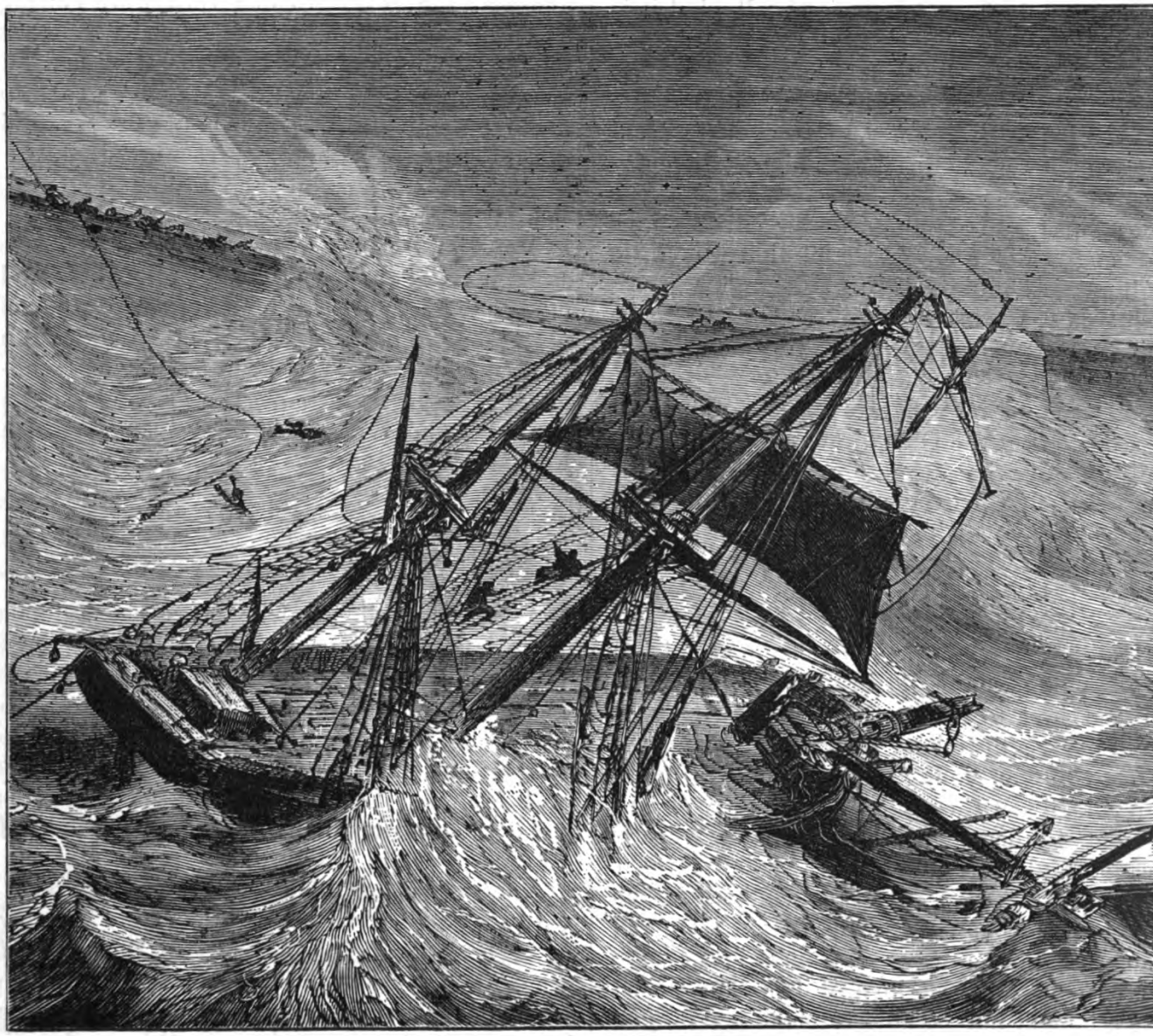
The Captain's Daughter.

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

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shatter'd by the blast,

"We are lost!" the Captain shouted,
As he stagger'd down the stairs.

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



And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

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

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,

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

Extract

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that
business in great waters; these see the works
the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."—Psa
cviii. 23, 24.

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

"We have found a friend in Jesus—
O how He loves!"

CHILDREN often sing of having found a friend in Jesus, and many, many times have I heard and read of even very little children, who, in time of trouble and distress, really have known and felt what it is to have Him as their friend.

How wonderful! for Jesus, the Lord of life and glory, to be occupied in winning the hearts of the little ones. How wonderful! that He who made all things should take delight in hearing a note of praise from the tiniest lips; and should so enter into the joys and sorrows of a child, as to give His little lamb a sense of perfect rest and comfort.

But now I wish to speak a word to those who know Jesus as their *own* precious Saviour. When we are surrounded with good things, and all is going on well, are we not often very near forgetting the One whom all the time we really do love, because He first loved us? It is so with big Christians, and I desire to warn little Christians against the same evil. Doubtless there are many of you whom God has showered blessings upon, who have loving parents, brothers, and sisters, plenty of beautiful playthings and nice books, and lots of friends who take delight in seeing you happy.

I, too, love to watch the merry twinkle of bright eyes, and to hear the ringing laugh and scamper of you young ones; but I love, more than all, to see the child who is ready at any moment to hear about Jesus, and who is always thinking about Him. Satan is ever trying to make you forget Jesus, because he knows that *if* you grow up to be men and women, having always in remembrance the love of God and the love of His Son Christ Jesus, he will not be able to make use of you for his own wicked designs, to bring dishonour upon that blessed Name. Dear children, Christ died that you might be secure in Him and happy in His love for ever; and you cannot be occupied too closely with the One who has done so much for you.

And now I should like to tell you of a little girl, about six years of age, who not only knew Jesus as *her* friend, but was able to look to Him for others. A fine large steamship, called the "Garonne" (rather a hard word, it is the name of a French river—perhaps some of you will be able to trace it in your atlases), was on its way to Australia, having on board this little child, and her father and mother.

During the passage the vessel was caught in a severe gale, and very many suffered greatly from sea-sickness, her own dear mother amongst the rest. Seeing they were getting so weak and ill, the little one turned to Jesus in her trouble, counted upon Him as her Friend, and asked him for "Mamma's sake to make the ship still." Her simple prayer, and the prayers of others, were answered, for soon there was a calm, the ship being so still, that all were able to rest.

May those of my readers who know Jesus as their Saviour, learn to know Him more and more perfectly as a Friend in every time of need; and, oh, may those who know Him not, come to Him now, even as they are reading these lines, and know the joy of having a Saviour who will always love them, and a Friend who will always care for them.

W. J. W.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LITTLE children who have pet animals must take great care of them. Just think what we should do without them. The great strong noble horse is of so much use to us, carries all our heavy loads to market, and in time of need is one of man's best friends. How many long country rides we get, and we should therefore thank God for such a useful creature.

Now let us just take a peep into the farmyard; what shall we see there? Here is a row of pretty cows being milked. Is the cow not a useful creature? Think what we should do without the new milk we drink, and the nice butter and cheese we have with our bread. But we must not leave the farmyard without seeing the poultry. They are also very useful; the nice fresh eggs we get from them; and don't little children like to get a tiny egg from the pretty bantam.

As we pass along, let us take a look into the field, where we see a great many white sheep, with their pretty little lambs. I have often seen little children with pet lambs, and they

always seem very fond of them. Perhaps some of you have seen the picture which was in "My Little Friend" not long ago, called "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," and how the children loved it, and even cried over it, when the man came to take it away.

Now, if God has given us all these useful creatures, to feed us and make us happy, I am sure we ought to be thankful. I dare say many of you have seen men and boys beat the poor horses and donkeys. You might be able to do some good by summoning up courage to go and tell them how wrong it is to beat poor dumb animals so, they feel it worse than we do; for when we are in pain we can speak of it, but animals cannot, so we should be more careful with them, and see that they are not put to pain.

Animals generally like to be clean. Horses like a clean stable, and water fresh every day, with nice clean straw, and be sure the straw is not damp. Give the cow plenty of fresh clover, for it is good for the milk. The sheep eat a great deal of grass, and need to be kept warm at night. Corn is generally the food for poultry, and bits of potatoes. Remember to be kind to all animals. ELLEN.

NOTHING TO PAY.

ONE day I asked a friend if she would come to our Sunday School Treat. At first she said, Yes; but, after a little while, my friend asked, "Is there anything to pay?" "No," I said, "nothing to pay." "Then I should not like to come," was her answer.

I could not help thinking, that is just like poor sinners; they do not like to take salvation, they think they must bring something to God before they can know their sins forgiven. But God says, Come—without money, and without price. (Is. lv. 1); I have found a ransom. (Job xxxiii. 24.)

I hope every boy and girl that was with us at our treat, enjoying themselves so nicely, as I think they did, for they all looked bright and happy—I hope they will be with us in heaven, also every reader of "My Little Friend." You must accept the ransom God has found for you, and then you will be sure to be with us in heaven. The Lord Jesus Christ is the ransom God has provided for you.

Do you desire to know your sins forgiven All you have to do is, simply believe in Jesus believe His precious blood was shed for you and God says, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. Then come believe in Jesus now, while there is room, for until we have really believed in Jesus, we are like the prodigal son in the far-off country lost and starving.

Oh, see the Saviour's arms
Stretch'd out the lost to find:
Come, whosoever will,
Eternal life shall find.

Who comes by faith to-day,
I, in my word, declare,
I'll nowise cast away;
They shall my glory share.

Oh, take the path to heaven,
Rest in the Saviour's love,
And know your sins forgiv'n
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

L. M. P.

Short History of Joseph.

No. IV.

THE Lord often works in strange ways to shew His power. And the way He watched over Joseph shews how useless it is for men to work against Him.

"*The Lord was with Joseph.*" What a beautiful thought! With him in the strange country, surrounded by men who did not know God. Still, He was with him in all he did for Joseph was not afraid to own God, and his master saw that the "Lord was with Joseph," and soon Potiphar made him head over all his house, and though he was a heathen man, who did not know the Lord Jehovah, but worshipped false gods, yet the Lord blessed his house for Joseph's sake, and the blessing of the Lord was over all he had.

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man." How true this was in Joseph's case. In the midst of his life of trust, he was suddenly thrown into prison. Here he was left for two years, without being able to defend himself. He seemed worse off than ever. His brothers, if they could have seen him would think themselves right in calling him a vain dreamer, and he might think himself that he was forgotten for ever, but *one* sleepless

Eye was upon him still, and a second time we read, "the Lord was with Joseph." Yes, even in the dreary prison God was with him. He allowed him to be brought down, that He might raise him to still higher honours; but the Lord must work in His own way, and in His own time. Would you learn the secret of success, dear little friends? You have it in that short sentence, "the Lord was with him," for, in Acts vii. 9, when the martyr, Stephen, was telling the people how God was with the children of Israel, he says of Joseph, "But God was with him." LOUISE.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give the names of *two* men who lived on this earth but never died?
2. What *two* were they who lived and died but never were born?
3. Name *two* who lived and spoke and died, but neither ever told a lie?

These questions are given to encourage all our little readers to read their Bibles more and more. We hope they will do so in trying to answer the above, and we promise, as last month, to give a volume to the youngest one under twelve who shall send correct answers to these three questions.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I want to say a few words to you about the proverbs that were in our January and February numbers. I thought they would prove to be puzzles indeed to very many of you, but to my great surprise the letters addressed to "Dot" containing correct answers to the proverbs came in such numbers from all parts of the country that I find it is quite impossible to print even the initials of those who wrote.

I think the boys and girls who take so much interest in our magazine must be a good deal more clever at puzzles and questions than I was at twelve years old; I must therefore make them a little more difficult for the future.

A number of nice answers to the first proverb came, "He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill." One little boy gave as his explanation that if anyone stayed at the bottom of his class he would never get to the top.

Another said, "If I refused to climb Kilkenny hill, on account of the labour of getting to the top, but preferred to stay in the vale of Kingstown, I should never have seen that beautiful view that I did;" while a third gave me a few lines of poetry which he thought were just to the point—

"When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.
Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?"

May we also put another meaning on it and say, Those who are content to stay in their sinful condition will never feel their need of a Saviour?

The Lord Jesus said long ago, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able."

Some, I find, rather misunderstood the second proverb, "It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age." It does not mean that it is easier to learn in youth than when you are old, but that it does not cause us so much pain to learn our lessons at school when we are young as it would be to let the time for learning pass by and then find that we know nothing.

That must be very painful indeed. Whenever I meet any grown-up person who is unable to read I always find that they are very anxious that their own children should go to school, because they know by experience how painful it really is to be ignorant.

Some boys would like to be Christians, only they are afraid of being laughed at, afraid that it would soon get known. Ah, let me say to such that it is far less painful to endure a little persecution now than to be found among the unsaved by-and-by. Goodbye, my little friends all, till next month.

DOT.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

Vol. IV.—No. 41. May, 1879. Price One Halfpenny.

A Remarkable Picture.

WHEN a boy I used to spend my holidays with an aunt, who lived near Hampton Court Palace.

It was a great delight to me to wander about Bushy Park among the fine old trees, to inhale the fragrance of the sweet-scented limes, when they put forth their bloom. In the season, too, when the chestnut-trees were just in the glory of their bloom, what a pleasurable feeling I enjoyed whilst walking down the broad avenue, skirted on either side by those gigantic chestnuts, to see which, on the gala-day of their blossoming, such crowds visited the well-known park.

At other times I would wander through the rooms of the palace, which was full of curiosities of all kinds. Now and then I came across something that, even in young days, caused me to reflect how fleeting was the glory of earth's great ones. Their handiwork outlived themselves; and as I saw monument after monument of those who, in their day, had been courted and sought after, I remembered that the Bible said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *my word* shall not pass away."

In one room, in particular, there was a picture that I never failed to look at whenever I went into the palace. I will tell you why. It was a remarkable portrait on this account: it did not matter from what part of the room you looked at it, the eyes looked full at you. If you were in the middle of the room, or got into the farthest corner, and looked at the portrait, there were the eyes gazing full at you, bringing to my mind the words, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

I forget who the artist was that painted the portrait, but I remember what life he had thrown into those eyes upon the canvas; they seemed to have such a penetrating power in following you in every direction. They call to my mind most clearly some verses in Psalm cxxxix. Let me read them to you. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell [or the grave], behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

How the thought of that all-seeing eye upon us prevents us going astray. But don't think, dear young ones, that God is always looking to find fault with us, and mark our naughty ways. Remember it is a Father's eye that is upon us, as He says in Psalm xxxii.: "I will guide thee with mine eye." He would have His people walk and act always as in His presence.

When a boy was leaving home to go to college, his father's parting words were, "Tom, my boy, don't do anything you would not like your mother or sister to know." Those words made a great impression on Tom's heart, and, like the eyes in the picture, followed him everywhere, and often, when tempted to go astray, his father's last words came to his mind, and he was preserved.

God often uses some simple incident to fix a precious truth upon our mind and heart. The eyes in the picture have always reminded me of those verses in the psalm, and since our busy minds must be engaged with something, I prefer to have mine engaged with that which is better than rubies, and more precious than fine gold.

LITTLE BERTIE.

(A Story for very Little ones.)

IT was a dreary afternoon one Sunday in November; outside, the rain fell and the wind howled dismally, and indoors it grew dark so soon that by four o'clock the little ones could not see to read "My Little Friend," or anything else, and they sat down before the fire wondering how they could pass the time till five o'clock, tea time, came.

"Please can you tell us a story?" asked Henry. "Yes, dear," I said; "what shall it be about?"

"Oh! you must choose, something we have not heard before," was the answer in chorus from all the little brothers and sisters.

"Very well, then, dear little ones," I an-

swered, "all sit very quiet, and I will try to tell you a nice one." So they all sat round me on the hearthrug, with wee Bertie, who is three years old, on my knee, his little fair head resting on my shoulder so contentedly.

The story I told them was about the three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who would not bow to or worship the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; how the king had them put into a fiery furnace made very hot, and how the Lord was with them, so that the fire did not touch them, and they came out safely.

When I had finished I asked, "What would you do if you were in a fiery furnace?" "Oh, I don't know," was the reply from several.

What would little Bertie do?" I said to him. "I would do *nothing at all*," was the sweet reply of the dear little voice, "Jesus would save me out of the fire and bring me safe home to my own dear papa's house." Was not this a nice answer from such a little one?

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." E.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

WHAT a pretty sight it is, to see a child kneel down, and with closed eyes speak to that great God who lives beyond the sky. He hears the feeblest words that can be uttered, and delights to answer, but not always in exactly the way we look for it, and not always at the moment that we hope. Sometimes He waits a little while to see if we can trust Him.

A very little one once made use of the following words as a prayer, "O heavenly Father, please do not let the cow hook me, nor the horse kick me, and let me not run into the street when my mother tells me not."

That little one had learned to take her fears and her troubles to Him who can hear and answer.

A Short History of Joseph.

No. 5.

THE kings of Egypt were all noted for being tyrants, and it was very uncertain how long anyone would remain in favour with them. It happened that the ch butler and the chief baker of the king Egypt did something to offend their mast and were thrown into the same prison Joseph.

Some histories say that there was a plot poison the king, and that the chief butler a baker were employed to carry it out. If th be true, it was a very wicked thing, but we not know how far we may believe it, as there no mention about it in scripture. Joseph innocence was perhaps proved by th time, for we find that he was put as gua over these two special prisoners by the ca tain of the guard.

While they were in prison they each h a remarkable dream, and they were mu troubled by them, so that their sad faces so attracted Joseph's attention.

He asked the cause of their uneasiness, a when they told him their dreams, he at on gave them the interpretation or meaning them. These interpretations both came tru and after three days the chief butler was r stored to favour, and the chief baker w hanged upon a tree.

The butler had promised Joseph that would mention his case to the king when was restored to favour, but he forgot all abo him, and poor Joseph might have remain in prison if God had not again interpos in His wonderful way.

One night Pharaoh had two very remar able dreams. In the first he stood by a riv and seven fine fat cows came up, and aft them seven lean hungry ones, and the th miserable cows ate up the fine fat ones. his second dream seven fine full ears of co came up on one stalk, and after them sev miserable withered ears, and the withere ears ate up the good ones.

In the morning when Pharaoh was awa he was very much troubled by these dream for in those days dreams were often sent f a special purpose. He told his dream to the wise men and magicians, but none cou tell him the true meaning. As for Joseph-

"Stone walls cannot a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
To him whose heart is with the Lord,
'Tis but a hermitage."

L.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

"AND He spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

"And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

"And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

"But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." ST. MATT. xiii. 3—8.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

The Spider's Web.

A LITTLE girl into the garden goes
To sit awhile—we'll call her little Rose;
And as of course she must not idle be,
She takes her books a number as you see.

A story book there may be with the rest—
Most girls enjoy a story book the best—
To read a bit when all her tasks are done,
Before indoors to tea she has to run.

While thus our little Rose is occupied,
She chanced to glance around, and then espied
Just straight before her, clinging to the trees,
A little long-legged thing one often sees.

A busy spider, anxious he to get
Within the meshes of his well-spread net
A few young flies—a dainty morsel they,
To him more sweet than would be nobler prey.

She watches as his mystic thread he spins
Not like her knitting, done with glittering pins,
But join'd together with his spider glue,
As one by one the magic circles grew.

So interested was our little friend
That she forgot her reading, just to tend
The spider's movements, till he caught the fly,
I fear the grammar book was rather dry.

Who taught the spider thus to spread his net,
So many lines each in its place to set,
Then patiently withdraw and take his stand
In some secluded corner near at hand?

Without this curious silken kind of thatch
A single fly the spider could not catch;
But with its help, although by no one fed,
The spider need not feel the want of bread.

THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

BOYS are generally very fond of their mothers. But now and then I have heard of cases of most devoted love and attachment in young children towards their mothers. Perhaps I read these with more than usual interest, for I was what is called "a mother's boy." I do not mean a spoiled child that is unbearable to everybody else, but that I was dotingly fond of her—perhaps we were drawn closer to each other on account of a long illness I had in early boyhood, which brought out my own helplessness, and oftentimes great peevishness, but it also brought out a mother's love and tender care in a thousand little ways, that have left their sweetness to the riper days of middle age. Did I not love my father, then? Aye, indeed I did, and revered him, and, as a boy, thought him the perfection of all that was good and noble.

Well, I was reading the narrative of a great man, who died some sixty years ago. When a child under four years of age, his mother was very ill, and, as often as allowed, little John would be the companion of her sick-room. In the day-time when it was necessary for his mother to get a little rest and quiet sleep, the child would stand outside her door with his small wooden sword drawn soldier-fashion up to his shoulder, lest anyone should want to enter and so disturb her sleep. There he stood, a little soldier-sentinel, guarding his dear mother's chamber with all the big purpose of a devoted guard. And, surely, never was monarch's chamber guarded with more real love and loyalty than was the sick-room of that dear mother the boy loved so much. He had the *will* if he had not the *strength* of the real soldier—and above all, he was guarding one whom he tenderly loved. No doubt the mother smiled when she heard how her slumbers were watched over and guarded by her baby-boy sentinel. But she felt happy at the thought of the child-love that hovered at her door, if she knew his strength was no security. Before he was four years old, she whom he loved so fondly had passed away and left him motherless. His grief was great indeed, he was found hiding in a nook under a desk, and it was long before he was comforted. Whether he found that only Comforter in trouble and sorrow, the Lord Jesus, I know not. But his was a life of sorrow and disappointment. At the early age of twenty-six, he passed away.

But the incident brought a precious truth to my mind, not only of our having forgiveness of sins, and life through believing in Jesus, but such a sweet sense of perfect security. And let us bear in mind that the Lord not only *died* to save us, but *lives* to keep us to Himself, and for Himself—and watches and guards us night and day. If you had to sleep in a neighbourhood which was infested with robbers, you would be afraid perhaps to go to sleep at night, but suppose your bedroom were guarded by armed soldiers, would you not sleep calmly then? I think you would, little

friends. Now get your Bibles and turn to the Song of Solomon, and find the third chapter, and then let us read the seventh and eighth verses, "Behold his bed, which is Solomon's, *threescore* valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war, every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night." You would not mind the enemy with sixty armed soldiers at your door, would you? Well, the bed means *rest*, and the soldiers *security*. But when I have received Christ as my Saviour and Friend, I learn that I am guarded by One to whom all power in heaven and earth is given. Oh how blessed to trust in Him at all times! Young Christians, learn to trust in Him every day and every hour. You may learn the lesson of His loving care in the sparrows that come to pick up the stray crumbs at the doorstep. You remember, no doubt, Jesus says, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

And then how glad you are to do anything for Him—you may not be able to do much, but the Lord looks at the desire of the heart, and not the strength of the arm. Just as that sick mother must have felt what a power of love was moving the heart of her little watchful sentinel at her chamber door. D. R.

"White Convolvulus."

I WANT to send you a little story for your corner.

Last summer, I was at a country house, which had a nice garden, and one day, one of my friends wished to make a bouquet for the table, so we went into the garden to gather the flowers. We got at last a nice bouquet and we were going to take it indoors, when I saw a paling covered with a large Convolvulus creeper, and the big white flowers looked so pretty. I said, "See, Nelly, how pretty those lovely white flowers would look in our nosegay; let us gather some." So we plucked some, but those pretty white flowers, which looked so pure at a distance, when we looked at them closely were all full of little insects and beetles, which were eating them to the very heart. So we had to leave them out of our nosegay, and I thought to myself as we left them, "It will be like this when the Great Gardener comes to make His harvest." Those who may seem pure and guiltless to us sinners, their innermost thoughts will be revealed before God, and their hearts be discovered unholy, and corrupt, as the white Convolvulus was to Nelly and me, and they will be left out of God's harvest." D.

I am over Twelve, so am not able to send any Bible stories to your corner, but you will perhaps accept this instead.

THE TUNEFUL TREE.

God
is kind,
and good, and
true; And He reads
me through and through,
Sees my thoughts, and knows
my mind, And He says He cannot
find One small spot of good within;
That my heart is full of sin. This indeed
would make me sad, Thus to find I am
so bad; But that Christ in perfect love, Left
His Father's home above, Came to seek and save
and win Sinners who were dead in sin; Came in
grace to set them free, And I know He's seeking
me. Since I know that Jesus died, Shall I
from His presence hide? Jesus, never let me
rest, Till I'm safely on Thy breast; Till from
my young heart can say, "Jesus washed
my sins away." Then to Thee my songs
I'll raise, Through my happy child-
hood's days; Thus to shew by
grace divine, Blessed Jesus, I
am Thine; And as years
shall onward roll, Let my
ransom'd happy soul
Find in Thee its
perfect joy. And
the peace that
will not cloy.
Saviour,
keep Thy
little one,
Lest he
should in
danger
run, Keep
me every
day and hour
From the wily
tempter's power.
Help me to Thyself to
cling, Help me every day to
sing, Jesus gave Himself for me!
This my root of joy shall be!

How shall we be clothed?

WHAT kind of clothes shall we wear in heaven, mother? Well, my child, we only know of one kind, and that is called the white robe. In Revelation vii. 9, we read of a great multitude that no man could number, who had come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. That means they were cleansed by the blood, and clothed in God's spotless robe of righteousness. And He wants to clothe us also, and everyone who will trust in Him.

"In flowing robes of spotless white
See everyone arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade."

DOT'S CORNER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

How fast the weeks and months go by. It seems but the other day since I last wrote for Dot's Corner, and here I am again with a packet of letters in my hand from a number of you. They are written in small, text, and large hand.

I wonder before I open them which will get the prize, whether it will be a little boy or girl, and whether he (or she) lives in England, Scotland, or Ireland. But it's no use, I cannot guess, so I open them, spread them out before me, then read them all one by one.

Why, dear me! here is a letter from some one who says he is a year older than the stated age. He found out the puzzle, and thought he would like to send the answer. Well there is no harm in that, but I must remind him that our Magazine is for *little* friends, not big ones.

Now I have before me a letter which gives me great pleasure. It is from the mamma of a dear little boy. She tells me how he fastened himself in the Library, to avoid being disturbed, while he found out the puzzle by himself.

When I noticed the age of this little fellow I thought he would surely get the prize. He was the youngest of all who answered, but his mamma said at the end of her letter that she only helped him a *very little* by saying that J meant I and the *Q*—P.

I felt so sorry for him, but you know I am obliged to keep to the rule that the puzzles should be found out entirely without help from fathers and mothers.

Then another letter gave me a double answer, the second one being the same text in French, copied from a French Testament, I suppose.

I find I must send two prizes this month, as two happened to be of the same age, a boy and a girl.

A. M. C. London, aged 8 years.
W. M. R. N. Wales, aged 8 years.

Correct answers were also received from the following, E. H. W., J. S., R. L. L. M., R. A. W., H. G., W. G. H., C. H., L. L., K. E. F., J. A. S., J. L., H. J. K., S. D., J. H. M., G. F. M., M. S. M.

Let me ask my readers, Is not the text a beautiful one, which I here give in full that all may read it who were unable to make out the cypher. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths: Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck, write them upon the table of thine heart." Proverbs iii.

May we know indeed what it is to acknowledge him in all things, like the little girl who not long since lost her dear brother by death, she said—We did not like him to go, but Jesus knows what is best. I hope I shall meet you up there too.

THE PUZZLE CORNER.

THE heavens indeed were the place of my birth,
But I came down to labour awhile on the earth;
My labour is hard, but I never am tired;
Sometimes I'm repulsed, and sometimes desired.
I dwell in a cot—amid sickness am seen,
And yet you will find that I dwell with the queen.
A glance would destroy me or make me to fly;
I've a very strong rival, but never can die.
When all go to school, or 'mid meadows you roam,
I always go with you, and yet stay at home.
When I'm your companion you rarely go wrong,
Without me you'll never be noble or strong.
I dwell up in heaven, on earth, on the sea;
There's only one place where I never can be,
Then little friends venture to tell me my name,
Im sure that you all must have heard of my fame.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

A ROW ON THE SEA.

Vol. IV.—No. 42. June, 1879. Price One Halfpenny.

A ROW ON THE SEA.

WHENEVER it has been my good fortune to have a holiday for a few days, I have generally managed to get away to the sea-side somewhere.

It is so delightful to stand on the shore and gaze at that ocean which contains so many wonders—to see it one day so calm and smooth that you might fancy it never could be rough, and the next day, perhaps, the water is dashed about with such fury that you begin to wonder if it will ever be calm again. Surely the sight of the sea ought to be enough to remind everyone, especially when they see it for the first time, that this world could never have been formed by man's ingenuity, or have reached its present state in any other way than by the hand of the great God Himself, according to the account given us in the book of Genesis.

I was one day walking by the sea with a number of friends—there were Tom, and Jane, and one or two others, when it was proposed that we should go for a row. The sea looked very bright, as it reflected the rays of the sun, and we thought we should enjoy a row, so a man was soon found who had a boat, and was willing to take us out.

As soon as we got a little way from the shore we each wanted to try our hand with the oars, so Tom had one and I the other, and we got on pretty well. But we were not going to have it all smooth sailing, for an accident occurred which might have proved very serious, and it is chiefly that accident which has caused me to remember that day, though it is now some years ago.

We were rowing away so nicely when suddenly we heard a loud crash, and saw that Tom had broken his oar quite in two. Whether he dipped it too deep in the water, or pulled too hard, I do not know, but there it was in two pieces.

Now most of my little readers know that if you try to row with one oar, the boat will only go round and round, and then how could we get back to where we started from. I do not think any of us knew how to send the boat along with only one oar, and yet, as we looked at the broken one lying in the boat, no one was afraid or thought we should never get home. Why was it, do you think? Why did we not scream out for help? I will tell you. We all had unbounded confidence in that big sailor man, sitting at the head of the boat, and felt sure that he would know what to do, and so it proved, for he took up the largest piece of the broken oar and said "I can row with this; you keep the other oar." So back we went, little by little, till the spot for landing was reached.

Do you remember a boat that was in a storm a long while ago? There were some sailors on board with their Master. When the sea became rough the sailors were afraid, they ran to wake up their Master, and cried out, "Lord save us, we perish!" Now their Master was a far more wonderful man than our sailor, yet they did not trust Him to keep them from the dangers of the sea; so He arose, rebuked the wind, and there was a great calm. You all know who He was, the Lord Jesus; and He wants us all to put our trust in Him, then we shall be afraid of nothing, whether it be life or death; but we shall say each for himself and herself, I put my trust in Him.

Jesus won't let them hurt me.

THESE were the words of a little boy not more than seven years old. I was playing with him among the rocks, near the sea-shore. He became naughty and would not do what I told him. I threatened to throw him into a little pool that we were standing beside, and let the fish bite him. "But Jesus won't let them hurt me," was his only answer. I was put to confusion. I had not then learned to put my trust in God. I was taught a lesson which I shall never forget. Here was a little child, (my own cousin) able to trust all to Jesus, and I, who was nearly twice his age, could not; but Jesus is *my* Saviour now.

I wish that all my little friends, who read this story of a child's faith in God, could say, in the words of the hymn—

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

J. E. J.

Short History of Joseph.

No. VI.

PHARAOH was very angry when he found that none of his wise men could give the proper meaning to his dreams; suddenly the chief butler remembered Joseph, and said to Pharaoh, "I do remember my faults this day, when we were in prison there was a young Hebrew servant, who told us the meaning of the dreams we dreamt, and both our dreams came true." The exclamation, "I do remember my faults" may have referred to his sinning against Pharaoh, or in forgetting Joseph.

Pharaoh immediately sent for Joseph. Now the Egyptians were very particular to have the head and chin shaved, as beards were only worn by strangers, and were not allowed in Egypt, so before Joseph could go in before the king, he had to shave himself and change his dress.

When he came in to Pharaoh, the king said, "I have heard that when you hear a dream you can interpret it:" but Joseph said, "*It is not in me*, God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace;" so the king told Joseph his dreams, and Joseph said, "the dream of Pharaoh is one, God will shew Pharaoh what he will do: the seven good cows and the seven good ears are seven good years, and the seven thin cows and withered ears are seven years of famine, and the reason Pharaoh dreamed twice is because the thing is prepared of God."

Joseph knew the king would be troubled by this, so he continued, "Let the king find a wise man to set over the land, and appoint officers to lay up the fifth part of the corn against the years of famine."

The famine would probably be caused by the Nile not overflowing its banks, and watering the land as usual, for in that country instead of having frequent rains to make the corn grow as we do, rain was almost unknown. It is wonderful to see how Pharaoh bows before the God of the despised Hebrew. "Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" he said to his servants in surprise. To Joseph he said, "As God has shewed you all this, there is none in my house so wise as you, you shall rule over all the people, only in the throne will I be greate than you."

And Pharaoh took his ring off his own han and put it on Joseph's hand (sign of authority and put a chain of gold about his neck. Thi was marvellous in a proud man like Pharaol who was looked up to almost as a god by h subjects, his name signifying "the sun."

LOUISE.

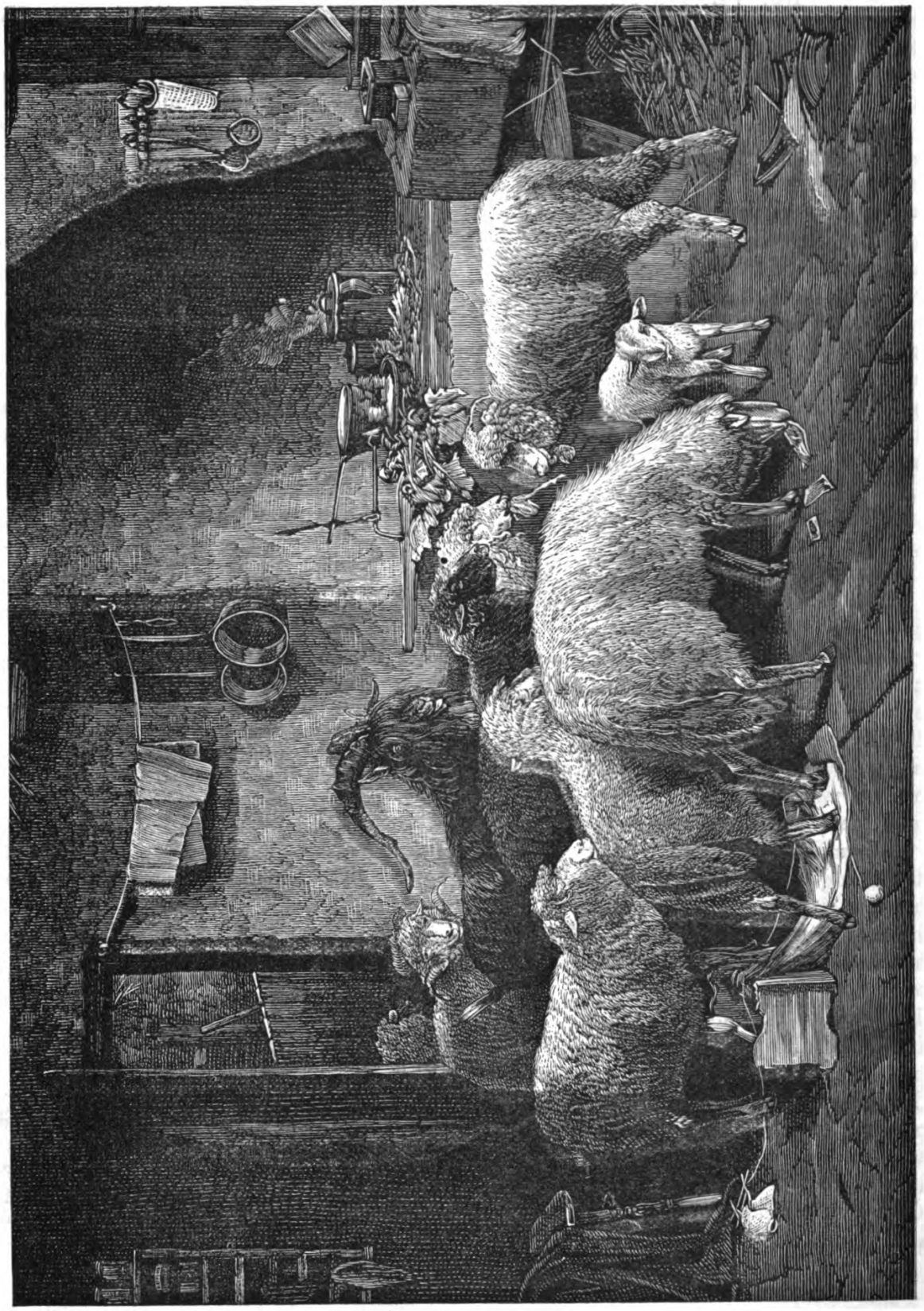
Shall we meet again?

WELL, Alice, I hear you are soon going to leav us, I said, as she looked up into my face—an perhaps we shall never meet again on earth but tell me, shall we meet by-and-by u above, where Jesus is, when you and I hav both passed away from this life? I listene for her reply, but she only hung down h head and said nothing. Perhaps, howeve Alice will not forget my question. It ma lead her to think seriously of what lies befo us all—a parting if not a meeting!

THE INTRUDERS.

THE little ones were washed and gone school,
And mother then, as was her morning ru
Was to the dairy gone. The thick rich cream
Was all she could desire. She did not dream,
That having left ajar her cottage door,
What kind of trouble was for her in store.
Now Master Billy—patriarch of goats—
And most inquisitive—first took his notes
By popping in his nose, and then appeared
Those curious-looking horns, and ears, and bear
While Mistress Nanny followed in his path,
And soon a busy flock was on the hearth.
And each one eager for the dainty leaf
Of fragrant cabbage, quickly came to grief
The morning's labour—knitted work so neat,
The wool unravelled round their ruthless feet.
A broken basin on the floor displays
How busy they have been—with what amaze
Will mother look when she again returns.
And in a glance the solemn fact discerns,
How just a moment's thought to latch the doo
Would keep intruders out, and labour sore
Which had so long engaged her patient powers
To now undo would take her many hours;
And this the moral that my heart would keep—
To save intruders—be they goats or sheep—
To keep a watchful eye on what I've done,
Before to other work my feet would run.
Through want of watchfulness how oft we're foi
And just for want of thought our labour spoil'd

D.



THE INTRUDERS.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

I WAS busy one afternoon writing my letters, my only companion a little fellow who had not yet counted four summers, and who was endeavouring to make things pleasant by a "little music," although to perform it he had to stand on tip-toe. But "time" and "tune" sadly disagreed, and the way in which the scale was run up and down was more amusing than melodious; and I was not sorry when the sturdy-looking quadruped on wheels once more came into favour.

But an "infant's changing pleasure" was soon manifest, and once more by my side, the little fellow exclaimed, "*I do love oo, grandpa.*"

"Do oo?" I answered in his child language, and went on with my writing.

"Yes, I do love oo very much," was his reply; but just then I saw a pair of blue eyes gazing in a very *speaking manner* at a small box of sweets, which they had discovered on the mantel-piece, usually kept there for little folks in general, and for this small visitor in particular. However, the confe tionary depot was nearly empty, and whe that was successfully accomplished, and eve a grandpa's resources were at an end, a "litt music" was thought desirable once more- then the strange animal on wheels did dut till at last, little legs and fingers were tire and the never-failing resource when all el fails was gladly accepted—Grandpa's kne "Does oo love me *now the sweets are all gone* I asked.

"Yes, I do, *I'se sure I do*," was the insta answer. And a kiss from the chubby lips a a tight embrace from the equally chubby arm confirmed the words.

"'Tis precious to be loved even by a child remarked a lady who had no children of h own, as she saw one resting in all the trus ful confidence of which a child is capable the arms of another. I suppose the poet fe something like it when he said:

"A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it!"

But if parents value their children's love, and young ones appreciate the preciousness of affection shewn to them in so many ways, I was thinking how dear the truth ought to be to us that God values His people's love—that Christ desires our affections to be set upon Him. I sometimes ask myself whether I love Him *for Himself* alone, or only for the way in which He has blessed me, in giving me eternal life and peace and joy.

Our boxes of sweets have sometimes to be brought to an end, that we may be able to give a real proof that we love Him because He first loved us.

I did not doubt the child's love, and that if there was not another sugar plum in the house or in the world, he would be the same affectionate little fellow; I on my part mentally agreeing to bear as patiently as possible with a "little music," or the stranger caperings of the indescribable animal whenever these were necessary in his infantine scheme of diversion. But I would say in conclusion to the readers of My Little Friend, be they young or aged, "*Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.*"

The sweets will last but for a time—
The strongest cords will sever;
But love is of a heavenly clime,
And love endures for ever.

A Scramble for Bibles.

IN some of the Polynesian Islands, when many persons became Christians, they had a great desire to have the Bible in their own language. They had had parts of it, but wanted it all. Mr. Williams had been to England where the whole Bible had been printed, and was able to take out one copy; many more were to come soon. But the missionary could not keep the Bible at home. When he had done preaching on Sunday, one would say, "Let me have it to-day:" and another said, "Let me have it to-morrow," and so the book was lent from house to house.

But at last a case came full of Bibles, but they were along with another person's boxes, and he had sent word that none were to be opened until he came. Now he was ill at a distant part, and this tried the patience of the people very much. Many of them had paid their money beforehand, so that they might have a copy as soon as they arrived. But the missionary said he could not open the boxes, as they did not belong to him.

The box containing the Bibles had been placed in a store where other things were sold to the natives. And one day while the store-keeper was shewing some things to some of the people he heard a tremendous crash, and on turning round found they had broken open the case and were scrambling for the Bibles. The store-keeper begged them not to take any away as he would be blamed. But they would not give them up. So he had to be content with taking down the names of those who took the Bibles, so that those who had not paid for them could do so. These poor people had to pay about eight shillings for a Bible: and you in England can get one for a few pence.

One of them had his house burnt down, and the first thing he thought of was his Bible, though he only had a part of it then. He tried to save it at the expense of his life, but did not succeed. He said to the missionary, "O teacher, the book of God is consumed! O, my book, my book!" He mourned more for his Bible than all his other property. Another copy was given him to his great joy.

Ought we not to be ashamed of how little we value the precious word of God in comparison with these poor islanders?

The Shareholders of the Cradle Company.

THIS company was commenced about five months ago, for the special benefit and comfort of Master Baby. When he first took possession he seemed very pleased, and for a long time he was occupied in looking about him, and seemed quite in a thinking mood as he watched the tassels that dangled from the head of the company's premises, and then looked at the flowers that covered the chintz that formed the canopy of his summer residence. Sometimes he would poke his busy little fingers through the wicker-work of the walls of his tiny palace, which looked like loop-holes in the towers of old castles we see in our picture-history books.

Well, Master Baby soon got tired of playing by himself, for even babies don't always find it pleasant to play alone. So one day Clara brought him a partner who was to be what Cousin Harry calls a "joint-partner in the concern." This was a little black kitten, and so the company commenced operations as the firm of "Baby & Co." They agreed very well, and their antics were very amusing. Now and then the chief shareholder got a little excited, and then the fat chubby hands would wag up and down rapidly to a tune known only in babydom. Puss, with the curiosity natural to her race, and having no idea of danger, bristled up her whiskers, and put her nose a little too close to the fists that were going at a terrible rate, when, dab, one hand came down on her unfortunate head. Tits evidently thought it wiser to run, under the circumstances, and beat a retreat to the end of the cradle. She looked as if she was meditating what course to pursue, and as kittens are not in the habit of giving a "kiss for a blow," she waited till the enemy was weary, and then slily crept up in a make-believe sort of way, and gave Master B. a little scratch on the arm, when, as if fearing the weight of the heavy hands, she scampered away over the walls and on to the nursery chair at the other side of the room, looking over to the chief shareholder in a way that seemed to say, "Catch me if you can."

But the quarrel was made up again over the next basin of bread and milk, Pussy looking *so* innocent, you know. The way the deceitful little thing held her saucy head on one side was meant to say, as plain as plain could be, to her partner, "*that* scratch must have been done by some other kitten—you know *I* wouldn't do such a thing." I suppose baby believed her, for when he was satisfied, and could eat no more, the other member of the firm took her portion.

The stock-in-trade of "B. & Co.," was a very odd one. There was an India-rubber boy, who, squeeze him as you would, always rose up to his usual calmness with a smile and a squeak; a berlin-wool parrot with the tail missing; two or three crusts (which I think the company was leaving for some little beggar kitten that might mew for a morsel of bread); a rattle, a tiny shoe with the buckle gone, a rag doll that had seen better days, and an empty feeding bottle. It was most amusing to see Miss Puss watch her head partner taking his drops from that bottle. She could see the milk getting lower and lower, then she smelt at the sides—that was her *share*, don't you know?—then she looked up at him, wondering how he did it, till at last his babyship fell asleep, and the pipe dropped from his mouth at the feet of the expectant puss-in-waiting. But that was more tantalising than ever, so she had to be content with lapping the few drops that fell from the tube, but soon after, seemingly contented, she curled herself up, and as brother Bobbie says—

"She rolled herself in a little heap,
And Baby & Co. were fast asleep."

If little readers, who have not a *Cradle Company* in their houses think our firm is not worth much, let me tell them what we think about ours, Why we would not sell it for, let me see, how much?—I'll ask Bobbie. He says—

"We wouldn't sell him for heaps of gold,
And all the silver that could be told:
While all the wealth the Indies know,
Would never purchase Baby & Co."

That's the price we put upon our dear little nursery companion. I asked grandpa to give me a nice text to finish my history, and a beautiful one he gave me. It is this: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." 1 Corinthians xiii. 11.

A NOBLE GIRL.

A GENTLEMAN was passing down one of the narrow crowded streets of London on his way home one evening, when he saw a girl and boy walking together in front of him.

The girl held in her hand a paper of sweets which she had just bought. As the gentleman passed them he heard the girl say, as she counted her sweets, "This one is for Tommy, this one for Jane, and that for Annie."

He was pleased at hearing this; some children think only of number one, but here was a noble girl who could count up her brothers and sisters and leave herself till last. He knows now that beneath a ragged coat—a well-worn frock—there sometimes beats a generous heart.

ANSWERS TO THE APRIL PUZZLE.

The three questions in the April number of "My Little Friend" were rather easy ones, and I am glad to say a great many young ones sent answers. But I find that a number of them are not quite correct. They got on very well with the first question and the second, but when they came to the third question they seem not to have noticed that it does not ask for the names of two men, but simply says, "What two were they who lived and died," &c. But I should like you to read the nice letter I had from a little girl who would have had the prize only she was not the youngest girl who answered correctly.

April 2nd, 1879.

My dear Dot,

I have been searching for the answers to the questions that are in the "Little Friend" for this month.

Answer to the first question: Genesis v. 24, "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." 2 Kings ii. 11, "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

Answer to the second question: Genesis ii. 7, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul." Genesis ii. 22: "And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman, and brought her unto the man." (Adam and Eve.)

Answer to the third question: Numbers xxii. 28, "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?" 2 Peter ii. 16, "But was rebuked for his iniquity; the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet." 1 Peter ii. 21, 22, "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." (Jesus.)

My dear Dot, I hope these answers to your questions are right. This is the first time I have tried to answer any of the questions that do come out with the "Little Friend." I am very fond of reading it. I do read some part of my Bible every day. I was eight years old the 23rd of last January. Good-bye for the present. C. A. H.

The following are the names of the youngest girl and boy, who are the prize winners this month:

Lily S., Aberdeen, Aged six years.
James M., London, Aged eight years.

SKELETON TEXTS.

T—s—o—t—l—i—w—t—t—f—h—h—w
—s—t—h—c—
C—o—y—p—i—t—l—f—t—i—r—h—t—f
a—m—w—i—t—f—c—w—p—
W—i—s—t—b—i—w—p—o—y—a—t—p
s—n—b—u—y—t—d—y—w—i—s—t—
l—o—e—
S—l—c—t—c—u—m—a—f—t—n—f—o—
s—i—t—k—o—h—

Can any little reader under 12 give *life* to my text by supplying the remainder of the words? They are familiar texts—two from the old Testament and two from the New. A prize will be given for the successful answer. The author of these puzzles has two objects in view—to interest little searchers, and to suggest interesting employment for leisure times amongst themselves. If the searchers have half the pleasure the writer has in making the puzzles, the time will not be spent in vain.

NOTICE.

Will all the readers of "My Little Friend" remember to give the order for their Magazine as early as they can for July, as the Publisher is preparing a very pretty coloured picture of a dear little boy feeding his fowls. It is entitled, "My *own* Fowls." The price of the number containing the coloured picture will be One Penny.

My Little Friend Packet of Story Books. First and second series. 3d. per packet. Second series is written by "Dot's" friends.

My Little Friend Annual Vols. Price 1s., 1s. 6d., and beautifully bound, 2s.

My Little Friend Picture Roll. Price 1s.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

GRANDMA AND KITTY.

Vol. IV.—No. 43. July, 1879. Price, with Coloured Picture, One Penny.

GRANDMA AND KITTY.

NOW, dear Kitty, you have leisure
From your lessons and your books,
Change of work is rest and pleasure;
Get your needles and your hooks.

School-work will not be forgotten,
When your lessons you renew;
Here is yarn, and wool, and cotton;
Let us see what we can do.

Little acts of love and mercy
Always bring their own reward;
Socks Ma wants for brother Percy—
Mind and do not twist your cord.

Let the wool come through your fingers
Freely, as your needles go;
Kitty, loving fragrance lingers
Round all hearty work below.

Let me see, there's aged Sally
Will be glad of something warm.—
That young girl in Golden Alley
Has but rags upon her form.

So to-night, for change of labours
We will set to work and stitch;
Let us think of poorer neighbours,
Even though we are not rich.

If it's fine, we may to-morrow
Visit poor old Widow Lane—
Cheering age, and soothing sorrow,
Giving, blessing brings again.

Shoes Ma needs for sister Mary,
Little ones of coloured wool;
Let your colours nicely vary,
There, dear, that is beautiful.

Thus dear Grandma and her Kitty
Knit, and stitch, and chat so nice;
Words of wisdom, love, and pity
Grandma knits with kind advice. D. R.

A Strange Sunday School.

THE house was built of rough logs of wood, and the chinks between the blocks were plastered up with mud. It was in a forest, and there were no houses to be seen, and it was a puzzle to know where the scholars could come from.

But the room was full of scholars: running over, I may say, for one class was seated on the door step. On entering the place what a strange scene presented itself: there were young and old, tall and short, mixed together most strangely for a school. One man was as old as seventy, and the youngest was a baby about a year old!

This was the Sunday meeting for the district, they read and prayed and heard of the Lord Jesus and salvation through His name. And when the school was over the people went back to their homes, took different paths in the forest, and were soon lost to sight.

But though they may be scattered about and hidden among the hills and valleys far and near, God can see every one. He knows His own and will one day gather them like the shepherd does his flock.

Will you, my reader, be among the Lord's sheep or lambs in that day, when He shall gather them to His own fold, to go no more out?

HOW I SAVED THE LIFE OF A LITTLE DUCK.

SEVERAL years ago I was staying at Brackley, a small village in Northamptonshire, for my summer holidays. It was a large farm-house, which added very much to my pleasure, as I could see the cows milked, and hunt for the eggs, and feed the chickens, ducks, and the peacock.

One day, after we had had breakfast, I told Lottie (who was one of my friends) that I should like to go for a walk; so we started early, and took a small basket with us, that we might gather the wild flowers which grew on the hedges and banks. As we walked along, we saw on a tree a little squirrel, hopping about from one bough to another. We watched this little fellow a long time, until he saw us, and then he disappeared in a hole in the tree.

We then thought it was time that we were starting home again, so we filled our basket with flowers and nuts.

We went home through the orchard, and crossed a part of a field that was called the "drying ground." As we were going along, we heard a faint quacking of a duck, and looked all about, until Lottie said, "Oh, never mind, it will find its way home again;" so she went on. But I felt sorry for the little thing, and still kept looking about till I heard it more plainly. At last I came to a deep hole, and down this hole was the little duck. I put my

arm down, and caught hold of a few feathers on the top of its head, and drew it up. I then carried it home, and fed it.

Now, if the poor little duck had been able to speak, as you and I do, I should have expected it to say, "I thank you very much; I am so glad to be free from that deep hole;" but as it could only say, Quack, quack, I had to be satisfied with that.

One lesson I learned from the duck was, that it knew when it was in a place of danger, was glad to escape, and did not want to linger round the spot, and my wish for you, my reader, is that you may understand when you are in danger, and seek to escape from it, or rather, look to One who is able to save you.

THE STOLEN ORANGE.

IT is a great many years since I was a little boy, for I see some grey hairs are making their appearance; but one incident of my early boyhood I have not forgotten, and I think I never shall forget. My parents sought to bring up their children carefully, and taught them to do what was right. I do not think we ever went to bed without saying our prayers. And I, for one, have to thank God for Sunday Schools, for there I learned the way to heaven through faith in the Lord Jesus.

Close by my mother's cottage door was a shop, where oranges and sweetmeats were sold. As mother dealt at this shop I was frequently sent there on errands. One day I had been sent there, but before going in was looking in the window admiring the beautiful things exposed for sale. While standing there a boy came up, and after talking with me on things interesting to boys generally, he told me how clever he was at taking an orange when he went in to buy something else, and the thing was put in such a tempting manner that I was fain to try my hand at stealing. But I am glad to say I was not clever, in fact I was a clumsy thief—and was taken in the act.

"What! Mrs. Hooper's son steal an orange," were the woman's words, "I *am* astonished."

And well she might be! There I stood speechless, and when my mother had been sent for and stood before me, she looked at me. Oh, what a look was that! It was not anger, but full of grief and pity for her child. But the tears that were in my own eyes, and the look of misery upon my own face satisfied them both that it was sorrow for the sinful act and not for being found out, and I was forgiven. But that look I shall never forget! It has often reminded me since of the words, "And the Lord *looked* upon Peter, and he went out and wept bitterly." As I stood in that shop a guilty one, how in my inmost heart I wished the orange had been a red hot coal and burned my fingers rather than I should have taken it. And even now I rarely look upon oranges without thinking of those solemn words, 'THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.'

How cheery and light and glad my young heart felt when I heard I was forgiven. Such as I felt years afterwards when I could take my place amongst the redeemed people of God, and could say, "In whom we have redemption through his blood, *the forgiveness of sins*, according to the riches of his grace." (Eph. i. 7.) How pleased I used to be afterwards to run on any little errand for that woman, to think she could trust me. I felt I could do anything for her, just as I have felt in a much greater degree doing anything for *Him* who loved me and gave Himself for me, when He has trusted me to run on His errands of love and mercy here and there. This is just how God loves to act. When we have known the power of sin and have come to Him confessing all, and have gone away with the sweet sense of His forgiveness how well able He is to use us in telling others what we have found. I dare say most of you have read how Peter, in the Acts, says to the house of Israel, "*Ye denied* the Holy One and the Just." (Acts iii. 14.) But he had done the same with oaths and curses. Ah, but the *look* of Jesus had broken Peter down, and he wept bitterly, and now, having a purged conscience, he can speak with power of the hideousness of such an act.

As one who remembers the days of his youth, and knowing the temptations that beset the young on every hand, I would press on the hearts of the young readers of "My Little Friend," beware of listening to evil counsels. "*Evil communications corrupt good manners.*" "*If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.*"

THE STOLEN ORANGE.

A SUNDAY EVENING IN SWITZERLAND.

IT was a beautiful summer's evening on the mountain top, where there are one or two small villages scattered about, but all was so quiet and still, nothing to be heard but the birds singing their evening song, and the ripple of the mountain stream, as it flowed gently on in the bed it had formed for itself amongst the rocks and stones, with low-growing bushes and towering trees on either side.

It was such a contrast to the busy scenes in which I am accustomed to pass most of my time, that it leaves a never-to-be-forgotten impression, and a wish, if ever the opportunity should come again, to re-visit a spot where there was so little to remind me of man and all his poor doings, and so much that would lead one's thoughts to something far higher above.

On this Sunday evening a friend who knew these parts (to which I was a perfect stranger), asked me to go with him to a distant village, where a few people, mostly poor, held their services in a farmer's kitchen.

We entered the kitchen by a low doorway, and found several were already there. Soon others came in, one after the other, till it was necessary to bring extra chairs, and then the little room was quite full to the door.

The preacher then stood up and gave out his text; what text it was, I could not now say, but he said that it was a beautiful picture of the grace of God, and these words came over, again and again, during the evening, "a beautiful picture of the grace," that I have never

forgotten them. The people listened very attentively—they seemed to think that as only one Sunday came every week, it was quite needful for everyone to drink in as much as they could.

Now I have been looking in my Bible to see if I could find the text we had on that Sunday evening, or at least one that would answer to the words I heard, "a beautiful picture of the grace of God," and I think I have found one —Romans v. 6–8, because there it tells of what *One* did for us when we had no power to do anything for ourselves, and certainly deserved nothing either.

When the hour had passed, and the service was over, I noticed how the people, with happy faces, shook hands with each other, as they separated to go to their own homes in the pretty little Swiss cottages, the tops of which are seen, here and there, peeping through the trees.

My friend and I also started back home, and as he left me to turn to the right, I was alone for the rest of the way. Having no one to talk to, my thoughts went back to the preacher's words, "a beautiful picture of the grace of God."

Now, dear reader, read the text I have given above, and see if it is to you a beautiful picture.

Short History of Joseph.

No. VII.

AMONG the first to come to buy corn, when the famine spread to Canaan, were the ten brothers of Joseph. When they stood before Joseph, they did not know him, but he knew them directly—they had not changed, but he had grown to be a man, and they would not expect to see him dressed as a ruler.

At first Joseph spoke roughly to them, and told them they were spies. "No, my lord," was their answer, "we are not spies, we have come to buy corn for our poor father, our youngest brother, and our little children, for they have nothing to eat." But Joseph still pretended not to know them, and said, "You shall not go unless your brother comes here also." So he put them in prison for three days.

At the end of the three days he let nine of them go, saying, "I fear God: let one of your brothers stay, then take some corn, and go home to your father, and then come back with your youngest brother." How surprised the brothers must have been to hear Joseph say, "I fear God." They thought he was a heathen man, instead of which he worshipped the one true God as they did.

They were very much frightened when they heard that they must bring Benjamin to Egypt. "When our brother, Joseph, asked us not to sell him, we would not listen to him, so God is punishing us," they whispered one to another. Then Reuben said, "I told you not to hurt the child, and you would not listen."

Poor Joseph! he understood all they were saying, although he spoke to them through an interpreter, and his heart was ready to break; he thought of his beloved father, and his dear brother, Benjamin; he could bear it no longer, he turned away from them, and cried. He wanted to try them, so he took Simeon, and bound him, and sent the others home with plenty of corn; so they left him. They came to an inn (which is a very plain building, with four bare walls, built for travellers to rest), and one of them opened his sack to give some food to his ass, when, to his great surprise, he found his money in the sack.

They were so afraid, and said, "What is this that God has done to us?" They knew *they* had done wrong, and might expect God to be angry with them, for they did not know Him as a God of grace then, for "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." (John i. 17.) How thankful we should be that we live in a time of grace, for we can now understand those beautiful words, "God is love."

LOUISE.

"MY OWN FOWLS."

(SEE COLOURED PICTURE.)

ONE of the special privileges which Bertie Brown enjoyed whilst on a visit to his grandma's cottage in the country, was to feed the fowls. But Master Bertie, like many older people, was exceedingly liberal with that which cost him nothing, and so he dispensed his favours with a liberal hand, if not carefully watched. No wonder,

therefore, that, as soon as little feet were heard pattering in the yard, his winged subjects flocked around him, for he considered nothing too good for "My Own Fowls," as he called them.

The attachment was mutual, that is, he seemed as fond of his fowls as they of him, but I think there was a little bit of selfishness on both sides, for if the baby-boy scattered the crumbs (and oft-times crusts, which little boys visiting grandmas sometimes find *so hard* to eat) in the small farmyard, the wise little head that owned the pinafore remembered the fine large egg which had graced the breakfast-table, and that it was the gift of his favourite hen. No small wonder, then, that Bertie, not having "arrived at years of discretion," as writers of books say—by which I mean that he was not of an age to know right from wrong—considered whatsoever those busy little fingers could grasp was lawful property, to be given in return for the egg which never failed to appear every morning, and sometimes at tea as well, for grandma had a very happy knack of finding eggs at most unexpected times.

When Bertie made his appearance in the morning, the descent of the stairs was a perilous affair, and needed grandma's watchful eye, as, with one hand he held to the balustrade-rails, and the other gathered up the end of the long night-gown in whose recesses were half buried the sharers of his cot, and you might have seen peeping therefrom the funnel of a small engine, a doll, in such a position, that its extended arms, and the look of fright on its face, from the fact of an absent eye, seemed to be imploring help from a dreaded disaster of falling headlong downstairs—a broken trumpet, and the never-failing gee-gee.

But what usually greeted him was the noisy cackling of Mistress Hen and her husband —the latter being the loudest—as he strutted about the yard in such fussy importance, proclaiming that a new-laid egg was in his account a most important matter.

Bertie did not wait for feeding time, but whenever he had anything nice given him, he thought of his fowls. This was kind of him, and his pets caused him to be unselfish. He helped them bountifully out of the basket of cherries which he found standing temptingly on the table, when grandma's back was turned, and which they evidently enjoyed. Now grandma's cottage was graced with a beautiful grape-vine on one side, and which bore a great quantity of grapes. I dare say the fowls had often looked up wistfully at the grapes, for these were out of their reach, and perhaps, like the fox we read of, they may have thought them sour. But Bertie, one day, was the means of their altering their opinions—if they have such things—by supplying them with a few bunches, and which were pecked up before his liberal hand could be stayed. Yet sometimes his gifts were of a questionable character. He had a little china doll given him, about the size of a man's thumb, which had movable limbs, and capable of sitting or lying in all sorts of positions. One day he threw his doll to the fowls, and they, of course, expected a treat in the way of a bon-bon. But what a disappointment! In vain they pecked, the poor doll at each thrust only changed his position. The hen gave a peck, and he was on his back, with outstretched arms and legs. Then the cock applied his beak, and the doll was in a sitting posture, with its hands lifted up, as though begging for mercy. But the ever-watchful eyes of grandma saw it, and she rescued it from further danger.

But before I close I must not forget to tell you that grandma does not forget to teach her little visitor the difference between right and wrong, in a way that he will, we hope, soon understand that he must not take what does not belong to him, even in grandma's house. He learns to spell J-E-S-U-S on the fingers of one hand, and B-E-R-T-Y on the other; and we trust some day his young heart will know the meaning of being closer to Jesus than when the little hands are clasped in prayer, and the fingers entwine each other. I will tell you the simple prayer that some one wrote for him:

Gracious God, so full of love!
Draw my little heart above;
Lead me in Thy heavenly way,
Teach a little child to pray.
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

GRANDPA.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me." (John x. 27.)

DOT'S CORNER.

My dear Little Friends,

If only I were able, how delighted I should be to write you a letter all in verse, about the Puzzle which was in the May number; but, as I am not, I must talk to you as usual, in my own plain way of speaking.

You have noticed, I dare say, that the answer to the Puzzle will give you the name of a very wonderful Being; for see, it says he was born in heaven, then came down to earth, lives in a cottage, and also with the queen. He labours hard, but never gets tired. He goes to school with you too, and stays at home as well. There is only one word that answers in all points to this description, and that word is "Love." If you go over the lines again, you will see how beautifully this little word explains all. Do not forget the seventh line, which says,

"A glance would destroy me, or make me to fly."

I am afraid this is often the case. When sister Kate gives the baby a shake, and frowns at it, because she wanted to go out for a walk, to gather some flowers, and has to nurse baby instead, that frown is quite enough to drive away all baby's little stock of love for her sister. And when Bobby lent his long stick of slate pencil to little Jem, how cross he looked, to see it was broken in two when Jem brought it back. I was not surprised that Jem should say, "I don't care;" it was that black look of Bobby's that made the little boy talk so.

You must be careful, then, never to allow a frown or black look to shew itself on your face, if you would keep the love of all your little playmates. Of course, there are many other things that will drive away love. I am now only speaking of one—you can find out many others, I think.

But the best reason of all why you should always have a happy face, is, because it will please Jesus, and I hope many of my readers try to please Him, not in order to be saved, but because they are saved. Like the slave girl, she served her master in so loving and faithful a manner, not to win his favour or her freedom, but because he had shewn his love in paying for her the heavy price, and then giving her liberty and freedom.

Her words were, "I will follow him, I will serve him;" and if anyone asked the reason of her loving devotion, the only answer she could give was, "He redeemed me."

But I must not forget to tell you the name of the little girl who won the prize for May. It was

Mary F., London, aged eight years and three months.

Please do not omit your exact age when sending answers, as I have to lay aside all letters that do not give me the age of the writers.

Dot.

A Buried Text.

"Search the scriptures."

BUSINESS one day took me to a part of the City of London to which I was a stranger. I had inquired of several concerning the place I was seeking, but, from the rapid answers I received, or from my own want of sharpness in understanding, I got confused. But presently I addressed a youth, telling him where I wanted to go. "I am going the same way, sir," he replied, "and will shew you the street." If a person offers to go with you to a place he speaks of, depend upon it he will not deceive you. The force and truth of this remark I soon discovered, for in a little while the boy, pointing to the corner of the street, where I could read the name plainly, said, "There it is, sir." Thanking the courteous youth for his trouble and kindness, my destination was soon reached, and my business settled. Amid the bustle and life of the great city I was a *seeker*, and, through the kindness of a boy, was the *finder*, but I want little friends to seek and find my hidden text without any one's help. If you do not *dig*, you cannot expect a prize. The publisher promises a reward for the successful labourer who can discover the buried text. I did not ask the boy whether his name was *Luke* or *John*.

NOTICE.

With this month is issued the coloured picture, "My Own Fowls." Be sure you get a copy of it, with the magazine.

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

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

STEPPING STONES.

Vol. IV.—No 44. August, 1879. Price, One Half-penny.

STEPPING STONES.

Now, dear little Kitty,
I hope you 'll take care,
It would be a pity
To tumble in there.

I see you 're no stranger
To that tiny wave,
But still there is danger:
Be not over-brave.

And though the small river
Is not very wide,
I fear you would quiver,
To fall in the tide.

The stones are not gritty,
To give you firm hold,
So mind, little Kitty,
Be not over-bold.

Now just take its measure
In your little mind,
And then you 'll have leisure
Your courage to find.

You stand there so pretty,
'Mid the stream in the dell,
Then courage, dear Kitty,
And all will be well.

There 's a stone in life's river
On which you may tread,
One strong to deliver
From all kinds of dread.

Whose eye ever sees us,
In trouble and grief,
Dear Kitty, 'tis JESUS!
Who giveth relief.

But all who've a portion
In Jesus above,
Need courage and caution,
And wisdom and love. D. R.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A YOUNG man, whom I will call Joseph, was, at the age of sixteen, to leave his father's home to go to College. He was considered very clever, and soon he wrote home to say that he was the first in his class.

While at College, Joseph met with another young man, Edward by name, whose thoughts and desires seemed to run exactly in the same direction as his own. This naturally caused a friendship to spring up between them, and their evenings were often spent together, sometimes talking over their hopes for the future.

But I am sorry to say that though both had enjoyed the blessing of careful training by christian parents who had faithfully set before them the way they should go, yet Edward had already learned to despise the God whom his father feared, and Joseph was only too ready to follow his companion in the same course.

At length the time came for the two friends to separate. Joseph went to visit his uncle, intending afterwards to travel a little, to see the country.

On his arrival, he found his uncle was not at home, but a young preacher was there whose earnest manner strangely attracted Joseph, he knew not why, and they sat talking together far into the night.

When they retired to rest Joseph felt very uneasy as to whether he was quite right in his efforts to forget his early teaching about God and eternity. Perhaps the Bible is true after all, he thought. Soon, however, he fell asleep.

The next morning Joseph was on his journey, and when night once more closed in, he found himself at a country inn. As the landlord shewed him to his bed-room he remarked that in the next room was a young man very ill, perhaps dying, but he hoped Joseph would not mind, to which he replied with a smile, that it did not matter in the least.

He threw himself on his bed to get a little sleep after his journey, but hour after hour passed, and still he lay awake, listening to the sighs of the sufferer in the next room, and the whispers of those who watched by his side.

Joseph could not help thinking of the landlord's words, "perhaps dying." Was he ready for death? was he forgiven? then he tried to smile away these solemn thoughts, and as the bright light of the coming day streamed in, he hastened down to breakfast and inquired after the sick man.

The landlord replied, "He is dead."

"Is it possible!"

"Yes, poor fellow, the doctor said he could not live,"

"Do you know who he was?"

"Oh, yes; he was a young man from College, his name was Edward."

Poor Joseph! scarcely anything else could have startled him so much as this sudden event—the death of his great friend Edward. He sat for hours in a small room at the inn.

"The Bible *is* true!" he muttered to himself as his eye rested on a Testament which lay on the table before him; "I know it, and I am undone!"

His heart was deeply touched, and not caring to travel further, he turned his face towards home.

Shortly after his return, two christian gentlemen arrived on a visit. They were much struck with Joseph's solemn face, and pressed him to visit another College where they knew he would hear a message that would give peace to his heart if he believed it.

And so it was, for in less than six weeks he was able to give up all his infidel thoughts. A hope through the merit of Christ took possession of his soul, he bowed to the word of God, and, as he afterwards said himself, "Since the moment I believed till now, I have never had a doubt that Christ is mine and I am His."

I WANT TO GO AND LIVE WITH JESUS.

A DEAR little girl, not more than six years old, who was a few weeks since taken from this world to live with Jesus, was asked by a gentleman in a railway carriage how she knew she was going to heaven. She meekly, yet confidently, replied, "It says in the Bible, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' and whosoever means *me*."

Dear little readers of this magazine, have you ever thought of these words? you will find them in John iii. 16. Did you ever think that it cost our dear Lord as much to save one little child's soul, as to redeem a whole world? No one would have been saved if Jesus had not died. Do you believe that Jesus lived, died, and rose from the grave for *you?* If so, won't you love Him for it, and shew it by only saying and doing that which you would like Jesus to know? The little girl I have told you about, tried to do this. Her teacher said she never had occasion to punish her; and when, in her last illness, the kind doctor suggested a poultice being put on her throat, she said, "No poultices, thank you; I don't want to stay here, I want to go and live with Jesus."

You see the love of Jesus could make this little one ready to leave her dear mother and all she loved here, to go to Him. He is willing and waiting to receive you too. Do not say "No" to His pleading love, but, "I believe He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*."

TO NELLIE.

"GOD giveth His beloved sleep,"
And sweet it is to know
That while we sit aside and weep,
In heartfelt grief and woe,
She rests in peace with God above,
Rejoicing in His light and love.

We will not grieve that for a while
We see not Nellie's form,
Her kindly greeting, blithesome smile,
Like sunshine after storm:
"Thy will be done," is all we say,
And think of her now far away.

We lay her down with simple trust,
And gently press the sod,
For though her form lies in the dust,
Her spirit rests with God.
Yes, she is resting far away,
And waiting for the coming day.

When joyfully we once again
Shall meet on yonder shore,
Where, blessed state, there is no pain,
And partings are no more,
Our voice we'll raise with hosts above
In praises for redeeming love. DAISY.

Short History of Joseph. No. 8.

WHEN the brothers arrived home they told Jacob all that had happened. Jacob could scarcely bear it: in his grief he exclaimed, "Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: he shall not go." In a short time they had used all the corn that had come from Egypt, so Jacob said, "Go again, and buy a little food." But Judah said, "We cannot, for the man said we were not to go unless our brother went also; if you will send Benjamin, we will go." Jacob was obliged to consent, for if they had not any corn they would all die.

Jacob sent presents to Joseph, some of the best fruits of the land and honey, myrrh, spices and balm, hoping to soften his heart with them. Is not this what poor sinners often do now? They want to give God something, thinking by that means to gain His love, and not knowing that God loves them and wants nothing from them.

When the brothers got to Egypt with Benjamin, Joseph had dinner prepared for them.

At dinner time Joseph sat at a table by himself and his brothers by themselves. It was a custom in the olden times for a great man to send a dish from his own table to any guest he wished to honour; Joseph sent Benjamin five times as many as the others.

After dinner the steward was told to fill the men's sacks with corn, and to put their money in with the corn, but into Benjamin's sack to put Joseph's silver cup, and that is what the

They told him how they had found the money in their sacks, but this time Joseph spoke kindly to them, and when they had given him the presents Jacob had sent he asked, "Is your father well? Is he still alive?" They told him Jacob was well; then he looked and saw his brother Benjamin and said, "Is this your youngest brother of whom ye spake? God be gracious to thee, my son!" And Joseph went to his own room, where he might cry without being seen.

man is doing in the picture. While the servants bring the various things, he puts in the cup as Joseph had directed. Early the next day they were on their way back, and Joseph sent his steward after them, and when he came up to them he accused them of having stolen the cup. They were surprised and grieved at it, and willingly let the steward search their sacks, when lo, to the great surprise of all, it was found in Benjamin's sack.

LOUISE.

Alice and her Dog.

LITTLE Alice was about six years of age, and she had a little dog, named Carlo, of which she was very fond; and Carlo was much attached to Alice.

Sometimes they went out for a walk down to the river-side, to play. If Alice threw a stick into the water, Carlo would run in, and fetch it out.

Alice lived with her father in a pretty little house. It was called Rose Cottage, because of the roses and beautiful flowers that surrounded it, which were cultivated very nicely by Alice's father.

One morning Alice and Carlo rose early, and went out to play in the garden, till at last they wandered away down to the river-side, and then sat down for a rest, because they were getting tired. Alice ran to the river-side, and was getting some ferns, when she ventured too near the water's edge, and fell in. Carlo heard the splash, and ran down the bank, jumped in, and dragged Alice out of the water. He then ran off to the house where Alice lived, and barked till her father came out to see what was the matter. Carlo ran towards the river, and his master followed.

I think he was very much surprised to see Alice lying there, but he quickly lifted her up, and carried her home. She had a bad cold, and was very ill, but Carlo was with her through her illness; and I need not say how much she loved him for having saved her life.

It is surprising how we always value the smallest tokens of affection from any dumb animal, and never fail to reward or return it, as the case may be. Yet how long many of us have kept some One waiting, who wants to make His love known to us. He says, "Behold I stand at the door, and knock."

MARY.

"True Blue for Ever."

TEM SMITH, a boy not fourteen years of age, got his living as a sort of handy boy at odd jobs in the docks, at the east end of London. Being constantly in the company of a class of men who are noted for their wicked lives and conversation, the boy was soon on a fair way of being their equal in all that is bad, so that he was treading the downward road very fast. In the midst of such scenes as the east end presents, and among such characters, who are bold and daring in their wickedness, there are godly men, who are equally bold in seeking to save

some from the abodes of sin by fearlessly presenting the gospel, sometimes at the peril of their lives. These men are mostly those who have themselves been rescued from the hand of Satan. During the preaching of one of these noble-hearted servants of Christ, Jem had stood awhile to listen, and to join in the mockery that is sometimes heaped upon the preacher.

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

He had no rest or peace for some time, but went about his work, the picture of misery. In vain his companions strove to draw him into their old courses of sin, but poor Jem had just had such a glimpse of what sin was in the sight of a holy God, that he hated it; but hating it was not deliverance from it, so the more he floundered about, the worse he got, till at last he could bear it no longer, and one evening he got into the corner of a dark shed, and there opened his heart to God, all about his sin and misery. Jem's heart already began to feel lighter. Shall I tell you why? Although he did not know it, he was just doing what God wanted him to do—confess himself a poor sinner. He had not yet learned that God says, "Whoso *confesseth* his sins, and *forsaketh* them, shall find mercy."

Feeling happier, though he could not tell why, in a burst of gratitude he exclaimed, "O Lord, if Thou wilt give me peace, and forgive me my sins, I will be *true blue to you for ever!*"

We each of us have our own way of expressing our feelings, and use language that we think best expresses our thoughts. No doubt Jem's idea of "*true blue*," as he had picked it up from the docks, meant fidelity, loyalty, and faithfulness. He had often seen the Union Jack floating in the breeze from many a ship that bore our sailors to all parts of the world, and knew that those hardy sun-burnt tars would rather die than forsake or lose their colours, and thus he felt he could die in faithfulness to Jesus, if he had but peace.

Many readers of "My Little Friend" know that God never sends an empty one away. Jem went to God with his load of sins, and rose up, with a sweet sense of God's pardon and peace. With a light heart he now went about his work—a new creature indeed. His work was done better, he was quicker on his errands, and what he did was done with a good will and heartiness that commended itself to those who did not care a bit about heavenly things. But Satan did not mean to lose him without a struggle.

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

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

The foe was bold, but Jem was bolder—
Grace had made him firm and fast;
May the boy, while growing older,
Nail his colours to the mast!

You see, when we are converted, we are not taken out of the place of trial, but God leaves us there to shine for Christ in the darkness around. I trust the young readers of our magazine will never be afraid of standing up for Jesus, whether in the workshop, or at school, or at play, and may they have grace and courage—as I wish myself to have—to be "TRUE BLUE FOR EVER!"

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

THE sun was warm in the early Spring,
And the twitt'ring sparrows were on the wing;
The trees were donning their coats of green,
And decking with bloom the dreary scene.
We had look'd so long at our little "Square,"
With its trees so gaunt, and their arms so bare,
That the almond blossoms and shrubs so bright
Brought to our hearts a sweet delight.
I walked along in a London street,
Thinking the breeze was passing sweet,
Thinking of *Him*, who is so good,
Giving us sunshine, clothes, and food.
Just then I noticed, as on I strode,
Out in the midst of the busy road,
A poor old woman—a widow was she,
As dark as night, for she could not see.
For a moment I saw the woman stand,
A box of matches in either hand;
A feeble voice was heard to cry,
"A box of matches please to buy,"
She wandered away from the friendly kerb,
How soon did the sight my thoughts disturb,
As I saw the woman, so old and blind,
Vainly striving the way to find.
I rushed to her side in a moment more,
For I saw fast coming a coach-and-four,
And soon the aged and tottering feet
Were safe on the path in that London street.
Her thanks were many, her words were kind,
To one who had helped the aged blind.
Oh! boys, who are fond of pondering o'er
The tales of courage and deeds of war,
In the battle-field or on billows' foam—
Think of the courage we need at home!
For the Bible says in the plainest way
Of the courage that 's needed every day:
"Who conquers his temper, and keeps it down,
Is greater than he who takes a town."
And the boy who is truthful, honest, and kind,
Is the greatest hero that earth can find. D. R.

A CHINESE TEMPLE.

A GREAT many Chinese have gone to America, and at Sacramento, California, they have built a temple called a Joss-house. Some were curious to see how these poor heathen would dedicate their temple, and one has thus described it:

The performance began by placing two carved images or josses, which looked like hideous owls, the presiding deities of the place, on either side of the steps, and this act was followed by a tremendous explosion of crackers. The company then went into the building.

Opposite the door was a stage, on whic sat a dozen priests and priestesses, and a ban of music, gongs, trumpets, fiddles, and pipes sending forth a horrible discord.

After various exercises, a little doll, young joss, probably another deity of th house, was brought forward, and the pries made a long speech to it, after which th whole company danced round it, waving thei fans and shaking their pig-tails, the band i the meantime in full blast, while cracker were fired off outside the house.

This was followed by various exercises an chants when the service closed under an ex plosion of squibs, and the clanging o gongs.

If you and I had been present on tha occasion, and could for a moment forget hov solemn it is for any of our fellow creatures t be so blind, I think we should have laughe very much to see such a senseless performance But you must remember that they do not rea the Bible, that is the reason they worshi images of wood or stone, for, whereve the Bible goes, it gives a far more worth object of love and adoration, even Jesu Christ.

The Black Woman's Texts

A POOR black woman, a true lover o Jesus Christ, was one day selling som little books to get her living thereby in one of the West India Islands.

While she offered her books for sale severa stayed to listen to what she said about them In her simple way she said that they pointe to Christ, and the cleansing power of Hi blood, and told God's love in providing such Saviour. While she was speaking a man cam up and used very bad language to her an spoke against the Lord she loved so well.

Some who were present begged the ma to go away, but he would not desist fro his evil speaking.

At last the black woman said to him, "Yo go home and read the sixth verse of th eighteenth chapter of Matthew, where Jesu says, But whoso shall offend one of thes little ones which believe in me, it were bette for him that a mill-stone were hanged abou his neck, and that he were drowned in th depths of the sea."

After this scripture had been repeated, several women came up and made more noise with the unruly man, while the poor woman with her little books, seemed like a sheep in the midst of wolves. Some standing near tried to persuade the noisy ones to go away, and leave her in peace; but before they left she said aloud, "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

This happened on a Thursday evening, and on the following Sunday that poor godless man had a fit, from which he died.

Well may God leave on record that word, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." Acts xiii. 41.

DOT'S CORNER.

My dear Little Friends,

We had quite a different puzzle in June from any before—such a funny-looking one—not a single word to be seen; but I find some of you were able to send me its meaning.

When once you get the key to it, the rest is very easy. I will tell you now what the key is, so that if we should have any more puzzles like this one, you will know how to go to work at once.

Each of those separate letters is the first letter of a word, and when you get all the words together, you will read the text.

The first one reads like this: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him: he will shew them his covenant," and the second is: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother;" which is the first commandment with promise.

Now let me say to all those dear ones who could not make out the skeleton texts, do not be discouraged, but try again next time, and if you do not get the prize that the publisher gives, I sincerely hope you will all get the prize that Jesus gives. His prize is not for those only who are under twelve years of age, but for everyone, old and young. Even Paul said he was pressing on for the prize.

I too am looking forward to get "the prize," as Paul calls it. I think he means Christ Himself. Now I must say good-bye till next month, after telling you that—

L. S. M., Birmingham, aged 9 years on the 11th of January last, is the youngest that answered, except a dear little girl, A.M. C., who had a prize in May. There was also another girl, J. M. J., Liss, who was only one day older; I think she must have a prize also.

Yours affectionately,

Dot.

A BURIED TEXT.

I WAS once in Brighton with a friend; the time was winter. We spent our mornings in visiting: sometimes scenes of joy, at other times scenes of sorrow and trouble. When we walked along the beach, and as the waves beat high, my friend felt timid, and he would sometimes say, "I shall hide in this shelter till the tide gets lower." So he left me to gaze, as I loved to do, in his absence, on the great ocean that was spread out before me. Another day we went over the Brighton Pavilion, which was once a royal residence, and in which the monarch had gathered many valuable treasures. Here he held his levees and banquets—here were gathered his open friends, and the secret enemies of his government. I had seen the Jewish tabernacle in the City of London, and thought how striking the contrast was. "Shall we now go on the cliffs?" my companion asked as we came out, to which I replied, "Yes, if you please." There we stood, enjoying the bracing ocean breeze, some children playing hide and seek around me. My friend was just recovering from a long illness, He said, "Shall we now walk over the downs?" to which I assented, and as we continued our journey, he remarked, "This will set me up in health, I believe," which I was glad to hear. But upon leaving the cliffs we stopped to look at the Coast-guardsman who was scanning the ocean through his telescope from his elevated place on a rock hard by. My companion, being well versed in the Psalms, asked me if our wanderings reminded me of any particular portion there. Perhaps little readers can *dig* out the answer from the true incident I have given.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

TEACHING FATHER TO READ.

Vol. IV.—No 45. September, 1879. Price, One Half-penny.

Teaching Father to Read.

"WHAT a dunce you are, father; can't spell eternal. It's only three syllables."

"Ah! Teddy, but I've only just begun, you know—you must have patience with me. I soon learned to spell s-i-n and G-o-d. So I did J-e-s-u-s and b-l-o-o-d; but that word is a hard one. What does it mean, Teddy?"

"What does eternal mean, father? Why it means—let me see"—and the little boy of nine years looked up at one corner of the ceiling as though he expected to see the meaning written there—"why it means—oh, I know—*something that won't wear out!* it lasts for ever, you know."

"Well, Teddy, that's a beautiful word then, and I'll try and spell it, so as I shall never forget it—because that is the kind of life that Jesus gave me when I was converted. Now let us go over that verse again. I'll read it. 'And this is life e-t-e-r-n-a-l, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Je-sus Christ whom thou hast sent.'"

But let me explain. John Tenby was a labouring man between forty and fifty years of age. He had been a very wicked man till quite recently. But one night John went to hear the gospel, and God spoke to his conscience which filled the poor man with terror. He saw what a sinner he was by the light of truth. In his distress of soul he looked to Christ who spake peace to his heart. Poor John was very ignorant, and the first thing he wanted to do was to learn to read, so that he might learn all the precious things he had heard about in the Bible. Teddy, his son of nine years, who was a scholar of some five years' learning, offered to teach his father at night—and the conversation I have given above took place during one of the evening lessons. John now wished the Testament to be his spelling and reading book; and Teddy, proud of his learning and his task, took very great pains in teaching his father, but shewed a little impatience now and then when some big word had to be gone over a good many times. The lesson that night was John xvii. 3.

It is a wonderful verse, too—all the whole gospel is there, and in such simple language—only one three-syllable word in it. John soon learned to spell the word to the satisfaction of his teacher, and in less than a month he could read the whole chapter quite nicely.

It is more than fifteen years since that evening, and John has continued to be a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus—shewing what a real work it was with him. Teddy is of course a man, but I fear the lesson he taught his father he never learned himself—as he loved the world, which the chapter says, *does not know the Father*. But I trust that God will yet bring to Teddy's heart the old lesson that to know God through Jesus Christ is LIFE ETERNAL!

A PHARISEE.

A PHARISEE to God's own temple walks,
With broad phylacteries and solemn mien,
And, there arrived, with eyes uplifted, talks
Of all the good he does God's grace to win.

The Rabbi's deep, sonorous voice now rings
Across the sacred building, in the ears
Of one whom every measured accent fills
With deep remorse and terror-stricken fears.

Half hidden in a shaded corner, stood
A publican, a sinner self-confess'd,
Who, daring not to lift his eyes to God,
With cry for mercy smites upon his breast.

The Rabbi, ceasing, thoughtfully regards
The loaded altar, whence a cloud of smoke,
Now joined by incense blue, soared heavenwards
"So rise my fragrant prayers," he almost spoke.

The publican has ceased, his trembling lip
Knows not to form another contrite word;
His only hope to 'scape stern judgment's whip
Lies in the blood 'neath fiery altar pour'd.

And while they stand, both heaven and earth decree
Which of the diverse twain is justified,
The one who vindicates himself, or he
Who solely on God's mercy hath relied.

Quickly, short-sighted earth hath made her choice.
"The Pharisee," she cries, "no room for doubt!"
But, taught the mind of heaven by Jesu's voice,
"The publican! the publican!" we shout.

Alas! that e'en to this our happy day,
The lesson deep this parable doth teach,
Hath not been learnt, and men still strive and pray,
Neglecting full, free grace within their reach.

Dear children, come as sinners, guilty, poor,
To Jesus now, whose precious, priceless blood
Cleanses each stain, and leaves us spotless, pure,
Robed in Himself, the righteousness of God.

Consecrated Diamonds.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive . . . . RICHES."

A princess of Sweden has for many years been engaged in every sort of good work. She has shewn her interest in schools and institutions, and her purse, as well as her heart, has been open in supporting them to the full extent of her means.

Visiting the cottages in the island of Gothland, her summer residence, the princess was touched by finding many cases of hopeless suffering amongst the poor women. Being a great sufferer herself, she felt deeply for these her poor sisters in sorrow, and thought how good it would be to build for them a hospital home.

She had already spent all that she could well afford; but she remembered there were some bright things sparkling in a casket which belonged to her, and she said, first to herself, and then to the king, her royal brother, "May I not sell my diamonds?"

Consent was given; they were sent to England, to the care of the wife of the Swedish ambassador; and the sum these diamonds fetched was more than sufficient to build a home for incurables in the island of Gothland. Time passed on, and though the jewel-box was empty, the little asylum was full.

There was one poor woman in it who was very ignorant and reserved, and who seemed indifferent to all religious teaching.

"I prayed much for that poor creature," said the princess, while telling some friends of her last visit to the sufferers, when she was about to leave her summer retreat for her winter house in the city. The matron, pointing to the very woman said, "I think you will find her changed."

The princess approached her bed, and the words that greeted her from the now almost dying one were: "I thank God that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin, and that He has cleansed mine"—the tears running fast down her cheeks.

They were the tears of a new-born soul, stirred to its depths by the first sight of Jesus; and, as the light of heaven glistened through them, made her own eyes weep for joy. "In those tears," said the princess, "I saw my diamonds again!"

Short History of Joseph.

IX.

We may suppose how surprised th brothers felt when they saw th cup in Benjamin's sack. Their jo was suddenly turned into mourning; the found their youngest brother a prisoner. The all turned back with the steward and whe brought before Joseph, they fell down at hi feet.

It is remarkable they do not attempt t excuse or defend themselves, but offer t become Joseph's servants. Both of Joseph dreams were now fulfilled.

Joseph, however, declared he only wante one to be his servant—the one in whose sac the cup was found. This plunged the bro thers into despair. They had pledged them selves to bring Benjamin safely back, and her he was, a prisoner in the hands of this ju and terrible governor of Egypt. Then Juda came near to Joseph, and in a simple manne made a most touching and beautiful speech He spoke of their venerable father, and tol him how he loved this his youngest son; ho he still mourned for the one who was torn i pieces by a wild beast; and how even no he would be watching at the door of his ten for their return.

Judah ended by offering himself to becom Joseph's bondman in Benjamin's stead. An this reminds us of another One of the tribe Judah, who offered Himself, not for one man but that "all men through him might b saved," even the Lord Jesus Christ, who too the sinner's place, and bore the wrath of Go for the judgment of sin on the cross.

Joseph was not so hard-hearted as h seemed at first; he cried, in the Egyptia tongue, "Cause every man to go out fro me." And when there was no man left wit him, he made himself known to his brethren And he said to his brethren, "I am Joseph Doth my father yet live?" But his brethre could not answer him; they were so surprise and frightened when they heard it, that the could not speak a word.

Then Joseph said to them, "Come near t me." And they came near, and he said again "I am Joseph, whom ye sold into Egypt."

THE STORY OF

THE TEN LEPERS.

AND as He entered into a certain village, there met Him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off:

And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

And when He saw them, He said unto them, Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God,

And fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?

There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.

LUKE xvii. 12—18.

J.M.W.

Home for the Holidays.

COMING at last, said J, as the long, dreary winter was shewing signs of retreating—for it had already swallowed up the ordinary time of spring—Whitsuntide was at hand, and we were really a few steps in "leafy June;" the holiday in the country, which I had long looked forward to, was come at last.

It was long since I had left school and gone to business, to take my share in the busy affairs of the commercial world; and being a hundred miles away from home and friends, our meetings were few and far between. But the long-looked for, long-desired hour arrived at last, and I was at Euston station with my big portmanteau, containing my belongings and "personal effects," and a warm heart beating with big hopes of a pleasant journey, and a happy and joyous meeting at the end. Taking a running survey of the long line of carriages, I at last jumped into one in the centre of the train, and after the usual important fussiness of a young traveller, settled down, well-cushioned and comfortable, feeling now it was high time the train was on the move.

How slow the hands of the platform clock seemed to move those last seven minutes, and how reluctantly that huge minute-hand seemed to pass each dot that surmounted the long lean figures as it drew nearer and nearer the hour of starting!

Now there is a rush of travellers who have delayed, or have been delayed, till well nigh too late, making desperate attempts at securing seats, each one expecting that a cosy corner has been reserved for him. Now the inspector visits us, and gives our tickets his official clip, doors are banged, and the last passenger has been shut in with a bang of rebuke, the last box hustled in to the luggage van, and I look at the clock.

Ah! the great hand has arrived at last, however reluctantly, at the very centre of the dot that graces the XII.

Time is up. The guard's eye notes it; he compares it with his own time-keeper in one hand, with the other he raises his whistle to his mouth, the piercing trill of which is answered by the more shrilly whistle of the engine, the ready answer of obedience to the word of command.

Good-byes and good wishes, smiles and tears, waving of handkerchiefs and of hats, from little groups scattered the whole length of the train, and amid the unsmiling and unfeeling looks of porters and officials, we glide out of the station.

For a time we are in darkness, penetrating the long tunnel, every puff of the "iron horse" telling of increased energy and vigour; and in a few minutes we are again in the light of day, passing bonded stores and villas, whose miniature gardens come to the very verge of the rails on which we speed, and soon we leave the metropolis of the world, with its busy hive of more than four millions, behind us, and we are fairly in the country.

In the early morning, rain had fallen, which gave great freshness to the scenery, and the blue and white lilacs, and the golden ringlets of the laburnum—which seem such especial favourites with Londoners—were heavy with the crystal drops.

But now we come upon the broad meadows, skirted with noble trees, and bounded by the hedgerows of living green; or in the close neighbourhood of some beautiful park, with its pile of buildings peeping out here and there.

What a variety of scenery! which passes before us as a huge panorama, and which wearies not because of the constant and rapid change.

At times we are steaming along a lofty embankment, and over viaducts that span the flower-decked meadows, beneath which, on either side, is a stretch of scenery for which our own loved country is so famous, and I find myself thinking of the old school-days,

when I was wont to be among the "buttercups and daisies."

But my reflections are somewhat abruptly terminated, as we dart into another long tunnel. The deep throbbings of our iron steed sound solemnly as he wends his way amid the darkness, while the sparks and flashes, that now and again issue from his nostrils, send a lurid glare through the dense cavern.

But it is of short duration at the breathless speed at which we are travelling, and once more we are in the sunshine, speeding through fields which remind one of the text, "And the tender blade of grass appeared upon the earth."

With what rapid strides we cross the canal, whose serpentine wanderings touch our path more than once. Now we slacken speed, and at length come to a stand, for we are at our great half-way house, and our thirsty steed, like the camel—the "ship of the desert"—takes in his supply of water to recruit his strength. He is soon satisfied, and we resume our journey.

Most of the travellers shew signs of getting weary, some being asleep, others looking as dull as though they were returning to school or to business.

Another hour's ride, and we approach the "Black country," with its multitude of chimney stacks, its forges sending forth their volumes of flame, which give a weird appearance to the country at night. The "workers in iron" are busy at their furnaces; but before we have much time to contemplate the dusky aspect of the locality, we are gliding very stealthily into the little country station, and every carriage window has its occupant, looking out for welcome faces to greet us.

Ah! there are Harry and Fred, with their eyes scanning the carriages.

The platform is a scene! What shaking of hands, and kisses, and rapid inquiries, as friend meets friend!

But there is the railway omnibus waiting; and after the usual amount of jolting, as the driver takes sharp turns at all sorts of angles, we arrive safely at home.

Dear old home! Father and mother, sisters and aunts and cousins, all smiles and gladness; and though last, not least, our baby-brother Edgar, anxious to see the unravelled mysteries of that portmanteau, wondering what "Bwother Fwank" has brought in the shape of goodies and toys. What a scene of joy it all is!

O the bliss, the joy of meeting!
Words its sweetness cannot tell.
Friends long parted join in greeting—
Greeting one they love so well!

Dear old home! What associations are treasured up there! what sacred charms surround you! The old eight-day clock in the sitting-room seems to give a tick of welcome home, and its well-remembered bell, as it strikes the hour, sends a thrill of glad joy to the heart of the long-absent one.

I feel inclined to sit on every chair in turn, their old, well-worn seats looking more charming than those of a stranger covered in velvet and elaborately carved. There, too, is the old sofa, on which, in days gone by, I have kicked up my heels in delight, or writhed in the agony of tooth-ache. Every picture, vase, and the numberless nick-nacks of home, are scanned with the keenest interest. And as we assemble round the family meal, the well-known, well-loved voice, in giving thanks that we are once again gathered, sounds unspeakably dear.

Then comes the quiet evening-time, when the home treasures have to be examined, amid the recital of the experiences and wonders of the great city in which I had dwelt, not without a degree of importance attaching to the reciter, who had travelled far and seen much in comparison to the junior members of the family.

I am sure any boy who has been absent from home for six months among strangers, and where "furnished apartments and attendance" as much resembles *home* as do the cold and formal waiting-rooms at a railway-station, can understand my feelings, as I entered into the free and unfettered enjoyment of everything connected with the dear old home and all its hallowed associations.

That night, ere I went to sleep, what a crowd of memories thronged my mind (for I was too tired to fall asleep directly), as I gratefully remembered how the Lord had kept me amid the temptations of a great city, and brought me back safely to all I hold dear on earth. I must tell you that I was converted

when I was twelve years of age; and as I thought of the pure joy in meeting loved ones, my heart naturally turned to the happy day that is coming for all who love Jesus, when He will call us away home—not for the holidays, to go forth again amid trial and temptation, to learn His faithful love and sustaining grace, but to be with Himself for ever!

I do hope there will be no break in *our* family circle in that joyous meeting; and, I doubt not, every Christian feels the same as regards *his* family and friends.

Jesus says, "I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

May each little unsaved reader of "My Little Friend" be attracted to Him who is able and willing to save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him; and if I may have led one little heart to think of Him, and draw near to Him, it will not be in vain that I have written my account of going "home for the holidays." F. O.

THOUGHTS ON A SICK BED.

I LIE upon a bed of pain,
From which I ne'er may rise again,
Life fast is ebbing; will it flow?
For several days we scarcely know.
One used to health, to roam at will,
It seems so hard to lie quite still;
But all these things are for the best,
For busy life scarce gives one rest.
But this I learn—it cheers my heart,
And from its power I'll never part;
I knew before, but now I prove—
The greatness of a mother's love.
Her hand is pressing on my brow,
And comforts, cheers, sustains me now,
I lift my head, and look above,
To feel a mother's tender love.
Her voice now falls upon my ear,
And bids my weary heart take cheer,
Its tones are tender, soft and low,
It is my mother's voice, I know.
The weary body, racked with pain,
Turns o'er and o'er some rest to gain;
A mother watches, others sleep,
Her love how great, how strong, how deep!
And when throughout the weary night
I long for morning and the light,
With mind and thought inclined to rove,
A mother bears it all in love.
And when my eyes refuse to close,
Though weary, finding not repose,
A mother's hand, with skilful art
Knows how to take the sufferer's part.
And when no longer bound with pain
Impatient wait for health again,
A mother buoys my feeble strength,
That wonted health will come at length.

* * * * *

And though in future years to come,
I leave my loved and cherish'd home,
As long as God her life shall lend
I'll love my mother to the end. W. B.

A WELL-KNOWN TEXT.

AUNTIE brought us home a text; it was worked with her own hands, in blue letters on a white ground, and neatly mounted in a black and gold frame. There it hangs, where all who enter the room can see it; and it is a beautiful, beautiful text!

Dear me! I am quite delighted to be writing to my little readers again, for it is so long since I did so, that you will be thinking I had forgotten you. But no, no! that is not it at all, and we can think together of the love of One who never forgets, while we heartily shake hands all round again.

But about that text, for it was while looking at the well-known words that I felt it calling upon me to be always telling you of the love of Jesus; and it spoke afresh to my heart of many wonderful things. It pictured before my eyes a scene that occurred many hundreds of years ago, one of the most touching that the world has ever known—a scene that artists have loved to paint, and poets have loved to write about; but far beyond all, a scene which the Spirit of God has set before us in His word, in such simple, homely language that the heart of a little child may be moved by the very words themselves, although they tell of One now at the right hand of God, even of His Son, Christ Jesus.

This is the text: "*Suffer the little children to come unto me.*" Yes, you all know those beautiful words, and from whose gracious lips they fell, but do you know Him as *your own* Saviour? And who, of all those who love Jesus, could refrain from telling you of Himself, after *He* has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"?

Picture Him now, as His looks are bent upon those babes, remembering that He, who shews such deep interest in the tiny ones,

is the Son of God! But ah! those disciples, how much they have to learn of the One they are following! they are actually trying to prevent the little ones coming to Jesus. What a mistake! And all the world knows what Jesus thinks of it, for we are plainly told that "He was much displeased," and that action of the stern men draws forth one of the most heart-stirring and loving sentences that ever came from the lips of Him who spoke so much of love.

And look! those who would fain send them away have to stand by, while Jesus teaches them a wonderful lesson of tenderness and love, for He takes the dear babes in His arms, puts His hands upon them, and blesses them.

Now, many of you, dear children, know something of the love of Jesus for yourselves, and when little brothers and sisters ask you to tell them a story, or sing, or read aloud to them, remember that Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and talk, sing, and read of His love.

May God teach and guide you in all such blessed service; and do not forget to look to Him yourself in prayer for all that you need.

Only a book for a child to read,
But what is the theme of its story?
Telleth it aught of a Saviour's love,
Of the risen Man in the glory?

Only a song for a child to sing,
But what is the note it is sounding?
Is it of Him, whose wonderful love
Is ever and all-abounding?

Remember the charge, concerning that child,
That to you in His word is given:
"Suffer the children to come unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If some of my little girl readers would like to write a short essay (by which I mean *their own* thoughts) on the above text, I should be pleased to send the writer of the best a similar text ready prepared for working with her own fingers. The writer must be under twelve; and your kind friend Dot will receive and carefully read all those sent to him not later than the 1st of October. W. J. W.

DOT'S CORNER.

My dear Little Ones,

I fear you have not all understood the buried text that was given, in July, for you to search out.

The words of the text are all given in the short story about the gentleman who could not find his way in the streets of London, and had to ask a boy which way he ought to go.

The words are in their right order too; all you have to do is to pick them out, and then you have the text.

When a kind friend sent me this puzzle, I read it through, and picked out these words: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

When the first of your letters came I opened it quickly, to see if the answer was correct. It gave me a text beginning, "Ask, and it shall be given you." This surprised me very much, because I did not remember reading those words, and yet I thought it might be possible for two texts to be there. To make sure, I turned over a copy of "My Little Friend," and read the piece again, but could not find the words, in their order, to make that text. Where she had been digging to find it I don't know.

Another young reader thought she found this text there: "I love them that love me." But you will soon see, on looking again, that this answer is as wrong as the other.

However, some were more successful in their search than those I have mentioned. These are the youngest boy and girl whose answers were correct—

Wm. J. H. W., 167, Malden road, Haverstock Hill, aged 11 years. T. C. H., 16, Park road, Haverstock Hill, aged 10 years, 4 months.

May we never forget who it was that spoke these words, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." It was Jesus; and now no one can say that they do not know the way to heaven, for He says, "I am the way." You and I may have ways of our own, by which we hope to get to heaven, but there is only one way, and that is by Jesus.

Hoping and praying to meet you all there,
Yours affectionately—Dot.

P.S.—For this month, instead of a puzzle, you will see our friend W. J. W. asks you to write a short paper on the text he has given.

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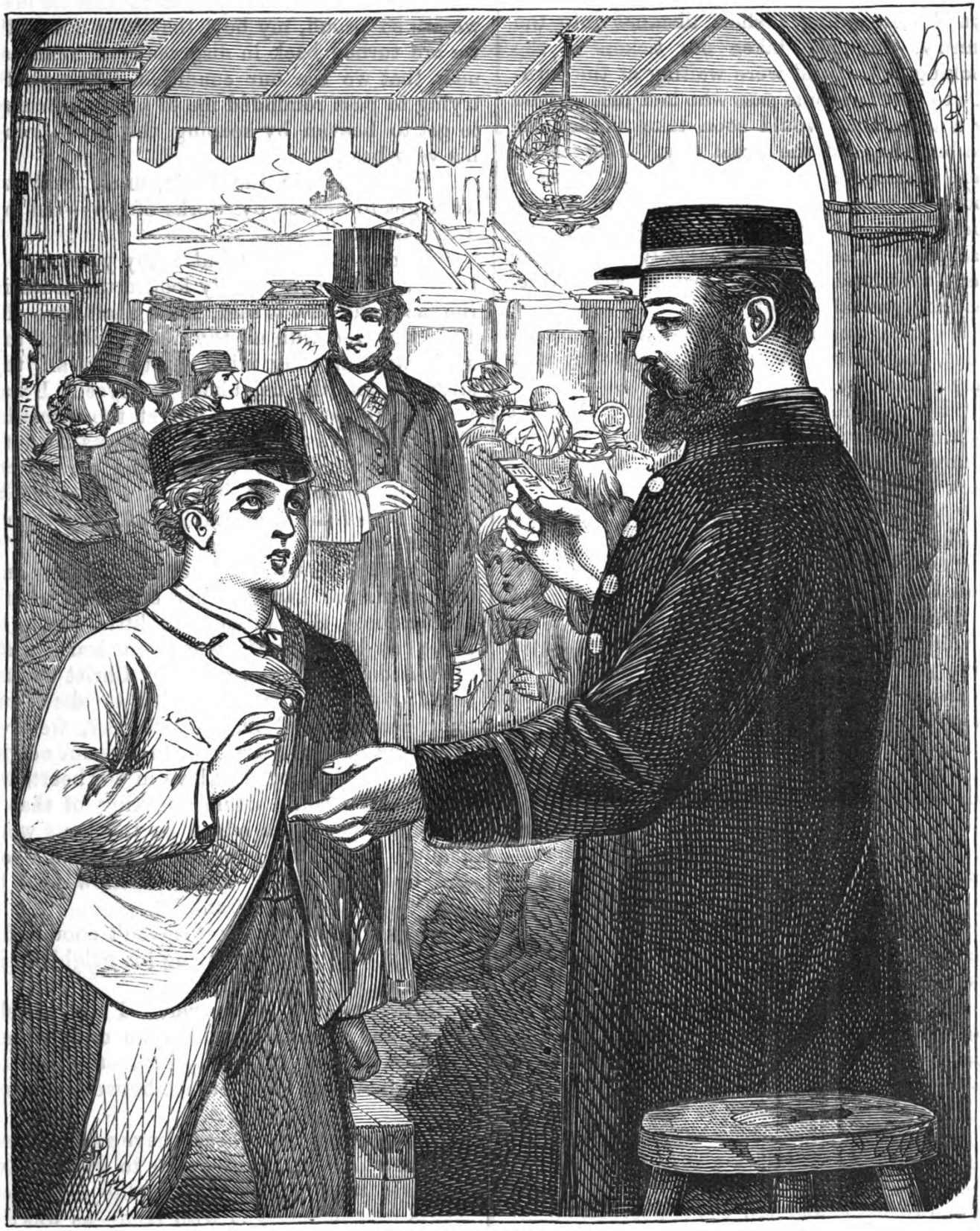
MY LITTLE FRIEND.



THE MAN THAT PAID.

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THE MAN THAT PAID.

One day last summer my young nephew and myself were going a short distance into the country. We had taken our tickets at the Booking Office, and were waiting at the turnstile to let the people pass who had just arrived by a train that would soon take us far from the busy hum of the great city. Just as we were passing through, a gentlemanly youth of about 14 years presented his ticket which the porter refused to take unless another penny was paid. The lad was unable to pay, and so went back and took his seat in a carriage, seemingly much vexed.

We took our seats in the same compartment, and after a little I asked the boy why they refused to let him pass.

"I have come a station beyond which I took my ticket for, and they wanted another penny; I had no more money, and so must go back to the station marked on my ticket."

"Will it save you time by getting out here" I asked.

"Oh yes," said he, "I have to go back and walk the distance."

"Well," I asked, offering him a penny, "will you accept it of a stranger—and so save you time?"

I saw the blush of pride that crimsoned his face as he answered, "No, thank you, it won't matter much."

But speaking in a kindly manner so as to win his confidence, I again offered the bronze piece.

He seemed to gulp something in his throat, and after a minute said, "Thank you sir, I think I will accept it—it will make an hour's difference in my errand." He took it and gave me his hand, and after a few words we parted.

Turning to my companion I said, "That lad's difficulty brought a text to my mind—it was this: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"He didn't much care to take it, uncle."

"No, Harry, that was a large lump of pride he swallowed before doing so. But I will tell you what it brought to my mind as we stood at the turnstile and saw the lad turned back."

"The man that paid—was it that, uncle?"

"Well, Harry, you have guessed part of it, but it was not only the willingness of the Man Christ Jesus to pay for us, but our unwillingness to accept payment at His hands; we are so proud, my boy, that it is not until we are turned back in disgrace and helplessness that we see our condition. The youth trying to pass reminded me of a person trying to get to heaven by keeping the law—doing his very best."

"But it says in the Bible, uncle, that we can't get to heaven by works of law—but by Jesus Christ."

"I know it, Harry; but many years ago I tried it, and when I really looked the truth in the face, and saw it said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself, I was not able to pass, like the boy at the turnstile. That porter was not unkind. It was his duty not to let him pass without the penny was paid—he must exact it or turn him back. Then I saw the opportunity of *grace* being shewn by paying for him.

"Perhaps that trifling act of kindness and the words we had together may lead to his conversion. God often uses little means to bring us to Himself, when we learn what He has done for us in grace by Christ Jesus, and that the law was intended to shew our short-comings and inability to pay, we love Him, and *then* we learn how to love our neighbour also. Without His love in our hearts we are very selfish. While speaking of that I remember passing a school as the boys were coming out. One boy had been in a shop and bought a tart. A schoolfellow said to him, 'Give us a bit, Frank.'"

"Can't," said Frank; "Haven't enough for myself." What about loving his neighbour in this case, Harry; aye?

Harry smiled an answer. I am merely giving the anecdote to help the understanding of my young readers, *great truths for little minds*, shewing the difference between *law* and *grace*.

O may your young hearts have such a sense of God's love in giving Jesus to die to save you and to give you eternal life that your hearts may be engaged with Him—as was the heart and soul of a poor idiot boy who had heard of Jesus and what He had done, as he

one day washed his hands and put on his best cap and was gazing earnestly up into an opening in the clouds overhead—"What are you looking for, Matt.? was asked of him.

He smiled—it was *such* a smile as he replied, "*The Man that paid—Matt. wants to go to the Man that paid.*"

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. XIX. 14.

HOW sweet, dear Lord, to hear Thy voice,
Invite our children near!
Well may a parent's heart rejoice,
That such to Thee are dear.

How full Thy love; how kind, how warm,
Thine invitation free!
"Forbid them not," Thy word's a charm
To draw them unto Thee.

No mother's smile could win so well
Their simple guileless love;
No other voice than Thine could tell
Their destined home above.

Hush'd were the children, calm and still,
They hung about Thy breast;
Thy presence soothed their playful will,
They could but feel at rest.

How cherub-like their infant smile,
How winning was Thy way:
The love that glisten'd in Thine eye,
Enchanted them to stay.

These gracious words our hearts incline
To bring them unto Thee;
We pray, dear Lord, they may be Thine,
From sin and death set free.

Those who a parent's love could feel,
A parent's prayer will hear;
Our children, Lord, we ask Thee seal
For mansions bright and clear.

(Extract—Written 30 Years ago.)

Short History of Joseph.

No. X.

"I AM Joseph, whom ye sold into Egypt." This was to assure them that it really was their brother speaking to them. Some may think this was said in reproach, but I scarcely think Joseph would have reproached them just then, his heart was too full of joy at meeting them again to say an unkind word, for he comforted them, saying, that it was God who had sent him there.

Then he said, "Make haste, and go to my father, and tell him his son Joseph is still alive; and he says, 'God has made me lord of all Egypt, come and live with me;' and tell him all my glory, and make haste and bring him." And when he had finished speaking he fell on his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; he not only kissed Benjamin, but he kissed all his brethren, shewing how perfectly he forgave them for all their former unkindness. The news soon spread through Pharaoh's house that Joseph's brethren were come, and it shews how highly Joseph was esteemed by Pharaoh, for it says, "And it pleased Pharaoh and his servants." And Pharaoh told Joseph to send to his father and tell him to come to Egypt, for he (Pharaoh) would give them of the fat of the land.

And Joseph gave them wagons, laden with food and other good things of Egypt, to bring back their father, their wives and their little children, children like the readers of "My Little Friend," who were waiting for their fathers to come back with the corn to make bread to keep them from starving, while the dreadful famine lasted. So Joseph sent them away, but before they go he gives them one little word of warning, "See that ye fall not out by the way." And it would be well for us now to take heed of this warning, especially as the Lord Jesus has said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." (John xiii. 34.)

I do not think the brothers did fall out, they were too anxious to get home to tell the good news to their dear father, whom they had once so cruelly deceived. LOUISE.

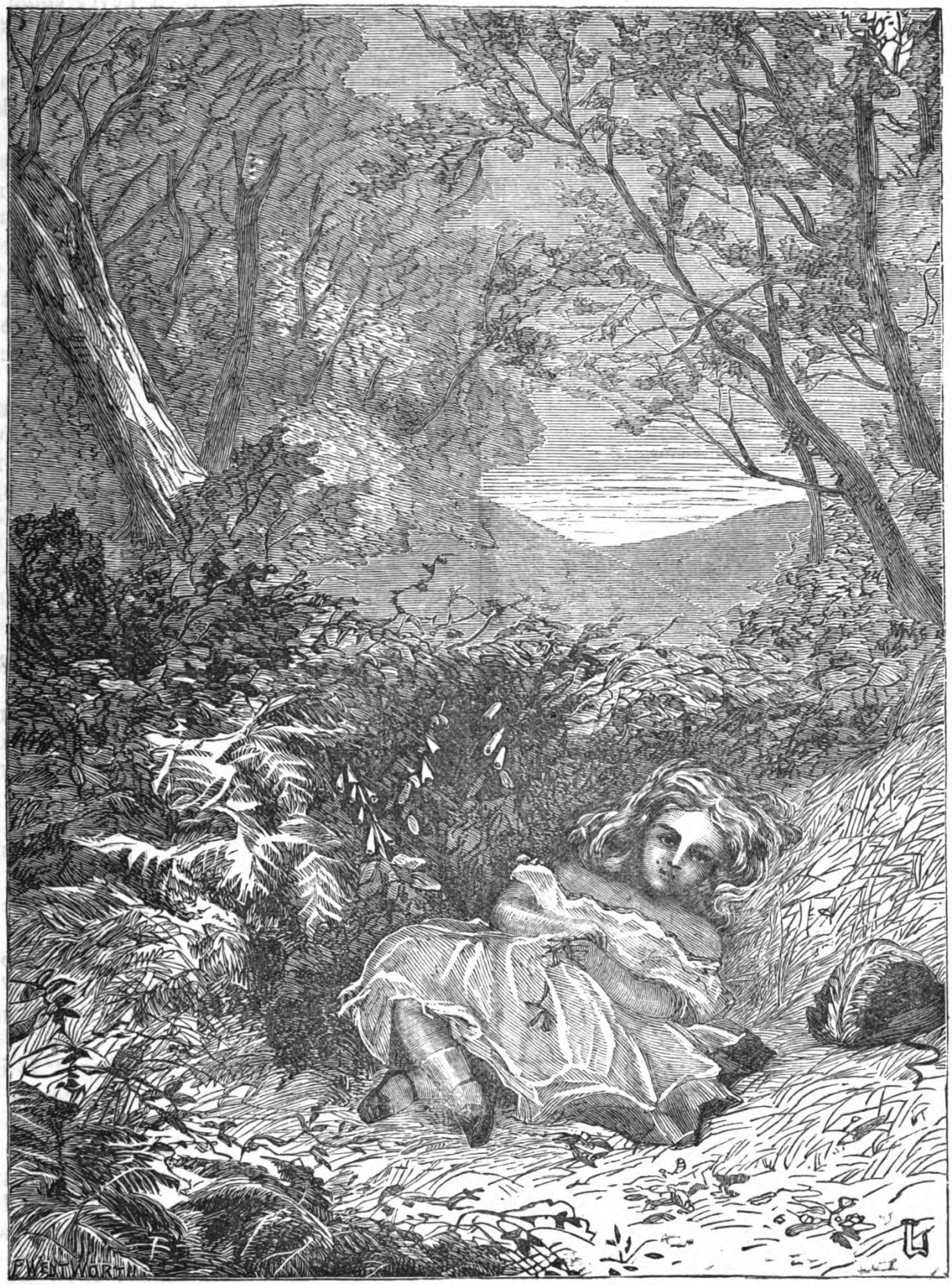
LOVE GOD NOW.

The sweetest word our tongues can tell;
The name of One most high;
The time that only can be ours,
From birth until we die:

We have a sentence in the three.
To which we all should bow.
How happy then our hearts would be,
If all should *Love God now.*

W. B.

LITTLE FRIENDS.



CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD.

SWEET childhood! oh, what happy hours
Thy pathways are surrounding;
Life seems a garden full of flowers,
With butterflies abounding.

I do remember, long ago,
When we, as boys together,
Would wander by the streamlets' flow,
Or chase across the heather.

Knee-deep in grass the cowslips pick,
'Mid shouts of childish praises,
Or with some hawthorn-spangled stick
Make coronets of daises;

To deck the brow of some fair mate,
With boyish pride unbounded,
And seat her on a throne of state
With flow'ring realms surrounded;

Or 'neath some spreading tree to sit
Beside the broad, deep river—
When oft across my heart would flit
The goodness of the Giver.

But years flee on, and they disclose,
Through many plans defeated,
Beneath the sweetly scented rose
A little thorn 's secreted.

Sweet childhood, when in truth array'd,
To find in hours of leisure
The living flowers that will not fade—
Which give a lasting pleasure.

Ah! many a pain will thus be saved,
And many a grief and anguish;
When truth is on the heart engraved
Its brightness ne'er will languish.

Oh, happy child, that learns to love
And trust in Christ in glory!
To set its heart on Him above
Makes life one long, bright story. D. R.

Look Beyond the Clouds.

SOME little girls one day took shelter in an old man's cottage, being overtaken by a shower of rain, and asked him, with much anxiety, as to the weather.

"William," said Charlotte, "we were all going to the Bilberry hills to day; but there is such a dark cloud in the sky, that I fear it will be wet, and that will spoil all our pleasure."

"I hope not," said old William. "We are often afraid of evils which never come upon us. However, sit you down in my cottage, and you will see how it turns out."

"I don't know what to make of it now," said Jane; "for though the cloud is dark, the sky beyond it is blue and bright."

"If the sky be blue and bright beyond it, my little maids," said the old man, "never fear but all will yet be well. Many and many a dark cloud has hung over me in my lifetime, but all was sure to turn out well, because there was brightness in the distance. Do not look at the cloud, but fix your eye on the bright sky beyond it. It is because I have found so much consolation in looking beyond a dark cloud myself, that I wish you to do the same, not only to-day but all the rest of your lives."

"In Hebrews xi. you will find many mentioned, who looked beyond the clouds and sufferings of this life, to the sunshine of eternal glory."

The Weather Glass.

ON the wall hangs a weather glass. When the weather is going to be fine, the crystals in the glass tube are all settled at the bottom, but when it is going to rain, the crystals fly to the top of the spirit in the tube. It is a faithful guide.

Now it happened, one fine morning, a little girl, on looking at the weather glass, found it was very unsettled. She did not like this, for she wanted to go out in the afternoon; so she said to her mother, "Mamma, see how clear and blue the sky is, and yet, look at this glass, it is all unsettled for rain: can't we shake the crystals down, so that it may settle for fine weather?"

But mamma answered, smiling, "It is of no use to shake the glass, for though you might alter that, you could not change the weather." But Minnie felt angry with the glass because it told the truth. This reminds me of another little girl, who used to read her Bible, partly because she liked it, and partly because she thought it was her duty.

She would read with delight the historical parts, and also the life and miracles of the Lord Jesus when He was on this earth, but when she came to a part which spoke of the

second coming of the Lord, and of the judgments that will fall on the unsaved, and the lake of fire, then she would shut the book hurriedly—she could not bear to think of this, for she knew she was not ready to meet the Lord Jesus; so, like the little girl and the weather glass, she liked it when it pointed to fair weather, but not when it told of the wrath to come.

The Bible is a faithful guide, and while it warns you of the coming storm, it also tells you how you may escape, and find a refuge and hiding-place in Jesus; if you come to Him you have nothing to fear. He Himself says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And again, in John x., "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

I am happy to say the little girl is no longer afraid to read her Bible, for she has since found out how great a sinner she was, and how great a Saviour Jesus is. She can now sing—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee!"

L. C.

A Baby in a Bank.

"WHAT a funny title! I do not quite see what it means. Oh, I know, the printer must have made a mistake, and it ought to be a baby *on* a ——" Not quite so fast, chatterbox—not quite so fast, please, for the printer is quite right this time, and the title means exactly what it says, 'A Baby in a Bank.' But, first, what do *you* mean by that knowing look and very wise opinion of yours? You thought it meant a lovely, soft, bank of grass in the country, did you? I see; and you could quite understand baby rolling and kicking about on a beautiful bank of wild flowers and moss. Well, I am glad we have had a bit of fun over it.

The bank I am going to tell you about is quite a different thing, but I cannot help reminding you, before I go on, that the body of many a precious little babe lies *under* a mound of sweet-scented flowers and waving grass; and what a wonderful thought it is, that while the flowers wither away and perish, the soul of that dear babe will never die, but is safe in the keeping of Jesus for ever! I trust that you, who know the story of the love and death of Jesus, are secure now in Him, for your soul will never die, but this need not make you afraid, if you are trusting in Jesus, for you also will surely dwell with Him for ever and ever.

Now I was going to tell you about a baby in a bank, was I not? Well, this bank is nearly in the centre of noisy London, and it is a large strong building, where many people —and some of them are very rich—take their golden sovereigns and crisp bank notes, that their treasure may be taken care of; for they think that there it is all perfectly safe. (As I write this, I am glad to think that very many of our little Bible readers have *treasure in heaven*.) One morning I was passing through the City rather early, before all the great banks and warehouses were open for the business of the day, when, just as I was opposite one of these handsome buildings, the heavy doors swung slowly inwards, and my ears caught the welcome sound of the happy ringing laugh of a little child. I waited a minute, and presently a beautiful baby-boy toddled into the great hall, and came running to the door with a shout of delight. There he stood, watching the busy traffic in the street with his large blue wondering eyes; and a prettier picture one does not often see—a picture in a very grand frame too—for over the curly head rose a fine polished archway of dove-coloured marble, and on either side, in shining gold letters, the word, "Bank."

I could not help stopping to watch our little hero, and as I noted the clean white pinafore, the dainty bits of carefully-tied ribbon, and the tastefully-brushed curls, I felt pretty sure that this particular bank contained at least one treasure that "mother" would not part with for the treasures of all the other banks in London. As I walked on I thought, too, that that little one was more precious to Christ than all the gold and silver in the whole world; yes, and here I can shew you a wondrous contrast, for the gold and silver, and the bank as well, must all perish; but the boy or girl who loves Jesus never

will, but will be safe in His keeping through all eternity. Oh, that each one of my readers may know what it is to be purchased by the blood of Jesus, and know that they are great treasures in perfectly safe keeping.

W. J. W.

A BURIED TEXT.

I HAVE no doubt many of my little friends have seen the river Thames, and know that at times its banks overflow. I remember on one occasion, not many years ago, when my little girl was at school, the waters rose so high that some of the streets were almost impassable. I cannot tell what some of the poor people did who lived close to the river; all I know is, that one dear child near us, who was at play in the back yard, was drowned. Water is very nice to quench thirst, and useful in case of fire, but when it comes into the house, it is quite another thing. With regard to our little one, love prompted her father to go to her rescue; and he carried her home in safety. Neither father nor child was sorry to be at home, I can assure you. On another occasion the water rose in the night, and many persons were much alarmed and inconvenienced. But I remember that God has promised not to destroy the world by sending any more floods to drown it, and when this world is burnt up all my dear little friends who believe in Jesus will be with Him. This reminds me of a nice text you will find buried here. Can any little friend tell what it is?

J. M. L.

DOT'S CORNER.

Dear Little Friends,

Is it not very nice to have a place of shelter in which to hide in a time of trouble? If only from a heavy storm how gladly do we seek the friendly shelter of an open door, an archway, or perhaps a shopkeeper's sun-blind, to protect us till the rain-clouds are passed, and the sun shines forth once more; then we go on our way thankful for that place of rest during the momentary trouble.

Thus in our August buried text we have these words, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock." (Ps. xxvii. 5.) This text means that God will hide us in His hiding-place when a time of great trouble comes, and if He hide us we shall be safe indeed, but of course this precious text is for those only who trust in Him. The Lord knoweth them that are His.

A friend in writing to me from the country the other day, said how he had been exposed to a very severe storm; there was no hiding-place, no pavilion or shelter of any kind, so that he had to bear it as patiently as he could; but now he knows the value of protection from adverse circumstances.

I was very pleased to find that so young a child had been successful in finding this text. It was Annie T., Maggieknockater, Scotland, aged six years and a half.

I did not know that there was such a village as Maggieknockater (and am glad my address is composed of shorter words), but it seems that our little magazine finds its way into many a remote corner of which I for one have never heard.

Yours affectionately,

Dot.

I have another buried text this month for those who are not tired of digging, and a prize volume as usual for the youngest one who sends the correct answer.

My Little Friend Annual Vols. Price 1s., 1s. 6d., and beautifully bound, 2s.

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NOTICE.

On the 1st of November, with the Magazines, we hope to have ready

MY LITTLE FRIEND SHEET ALMANACK,

FOR 1880.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

It is published early that those who live at distant parts of the world may be able to receive copies at the beginning of the new year.

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

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

A YOUNG TRESPASSER.

Vol. IV.—No. 147. November, 1879. Price, One Half-penny.

A YOUNG TRESPASSER.

A SHARP shrill cry proceeding from the opposite side of the road drew my attention from the book I was reading. I raised my eyes in the direction from which the cry came, and then saw a boy dressed in a knickerbocker suit hanging suspended by one foot from the iron palisade that enclosed the garden of the square in which we lived.

To rush to the door and across the road was but the work of a few moments. Poor boy, he was in a state of great alarm as he hung head downwards, and it was some time before I could extricate him from his painful position, and when that was done, he had to be carried home, which fortunately was not far off. He had been playing with his ball in the road, but in trying to throw it higher in the air than before, it glanced aside, and fell into the garden of the square. The gate was locked, and there was no one inside, so the venturesome boy boldly scaled the iron palisading, entered the garden and obtained his ball; but in returning he had gained the top rail, and standing for a moment, prepared for a jump. He gave the spring, but one foot was imprisoned firmly, and he fell. The doctor was soon in attendance, and we gladly heard there was nothing serious the matter, but he had to lie in bed for a couple of weeks, and then limped about for several weeks more.

However, God graciously brings good out of evil, and through the assistance I gave him I had constant access to the house to see my young invalid friend. But for this I dare say I might never have entered the house. I took him a volume of "My Little Friend," and very pleased he was with it, besides having the opportunity of talking with him. I did not mean wearing him out by "a long preaching," as boys say, but won his confidence, by being a boy again, and entering into his amusements and small plans. I was greatly pleased on these occasions to find a voluntary prisoner generally sitting with him, a little companion who for the time gave up his out-door games to share his friend's prison and read to him.

Who knows what the reaping will be from such a sowing? This I know, that the invalid was not forgotten when prayer was wont to be made. Let us hope that among the golden sheaves of the harvest, this little ear may be found. "A word in season how good is it." He who allows no sparrow to fall to the ground without His knowledge, may have had His own purpose in allowing the little trespasser to be caught by the foot in order that the young heart may be caught by the word—and as the poet says—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

A Child's Confidence.

A LITTLE boy scarce nine years old,
Lay sick, with weaken'd frame,
Yet he was safe in Jesus' fold,
Through faith in His dear name.

No fears seem'd nestling in his breast—
His thoughts on Christ above,
His little heart seem'd so at rest,
As though absorb'd in love:

In love to Jesus who had died
To put away his sin,
To whom his soul he did confide—
And all was peace within.

That lasting peace that all possess
Who on the Lord believe,
And who eternal blessedness
Through faith in Christ receive.

While lying there a neighbour came
And look'd upon the boy,
But when he heard his simple claim
To endless life and joy,

He question'd him about the truth,
With reasonings like a flood,
To which replied the happy youth,
"*I'm resting on the blood!*"

"Have you no doubts or fears, my child?"
The neighbour ask'd again;
The boy replied, but sweetly smiled,
"The words of Christ are plain;

"And on His words I rest, you see,
And cannot have a doubt,
For Jesus says, 'Who comes to me
I 'll no wise cast him out!'"

The neighbour saw the boy was real
About his peace and joy,
And only wish'd that he could feel
As happy as the boy.

But feeling 's nought, the Bible saith ;
When God's own word we hear,
Then blissful *feelings* follow *faith*,
And love dispels all fear.

In reasoning minds God has no part,
Nor where His word's defiled,
But loves to open up His heart
To every trustful child. D. R.

ASK JESUS.

TWO little girls were one day left at home by themselves, father and mother having gone out to work.

The elder girl was Louie and the other Lizzie.

At first it was very nice to play together with their dolls; but there are times when the best of games begin to tire; and so it was with these two little girls, for the day seemed so very long, and they had had enough of play.

They knew their mother would not be home till quite late, but she had told her little daughters that father would be home in time to give them their tea.

After watching the old clock for a long while, till it was nearly dark, and counting how many times it struck, Louie said to her sister, "I do wish father would come, for I am getting quite hungry."

"So am I," said Lizzie. "Don't you think, if we were to ask Jesus, He would let father come home?"

"Yes, I am sure He would."

So the two little girls knelt down, and in their own words asked that father might come home.

Some people would smile at such a prayer as that; but they were sure that it was answered, for, almost directly after, the well-known step was heard, and their father came in, to the great delight of both Louie and Lizzie, who did not forget afterwards to ask again in prayer when they needed something else.

But boys and girls sometimes ask God for foolish things, and are surprised that they get no answer. He only gives to us when He sees it would be for our good, and so we ought to be just as thankful when He sees fit to withhold. AUNT SUSEY.

Short History of Joseph.

XI.

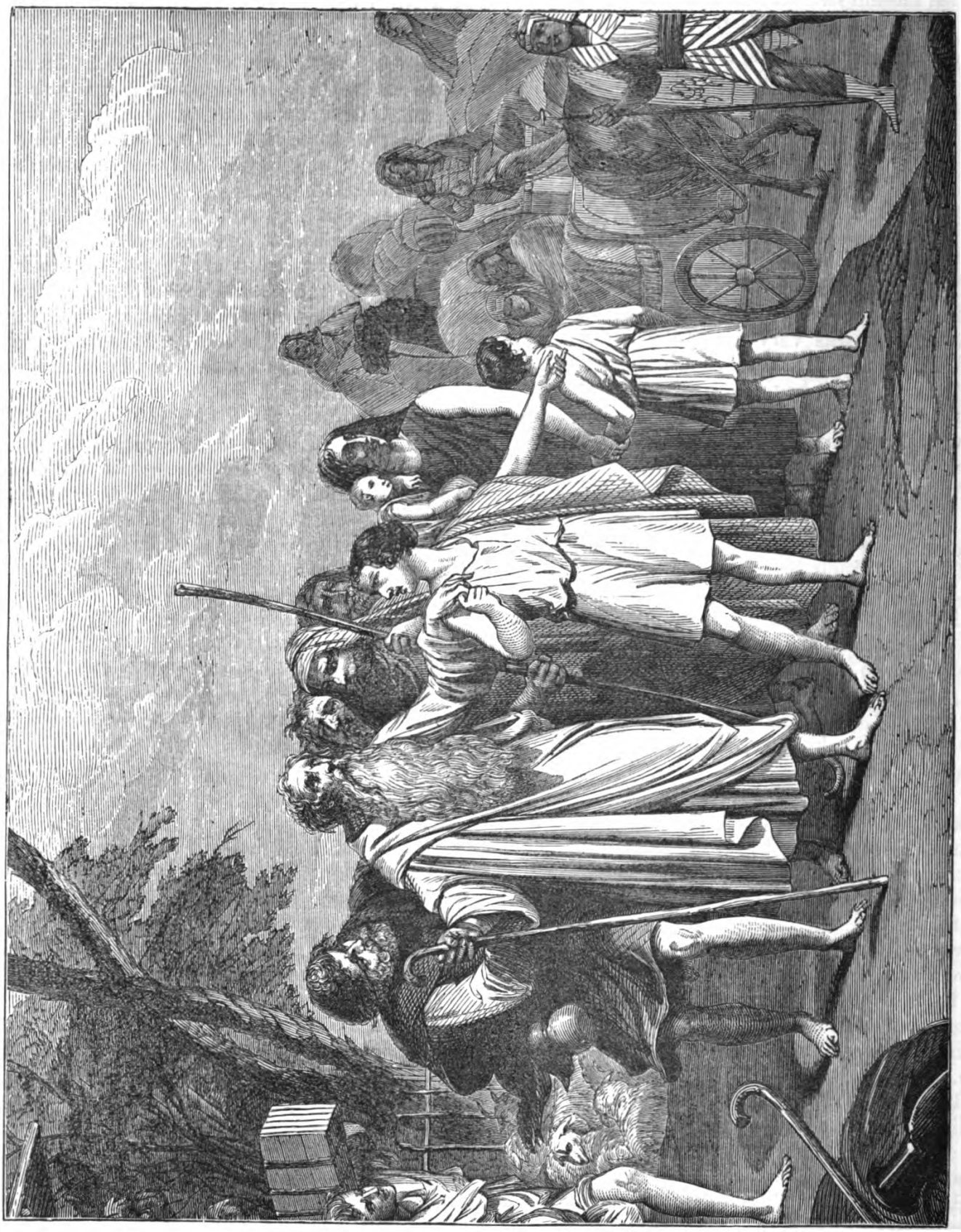
HOW long and dreary the days woul seem to Jacob, whilst he was waitin for the return of his sons! Hov anxious he would feel lest any harm befe Benjamin! One day as he was watching fo them, he saw them a long way off, but the had with them wagons that they had not take away from their home.

When they at last came to Jacob and tol him that Joseph, his long-mourned son wa still alive and governor in Egypt, the shoc was almost too much, and he fainted, for h could scarcely believe it could be true.

When he revived he said, "It is enough Joseph my son is yet alive; I will g and see him before I die." So Jacob, wit all his sons and the little children wen down to Egypt in the wagons which Pharao had sent. How the children would cry ou and rejoice when they heard that they wer going to Egypt, the land of plenty. Whe they came near to Goshen, Joseph came dow in his chariot to meet them. What a meetin that was! The aged father with his silver hair and the strong noble son, fell on eac other's necks and wept "a good while." Th joy Jacob felt as he was supported by Joseph' arms more than anything else would compen sate for the years of sorrow he had spen Joseph did not want his family to live wit the Egyptians, so Pharaoh gave them the lan of Goshen or Rameses, one of the best an most fertile spots near the river Nile.

Here they followed their occupations as shep herds, quite separate from the Egyptians, wh were, you will remember, an idolatrous peopl and therefore not good companions for th people of God. Joseph seems to have thoug of this, for he preferred for his brothers t live the simple lives to which they had bee accustomed, instead of making them office in the court of Pharaoh. Here they woul have been surrounded by all the dangers an snares of heathen life, but in their quiet lan of Goshen they could serve the God who ha done such great things for them, who ha turned a wicked act of theirs into a gre blessing, and by raising Joseph to his hig position, saved them from the dreadful famin

LOUISE.



JACOB SETS OUT FOR EGYPT.

THE WRONG TRAIN.

IT was such a lovely morning, as we rolled along through the green fields. The young rye, two or three feet out of the ground: just high enough to look very pretty, as the fresh breeze, playing over its surface, swayed it in wavy lines like the sea. The long arms of the windmill were working merrily, and a loose bit of one of the sails flapped away in breathless haste, as if hurrying to keep up with the rest. The trees had just received their new spring clothing of leaves, and looked as clean and fresh as little girls going to a "treat."

Now the engine has a rest at the station, and gets a great drink of water, then comes puffing back to the train, ready to start when the five minutes' halt is up. But while we are waiting, another train from the opposite direction comes along, and takes its stand by our side.

It was the morning after Whit Monday, early, and many visitors to the country were going back to their homes. A military band, merry young men, with gay clothes and bright buttons, entered the train, on their homeward journey. Serious-looking workmen, in wooden shoes, and smoking long pipes, were also there—for I am not in England, you must know.

A mechanic carrying his tools came in, and took his place among the rest. We waited a minute or two more, and then, one, two, three! was sounded on the big hanging-bell, the head-guard blew his whistle, and the engine-driver let his engine loose. Puff! puff! away we go. But see! the mechanic jumps up, exclaiming, "Why, we are going R——! I'm in the wrong train!" He ru to the door, but it is too late: he is going exactly the contrary direction.

Do you think he noticed the wavy co fields or the industrious windmill? Not h he thought of his lost day; for he could n now get to work till late in the afterno Perhaps, even, he had no money to pay fare back. He sat and thought, and plann and wondered whatever he should do.

Dear child, are you in the wrong trai There are two: the one goes to heaven, a the other to hell. Which are you in? not thoughtlessly answer, "I don't know." is very wrong to be careless in such a matt "Ah!" says one little child, "I am in a n train, the people are so good and kind, I sure I must be right." But the mecha could say that too, and still he was all wro

Now let me tell you what I think is right train for children. The train wh Jesus is, and where He leads the way, a where we trust Him fully; where we look into His kind eyes, and we know that He looking down on us, and that He has said us, "I am the way, and the truth, and the l No man cometh unto the Father, but by M Will you not go on in this train? But member what God says of the wrong wa "There is a way that seemeth right unt man, but the end thereof are the ways death."

J. & T

THE LITTLE FOUNDLIN

MY dear little friends, if you take y Bibles and turn to Psalm xxvii. you will find this beautiful te "When my father and my mother forsake n then the Lord will take me up." I want tell you the story of a little girl who was f saken by her father and mother, and we sh see what became of her.

One evening in spring, many years ago, t boys were walking down one of the beaut country lanes in a pleasant part of Kent. they went along one of them saw a bun lying on the ground, under a hedge. Th went to see what it was, and found it wa little baby girl about three weeks old wrap in an old black shawl.

What were they to do? They could

leave it there in the cold, so they decided to turn back and take the baby to the Union, which was not far from where they were.

When they arrived at the workhouse, and told their tale, the poor wee baby was at once taken in. The next day they tried to find out who the baby really belonged to, or who had left it there; but they could never find out who it was. The cruel mother had evidently left the baby, hoping some one would find and take care of it.

As weeks went on, and nothing was heard of the father or mother, the little baby was left in its rough home, and would have grown up there, but a lady with a tender loving heart, saw the pretty baby girl with her bright black eyes, and felt so sorry when she heard the story, how the baby had been left under the hedge, that she said to the doctor and matron of the house, "Give her to me, and I will bring her up for my own child, and she will perhaps grow to love me. I will be a mother to her, poor little thing."

So they let the lady take the baby to her own home, and when she grew big, some of the lady's friends said to her, "Why don't you bring her up for a servant?" But the lady replied, "No, she shall not be a servant; I want her to be like my own child." And she had her taught all that she could.

When Maggie grew up, and learned the story of her life, you may suppose she loved her protectress dearly, and did all she could to please her.

Sometimes Maggie's young companions would say to her, "How very strict Miss C. is with you. I should not like it." But she answered, "I love my aunt dearly; she only does it for my good. If it had not been for her, I should be in the workhouse now, with no one to love me."

She always called Miss C. her aunt, and though at times she shewed a naughty, wilful temper, she was afterwards sorry for it, and never happy till her aunt had forgiven her.

Maggie is now a woman, but she has never forgotten how she was left to perish under the hedge in that country lane, and how she was found.

And now, dear little ones, is not this like all of us by nature? We are all lost, and ready to perish; but the Lord Jesus "came to seek and to save that which was lost." He will save all that come to Him; and when He has saved us, He will not leave us to be servants.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." (1 John iii. 1.)

L. C.

EARN YOUR LAURELS ERE YOU WEAR THEM.

THE bugle notes were heard to swell,
One morn in early summer,
And soldiers in their order fell,
To sound of fife and drummer.

The clang of arms, the martial tread,
Made many hearts go bounding;
While on each soldier's helmet spread,
Were evergreens surrounding.

The ship was in the distant dock,
In anxious expectation;
A crowd of friends already flock,
To see the embarkation.

How stiff and staid the soldiers stand,
Throughout that last inspection,
When every weapon, belt and band,
Comes under calm reflection.

The colonel comes upon the scene,
To him it seems astounding,
Those little sprigs of evergreen,
His soldiers' heads surrounding.

To him it is a painful sight,
('Gainst military morals),
To see his men go out to fight
Adorned with sprigs of laurels.

For some had never seen the foe,
And only *heard* the story,
How men will everything forego,
For fancied fame and glory,

For when the battle had been won,
And nations squared their quarrels;
'Twas time enough, he thought, for one
To wear the victor's laurels.

He rode along the serried file,
While quietly surveying—
But now we see a quiet smile,
His manly face betraying.

He knows his men for action yearn,
Though friends may hardly spare them;
"*My men, we'll first our laurels earn,*
And afterwards we'll wear them!"

His words were heard throughout the ranks,
And none his presence fearing,
They gave expression to their thanks,
In joyous shouts of cheering.

While every soldier's heart was big,
With hope and pleasure blended,
Yet every soldier took the sprig,
His cap had held suspended.

And threw their evergreens away,
As gladly as they bore them,
The nobler feelings having sway,
To earn them ere they wore them!

The order came—and rank and file
(Amid no slight commotion)
Are shipp'd—and in a little while
Are far upon the ocean.

But christian boys, may we not learn
From this a simple moral—
As having life, to fight and earn
A deathless crown of laurel?

The battle is indeed the Lord's—
But soon will end the story—
When Christ will come with His rewards,
His crowns of fadeless glory. D. R.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB.

HOW thankful we ought to be for the priceless blessings we enjoy as a nation—a land of privileges such as is known in no other part of the world. A good Queen, loved by her people, and whom she loves—joying in their joy, and sorrowing in their sorrow. She was proclaimed Queen at the age of eighteen, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury announced the fact to her, she asked him to kneel down and pray that she might have wisdom to rule her people aright, thus beginning her reign in the fear of God. It was a favourite saying of her grandfather, George the Third, that he wished to see a Bible in every cottage in his land, and that desire has been almost fulfilled, I judge, for a Bible is within the reach of all, and nearly every Sunday scholar possesses one, and we are free to read it when we like, and to worship God as the scriptures teach, "in spirit and in truth." (John iv.)

If we look for a moment at Russia—such a vast empire though it be—how dark it is, and what ignorance of God and His Son Jesus Christ. No cheap Bibles there, and if there were, there are few that can read them. They have a proverb among the lower classes, that "God is too high, and the Czar too far off."

Now I doubt there are but few readers of "My Little Friend" who could not answer that dismal proverb by a text that proves that God is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, that call upon Him in truth, and many other texts I feel sure they could bring forward, which tell of His nearness, and how much He loves us to draw near to Him. Since Christ has made peace by the blood of His cross, the way has been opened up whereby the youngest reader can go to Him. Has not Jesus said, "Suffer *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Our gracious Queen too acknowledges the greatness of her mighty empire to the Bible: "Happy is the nation that has the Lord for its God." A Russian Ambassador once went to some iron-works in the North of England on a Sunday. He expressed his desire to see the works in operation. The owner told him his works did not go on that day, The Ambassador asked him if the Queen commanded him to set his wheels going, would he refuse? The proprietor promptly replied—"I certainly should—*but the Queen would never command such a thing.* The Queen loves her Bible and the day of rest."

May it be the desire and prayer of every young reader of that inestimable book, "Hide thy word in my heart, that I may not sin against thee." (Ps. cxix.)

A SMALL REQUEST.

A LITTLE Sunday school boy, who was just recovering from a long illness, one day heard his father swearing in a fit of anger. The boy shuddered as he heard the awful words. As soon as he could he crept up stairs to his bed-room, and, having shut the door, knelt down and prayed, "Lord Jesus, please make my father a good man, and not let him swear." He felt relieved, for he knew the Lord hears the prayer of faith, even when asked by a little child. At night the boy saw his father looking at his sick child as he lay in bed, and tears were in his eyes as he stood there. The boy believed this was an answer to his prayer, and he never after forgot to take all his troubles to Jesus.

DOT'S CORNER.

Dear Little Friends,

After having read all your letters, it is now my turn to say a few words on the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. I think it is just the text for our magazine, because it speaks of the little ones, and tells us what Jesus thought about them. The disciples would have driven them away; perhaps they said, "Whatever do these people want to trouble the Master with their children for?" and many unkind things beside; but we read in Mark that when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said, "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not." And if Jesus takes such an interest in each one of us who comes to Him, there is no fear that even the youngest will be forgotten. Not like the little boy who wondered if heaven would be such a large place that he would get lost in the crowd.

But I must not write any more to you now, or there will not be room for the following letter, which I have chosen for the prize. There were several other very nice ones, but they were all written by older children, while Constance E. W. is only eight and a half years.

Now there is something I have to ask of all my young readers. The Editor wishes, if possible, to greatly increase the monthly circulation of "My Little Friend" during the coming year, if we are spared to see it, and he would be so glad if you would all help him by shewing the magazine to your young friends, and asking them to take it in regularly. He will be happy to send, post free, a packet of back numbers to any boy or girl who will undertake to give them away. They must send a Post Card with name and address to 20, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Yours affectionately,
Dot.

Dear Dot,

I think that "Suffer the little children to come unto me" is my favourite text in all the Bible. It was so very kind of Jesus to think about the little children, and to call them to come to Him.

I wish so much that I had been alive at that time, and I wish that Jesus could have taken me up in His arms and blessed me; but I know that even now I may come to Him and ask for whatever I want if it is good for me, because He is so kind.

I like "My Little Friend" very much indeed. I was 8 years old on the 13th of February.

Ever your loving little friend,
Constance E. W.

Bexley, Kent.

PUZZLE CORNER.

I am a dead and wither'd thing,
I've not a bit of root,
And yet I bear the flowers of Spring,
And rich ripe clust'ring fruit.

A noisome thing at times am I,
From which men flee apace;
Hidden I am from human eye,
In a most holy place.

I once was in a prophet's hand,
When water quickly burst
From out the rock across the sand,
Which quenched the people's thirst.

*** All answers to the above Puzzle must be sent in not later than November 20th.

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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Vol. IV.—No. 48. December, 1879. Price One Half-penny.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

CHRISTMAS was close at hand, and as usual came Master Frost, who seemed to have a particular pleasure in nipping up the little rivers in his own fashion, so as to give their running powers a rest; but here and there he found a little stream *too busy to freeze*,—too quick for his watchful eye to catch idling for a moment.

The little stream had got something to do, and it meant to do it, and its rippling voice seemed to say, "Catch me stopping on the way, if you can." Such a little stream used to run close by our school when I was a boy, and in the summer we would lie down upon its grassy slopes, watching the fish in their gambols. In the winter time it was rather vexing, for the busy little current was the very last to give up, so that we could rarely get a slide on it. In one of the meadows near our cottage was a sluggish stream of water, which always came under Master Frost's power the first.

I have often thought since how like to two boys in that school were these two streams. There was Joseph Smith, for instance, the monitor of my class: you rarely saw him idle. He was naturally a clever boy, and whatever he touched, there was cleverness stamped upon it, and he was always busy. He was so original, too; he never seemed to do things in the old "rule-of-three" sort of fashion, that is, he had his own way of doing things; and though Young Envy spoke ill of him at all times (a boy, by the bye nobody cares to play with, or even take to), yet Joseph was acknowledged to be the best lad in the school, and even in his play he made the game so real, that the courage or cowardice, or the gentle or noble qualities of his companions, were brought out to advantage.

But I must proceed with my story. Here was Christmas come, and Frost had been hard at work, but there was the little stream running on and on, determined not to be conquered. So we had to be content to keep to our play-ground when we "broke up" for holidays.

We were going to separate from each other for weeks, and a last *good game* was to be played; and as Master Frost was trying his fingers with our chins and cheeks, we were obliged to copy the little stream, and be too busy to freeze. So "soldiers" was the game fixed on, and the armies were drawn up in martial fashion, with its "captains of tens." Soon the din of battle was heard, and youthful valour and boyish stratagem were brought out to advantage. And then, as the "right wing" was giving way with one troop, a "manœuvre" and a little "wheeling round," tested the courage of both armies.

Presently the two chiefs got in single combat, and then, as the historians of battle-fields say, came the "tug of war."

But they were closing—not in "mortal combat," you know, but with all the goodwill and earnestness that boys know how to display. Just then came a slip of the foot, and both boys were on the ground, Harry Harwell being underneath. That was a bad fall for him, although, except a slight expression of pain and a little limp, nothing more was said of it; and the boys separated for their holiday.

PART II.

IT was Christmas day, and with it came the usual meeting of friends, and the gatherings round the cheerful fire. But at a cottage which Harry Harwell called his home, a doctor was standing by the bedside of the little fellow who looked up inquiringly into the doctor's face, to see if he could read anything serious there. For poor Harry it was serious. He lay there all through that long winter, even till he heard little birds chirping and hopping about the ledges by his window, when the cheery sun used to throw its warm beams into Harry's room, as though he particularly liked keeping company with little sick boys, and as though he said, "Well, if you can't come out to me, I'll come in to you;" and so he would find a way through the funniest little chinks, and shine so brightly that it made Harry's heart glad.

And do you know that those beams of heavenly sunshine appeared to leave their impression on the boy's heart and mind, for afterwards, through his eventful life, grief and sorrow did not seem to have much hold on him, for he always seemed able to look at the bright side of things, and like the poor old

woman he read about, that as "every dark cloud had a silver lining," he liked to get the silvery side. I do not doubt that God was thus teaching the little boy, even by His beautiful sunbeams, that although he might and would have troubles and difficulties—and a boy's troubles are felt as keenly in their way as a man's—the bright beams of hope would enable him to look beyond to brighter days.

Most days a lady would come and spend a little time with him, and kind and soothing were her words as she stood by him all the time the "horrid leeches" were bleeding him.

The dear old doctor was so gentle, and spoke so fatherly to him, that Harry gave a smile of welcome when he entered.

Again and again was he visited by some of his school-fellows, and one companion, named Teddy Parsons, used to sit by Harry's side and read to him.

When school days came again, and the boys met, the master gave a treat, and during the feast he said, "Who has got a bun for Harry Harwell?"

Up stepped a boy, and said, "Please sir, I will give him all mine. May I take these buns to him?"

This was the lad who had accidentally thrown Harry down.

That was a touching time when he took his buns to Harry. The master was so pleased, that he gave him some more to take, and many a voice spoke out, "I'll send him mine, sir." And Harry and John could not help having a cry together, when the buns were taken.

A young Christian once called to see the sick lad, and the way he spoke to him, and the gentle, loving manner in which he told him of the love of God in giving Jesus to die to atone for sin, so that God could send an invitation to everybody, and tell them that He did not want any to perish, but wanted them to have everlasting life, through believing His word about Jesus, opened poor Harry's heart to the truth. And then he prayed as though he loved poor little sick, pale-faced Harry, and asked God to save Him, and wash him from his sins in the precious blood of His own Son. And all the time he was reading, talking, and praying, the word of God—like the tiny sun-beam through the chinks of his room, as well as through the small panes of glass—was throwing its warm and loving beams into his soul, and made all the darkness flee away, and the love of God shone in so sweetly, that it made a new creature of the little "wounded soldier."

PART III.

HARRY was getting better, just able to sit in an easy chair, when one night a cart stopped at the door, and a few minutes afterwards his uncle from another town entered.

From childhood Harry had been in the habit of spending a few weeks, now and then, with an uncle and aunt, who were brother and sister, and lived together, so that they became fond of him, and all sorts of little carts, barrows, and boxes did his uncle make for his nephew.

And in the evenings Harry used to love to sit on his uncle's knee, and hear his tales of the past. Wonderful tales they were, for when quite a young man, during the days when England was seeking to crush the power of Bonaparte, and just before the battle of Trafalgar, when the brave Nelson fell as he had gained the victory over the French fleet, the navy was in want of men, and press-gangs used to go forth, and seize on anyone likely to do good service on board His Majesty's men-of-war.

One day a gentleman met James (Harry's uncle), and gave him a shilling to take a letter to a certain place, which he took; but as soon as he entered the office, he was told he had to go aboard ship; and resistance was useless, as he was overpowered.

James was old now, and had to meet with an enemy, which, with all his bravery, he could not cope with or overcome; that enemy so much dreaded by everyone who is not sheltered by the blood of Christ—death. And I fear the old sailor had not Christ for an anchor for his soul.

As he was approaching his end, he expressed a strong desire to see his nephew, but as they knew the little fellow was ill, they tried to dissuade him from it; but, no; he *would* see him. Then an artifice was tried, a cousin of Harry's age was brought in, in the twilight; but the old man's eyes were clear enough to perceive the difference.

There being no choice, his brother started off at once, and, as I have said, drove up to the door. In a short time Harry was well bedded in warm blankets, and on his journey. The poor old uncle was highly pleased to see his favourite boy, and said he could die happy, that is, he was gratified.

Harry stayed till after the funeral with his aunt, and even till spring set in. And many were the rides he had in the little cart his uncle made, as he was drawn about by his companions, Charlie Hopwood and his sister, with Floss as outrider, barking and frisking about.

If anyone had asked which of the three were likely to die first, I think all would have said the little invalid in the cart. Ah, what mistakes we make. Charlie certainly at that time looked the very picture of health, with his chubby, rosy cheeks; so did his sister.

But the last time the school-boys met was when Charlie was about sixteeen years of age. Then he was the poor victim of consumption, and he fell into an early grave. His sister also followed him a few years afterwards, borne down by the same disease, while Harry recovered, and is now a city man of business.

That long Christmas holiday was to him the best holiday he ever had, for the Lord then taught him in that illness such precious lessons of His love, that I have heard him say he always looked back to it as his starting-point for heaven.

The years came and went, and the snowy-mantled winter gave place to the young spring, with her lap full of flowers: summer and autumn followed, ripening and bringing to perfection the golden fruits and wavy fields of corn. Year after year thus passed, and at the time I write Harry has become a soldier for Jesus, and, if one may judge of his manner, there is nothing that is more precious to him than seeking some young prisoner of Satan, and shewing him how he can be delivered and be set at liberty.

Why should boys, full of health and energy, be afraid to be spoken to about that blessed One up in heaven, who wants to win their young hearts to Himself? How great His grace in dying to open a way to heaven for them, by the shedding of His precious blood!

A CHINESE HOUSE.

NEARLY all the houses in China are built of wood, and usually have only a single storey. The one in our picture seems to have planks laid down for the floor, but earthen tiles are far more common, while the poor people have cement only, in some cases nothing but the bare earth beaten hard.

You will notice there is only a small piece of carpet or matting which is placed in the centre of the room, but generally there is none at all.

The window is made of wood, with no glass in it, and so is more like a lattice-work than what we understand by a window. Then there is the beautifully ornamented lantern hanging from the roof; much taste and care are often displayed in these lanterns, they are of all sizes and shapes, and are painted by hand, with bright colours on the outside.

The two gentlemen are, I am sorry to say, indulging in the sad habit of smoking tobacco, but that is not so bad as opium, which is too often smoked in China, and does a great deal of harm. The one on the right-hand side is sitting on a kang, which is made comfortably warm by the charcoal fire underneath. They think their style of house is so good that they would not change on any account.

WHAT DOES THE WATCH SAY?

What does the Watch say?

OFTEN have I held my watch to the ear of some little friend or other, who wonders greatly to hear tick, tick, tick! coming from such a tiny box so regular and business-like. I think they generally listen to hear it leave off, but, of course, they get tired first.

Perhaps it is Fanny I have on my knee, who, after looking about at the bright buttons she sees, and popping the tips of her fingers into one or two pockets, suddenly notices the watch-guard, and an attack is made on it at once.

After some most vigorous tugs and twists, out jumps the watch from its hiding-place, to the surprise of Miss Fanny. She hoped to find something at the end of the guard, but did not know quite what to expect. Then there comes such an examination of this wonderful treasure. Soon the little thumbs may be seen trying to discover the way inside, but she finds it is shut too tight, and resists all her efforts.

Sometimes I have to come to the rescue of my busy little watch, to prevent its getting ill-used. Then I put it to the ear of my restless visitor.

Her face is solemn in a moment when she hears that tick, tick! Look at the picture, and you will just see how Fanny looks. The watch seems to say,

Tick, tick, tick,
I cannot stop for you;
However idle girls may be,
I've business I must do.

But Fanny does not know that it only goes for twenty-four hours, and then, if not wound up again, would stop, as it does sometimes when I forget to wind it.

The hand, with the key, is the power, you know, that sets the watch going, and when you see little girls and boys romping and running about, you know that there is a power that keeps life in their bodies. They are very much like this watch, for there is a constant ticking within them, only it is not so loud. Doctors have a very curious instrument by which they can hear the ticking of our hearts.

When it happens that I forget to wind my watch, it stops in the night, but only requires a few turns of the key next morning to set it going once more.

But, little reader, remember, when once your heart stops beating, it will not move again in this world. God holds the power of life in His own hands. We may say that He keeps the key. We might stop the ticking by an accident, as when a boy is drowned whilst bathing, but God only can give back life.

The watch also tells me how quick time flies—every tick is a moment gone, never to return. Every sixty of those ticks make another minute flown; thus weeks, and months, and years roll by, and soon those who are now my little readers will, if spared for a few years, be men and women.

Then think of the watch, and do not let your time slip away without making good use of it, especially in preparing for eternity.

Oh, do not waste your precious time,
Be busy while you may;
For soon—yes, very soon—your days
Will all have passed away.

Short History of Joseph.

No. XII.

FOR seventeen years Jacob dwelt in the pleasant land of Goshen, and then he died. But before he died he blest each of his sons, and charged them to bury him in a cave of the field of Machpelah, in the land of Canaan. Joseph told the physicians to embalm his father. When Joseph went to bury Jacob a great company of Egyptians went with him. Ah! who can tell Joseph's thoughts as he went along the way to Canaan, returning over the same ground as he had been carried over as a helpless slave? Grief for the loss of his father was mingled with sorrow at the thought of the years Jacob had mourned for him. At last they reached the land and Jacob was buried in the cave close to where Leah was laid. And Joseph and his brothers returned to Egypt, and when the brothers remembered how they had treated Joseph, they were afraid now their father was dead. But Joseph spoke so kindly to them that their minds were soon set at rest.

Joseph continued in favour with the king of Egypt until his death; he was a hundred and

ten years old when he died. His wife was Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On, and his two sons were Manasseh and Ephraim, from each of whom descended a large tribe. Joseph said to his brothers, "I am going to die, but I know that God will surely visit you, and you shall carry up my bones from hence." And Joseph was embalmed and put into a coffin.

Now let us see what lessons we may learn from this history of Joseph's life. First of all we see that nothing man can do to us will harm us unless God wills it. Next we see how useless it is to think our sins can be hidden, for "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." We see too how God honours those who love and serve Him. Joseph, through all his life put God's glory before his own wishes, and the Lord was with him every step of the way. I do not think we can find a better text to illustrate Joseph's life than this: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

LOUISE.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

POOR little thing! thy life is gone
In truth, thy feeble race is run
Much quicker than we thought;
And all the hopes we had for thee,
And what thou mightest live to see,
How soon they're come to nought.

And death has closed those merry eyes,
That ever saw some fresh surprise
In things ne'er seen before.
Thy ruby lips will never speak;
Thy tiny feet and dimpled cheek
Will never please us more.

Well, be it so; we dare not grieve
That thou so soon shouldst take thy leave
And quit a world of care.
Thy infant soul has winged its way
To realms of never-ending day,
And we shall meet thee there.

W. B.

Patty and her Schoolmaste

PATTY was standing before her schoo master, looking up into his face, sayi her lesson.

Until that minute she had been feeli sleepy, for the sun was hot, and it had be shining across Patty's face, as she sat in h corner waiting until it was her turn to co up to repeat her lesson.

But now a thought had come to Pat suddenly. It was that which made her all once look into her master's face so differentl and then turn away her eyes.

She was only a little girl, and it seemed though she had not been old enough to thi of much before, but this morning it seem that she was getting old enough to think others.

Having learnt her lesson the night befo Patty sat watching her schoolmaster wond ingly, as he heard the other children repe their lessons.

Patty's schoolmaster was lame, he swu himself between two crutches, and when did so his toes turned in, in a very stran manner.

She had seen boys mimic him, and lau at him, when he was walking in the stre and she knew that the schoolmaster cou never go to the prettiest walk in the villag amongst the wild flowers, where the wi came rustling through the trees, and bendi the tall grass, because to get to it, you had cross stiles, and the ground was soft, a would have let the crutches sink in. Pat had seen him leaning against the first sti looking *so* sad.

And he had so sad a face this morning, th Patty noting it, even while saying her lesso was thinking how much she would like to s it light up, as her father's did when he ca home at night, and she brought him his slippe and climbed on to his knee.

By-and-by twelve o'clock came. The ch dren poured noisily out of school. Pa walked thoughtfully towards home, wishi she could do something to please her scho master, but she could not think what such little girl could do.

Mother did lots of things for father, but s

was big, and Patty knew that old Hannah, the schoolmaster's housekeeper, did that for him.

So she stood kicking the stones in perplexity, until all at once she started running. She never stayed till the field where the wild flowers grew was reached, then with busy little hands she nearly filled her pinafore, doing it hastily, so as not to keep her mother waiting, and then ran home.

Soon dinner was over; Patty went back to school, holding up her bulky pinafore before her, the wild flowers peeping out. She was the first to arrive, so sitting on a form she carefully held the corners of her pinafore, and waited.

After a time, the tap-a-tap of crutches was heard, then the schoolmaster came in. Patty's heart beat so fast that it quite hurt her, however, she slipped off her form, and making a curtsey, said, "Good afternoon, sir;" then as he climbed into the chair—his legs were so short that he had to climb—she went forward and spoke again.

"Please will you have these flowers, sir? I have been to the wood, and got them, because I thought they would make you happy."

Instantly she thought she had grieved him, for tears came into his big brown eyes, but he bent down his face, and tenderly kissed her.

Anyone older than little Patty would have known by the way in which he touched the flowers, as he carefully arranged them in a dish filled with water, how much good little Patty had done by *thinking* that morning.

DOT'S CORNER.

Dear Little Friends,

The answer to the buried text in October is this, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

We all know something about love, but I think we could scarcely get a more beautiful illustration of this text, than in the time of that dreadful collision on the Thames, some time ago, when so many people suddenly found themselves in the dark waters of the river, almost without a moment's notice.

A man, who was a pretty good swimmer, called to his wife to let go the baby, and he would manage to swim ashore with her, but he could not save them both. But the mother loved her child, and the mention of such a thing seemed only to cause her arm to grasp it more firmly, while she bravely battled with the tide. Never would she let her dear babe drown while a spark of life remained!

And what became of them? you ask; did a friendly boat pick them up? Alas, no; all were too anxious to save themselves to notice the poor woman with the little one clinging to her, and when unable to keep up any longer they sank together, never more to rise.

That was love indeed which waters could not quench! The mother gave up her own life in the vain hope of saving her child! What better picture could we have—or what more striking one—to point us to Jesus? who gave up His life for those who hated Him—not for those who sought His love. May we all know how to value His love, and love Him in return!

The prize volume was won by Harriet L. H., Edenhall.

Yours affectionately,

Dot.

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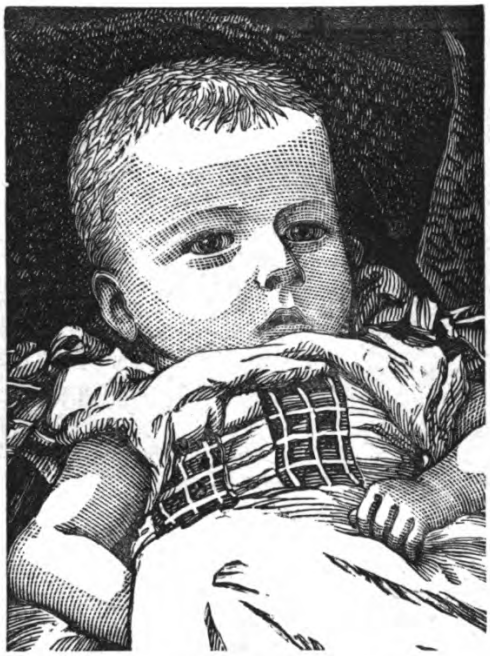

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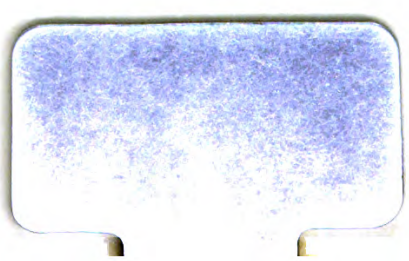
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