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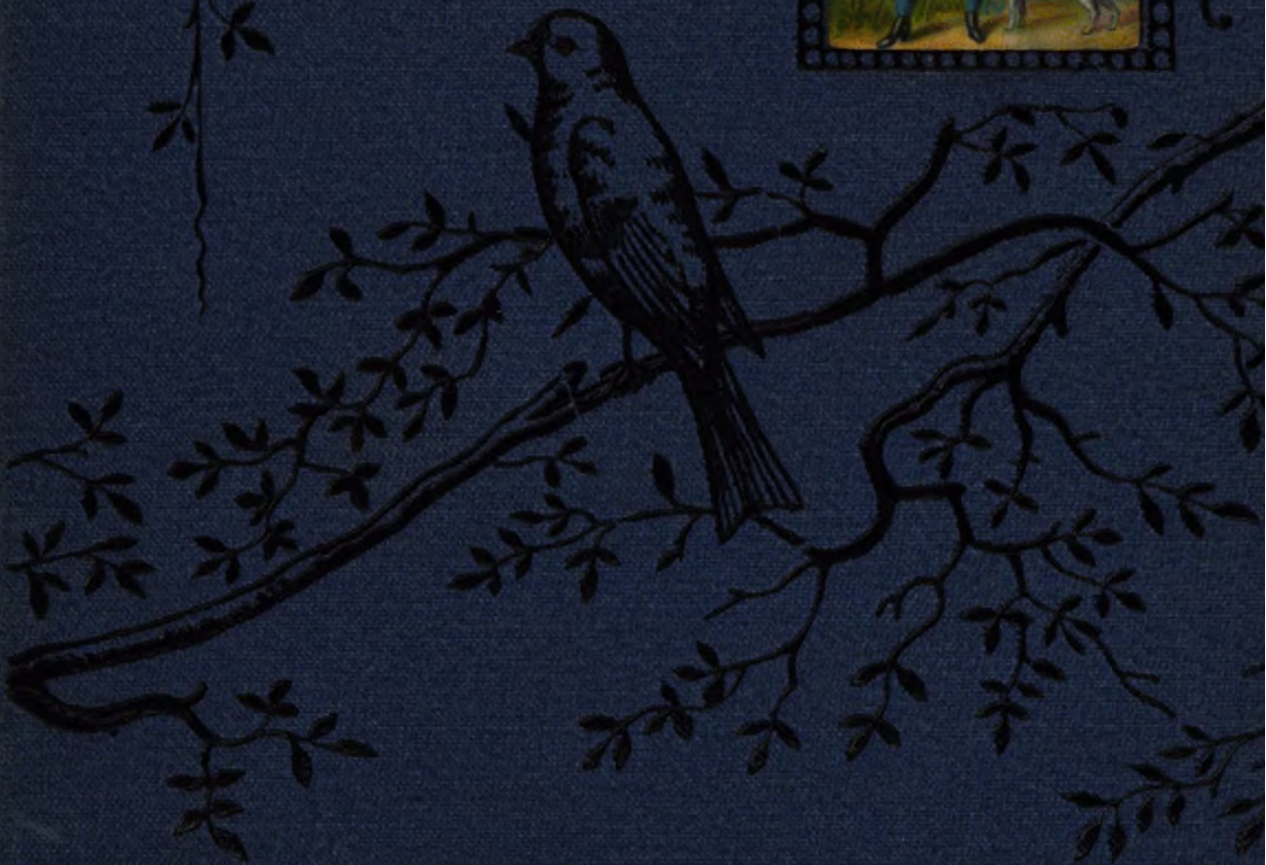
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# GOOD SOLDIERS







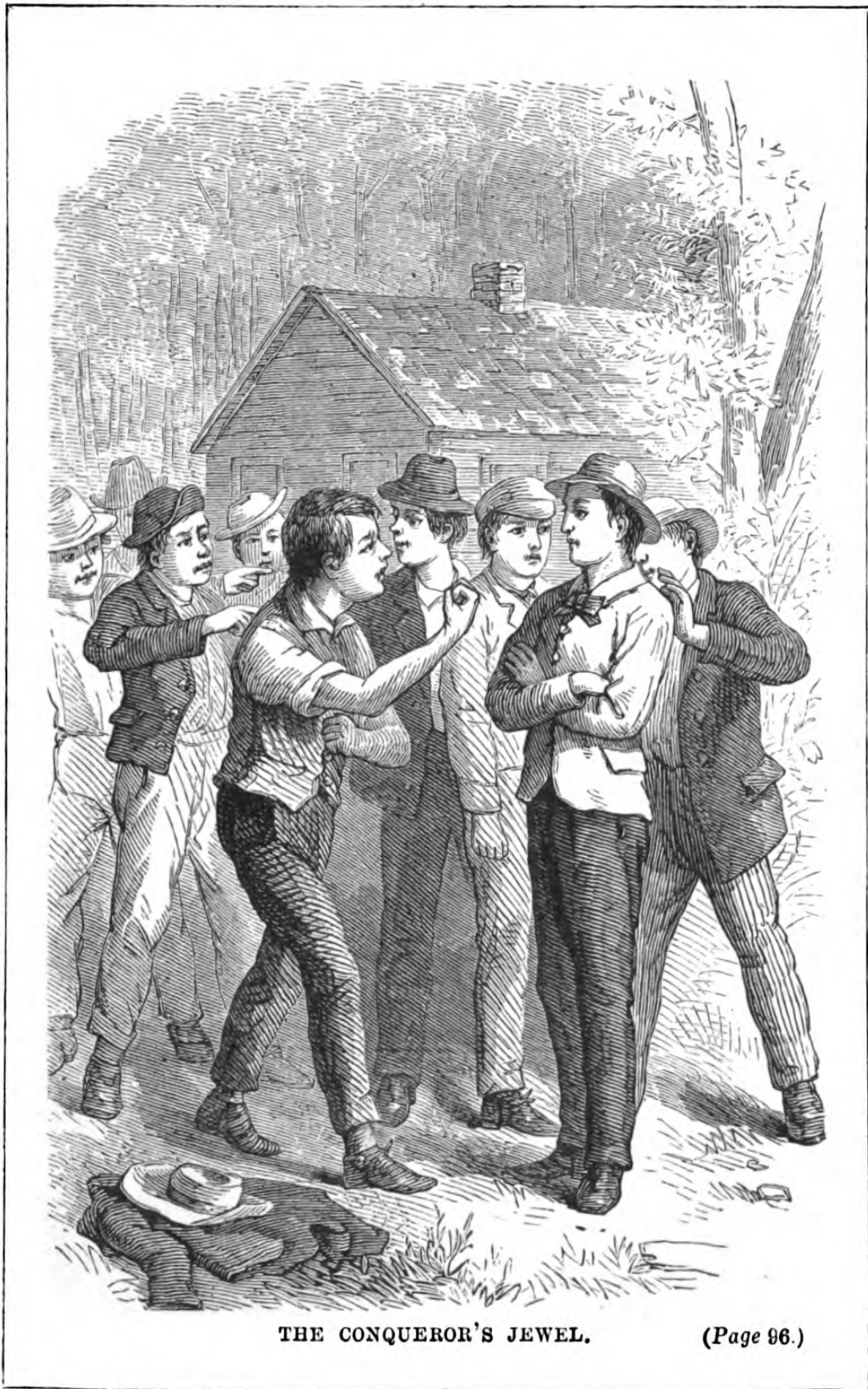
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THE CONQUEROR'S JEWEL.





# GOOD SOLDIERS,

AND OTHER ADDRESSES.

BY THE

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GIANTS, AND HOW TO FIGHT THEM;"  
"THE KING'S HIGHWAY;" ETC., ETC.



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## GOOD SOLDIERS.

“A good soldier of Jesus Christ.”—2 *Timothy* ii. 3.



HERE is a great deal said in the Bible about soldiers. The Church of Jesus Christ—made up of all the people who love Him—is compared in one place to “an army with banners.”

Our blessed Saviour is spoken of as “the leader, or commander,” of this army. And in one place in the New Testament, St. Paul calls Jesus “the Captain of our salvation.” And, in the verse in which our text is found, he calls on all who are trying to be true Christians to “en-

dure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”

Now, the one great object we have in view, in our Sunday-school work, is that all our scholars should become Christians. And every true Christian is a soldier of Jesus Christ. Perhaps some of the girls may think: “Well, this subject does not suit us. We do not want to be soldiers.” That is true. We do not want our dear daughters, and sisters, to wear swords, and shoulder muskets, and go out to fight for their country in time of war. But then we do want you all to be the “soldiers of Jesus Christ.” If you become Christians, this is just what you will be. Some of the best and bravest soldiers that Jesus has ever had, have been female soldiers. And so this subject suits the girls as well as the boys. And now, the question before us is,—*How may we become good soldiers of Jesus Christ?* I wish to speak of three things that are necessary, if we wish to learn this lesson.

*In the first place, to become good soldiers of Jesus Christ—WE MUST WEAR THE UNIFORM of Christ.*

The soldier's uniform is the dress that he wears. This is often very beautiful. Sometimes the uniform is of a blue colour; sometimes it is grey, or yellow, or green, or scarlet. Sometimes it is all of one colour; while at other times, it is made up of a variety of different colours. To see a whole regiment of men, all dressed in the same uniform, and keeping step together, is a very pleasing sight.

But the uniform which the soldiers of Jesus wear, is not the dress that is put upon their bodies, but the dress that is put upon their souls. This uniform is not made up of different-coloured cloth, such as we see other soldiers wear. No; but it is made up of the tempers, or dispositions, which form their character.

To wear the uniform of Jesus, then, is to have the same mind, or spirit, or temper that He had. And the Bible tells us that, unless we have the mind or spirit

of Jesus, we cannot be His servants or followers.

Now, let us see what sort of a mind or spirit Jesus had, and then we can tell whether we are wearing the uniform of Jesus or not.

The spirit of Jesus was a *gentle* spirit; this is part of the uniform of Jesus; and, if we want to be good soldiers of Jesus, we must wear this uniform. We must try to be gentle.

We never hear that Jesus spoke a cross or angry word. Sometimes He spoke severely to the people about their sins, but He was never cross. The Jews were very unkind to Him; they told stories about Him. They called Him bad names: but He never spoke back to them in the same way; He never threatened them or stormed at them. He came as God's lamb to be sacrificed for us, and He was as gentle and mild as a lamb. And we cannot be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, unless we wear this part of His uniform, and try to be gentle as He was. But, if



we do wear this uniform, we shall be very useful.

An old gentleman once lived in a large house. He had plenty of money, and servants, and everything he wanted, and yet he was not happy; he was not gentle. When things did not just please him he would get cross, and speak sharply. His servants all left him, and he was in great trouble. Quite discouraged, he went to a neighbour's to tell him of his difficulties. This man was "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He was wearing the uniform of gentleness. After listening to his neighbour's story, he said to him:—

"It seems to me, my friend, it would be well for you to *oil yourself a little*."

"To oil myself! What do you mean?"

"Let me explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in our house had a creaking hinge. It made such a disagreeable noise whenever it was opened or shut, that nobody cared to touch it. One day I oiled its hinges; and, since then, we have had no trouble with it."

“And so you think I’m like a creaking hinge, do you?” said the neighbour. “Pray, how do you want me to oil myself?”

“It’s easy enough to tell that,” said his friend. “Go home, and engage a servant. If he does well, praise him for it. If he doesn’t do just as you would like, don’t get cross, and scold him. Soften your voice and words with the oil of love and gentleness, and you will not have much trouble.”

That was good advice. If we are good soldiers of Jesus we must carry this precious oil with us, and use it all the time. Gentleness is part of the uniform of Jesus. Let us try to wear this.

But the spirit of Jesus was *a forgiving spirit*. This is another part of His uniform that we must wear, if we wish to be good soldiers of Jesus.

Such a spirit of forgiveness as Jesus showed was never seen in our world before or since. The Jews persecuted Him and put Him to death, in a very

cruel way, by nailing Him to the cross, although He had never done anything but good to them all His days. And yet, while He hung suffering on the cross, Jesus did not feel angry towards them. He spoke no harsh, cross words to them. But He felt pity for them. He prayed for them, and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" How wonderful this was! What a forgiving spirit Jesus had! This was the uniform He wore. And we must wear it too, if we would be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

The superintendent of a Sunday School was standing at his window one day. He saw two of the girls belonging to his school going by. They had evidently had a quarrel with some acquaintance. One of them was saying to the other, in a very angry voice:—

"Sallie, I tell you what, if I were in your place, I'd never speak to her again. I'd be mad at her as long as I lived."

The superintendent listened very anxi-

ously to hear what Sallie would say to this. He felt greatly relieved when she said:—

“No, Lou, I wouldn't do so for all the world. You know we must try and be like Jesus. I'm going to forgive and forget as soon as I can, and try to make her love me. This is what Jesus would have done.”

There you see the uniform of Jesus. That dear girl was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. She had a forgiving spirit.

And then the spirit of Jesus was a *trusting* spirit. He felt sure that His Father was always with Him, and would never let anything hurt Him. Even when His enemies had taken Him, and were going to crucify Him, He said that, if He should ask His Father He would send legions of angels to deliver Him out of their hands. And this is just the feeling that He wants us to have. If we are the soldiers of Jesus, and are trying to love and serve Him, He will always be with us. He will watch over us and take care of

us, and so we never need be afraid. Let me tell you about a little girl who had this trusting spirit.

She was only four years old, and was called Birdie. She had been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her.

One day there was a heavy thunder-storm, and Birdie's sisters, and even her mamma, laid by their sewing, and drew their chairs into the middle of the room. They were pale and trembling with fear. But Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with great interest.

"Oh, mamma, a'int that bu'ful?" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled overhead.

"It's God's voice, Birdie," said mamma, and her own voice trembled.

"He talks very loud, don't He, mamma? S'pose it's so as deaf Aunt Betsy can hear, and uver deaf folks."

"Oh, Birdie, dear! come straight away

from that window," said her sister Nellie, whose face was all white with fear.

"*What for?*" asked Birdie.

"Oh! because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."

But Birdie shook her head, and, looking over her shoulder with a happy smile on her face, lisped out:—

"If it funders, let it funder! It's God that makes it funder, and He'll take care of me. I ain't a bit afraid to hear God talk, sister Nelly." That was beautiful: Birdie was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. She had a trusting spirit. This is part of the uniform of Jesus. The spirit of Jesus is a gentle spirit, a forgiving spirit, a trusting spirit. These help to make up the uniform of Jesus. The first thing for us to do, if we would be good soldiers of Jesus, is to wear the uniform of Jesus.

*The second thing for us to do, if we would be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, is to—*OBEDIENT TO THE ORDERS OF JESUS.

The most important thing for a soldier to do, is to learn to obey. No matter how

hard or dangerous the thing is that he is told to do, there is no choice left him, but just to go and do it. He may be perfectly sure that he will be killed in trying to do it. That makes no difference. He must obey. It is impossible to be a good soldier without learning this lesson.

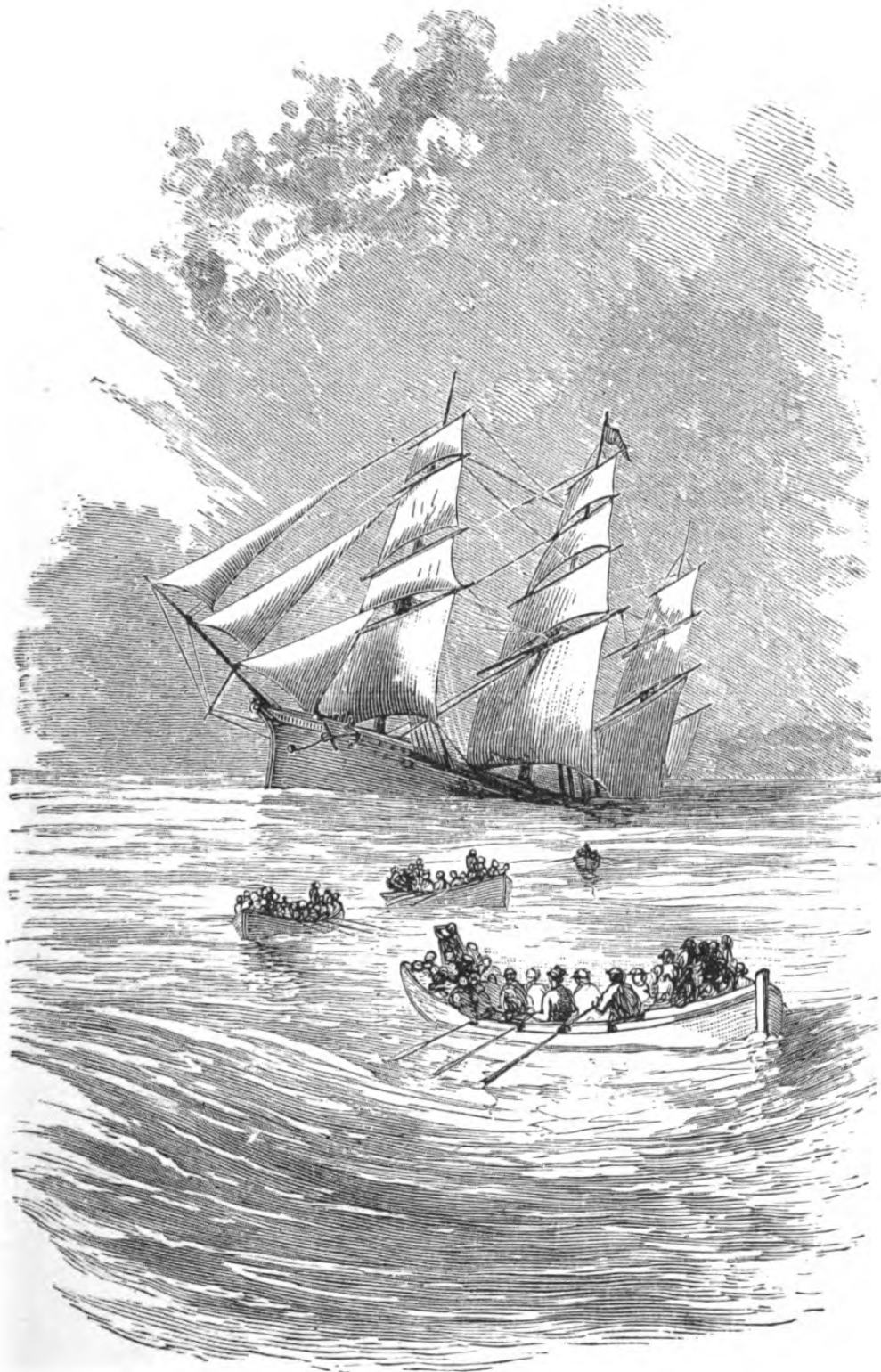
Many years ago, the great battle of Waterloo was fought in Europe, between the English and the French. The Duke of Wellington commanded the English army, and the Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, commanded the French. In the midst of the battle, the French made a furious attack on a particular part of the English lines. It was very important that the English soldiers should stand their ground then, and hold that point. The success of the battle depended on it. Courier after courier came dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington. They asked him to send reinforcements to that part of the field, or to order the troops away from it, or else they would be compelled to retreat from the fierce onsets of the French. By

all these messengers the Duke sent back the same order,—“Stand firm.”

“We shall all perish,” said one of the officers. “Stand firm,” was still the Duke’s answer. “You’ll find us all there, when the battle’s over,” said the officer, and galloped back to his post to die. And it turned out just as he said. Not one of that gallant brigade left his post. And not one was living when the battle was over. They obeyed their orders. They “stood firm.” But they all died in doing it. Those were good soldiers. They had learned to obey orders.

Some time ago, a large ship was going from England to the East Indies. She was carrying a regiment of soldiers. When they were about half way through their voyage, the vessel sprang a leak, and began to fill with water. The lifeboats were launched and made ready; but there were not enough of them to save all on board the ship. Only the officers of the ship, the cabin passengers, and some of the crew, could be taken in the boats. The





**GOOD SOLDIERS.**



soldiers had to be left on board, to go down with the ship. The officers determined to die with their men. The colonel was afraid the men would get unruly if they had nothing to do. That he might prevent this he ordered them to prepare for parade. Soon they all appeared in full dress. He set the regimental band on the quarter-deck, with orders to keep on playing lively airs. Then he formed his men in close ranks on the deck. With his sword drawn in his hand, he took his place at their head. Every officer and man is at his post. The vessel is gradually sinking; but they stand steady at their post, each man keeping step. And then, just as the vessel is settling for its last plunge, and death is rushing in upon them, the colonel cries,—“Present arms!” And that whole regiment of brave men go down into their watery grave, presenting arms as death approached them.

Those were good soldiers. They had learned to obey orders. But this is a hard lesson to learn.

I heard, some time ago, of a German captain, who found it difficult to teach his men this lesson. He was drilling a company of volunteers. The parade ground was a field near the sea-side. The men were going through their exercises very nicely. But the captain thought he would give them a lesson about obeying orders. They were marching up and down, in the line of the water, at some distance from it. He concluded to give them an order to march directly towards the water, and see how far they would go. The men are marching along. "Halt, company!" says the captain. In a moment they halt. "Right face!" is the next word, and instantly they wheel round. "Forwards, march!" is the next order. At once they begin to march directly towards the water. On they go, nearer and nearer to it. Soon they reach the edge of the water. Then there is a sudden halt. "Vat for you shtop? I no say halt," cried the captain.

"Why, captain, here's the water," said one of the men.

“Vell, vat of it?” cried he, greatly excited. “Vater is notting. Fire is notting. Everyting is notting, ven I say, ‘Forwards, march!’ Den you *must* ‘forwards, march.’”

The captain was right. The first duty of a soldier is to learn to obey. If we want to be good soldiers of Jesus, we must learn to obey His orders.

Several boys were playing marbles. In the midst of their sport, it began to rain. One of the boys, named Freddie, stopped and said: “Boys, I must go home. Mother told me not to stay out in the rain.”

“Your mother—fudge!” said two or three of the boys. “The rain won’t hurt you any more than it will us.” Freddie turned on them with a look of pity, and yet with the courage of a hero, while he calmly said: “*I’ll not disobey my mother for any of you.*”

That was the spirit of a good soldier.

After a great battle once, the general was talking to his officers about the events of the day. He asked them who had done

the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another.

“No,” said the general, “you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, he checked himself, and dropped his arm, without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general, is the noblest thing that has been done to-day.”

One of the best illustrations I ever heard of the way in which we ought to learn to obey God, was given once by a negro preacher, when speaking on this point. He said: “Bredren, whatever de good Lord tell me to do in dis blessed book, dat I’m gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump froo’ a stone wall, I’m gwine to jump. Gettin’ froo’ it ’longs to God. Jumpin’ at it ’longs to me.”

That is the true spirit of a soldier.

And this is the spirit that we must have

if we want to be “good soldiers of Jesus Christ.”

We must obey the orders of Jesus. This is the second thing for good soldiers of Jesus to do.

*But there is a third thing for us to do, in order to be good soldiers of Jesus; we must*  
—FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS.

Jesus came into our world, not only to die for our sins, and to show us by His teaching how we ought to live; but He came to do one other thing. This was a very important thing. He came to leave us an example that we might safely follow. The apostle tells us that Jesus has “left us an example that we should follow His steps” (1 Peter ii. 21). The example of Jesus is the only perfect example that we can find. The best people in the world do wrong sometimes; and so, if we follow their example, we cannot always be sure it is right. But Jesus never did, or said, or thought, or felt anything that was wrong. We can follow His example safely. We never need have a moment’s fear

about going wrong when we are treading in His steps.

And Jesus wants us to follow His example, because He knows that example is more powerful than words.

When Alexander the Great was leading his army over some mountains once, they found their way all stopped up with ice and snow. His soldiers were tired out with hard marching, and so disheartened with the difficulties before them, that they halted. It seemed as if they would rather lie down and die than try to go on any farther. When Alexander saw this, he did not begin to scold the men and storm at them. Instead of this, he got down from his horse, laid aside his cloak, took up a pickaxe, and, without saying a word to any one, went quietly to work, digging away at the ice. As soon as the officers saw this, they did the same. The men looked on in surprise for a few moments, and then, forgetting how tired they were, they went to work with a will, and pretty soon they got through all their difficulties.



Those were good soldiers, because they followed the example of their leader.

When the native converts in the island of Madagascar used to come to the missionaries and want to be baptized, it often happened that questions like these would be put to them: "What was it that first led you to think of becoming Christians? Was it some sermon you heard, or something that was read from the Bible?"

In many cases the answer would be: "No, it was not any particular sermon, or passage from the Bible; but it was the example of those who had become Christians, that led us to think seriously about these things. We knew such an one who used to be a thief, another who was a drunkard, and another who was very cruel and unkind to his family. But now they are all changed. The thief has become an honest man, the drunkard is sober and respectable, and the man of bad temper has become gentle and kind in his home. There must be something in a religion that can work such changes as these."

You see that those Madagascar Christians were good soldiers of Jesus. They were following His example. In this way, they were doing more good than even the missionaries did with their preaching.

“I say, Jim,” said Harry to his brother; “didn’t you feel mad, at noon to-day, when mother kept us waiting half-an-hour for our dinner?”

“Well, Harry, I must confess I was a little restive at first, for I was as hungry as an alligator; but I held the lamp to my feet, and thought of my Captain.”

“What do you mean by your lamp and your Captain?” asked Harry.

“The Bible is the lamp I’m trying to use,” said Jim. “You know we read, ‘Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.’ And what’s the good of having a lamp, unless we use it to show us how to walk? When I felt like getting mad, I thought of the words, ‘He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.’ And then I said to myself,

How would Jesus act if He were in my place? You know the Bible tells us that Jesus is 'the Captain of our salvation.' I want to be a good soldier of Jesus. To do this, I must follow His example. So I prayed for grace to rule my own spirit, and follow the example of Jesus. This is what I mean, Harry," said Jim, "by holding the lamp to my feet, and thinking of my Captain."

Now Jim had the real spirit of a soldier. He was trying to follow the example of Jesus. And this is what we must do if we want to be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

I will only give you one other illustration of the way in which we must follow the example of Jesus, and of the good we can do in this way.

This story is about a young man who was a sailor. He was an excellent sailor, and a good Christian man. He had first gone to sea as a sailor-boy, but had risen by degrees till he occupied the position of first mate, or chief officer on board a large

ship that sailed from Boston. The young man's name was Palmer. Once when the vessel, in which Mr. Palmer sailed, came home to Boston, there was a change of captains. The old captain resigned, and a new one was appointed to command the



ship. When a captain takes charge of a ship, he always likes to choose his own first mate, and generally he is allowed to do so. But in this case the owners of the ship insisted that Mr. Palmer should remain on board as the first mate. The captain was obliged to give way to them.

This made him very angry, and he determined to do everything he could to make Mr. Palmer's position on board the ship as uncomfortable as possible. And he certainly did this. He crossed him whenever he could. He found fault with everything he did. He took every chance he could get of showing him disrespect before the crew, and tried to hurt his feelings in every possible way. But Palmer was a noble, Christian young man, and tried to follow the example of his Saviour. Yet he found it very hard.

Many a time, on the voyage, he said to himself: "There's no use talking about it; I can't stand this, and I won't." Then he would think: "Jesus, my Master, would stand it, if He were in my place;" and this thought would lead him to overlook the captain's bad treatment, and try to do his duty in the best way he could.

The ship was on a trading voyage, which was to last for two years, and Palmer had shipped for the voyage. He felt that it would be a hard trial to go on, bearing

all this so long. At every port they came to, he almost made up his mind to quit the ship. "But no," he said, "Jesus, when He was reviled, reviled not again; I will bear and forbear for His sake. I'll stand the voyage through." And so he did. Instead of paying "tit for tat," or answering crossly when he was crossly spoken to, he returned meekness and forgiveness for insult. He was always respectful to the surly old commander, and never neglected any of his duties. And so he kept on till the close of the voyage.

But at last the voyage ended. The ship came back to Boston. Then he made up his mind to quit at once. But, just as he was leaving the ship, the captain called him into his state-room, and stretching out his hand to him frankly, said:—

"Mr. Palmer, I beg your pardon for all my bad conduct to you. I've treated you like a dog, and you have always behaved like a gentleman. I'm ashamed of myself, and so I ought to be. I was angry because I couldn't have my own mate; but you

have been too much for me. I used to think that there was nothing in religion, but now I know there is. Your sort of spirit I've not been used to; it's beat me,"—and tears came into the captain's eyes,—“it's fairly beat me. I've not heard many sermons, but you've preached me one two years long, and it's cured me of my mistake about religion. I used to think my old mate was a good one; but you are the best mate I ever had. I can't part with you, Mr. Palmer; I want you for the next voyage, and I'll try to make amends for my past bad conduct.”

Mr. Palmer went with him. The captain treated him as kindly as though he had been his own son. At the end of that voyage, the captain left the ship, and recommended the owners to make Mr. Palmer captain. They did so, and a first-rate captain he made.

Now, that honest sailor was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He followed the example of Jesus, and we see how much good he did in that way.

Let us all try to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Remember the three things that we must do, if we want to be His soldiers.

*We must wear the uniform of Jesus. We must obey the orders of Jesus. We must follow the example of Jesus.* We cannot do any of these things in our own strength; but, if we pray to Jesus for His grace, He will help us to “fight manfully under His banner, and continue His faithful soldiers and servants unto our life’s end.”







## HOW THE BIRDS PRAISE GOD.

“Behold the fowls of the air.”—*Matthew* vi. 26.



WE love to see the birds, and hear them. It is very interesting, and instructive, to study their history and habits. We can learn many useful lessons from them. Jesus sends us to the birds to learn how to trust God. He says they have no harvests to gather, and no barns full of food to depend upon, and yet they do not fret or worry. They sing away merrily all the time, and trust God to provide for them the food they will require. This is the one particular lesson which Jesus speaks

of the birds as teaching in our text. But there are more lessons than this, that the birds teach us. We wish to learn some of these lessons. In the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, David calls on the birds, or the flying fowl, as he calls them,



to praise God. And this is what we are now to speak about. Our subject is, *How the birds praise God.*

I wish to speak of *four* ways in which they do this.

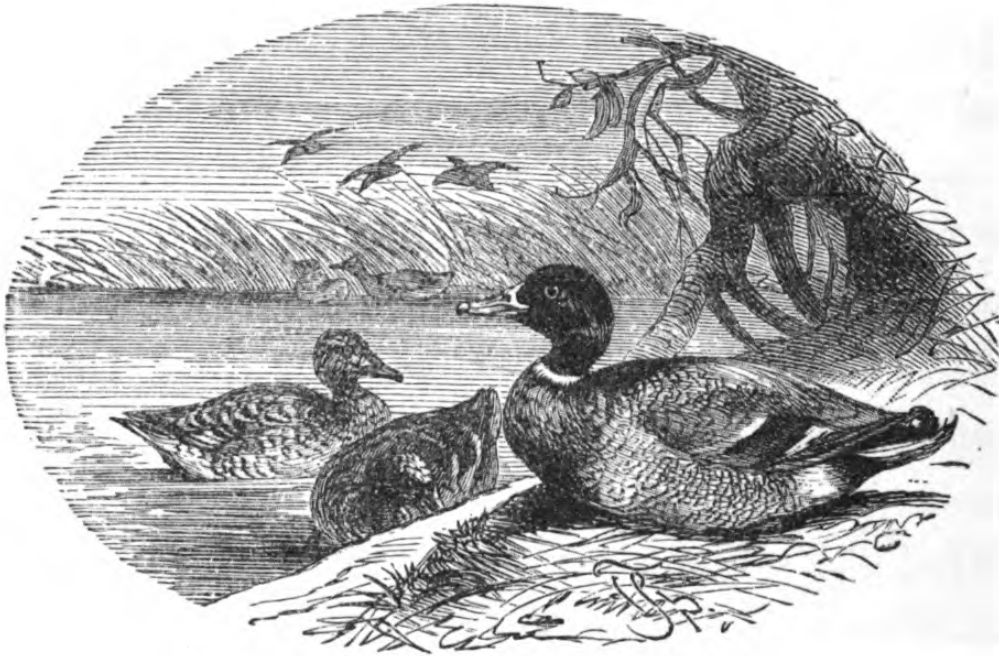
*In the first place, the birds praise God by—*THE WAY THEY LIVE.

Some birds are not able to fly much. They spend their lives in walking about the earth. This is the case with our chickens and barn-yard fowls. And it is so with the ostrich in the desert. His wings are of little use to him, when he is pursued by his enemies; but look at his legs, and see how well fitted they are for running! He can go faster than a horse, and almost as fast as the wind.

Some birds live by wading in the water, and it is interesting to see how wonderfully God has fitted them for just that kind of life. They are furnished with very long legs, by which they can go through the shallow water, near the banks of rivers and lakes; and their necks are long and slender, too, so that they can easily reach down to the bottom of the water, and search for the food which they find there. The flamingo is an example of this class of birds.

Then there are other kinds of birds that live a great deal on the water. They swim over its surface, or dive into its

depths and find their principal food there. And if you take a duck or a goose as a specimen of birds of this kind, and compare it with one of those wading birds that we were just speaking of, you will see what a wonderful difference there is



between them. The long, flat body of the duck, with its short legs and web feet, are just as well adapted for swimming as the long legs of the heron or crane are for wading.

But we generally think of the birds as made for flying. We speak of them as

“the birds of the air.” The air is their natural home: there they spend the greater part of their lives, and find their greatest enjoyment. And nothing shows the wisdom of God more than the way in which He has fitted the birds to live in the air, and feel at home there. Every bird is a sort of flying machine. Men have been trying for a long time to make a machine of this sort, but they never have succeeded. They have made balloons, indeed, that will rise up into the air, and sail through it; but they are unable to steer them, or guide them, and so they are of little use. But God has filled the air with live flying machines in the form of birds, from the tiny humming-bird up to the great, lordly eagle, or the condor, that finds its home on the Andes. And these machines are wonderfully perfect in every part.

If we were trying to make a machine that would fly, we should want to have it as *light* as possible, and yet as strong as we could make it. And God has been

very careful in securing these two things, in making His flying machines, the birds. The body of a bird is made very light. The bones are all made hollow. They are as light, and yet as strong, as it is possible to make them. And then, to make them lighter still, God has arranged it so that the air passes into all the bones in a bird's body. This is the case down even to the small bones of the toes, to the quills of the feathers, and the tips of the wings. And then, besides the air in the bones of a bird, there are sacks or cells for containing air, in different parts of the body. These are all connected with the lungs by which the bird breathes. Through these it controls them, and can fill them, and empty them just as it pleases. And when these bones and bags are all filled with air, the body of a bird is ready to rise and sail away like a balloon full of gas. It floats in the air almost as easily as a piece of cork floats on the water. We sometimes see sea-gulls, and other birds of considerable size,

sailing about, with their outspread wings, and seeming to be as much at their ease as a baby is when rocked in its cradle. The condor, of the Andes, is one of the largest birds we know of, and yet its body is made so light by the air it carries in it, that it can sail around for hours without ever once flapping its wings. The frigate bird is another very large bird. Sometimes its wings, when spread out, measure fifteen feet from one end to the other. And yet these birds are often seen by our sailors, out at sea, a thousand miles from land. They seldom go ashore for anything but to lay their eggs. They scarcely ever rest on the water. The air is their home. They live, and move, and have their being there. They eat, and drink, and work, and play, and rest, and sleep while sailing about on their broad, outspread wings. How nicely balanced their bodies must be to enable them to do this !

Some birds fly very fast, and very far ; and it would be impossible for them to do

this unless their bodies were made both very light and very strong. Thirty miles an hour is reckoned very slow for a bird. The swallow is said to fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, and the hawk a



hundred and fifty miles an hour. This is very fast flying.

And these birds sometimes fly very far at a time. Some birds migrate, or travel from one country to another every year.



When winter comes, they go to a warmer country; and when spring returns they come back again. In the south of Europe certain birds always go over to Africa in the autumn. They spend the winter there, and return in the spring. When the time comes for one of these journeys, they all meet together in some place, and have a sort of bird convention. A great chattering is kept up, as though they were talking and making speeches to each other. When they get through with this, they appoint a leader, and arrange themselves in order, and start. They have to travel for hundreds of miles, all the way across the Mediterranean Sea. They have no map or compass, no landmark or finger-board, by which to steer their course. Yet they never make a mistake. There is no place for them to stop at on their way. They can neither rest nor sleep, nor eat nor drink, till they finish their journey; and yet they are able to do this twice a year without any trouble. How wonderful this is! When we think of the birds

having their home, some on the land, some on the water, and some in the air; when we think how light their bodies are, and yet how strong; how easily they move about in the air, and how much comfort and enjoyment they seem to have in it,—then, when we “behold the fowls of the air,” we may well say that they praise God, in the first place, by *the way they live*.

*In the second place, the birds praise God by—*THE WAY THEY DRESS.

The dress of birds is made up of their feathers. And there are *three* things about this dress which show God’s wisdom and goodness, and by which it may well be said that they praise Him.

It is a *warm* dress. And the birds need to have just such a dress. You know when you are riding in an open wagon, how cold you get by going rapidly through the air. But when the birds are flying, they go through the air much faster than we can ever go by riding. And this would soon make them feel very cold, if God

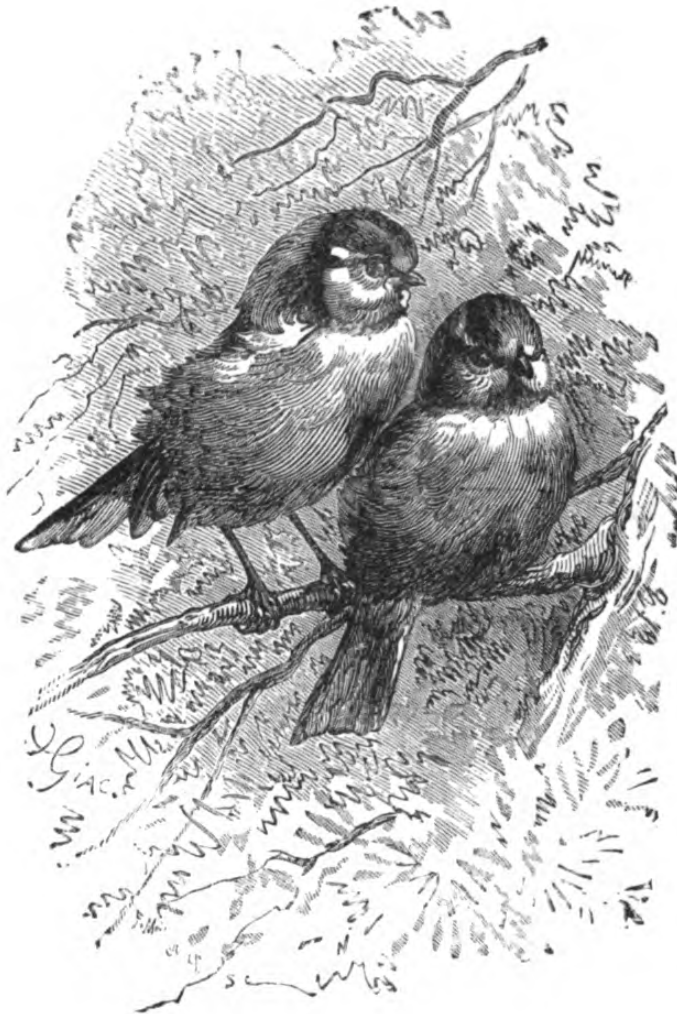
had not taken great pains to protect them from the cold. But He has furnished them with clothing made of nice soft down and feathers. These are very light, and at the same time very warm. And so, though they have to go very rapidly through the cold air, the dress which God has provided for them keeps them warm and comfortable. It is a warm dress which the birds wear.

At the same time it is a *waterproof* dress. All the birds do not need this kind of a dress, and all do not have it. Some, like our domestic fowls, have no occasion to go into the water; and their dress is not waterproof. If you see a chicken that is exposed to a heavy shower of rain, or that has fallen into a pond, you know how bedraggled its feathers become.



They soak up the water like a rag, and become very heavy. But it is different with the birds that are accustomed to the water. Look at the ducks and geese, and the beautiful swans. They dive in the

water, or sail about over it all day, and never get the least wet. And how is this done? Why, God has given them an oily



substance which they spread over their feathers, and which makes them entirely waterproof. And so many birds, that live on the water, where it is as cold as ice,

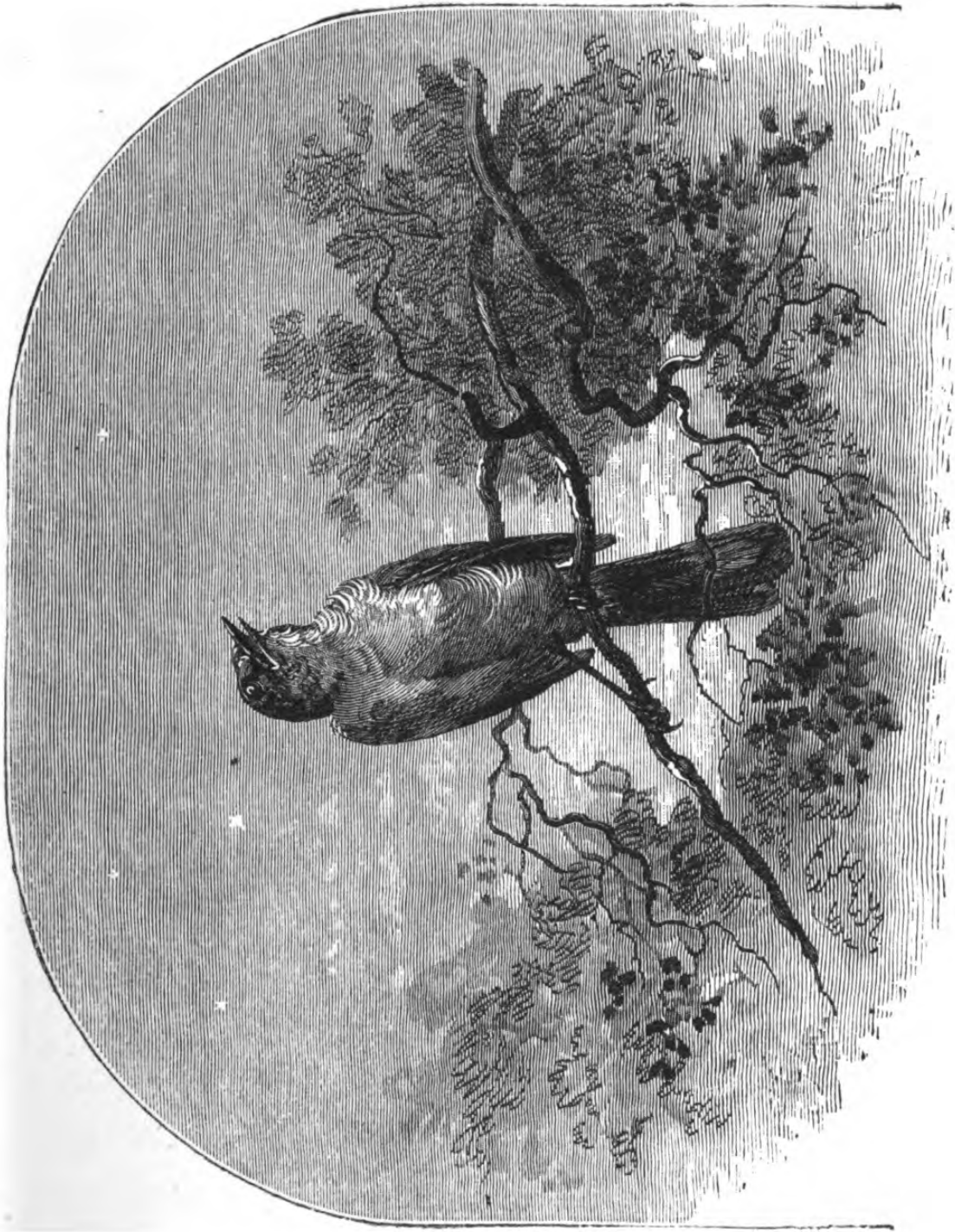
are able to swim about all day, and yet be as dry and comfortable as can be, because of the warm waterproof clothing that God has prepared for them.

And then, when you think how *beautiful* the dress of the birds is, you see another thing about it, by which they praise God. There is nothing in the world more beautiful than the different colours that God has given to the dress, or feathers, or plumage, of the birds. Some are as white as snow; some as black as coal; some are yellow, some green, some red, some blue, some purple, some the colour of gold, and some of silver; while some have nearly all these colours blending together. Look at the peacock, with its splendid tail spread out; or at the humming-bird as it glitters like a living jewel in the sunbeams; or at the bird of Paradise, with all its rich variety of colours,—and it is impossible to think of anything more beautiful. The flowers of the garden are not more wonderful in the beauty and variety of their colours than the birds of the air are in their dress.

And when we think how warm, how waterproof, and yet how beautiful the clothing is which God has prepared for them, we may well say that the birds praise God by the way they dress.

*But, in the third place, the birds praise God by—*THE WAY THEY SING.

Nothing about the birds is more wonderful than their voices. When we look at the canary bird, the nightingale, or the lark of our own country, or at the mocking-bird of America; when we see how small their bodies are, and especially what tiny little things their throats are,—we are astonished to see how large a volume of loud full sound they pour forth. And if you watch their little throats, rising and falling and swelling as they fill the air all round with their sweet music, you cannot help feeling how good God is to send so many sweet singers to live in our groves and forests, and give us such delightful songs! Suppose the birds were made without the power of singing, what a change that would make in the country



NIGHTINGALE.





everywhere! Then the woods and forests would be silent. There would be no music there to delight our hearts. What a loss this would be to us! More than half the joy and pleasure that we now find from being in the country would be taken away. For when we walk forth through the fields or woods in the morning now, one of the sweetest things that we find there is the music of the birds as "they sing among the branches." And so every time that they open their little throats and pour forth their delightful songs, it may well be said that the birds praise God by the way they sing.

*The fourth way in which the birds praise God, is by—*THE WAY THEY TEACH.

The birds are charming teachers. They set us good examples in many things; and, if we only watch their examples carefully, we shall find them teaching us some most excellent lessons.

They teach us *the lesson of perseverance.*

When they begin to build their nests,

no matter how much trouble they find in getting the needed materials, they never give it up, but go on perseveringly till the work is finished. And when this is done, and the pretty little eggs are laid in it, what a picture of patience and perseverance the mother bird is, as she quietly sits there, day after day, and week after week, till the eggs are hatched and the young birds make their appearance!

And then in many other ways the birds set us an example of perseverance which it will be very useful for us to follow. A very remarkable case of this kind is mentioned by the Rev. J. W. Turner, of Great Barrington. He owned the bird spoken of, and published the account several years ago. This gentleman had a young bobolink which he kept in a cage by itself, near another cage in which were two canary birds. For several months the bobolink never sang at all, though he seemed to listen with great pleasure to the song of the canaries. At last he was put into the same cage with them.

Then he began to try and learn their song. At first he failed in all his efforts, but he did not give up. He was a good member of "the try company," and he seemed to have great faith in the old proverb that "perseverance conquers all things." He would stand and watch the canaries with the greatest possible attention, and then try to imitate their notes. He would swell out his throat and stretch up his neck as they did, and then, with a great effort, would try to make the same clear sound as they did; but, instead of this, he would only make a miserable squeak. This made him angry, and he would fly at the canaries and peck them, just as if it was their fault that he could not sing any better. The bobolink ought to have been ashamed of himself for this, and I hope we shall none of us follow this part of his example. But though he got angry he did not give up trying. He seemed determined to succeed, and kept on trying every day for three or four weeks. At length he was able to sound

just one note exactly like the canaries. This seemed to encourage him: he kept on for six weeks longer, taking lessons from his teachers every day, till at last he learned the whole song of the canaries, and could sing it as well as they did. Then he would sing with them in perfect harmony and perfect time, always closing at the very same note with them.

And it is singular, that although, while he was learning from the canaries, the bobolink would never begin to sing till they struck the key-note; yet, as soon as he felt that he was master of the situation, and knew the song as well as they did, he made himself leader of the choir at once. *He* would always give the signal by a curious sort of *cluck*, as much as to say, "Ready." This was not very amiable in him, but it was very generous in the canaries to forget how he used to peck them, and then to humour him by letting him have his own way.

While he was trying so hard to learn the canary song, he almost forgot his

own native music. Then he went back to practise this till he was perfect in it again, and he never rested till he could sing bobolink or canary, or pass from one to the other just as he wanted to do. And thus we see that one of the lessons the birds teach us is the lesson of perseverance.

*Another lesson which the birds teach us by their example, is the lesson of kindness.*

God wants us all to learn this lesson. He tells us to "be kind one to another." Many stories may be told to show how very kind the birds are to each other when they are in trouble. If one wolf, in a pack of wolves, is wounded, the rest will all turn round on him, tear him to pieces, and devour him. And so, if one porpoise, in a school of porpoises, is wounded, the rest will not leave him till they have eaten him up. But it is very different with the birds. If one bird, in a flock of plovers, for instance, is knocked down and wounded, instead of pecking it to pieces, or flying away and leaving it to itself, the rest of

the flock will come back and gather round their wounded companion, and will even allow themselves to be taken rather than forsake him in his trouble. This is true kindness.

A young lady once was sitting in a room, near a barn-yard, where a number of chickens and ducks and geese were kept. She was surprised to see a drake come waddling into the room. He came up to her, took hold of the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it towards the door. She pushed him away with her hand. But he came back, and pulled away again as before. She was surprised at this strange conduct, and concluded to follow the drake, and see where he would take her to. When he saw that she was coming, he let go her dress, and waddled on before her. Every little while, he would turn round and see that she was following, and then keep on. By and by, he led her to the side of a pond. There she found a duck, caught by its head in the opening of a sluice. The drake, find-

ing his friend in distress, and that *he* could not relieve her, had done the best thing he could to get help for her, and he succeeded. For the lady took hold of the poor duck, and soon got her out of her trouble; and then they waddled off together, beating their wings, and crying quack-quack-quack, as if to show how glad and thankful they were.

There was a little boy once who used to get his living by selling white sand. A little girl named Eva, at one of the houses where he sold his sand, often spoke kindly to him, and sometimes gave him an apple or a cake. One day the sand boy brought a canary bird, in a tiny basket cage, to this little girl, to show how thankful he was for her kindness. Eva was perfectly delighted with the little bird. She hung the cage up by the window, and said the bird was all her own. I am sorry to say that she would not let her poor little lame sister come near it, or have anything to do with it. This was very wrong, and the little bird himself made her feel it to be

so, as we shall see presently. Eva used sometimes to get fits of the sulks, but her mother shamed her out of them, by showing her how cheerfully the little bird sang out his merry songs every day, no matter what might happen.

And then she made use of the canary, to teach her child a lesson of obedience too. If he happened to be singing loudly when they wanted him to be quiet, they used to tell him to stop by throwing a towel over the cage. The moment this was done, though he might be just in the midst of a song, he would stop at once. This was a very useful lesson to Eva, and she got into the way of calling the canary her "little preacher." But there was another lesson she was to learn from him, still more important.

Her aunt had a canary which had suddenly gone blind, and they did not know what to do with him, as he was not able to tell where his food was, and so was likely to starve. Eva proposed to her aunt to bring the blind canary, and put it in the



same cage with hers. "I dare say that Jack,"—as she called her bird,—“will help his poor blind friend.” So the blind bird was brought. As Eva put him into her cage, she made a little speech to Jack, and said: “Jack, you know you are my little bird preacher. Preachers ought always to be good; so I want you to be very kind to your poor blind playmate. And, if he is not very good and patient in his affliction, you must put up with it, and preach to him a little occasionally.”

Jack did not understand much of what his mistress said; and when the blind stranger was put into his cage, for the first day or two, he looked very shy at Bill,—as the blind bird was named,—and kept away from him. But after a while he seemed to feel a pity for him. He came near to poor Bill, and showed where the cup was which had the seed in it. Then he would pick up the grains, and put them into Bill's mouth. Then Bill would clap his wings and sing a little. After this, Jack led him to the water cup,

and he took a nice bath, and then they both sang together for a long time, as merrily as could be. After this, Jack seemed to understand what he was expected to do, and he took charge of poor blind Bill, with as much kindness as a mother would take charge of a sick child.

When Eva saw this, it made her feel very badly. As she was watching the birds one day, her eyes filled with tears, and she said: "Oh, how wicked and impatient I have been to my poor lame sister! I've not been half as good to her as Jack is to poor blind Bill. I hope I shall never speak cross to her again. O Jack! you don't know what a dear good little preacher you have been to me." Then she went to her sister, and threw both arms round her neck, and asked her to forgive her, for ever having been cross to her. Eva never forgot the lesson which her little "bird preacher" had taught her. And when we hear, or read, of things like these that the birds do, we see how nicely they teach us the lesson of kindness.

*They also teach us another lesson, and that is the lesson of usefulness.*

There are many ways in which the birds make themselves useful. You know how useful scavengers, or street cleaners, are in our streets. They remove a great many things which are unpleasant to see, and which, if not taken away, would turn to decay, and have a bad effect upon the air, by making it unhealthy; and some birds act like scavengers. In warm countries, great harm would be done if the bodies of dead animals were left to rot in the sun. But almost the very moment that they fall to the earth, the vultures appear in flocks, and very soon the flesh is all eaten up, and the bones are left picked entirely clean.

Another way in which birds make themselves useful is by destroying worms and insects. These swarm about our gardens and fields, and devour the plants, and grain, and fruit. If it were not for what the birds do, in thinning off their numbers, it would hardly be possible for the farmers to succeed in raising anything.

And then we often find examples of birds going out of the way of what seems natural to them, in order to do good and make themselves useful.

In South America they have a bird called the trumpet bird, which is very useful. They train it, as we train our dogs. It will lead the sheep and cattle out to pasture; keep watch over them while they are feeding; and bring them safely home again, at the close of the day.

In Germany, an aged blind woman used to be led to church every Sunday by a gander. He would take hold of her gown, and lead her along by holding it in his beak. He would take her to the door of the pew where she sat. As soon as she was in her place, he would walk quietly out of the church, and occupy himself in the church-yard, feeding on the grass, till the service was over, and he heard the people coming out of church. Then he would go to the pew of his old mistress, and lead her home again. One day the minister of the church called to see this



“ HOW THE BIRDS PRAISE GOD.”



old person at her own house. He found that she had gone out, and he expressed his surprise to her daughter that they should let her go out alone. "O sir!" replied the daughter, "there is nothing to fear, mother is not alone: the gander is with her." Surely that bird was setting an example of usefulness.

A gentleman in England who lived in the country had his attention called to a thicket of bushes near his house one day. He saw a number of birds there, whose loud cries and strange movements he could not understand. He felt very curious to find out the meaning of it, so he crept close up to them, and examined the bushes. There he found a female bird, whose wing was caught in such a manner that she could not get away. Near by was her nest, containing several young birds. As she was kept a prisoner there, she was unable to get any food, either for herself or her young ones. He stood still, at a little distance, and watched what was

going on. He saw a number of old birds come flying into the bush, bringing worms and insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother, and then to her young ones. She cheered them in their good work with a song of gratitude. After watching this interesting sight till his curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman then released the poor bird from her confinement. In a moment, she flew to her nest, with a merry song to her deliverer. And her kind neighbours, who had come to help her, flew away to their own homes, as soon as they saw that she did not need their help any more, singing as they went a song of joy.

How beautiful this was! What real good neighbours those birds were to their friend in her distress! And what an example those birds set us, to try and make ourselves useful by being kind to those who are in trouble, and doing all we can to help them!

I have only one other story to tell



about the way in which the birds set us an example of usefulness.

Two men were neighbours to each other. They were wood-cutters, and went every day into the forest to cut wood. They both had children whom they loved very much, and they were willing to work hard, so as to supply them with daily food. One of these men was bright and cheerful, and was always hoping for the best. The other was gloomy and fearful. He was always regretting that he was so poor, and fearing that something would happen to him, so that he would not be able to work, and that then his children would starve. "Oh," he would often say, "how hard it is to be so poor! If I should get sick, what will become of my wife and children?"

"Don't be afraid," his cheerful neighbour would say to him: "if you should get sick, God will take care of your family."

One day, as they were going through the forest to their work, they found two

bird's-nests in a tree, and saw that the parent birds were sitting on their eggs. The men watched these nests, day after day as they went past, till they heard the young birds in the nests crying "peep-peep." Each morning as they went by, they saw the mother-birds busily engaged in feeding their young, and they expected soon to see the little ones get strong enough to leave their nests and take care of themselves.

One morning as the gloomy man was going past this spot by himself, he saw one of the mother-birds going towards her nest, with some food in her mouth for her little ones. Just at that moment, a hawk darted down on the poor bird, and bore her away in his claws to make a breakfast of her.

"Poor bird!" cried the wood-cutter, "what will become of your young ones now? They have lost their mother, and they will be left to die with hunger. And so it will be with my poor children if anything should happen to me."

He was thinking about this all day. It made him feel so sad that in the evening he went home another way, because he did not want to hear the cry of the poor perishing little ones. The



next morning, however, he concluded to go and look into the nest, and bury the poor motherless birds, for he was sure they would be all dead. So he went slowly on; and when he came to the tree, he was just going to climb up, when he

saw the other mother-bird going to the nest that had the orphans in it. Their little heads were lifted up; their little mouths were open; and their kind neighbour was acting the part of a mother to them, and feeding them, just as she fed her own. He stopped for some time, and watched her, with great interest, as she went and came, taking as much care of the orphan little ones as she did of her own. Just then his cheerful neighbour came along, and he told him in great surprise all that had taken place.

“Ah! didn't I tell you so?” said this good man. “And if God takes care of the birds in this way, may we not trust Him to take care of us? Don't be afraid any more. If you are taken sick, I will take care of your wife and little ones, just as this kind mother-bird is taking care of her neighbour's orphans. If I get sick, I am sure you will do the same for me. And if anything should happen to us both, we may be sure that God will take care of our families in some other way.”

And so we see how the birds praise God by the way they teach. They teach us the lesson of perseverance, the lesson of kindness, and the lesson of usefulness.

Thus we have spoken of four ways in which the birds praise God. The first is by *the way they live*; the second by *the way they dress*; the third by *the way they sing*; and the fourth by *the way they teach*. Let us be thankful for the lessons the birds teach us. Let us try to remember and practise these lessons. And let us always be kind to the birds. Never let us throw stones at them, or rob their nests, or do anything to frighten or worry them. They are God's creatures, and God wants us to be kind to all His creatures, as He is kind to us.

“Behold the fowls of the air.”







## THE CONQUEROR'S JEWEL.

“*An agate.*”—EXODUS xxviii. 19.



HIS precious stone was regarded in old times as the conqueror's jewel. It was supposed that if a person carried one of these jewels about with him, he would be sure to be successful in anything that he undertook. In every conflict with evil it would give him the victory. This conqueror's jewel we may consider as representing the grace of God. When we are called upon to fight against evil in any form, it is only the grace of God that can make us conquerors. The greatest enemy with which we have to fight is sin. This enemy meets us in

many forms. But the form in which it gives us more trouble than any other is perhaps that of selfishness. This is an evil that is very hard to conquer.

Suppose we are walking in the country, and meet a snake in the path; with the cane in our hand we strike it, again and again, till it lies still and motionless. We leave it, and go on our way, feeling sure that we have killed the snake. But when we have finished our walk, and come back to the place where we left the snake, we find it still alive and active. Then we say to ourselves, "Snakes are hard to kill." And it is just so with selfishness. It is a very difficult thing to conquer it. If we wish to subdue it, and get the victory over it, we must be sure to have this conqueror's jewel, the grace of God. And there are three things that this jewel will lead us to do in fighting against selfishness.

*In the first place it will lead us—*TO PRAY AGAINST IT.

Prayer is necessary to our success in everything we do. Jesus said to His



disciples: "Without me ye can do nothing." And this is as true now as it was then. It is as true of us as it was of the disciples. And it is particularly true of the thing we are now considering. If we want to get the victory over the selfishness of our own hearts, it is especially necessary for us to pray to Jesus to help us.

Here is an illustration in a story of two boys who tried to get the victory over themselves in this way. These boys were brothers. One of them was named Henry, and the other Martin. Henry was quick and passionate, while Martin was sullen and dogged in his disposition. They often quarrelled together, and sometimes about the merest trifles. Yet their mother was a good Christian woman, and tried to show them how wrong it was to give way to their bad tempers. And the boys really wanted to do better, but they did not seem to know how. Henry, the oldest, was at boarding-school. Christmas was coming, when he expected to go home to spend his vacation. He was very anxious to have

a pleasant visit at home during the holidays ; but he knew that if he and Martin got to quarrelling, as they generally did, it would spoil all their pleasure. So he wrote to his brother, some time before the close of the session, telling him that he hoped they should be able to get along more peaceably and pleasantly together, and suggesting a new plan for subduing their bad tempers and getting the victory over themselves.

Martin received Henry's letter very kindly, and agreed at once to adopt his plan ; for he really wanted to be a good boy, and felt ashamed to think that two brothers could not live in their own home without quarrelling.

Well, the vacation time came. Henry arrived at home, and the holidays were passing away very pleasantly. Their mother was delighted to see how nicely the boys were getting on together. One day she told Henry how glad she was to see the great change which had taken place in himself and Martin.

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“Yes, mother,” said Henry, “we have felt a great deal happier, and have got on much more comfortably, since we have tried our new plan.”

“Your new plan! What do you mean by that?” she asked with surprise.

“Why, you see, we have agreed to pray earnestly, every day, that God would help us not to give way to our bad tempers, and to get the victory over ourselves.”—This was what Henry had written to Martin about before he came home at vacation.—“And then, besides praying,” said Henry, “Martin has written down, on a piece of paper, a number of texts of Scripture about temper. We each carry one of these pieces of paper in our pocket, and when I am tempted to be cross or he is tempted to be sulky, we take out our paper and read it, and in this way we feel that God is helping us very much. Here is my paper, mother;” and then Henry took it out, and read these verses:—

“Little children, love one another.”

“Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.”

“Leave off contention before it be meddled with.”

“Be slow to speak, slow to wrath.”

“Overcome evil with good.”

“Bless them which persecute you : bless, and curse not.”

“Let brotherly love continue.”

“Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.”

Now, how interesting this was! Henry and Martin had each got this conqueror's jewel, the grace of God, and it was helping them to get the victory over their selfishness, by teaching them to pray. When the apostle Paul was on earth, he said : “I can do *all things* through Christ strengthening me.” And you and I may say the same.

Edward Norton was a good, obedient boy. He was industrious in his studies, kind to his playfellows, and usually gentle in his manners; but he had one great fault,—a very quick, fiery temper. He

would fly into a passion in a moment, and when he was angry he did not seem to know or care what he did. This made his mother very uneasy. She sometimes trembled when she thought of what might happen some day, if her dear boy did not learn to control his temper, and get the victory over himself. She told him about the professor in a medical college in Boston, who got angry with a gentleman he was talking with, struck him a blow, and killed him on the spot. He was put in prison ; tried ; condemned ; and hung as a murderer. And she used to say that if that gentleman's mother had only taught him to control his temper when a boy, he never would have become a murderer.

Edward was very fond of reading about the great generals and conquerors of the world. His mother tried to teach him that the greatest and best of all heroes was the one who conquered himself. And in order to fix this lesson on his mind, she made him repeat every morning, for a week, the thirty-second verse of the

sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, where Solomon says : " He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." And every day, as she did this, she taught him to pray that God would help him to control his temper, and give him the victory over himself.

On Saturday, at the close of this week, Edward was playing with some of his companions. Presently a difficulty arose. He said something about it, when one of the boys began to laugh at him. Edward grew very red in the face. His eyes were flashing with anger ; he was doubling up his fist, and just going to strike the boy, when—suddenly he stopped. His hand was unclenched. His half-raised arm fell by his side. The boys did not know what it meant. But the thing that stopped him was the thought of Solomon's words, which he had been repeating all that week. As he remembered them, he offered a silent prayer, — " Lord, help me." He tried to keep down his arm and not speak the angry words. God heard his prayer,

and helped him. He gained a splendid victory over himself. His fiery temper met with a Waterloo defeat that day. Edward could not play any more then. He made an excuse for leaving the boys. He ran home to his mother. As he entered the house he said: "I did it, mother; I did it. God helped me, and I did it;" and he burst into tears.

Here we see how Edward Norton had this conqueror's jewel, and how it gave him the victory over himself. The first thing that this conquering jewel, the grace of God, will do for us, in our fight against selfishness, is that *it will lead us to pray against it.*

*The second thing that this conqueror's jewel will lead us to do in getting the victory over selfishness is to—*STRUGGLE AGAINST IT.

We must not think that praying is to take the place of striving. God only helps those who try to help themselves. Suppose that you and I have to climb up a high mountain. We kneel down at the foot of the mountain, and pray God to

help us get up to the top of it. And then suppose we should sit down, and wait for God to send an angel to take us in his arms and carry us up to the top of the mountain. Have we any right to expect that God would help us in that way? Not at all. We might wait all our lives, but we never should get any help. If we want to get up the mountain, we must *begin* to climb, and we must *keep on* climbing till we get to the top, and *while we are doing this God will help us*. No soldier ever expects to gain the victory over his enemies without a hard struggle.

We have all read about the great victory which the Duke of Wellington obtained over the Emperor Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. But he had to fight hard, all day, before he gained that victory. And so, if we want to get the victory over our selfishness, we must struggle hard against it.

Let me tell you about a boy named Archie Taylor, who struggled against his his selfishness, and conquered it by giving way to his brother.



One day, after school, Archie came bounding into the house, crying: "Hurrah! hurrah! our school is going to have an excursion next Thursday. Hurrah! hurrah!"

"I'm glad of it, Archie," said his little sister, Amy, clapping her fat hands, and entering into her brother's joy.

"So am I," said Mrs. Taylor, his mother. "I am glad your teacher is so kind to his scholars. But *how* and *where* are you going, my dear?"

"We are going in two big wagons, mother, to River Point. We are to catch fish, and have a regular picnic. Won't it be nice? Oh, I'm so glad! But where's the milk-pail? It's time to milk old Spotty."

Then he took the bright tin milk-pail, and went off, merry as a cricket.

"Oh, I'm so glad for Archie!" said little Amy to her mother, as soon as he was gone.

"Yes, it will be very pleasant for him," said Mrs. Taylor; "for what with milking Spotty, taking care of the pigs, doing up

odds and ends, and going to school, he don't get much time for play. I'm very glad his teacher is going to give the school this treat."

Just then a stout boy, four years older than Archie, and covered with flakes, like snow, came into the cottage wearing a very bright look.

"Only think, mother," said he, "our fellows are going on an excursion next Thursday. Mr. Jones, our employer, has chartered a little steamboat to take all hands down the river to Bam's Island, where we are to have a glorious time. Isn't that jolly?"

"It is very kind, indeed, of Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Taylor, "but I'm afraid you can't go, my son."

"Can't go!" exclaimed George, with great surprise; "pray, why not?"

"Be calm, George, and listen," said his mother. "Did you say the excursion was to be on Thursday?"

"Yes, mother; but what of that?"

"Well, Archie is going to River Point

that day, and you know that both of you can't be from home the same day, because my arm is too lame to do much."

"Then let Archie stay at home: I won't," said George, in an angry tone.

"What's that you say?" asked Archie, who came in just then with his pail full of milk.

George told his story. Archie looked blank, and said:—

"I'm the youngest, and I told mother first. You ought to let me go, George."

"Well, I work hard in the mill all the time. You don't earn any money, and you ought to let *me* go," said George.

The boys would probably have got into a quarrel about it; but just then their mother called them to tea, and told them not to say anything more about it till the morning.

They sat round the table and took their tea in silence that night, and with less pleasure than was usual in that humble cottage.

When supper was over they had prayers, as usual. And when Mrs. Taylor came to pray for her children, she asked God to teach them to seek each other's happiness rather than their own; she prayed that He would help them to struggle against the selfishness of their own hearts, and to get the victory over it.

This prayer of their mother's set both the boys to thinking. It was hard for either to give up; yet each felt it his duty to do so. Archie was the first to yield. It cost him a mighty struggle; but the next day, when George came home from work, he went to him, smiling in the greatest good humour, and said:—

“George, you may go on Thursday; I'll stay at home.”

“No, no, Archie,” said George. “You may go, and I'll stay at home.”

And now the two brothers had a very pleasant dispute about this. They both wanted to do right, and each, with great good-nature, pleaded to be allowed to stay at home. At last they agreed to leave it

to their mother to decide which of them should go. She said :—

“George shall go, because he works hard for us all the year. Archie will stay at home with me.” This was certainly a wise decision. It settled the question at once.

On Thursday morning George went down the river in the steamboat. Archie stayed with his mother and Amy. As he was getting a pail of water for his mother, his schoolmates rode by in the wagons. He felt pretty badly when he heard their merry shouts come ringing across the meadow. His heart was so full that he did not dare to stop and look after them. But, like an April cloud, this feeling of sadness soon passed away, and he felt happy again. His mother cooked a chicken for dinner; after that she took Archie and Amy, and they had a walk along the brook which ran past their cottage, and a nice long ramble through the woods. The day soon passed. George came home at the close of the day in

excellent spirits ; but, when they all went to bed at night, the happiest heart in that humble cottage was Archie's ; for he had struggled against his selfishness, and had gotten the victory over it, by giving up his own pleasure for his brother's.

The next day, when the teacher found out the reason why Archie stayed at home, he was very much pleased. He spoke of it before the whole school, and praised him greatly. He said Archie had set them a beautiful example, which he hoped they would all follow ; that he had proved himself a real hero, and had gained a splendid victory over himself. Archie had this conqueror's jewel,—the true agate of the grace of God ; and we see how it made him conqueror over selfishness.

*The third thing that this conqueror's jewel will lead us to do in getting the victory over selfishness is—*TO REMEMBER THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS.

Jesus came down from heaven to do *three* things for us. The first was to fulfil God's law for us. The second was to die .

for our sins. The third was to show us how to live. The Bible tell us that "He left us an *example* that we should *follow His steps*.

You know, when we are learning to write, our teacher sets us a copy. Then we take the word or sentence that has been written for us, letter by letter, and try to make others like them. And just in the same way the life of Jesus is set before us as our copy. We are to keep it before us, and try to make our own lives like His. Being a Christian means being like Jesus. Now, it is said of Jesus that "*He pleased not Himself.*" Would it not have been much pleasanter for Him to have stayed in heaven, where all was holy and good, where everybody loved and honoured Him, and where the angels sang His praises, than to have come down to this dark, sinful world to live as a poor man, to suffer and to die upon the cross? Certainly. Would Jesus ever have consented to be our Saviour if He had been trying to please Himself? Never. He

had the most perfect specimen of this conqueror's jewel that ever was; and it gave Him a glorious victory. He was the most perfect conqueror of self. "He pleased not Himself." Now, let me show how remembering the example of Jesus helped a little girl to get the victory over her selfishness.

The name of this girl was Jeannette. She lived in Germany. One day she went to see a grand review of troops in the town in which she lived. She found a very nice place, where she could stand and see the soldiers as they marched by. She stood there and waited for them. Just after the soldiers began to march past that place, Jeannette saw a poor old woman behind her, trying very hard to get a peep at the soldiers. She pitied her very much, and said to herself:—

"I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stand where she can't see anything.



Jesus pleased not Himself. If I want to be like Him I mustn't give way to selfishness. Then, too, I ought to honour old age, and I will."

So Jeannette called the old woman, and placing her in her nice seat, fell back herself among the crowd. There she had to stand on tiptoe, and dodge about, and peep, to catch a glimpse of the splendid procession that was marching by, when she might have seen it all easily if she had only kept her place. Some of the people near said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. But she did not care for that. She felt that she had done right. And so she had. She was trying to be like Jesus. She remembered His example, and it helped her to get the victory over her selfishness; and this made her feel happier than if she had kept her seat, and seen all the soldiers marching. But this was not the end of it.

A few minutes after, a man, all covered with lace, elbowed his way through the

crowd, and laying his hand on her shoulder, said :—

“ Little girl, will you please come to her ladyship ? ”

Jeannette followed the man to a platform within the crowd. A lady came up to her there and said :—

“ My dear child, I saw you give your seat to that poor old woman. You did right. You acted nobly. God will bless you, my child, for what you have done. I hope you will always try and act in this way. Now sit down here by me, where you can see everything.”

This little girl had the conqueror's jewel,—the Bible agate,—and it helped her to get the victory over her selfishness by *remembering the example of Jesus*.

I have only one more story to tell you, and that is about a boy who had this jewel, and was helped by it in the same way. His name was Roger Seymour.

He came home from school one day, and flinging down his hat, he said “ It's no use trying any longer, mother: I

must give up, and go to fighting, as all the other boys do."

His mother looked sadly at him for a moment, and said: "My dear boy, try a little longer for my sake."

"Mother, I've tried, and tried, until the boys all hoot at me, and call me a coward. I don't care so much for that, either: but they say, even the best boys in the school, that they can't respect a boy who won't fight; and I'm sure I don't want to lose the respect of my schoolmates. Mother, you don't know the boys in this town; it seems really necessary to fight now and then, or they'll think you have no spirit."

"I can't bear to think of my son engaging in a street fight, even to gain the respect of his companions," said his mother.

"And I can't bear to think that none of the boys respect me," said Roger, as he went out of the room.

Mrs. Seymour felt very sorry that Roger should have so much trouble in

school. But yet she could never think of advising him to put himself on a level with the brutes, by fighting, like a bulldog or a bear. She knew that Roger was right in refusing to fight. She felt sure that, if he only kept on in this way, by and by the very boys who were now the most forward in urging him to fight, would come to have the greatest respect for him, for this very reason,—that he would not fight. So she resolved to try and encourage him all she could by talking to him about Jesus, and getting him to try and keep His blessed example before him all the time.

Before Roger went to bed that night she had a nice long talk with him. She told him how Jesus was treated when on earth,—she reminded him of the names He was called,—a glutton, a wine-drinker, a Samaritan (that was considered the name of greatest reproach then), and even a devil! And yet, *He* never fought. He never struck any one a blow. He never spoke a cross or angry word to

anybody. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again." "Like a lamb before her shearers, He opened not His mouth."

"Remember, Roger," said she, "that Jesus was once a boy, and He knows just how boys feel. As He was the best man that ever lived, so He was the best boy. And the boys who lived in Palestine, when Jesus was on earth, were quite as bad as the boys who live here now. No doubt they did everything they could to provoke Jesus, and make Him angry. But He never quarrelled with them. He never fought one of them. His example is the best and the noblest for us to imitate. And we must try to be like Him if we wish to be good, and great, and happy."

"O mother!" said Roger, "when you talk to me I feel sure that you are right, and it seems as if it would be easy for me to do as you wish; but when I am with the boys, they talk so differently that they make me think you are too particular. How shall I keep from being influenced by them, mother?"

“You must pray; you must strive; and you must think of Jesus. This is the only way to get the victory in such cases,” said his mother.

After this Roger felt more resolved than ever to keep on in the right way.

And it was very well he did feel so; for, just after that, the boys renewed their attacks upon him with more force than ever. They seemed determined to make him fight. But he was equally determined that he would not do it.

One day, just before school, they had been trying very hard to get up a quarrel with him. But he refused.

“Coward! coward!” was the cry all round; “he’s afraid to fight!”

“Afraid? yes, I *am* afraid to do what I *know* is wrong; and you can’t make me do it,” said Roger calmly, as he turned from them and went into school.

Oh, what hard work this was! for though he knew it was right, it made him sad to feel that the boys all thought him a mean and cowardly fellow. And this is

just one of the hardest things we have to bear in this life.

He had been carrying on this great battle with none but God on his side, for all the boys were arrayed against him; but, remember, one with God on his side is in the majority. His teacher had been watching carefully the trial that he was passing through. He was delighted to see the stand that Roger had taken. He admired the true courage, the real heroism which he showed. He was glad that he had one brave boy in his school who had manliness and courage enough about him to refuse to fight. And now, he thought it was time for him to step in to Roger's help. This teacher was accustomed to talk very freely to the boys about anything that happened. So the first time that Roger was absent from school, he took occasion to say to them:—

“Boys, do any of you know Roger Seymour?”

“Yes, sir, I do,” said one.

“So do I,” said another.

“And so do I,” said a third.

“We *all* know Roger, sir,” said a fourth boy.

“Do you?” asked the teacher. “I thought you would say that, and yet I don’t think that any of you really know him at all; for I have often heard you call him a coward, and say that he wouldn’t fight; when, the fact is, if *you* knew him as well as I do, you would know that he was fighting every day, and that he really did more fighting than any of you.”

“Why, we never saw him fighting,” said several of the boys. “Pray, sir, who does he fight with?”

“With *himself*.”

“Fight with himself! how can he do that?” asked the boys.

“In this way,” said the teacher. “You have often provoked him: he forgave you, because he is trying to follow the example of the meek and gentle Jesus. Then you taunted him, and called him ‘coward.’ He knew that he was not a coward, and



he longed to show you that he was not one. He felt that, by one blow of his strong right arm, he could have put a stop to your persecution of him : but he would not displease his mother ; he would not do what she had taught him was wrong. And so he has gone on, day after day, struggling against his own feelings. The battle has been a hard one, but he has come off conqueror. I feel proud of such a scholar. I tell you, boys, Roger Seymour is a real hero. He is the bravest boy in the school, for *he has conquered himself*. And the Bible says : ‘ He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city.’ ”

After that day Roger had no more trouble in school. No one called him a coward again ; but they all respected and honoured him more than any boy in school.

Now Roger Seymour had this conqueror’s jewel,—the true agate,—the grace of God, and you see how it made him conqueror. Selfishness was the enemy

over which this jewel gave him the victory. And we have spoken of three things that this conqueror's jewel, the grace of God, will help us to do in fighting against selfishness. The first is, *to pray against it*; the second is, *to struggle against it*; and the third is *to remember the example of Jesus*.

I hope, my dear young friends, you will all try to get this precious jewel. You never can fight against the sin of selfishness unless you have it. And you must either fight against it and conquer it, or give yourselves up to it and be its slaves. Now, to be the slave of selfishness is a terrible thing. Jesus came into the world as the Captain of our salvation, on purpose to save us from this sad state. Oh! pray earnestly to Him to give you His grace, and to put this conqueror's jewel round your neck; then you will be able to struggle against selfishness and conquer it. This is the most splendid and important of all victories. May God help you all to gain it for Jesus' sake. Amen.



## THE WONDERFUL EYES.

“The eyes of the Lord are in every place.”—*Proverbs xv. 3.*



WHEN we are very much pressed with engagements, it would sometimes be a great convenience if we could manage to be in two places at the same time. But we know that this is impossible. However much we may try, *this* is something that we cannot do. And it is not only true that *we* cannot do it, but it is equally true that the best, and wisest, and greatest persons in the world cannot do it.

Suppose that a convention should be held in the great city of London next

year, to consider this subject, and this convention was to be composed of five hundred of the best and wisest men that have lived from the beginning of the world. Suppose that Abraham, and Moses, and Job, and Solomon, and Elijah, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and Peter, and John, and Paul, were to be members of that convention; and Christopher Columbus, and Martin Luther, and George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Humphry Davy, and others of the same character, were to be there; what a wonderful convention that would be!

How interesting it would be to see those great and good men, and hear them talk! And suppose that with all the wisdom and knowledge they had when they were in this world, and with all the higher wisdom gained since they left this world, they should spend a week or a month in trying to find out some way in which a person might be in New York, or Boston, or London, at the same time.

They never would succeed! However much a man may know, and however wise and good and great he may be, still he can only be present in one place at a time. This is as true of angels as it is of men. The angels can go very quickly from one place to another; but still, even the angels can only be in one place at a time. We may learn to travel much faster than we can do now. How much faster a locomotive travels than a snail! Now, it is possible that we may learn, by-and-by, to travel as much quicker than the fastest locomotive goes now, as that exceeds the snail's slowness. Perhaps we may learn to go as fast as a cannon-ball goes when shot from a gun. We may even learn to go as fast as light travels. This is two hundred thousand miles in a second. Only think of this! At that rate, we could go to America, and back again, more than ten times in a single tick of a watch, or snap of a finger. But even if we could travel at that rate, we could only be in one place at a time. But the Bible

tells us that what is impossible with men is possible with God. He can be, not in *two* places only at the same time; but in twenty, or in five hundred. Nay, "the eyes of the Lord are in *every* place."

But suppose some one should say this only means that God keeps moving about from one place, without being in every place at the same time, how can we prove that this is not so, but that He really is in every place at the same time? There is one short and easy way of proving this. Here it is: God knows all that everybody thinks, and feels, and says, and does; and therefore He must be always present with everybody. *This* is one of the most wonderful things about God. And it is one of the things in which there is the greatest difference between ourselves and God. We can only be in *one* place at a time; but, "the eyes of the Lord are in every place."

Our present purpose is to speak about "The Wonderful Eyes." There are three things that these eyes are intended to do,

and on account of which they may well be called wonderful.

*The first thing for which “the eyes of the Lord are in every place” is for—WARNING.*

You know, when there are dangerous rocks at the entrance of a harbour it is usual to build a light-house near them. The light-house is put there on purpose to give warning to the sailors of the danger to which they are exposed from those rocks.

There is safety in the light thus given. It used to be the custom with shopkeepers to have strong window-shutters to their big shop-windows. When night came they would close those shutters, and fasten them very tight with iron bolts or bars. This was done to keep the robbers out. But now it is getting to be the custom not to have shutters at all to the shops. The windows are left, with perhaps only a grating of wire before them. But the gas is kept lighted in the shop. If robbers should get into the shop at night, the policeman, or any one else going by, could see them in a moment.

The light in those shops is a better protection than the strongest shutters that could be made. Do you suppose that any person would be willing to go into a shop and steal, if he knew that some one was looking at him all the time? No. And so if people would only remember that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place," it would be like leaving the window open and the gas burning. It would be a warning against sin. Joseph remembered this; and, when he was tempted to do something very wrong, he said: "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" The thought of God's eye being upon him was a warning to him. And so it will be to us. Do you think men would ever allow themselves to lie, or swear, or steal, or commit murder, if they could hear the voice of God speaking to them, or see the eye of God looking at them all the time? No. This is what David meant when he said, "I have set the Lord always before me: He is at my right hand, therefore shall I not fall."



To *fall* here means to sin, or to do anything wrong. He felt that, so long as he remembered that God was near him, and looking at him, it would be a warning or safeguard, to keep him from committing sin. It is only because we forget what the Bible tells us about God seeing us; or because we do not believe it, that we fall into sin.

Let me tell you of a dreadful case of wickedness, which might have been prevented if the words of the text had only been remembered.

There were three girls in the same class in a boarding-school. Their names were Jane, and Lucy, and Mary. Jane was the best scholar of the three. She kept at the head of her class all the time. Lucy was not as clever as Jane; but she was very amiable and loving, and she and Jane were bosom friends. Mary was neither as bright a girl as Jane, nor as good a girl as Lucy. She was ill-tempered and jealous. It used to make her angry that she could neither recite her lessons as well as Jane,

nor be as much of a favourite as Lucy was. She envied Jane her success in keeping at the head of her class, and Lucy her amiability, which made everybody love her so. She let this wicked feeling stay in her heart. It grew worse and worse. From envy it turned to hatred. This feeling grew stronger and stronger in her bosom, till it seemed to take entire possession of it. At last she made up her mind to have revenge on her classmates in a most awfully wicked way.

At different times she got small quantities of poison, till she thought she had enough to kill one, or both, of her classmates; then she waited for an opportunity to give it to them.

This came rather sooner than she expected. Jane, the one whom she hated most, was taken sick with a cold. Her friend Lucy waited on her, and nursed her like a sister. One evening, Mary was in the room with them. Lucy was preparing a cooling drink of lemonade for her sick friend. While she was busy in another

part of the room, Mary contrived, without being seen, to slip the poison into the tumbler. Soon after, without knowing what had taken place, the kind-hearted girl, Lucy, took up the tumbler, and carried it to Jane to drink. But, happily for her, she had just fallen into a sound sleep. In the mean time Mary had left the room. She supposed, of course, that the lemonade had been taken ; but it was left on the table untasted. Soon after, a servant came in ; and, as Jane was still asleep, the tumbler of lemonade was carried out with some other things, and left on the table in the dining-room. Supposing that the poisoned drink was doing its deadly work, this wicked girl, in going up to her own room passed through the dining-room. Seeing a glass of lemonade on the table, and feeling thirsty, she picked it up and drank it. How awful the punishment which overtook her ! *It was the same tumbler which she had intended should be the means of killing one of her classmates, whom she hated most,*

*and of fixing the blame of the dreadful deed on the other.* The deadly draught which she had designed for another, God in His mysterious providence had caused her to drink herself !

She was soon taken with terrible sickness. Her awful screams rang through the house. The family gathered round her bed, and were filled with horror when they heard, from the wicked girl's own lips, the dreadful deed she had done ; and how God had caused her to fall into the very snare which she had laid for another. She died in fearful agony.

Now, suppose that when the thought of this horrible wickedness first came into the mind of this unhappy girl, she had remembered the words of our text,—“The eyes of the Lord are in every place ;” suppose she had felt that God was looking right into her heart, and that He was angry with her for her wickedness,—do you think she would have gone on to do what she did ? No. The thought of those wonderful eyes would have been a warning

to her. It would have kept her from committing that great sin.

Some hundreds of years ago, in what are called "The Middle Ages," the great lords and knights of the world were always at war with each other. In those days there was a celebrated duke, who lived in a great castle. One of this man's neighbours had offended him, and he resolved to take vengeance on him. It happened, soon after he had made up his mind to do this, that he heard his enemy was about to pass near his castle with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he was determined not to let it pass.

He had a minister of the gospel living in the castle, who was his chaplain. He told him what he was going to do. The chaplain tried to persuade him to give it up, but in vain. He said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was about to do, but still he was resolved to go on. Finding that all his arguments had no effect on the duke, the chaplain said to him :—

“Well, my lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you, at least, come into the chapel that we may pray together before you go.”

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt down together in prayer. Then the minister said to him: “Will you please repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our blessed Saviour taught His disciples.”

“I will,” said the duke.

And so they began, and went on. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till they came to the petition: “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.” Here the duke stopped.

“My lord, you are silent,” said the chaplain. “Please go on, and repeat the words after me, ‘Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.’”

“I can’t do it,” said the duke.

“Well, then, God cannot forgive you, for He has said so. He Himself has given

us this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer: for to ask God to pardon you as you are pardoning your enemy, is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your enemy. In the same way God will meet you at the last day.”

This was more than the duke could stand. His stubborn will gave way under it.

“No,” said he, “I will finish my prayer: My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me, as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!”

“Amen,” said the chaplain.

“Amen,” repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord’s prayer better than he had ever done before, because he had begun to practise it.

Now, the only way to make men feel that God is present with them, and looking at them, is by causing them to understand His word. God can see us in other ways, but we can only see Him, clearly

and properly, through the truths of the Bible. And so you see that, when that chaplain was trying to make the duke understand the meaning of that part of the Lord's prayer, he was really trying to bring him to a point where he would see and feel that the eyes of God were on him; that He was watching all the feelings of his heart, and was writing them down in His book, to judge him for them at last. And as soon as he saw that "the eyes of the Lord" were upon him, in this way, it was a solemn warning to him which he could not neglect. It made him give up at once his sinful feelings of revenge. If that wicked school girl could have been made to feel that God's eyes were on her, it would have kept her from the great sin she committed, and have saved her life. And so we see how the revengeful duke was led to give up his sin as soon as he felt that God's eyes were on him. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

The first thing for which they are there is for *warning*.



*The second thing for which these wonderful eyes are present is for—ENCOURAGEMENT.*

When Moses was leading the children of Israel through the wilderness, from Egypt to the land of Canaan, he had a great many heavy trials to bear, and a great many hard duties to perform. He needed a great deal of encouragement in bearing those trials, and doing those duties. And the way in which he got that encouragement was by remembering that God was with him, and His wonderful eyes were watching him all the time. This is what St. Paul means when, in speaking about the trials of Moses in the wilderness, he said that “he endured as *seeing Him who is invisible.*” He remembered that these wonderful eyes, which are in every place, were with him even there. He went about all the time, feeling and saying to himself,—“Thou God seest me.” And this gave *him* encouragement, and it will do the same to us. If we learn to see “Him who is invisible,” that is if we always remember that “the eyes of the

Lord" are upon us, night and day, wherever we go, it will give us encouragement both to *suffer* and to *do* what God appoints for us.

There is a story told of the MacGregors, a Highland clan in Scotland, which illustrates this part of our sermon very well. There was a severe battle fought between the English and the Scotch, at a place called Prestonpans, in the year 1745. In the course of this battle the chieftain of the MacGregor clan was struck by two balls, at the same moment, and fell to the ground. This disheartened his soldiers very much. They thought their beloved chieftain was dead, and having no one to lead them, their ranks began to waver, and they were just on the point of turning their backs on the enemy, and retreating from the field of battle, when their wounded chief raised himself up on his elbow, and, as the blood streamed from his wounds, cried out:—

“I am not dead, my children: I am looking at you. Do your duty like brave

men." Those few words had a wonderful effect on the men. All thought of retreating was given up. They were inspired with fresh courage. They felt that the eyes of their chief were upon them, and they plunged into the thickest of the fight, resolved to do honour to the name they bore.

And if we remember that, wherever we go, "the eyes of the Lord" are upon us, and He is watching us all the time, it will be a great encouragement to us. If we have trials to bear, there is nothing that will encourage us like the thought that God's wonderful eyes are watching us.

A gentleman was talking with a poor woman in his neighbourhood, whose case was very trying. She had not been very long married before her husband was taken very ill. He got better after a while, but the disease had fastened itself upon him. He was liable to be attacked by it every few days. This made him unfit to do much work, and even when he did work a little he suffered dreadfully.

This was a great trial. Here was a young woman just starting in her married life, when a dark cloud seemed to settle down on her. She was disappointed in all the comfort and happiness she had looked forward to when she was married. Now, she had nothing to expect\* but sickness and suffering to her husband, and a long struggle with poverty and want for herself and family. She was a Christian woman, as her answer showed when the gentleman asked her if she did not feel very unhappy, as she thought of the trial that was before her. "Well, sir," she said, "I dare say I should; but when I saw the trouble coming I made up my mind never to forget these two things: God sees it all, and He knows what is best. And *when I think that His eyes are upon me, I feel encouraged to bear up.*"

Yes, "the eyes of the Lord are in every place" on purpose to encourage His people.

*The third thing for which these wonderful eyes "are in every place" is—TO HELP.*

A lady, in one of our large cities, had been in the habit of attending the evening meetings of the church to which she belonged. Sometimes she had no one to go with her, and then she never hesitated to go alone, rather than stay away. Some of her friends used to tell her that it was a dangerous thing, and they tried to persuade her that she had better give it up; but she always said that the Lord was present in the street, as well as in the church, and she felt sure that He would take care of her. One evening, in coming home from church, as she was crossing a public walk that lay in her way, and where it was quite lonely, two ruffians stopped her, and, holding a pistol to her breast, demanded her watch and her money. But although alone, as they supposed, there was One with her in whom she trusted, though they could not see Him. It was that same Saviour at whose presence, when He was on earth, a whole band of men once "went backward and fell to the earth." As there was no one but Jesus to

protect her, this Christian lady instantly fell on her knees before the robbers, and with uplifted hands cried out: "Now, Lord Jesus, help me!" This was something for which the robbers were not prepared. They were frightened, and ran away, leaving her, all untouched, to go home in peace, rejoicing in that God whose "eyes are in every place," and who is a very present help in time of trouble.

One of the principal ways in which God helps His people to do right, is by causing them to understand His word, and feel its power; and when some verse of Scripture is explained to us, and set before us in such a way as to make a deep impression on our minds, then it is just as if God's wonderful eyes were fixed upon us, to lead us to do something which He wants to have done, and to help us to do it. Let me give you an illustration of this.

Julia Morrison was a Sunday-school girl, about thirteen or fourteen years old. She was a Christian girl, and took the greatest delight in her Sunday school,

because she loved the Bible so much, and found such great pleasure in studying it there. One day the lesson in school had been on that passage of Scripture in which these words are found: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." The teacher said a great deal about the importance of doing *at once* whatever we have to do. She said, when any duty was before us which we ought to do, we should feel as if the eyes of the Lord were upon us, and He was watching to see if we did it. The teacher's words made a deep impression on Julia's mind. She kept thinking about them all the way home. She said to herself: "I'll always try to remember the lesson of to-day. I'll think I see God's eyes looking straight at me, when I have anything to do, and I'm sure it will keep me from putting off things. It will help me to do what ought to be done right away; and it will help me to do it well

too, or, as the Bible says, ‘with my might.’”

When Julia reached home, she found her father sitting in an easy-chair by the fire, doing nothing. Mr. Morrison was a member of the Church, but he was not a very active Christian. He had undertaken to be a tract distributor in a district of the town not far from where he lived. He generally took a Sunday afternoon, once a month, to distribute his tracts; but he did not like the work much, and was glad of any excuse for putting it off. It so happened that *that* afternoon was the time for doing this good work. But it had rained a little, and was rather damp, so he had concluded not to go on that day.

When Julia came in she saw the bundle of tracts lying on the table, and said:—

“Why, papa, haven’t you been round with your tracts to-day?”

“No, my dear.”

“Aren’t you going with them, papa?”

“Not to-day, my dear. It’s too damp.”



Then Julia's lesson came into her mind, and she thought this was a good opportunity to begin to practise it. She had often been with her father when he distributed the tracts. She knew all the places where they were left, and she liked to do it very much, for she felt it was doing something for Jesus. It seemed to her that it was *her* work as much as her father's. When she saw the bundle of tracts on the table, she felt as if the eyes of the Lord were upon her, watching to see what she would do. That thought helped her very much. So she said:—

“ Oh, papa, let me go instead of you. I've got my bonnet on, and it won't take me long.”

“ No, no ! It's too damp for you to go out again. It'll do as well some other day.”

“ See, it's not raining now, papa. I'll take the big umbrella, in case it should rain again. The people will want the tracts. Do, please, let me go, papa.”

Seeing how earnest she was about it, he

said she might go. So Julia took the tracts, and started. She knew the district well, and felt very happy to think that she was working for Jesus. In the course of her walk she came to a large, old house, with a big knocker on the door. She rapped again and again, but no one answered. The poor girl's patience was almost worn out, when she thought she heard a sound in the house. She gave another knock, and the door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who wore a good dress, but whose face, Julia thought, looked very unhappy.

With a sweet, pleasant smile she handed her a tract, and then went on her way till her work was done. When her tracts were all given away she went home; but in doing so, how little she thought that by her walk that damp afternoon she had been the means of saving a soul from death and a body from the grave.

And yet it was even so. For it was afterwards found out that the woman at whose door Julia had waited so long, was

in a great deal of trouble. She had got to be so gloomy and unhappy that she did not want to live any longer. She had made up her mind to hang herself, and was in the very act of doing this when this dear girl gave the first knock at her door. The rope was fastened to the high post of an old-fashioned bedstead; the noose, or slip-knot, was round her neck, and she was going to jump off the bedstead, and rush into the presence of God, when that knock came at the door. This startled her. She waited a moment. There was another knock. She waited longer. Again and again the knock came. She felt vexed and angry; but she concluded to go and see what it was all about. She took the rope from off her neck, and went to the door to see who had disturbed her. She opened the door. The sweet, loving, happy look which that dear child gave her took away all her angry feelings in a moment. She received the tract, and concluded to sit down and read it through before going upstairs again to carry out

her wicked purpose. She did so. God blessed the reading of that tract to her soul's good. It showed her what a sinner she was. It led her to Jesus. She became a Christian, and then she went to Julia's father, and told him what a blessing his daughter's visit to her house had been.

Here you see that it was the thought of God's wonderful eyes being upon her which helped this dear child to "do with her might what her hand found to do" that afternoon; and how much good came from what she did!

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place." These eyes are wonderful for three things. They are wonderful *to warn*; wonderful *to encourage*; and wonderful *to help*.

My dear young friends, if you will only take the words of this text, and keep them before you all the time; if you will only think about these wonderful eyes, and remember that you never, for one moment, can get away from them,—it will be a

blessing to you all your days. It will be a warning,—an encouragement,—a help.

I will finish this subject with some simple lines which would do us all good if we would learn them and remember them. They were written on the words of our text; “The eyes of the Lord are in every place :” —

“ God can see me every day,  
 When I work and when I play ;  
 When I read and when I talk,  
 When I run and when I walk ;  
 When I eat and when I drink,  
 When I sit and only think ;  
 When I laugh and when I cry,—  
 God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,  
 When I'm naughty, when I'm good ;  
 When I'm happy, when I'm sad,  
 When I'm sorry, when I'm glad ;  
 When I pluck the fragrant rose,  
 That in my neat garden grows ;  
 When I crush the tiny fly,—  
 God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,  
 When the stars are twinkling bright ;

## THE WONDERFUL EYES.

When the moon shines on my bed,—  
God still watches o'er my head ;  
Kindly guiding lest I stray,  
Pointing to the happy way,  
Night or day, at church, at prayer,  
God is near me everywhere."



