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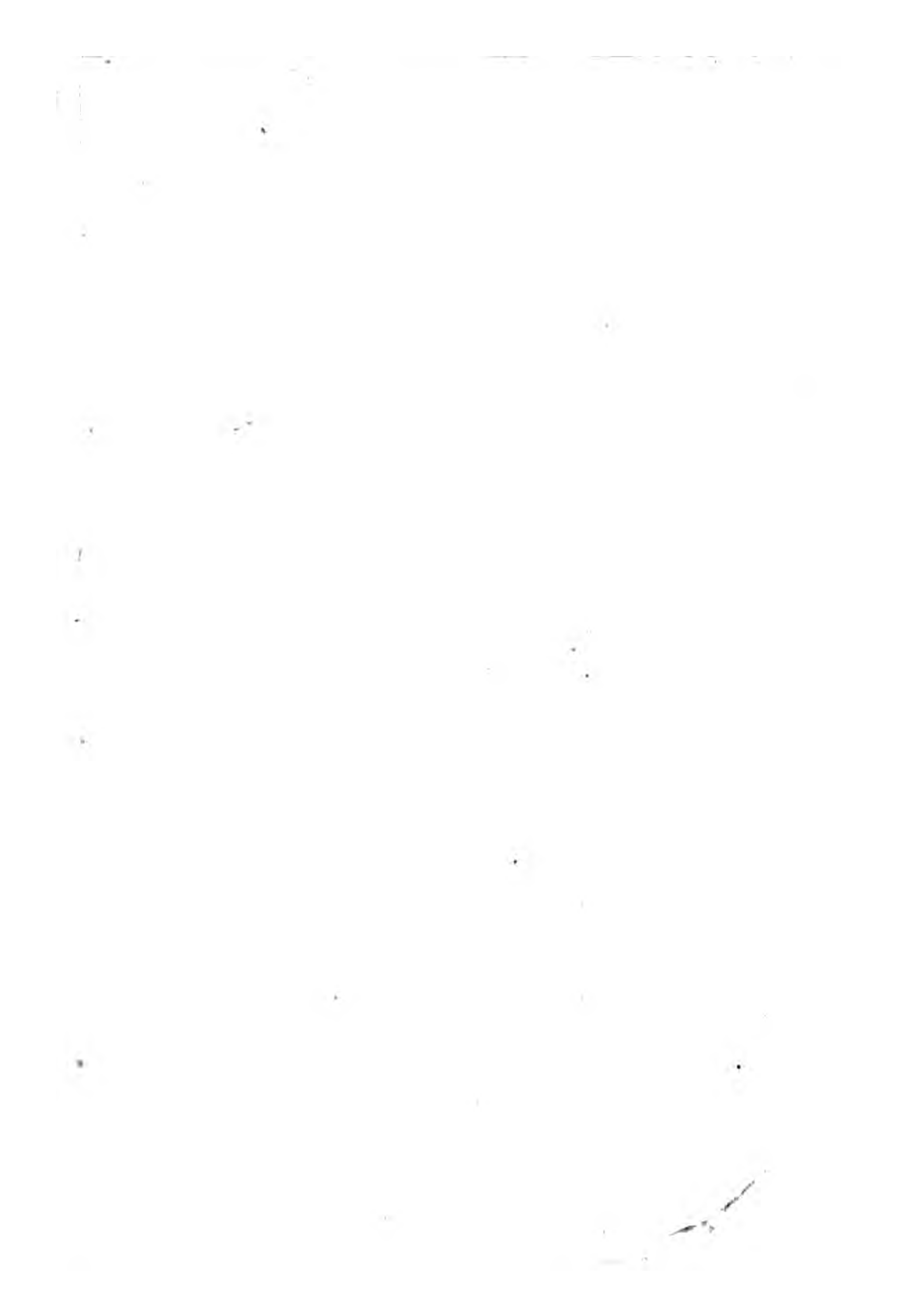
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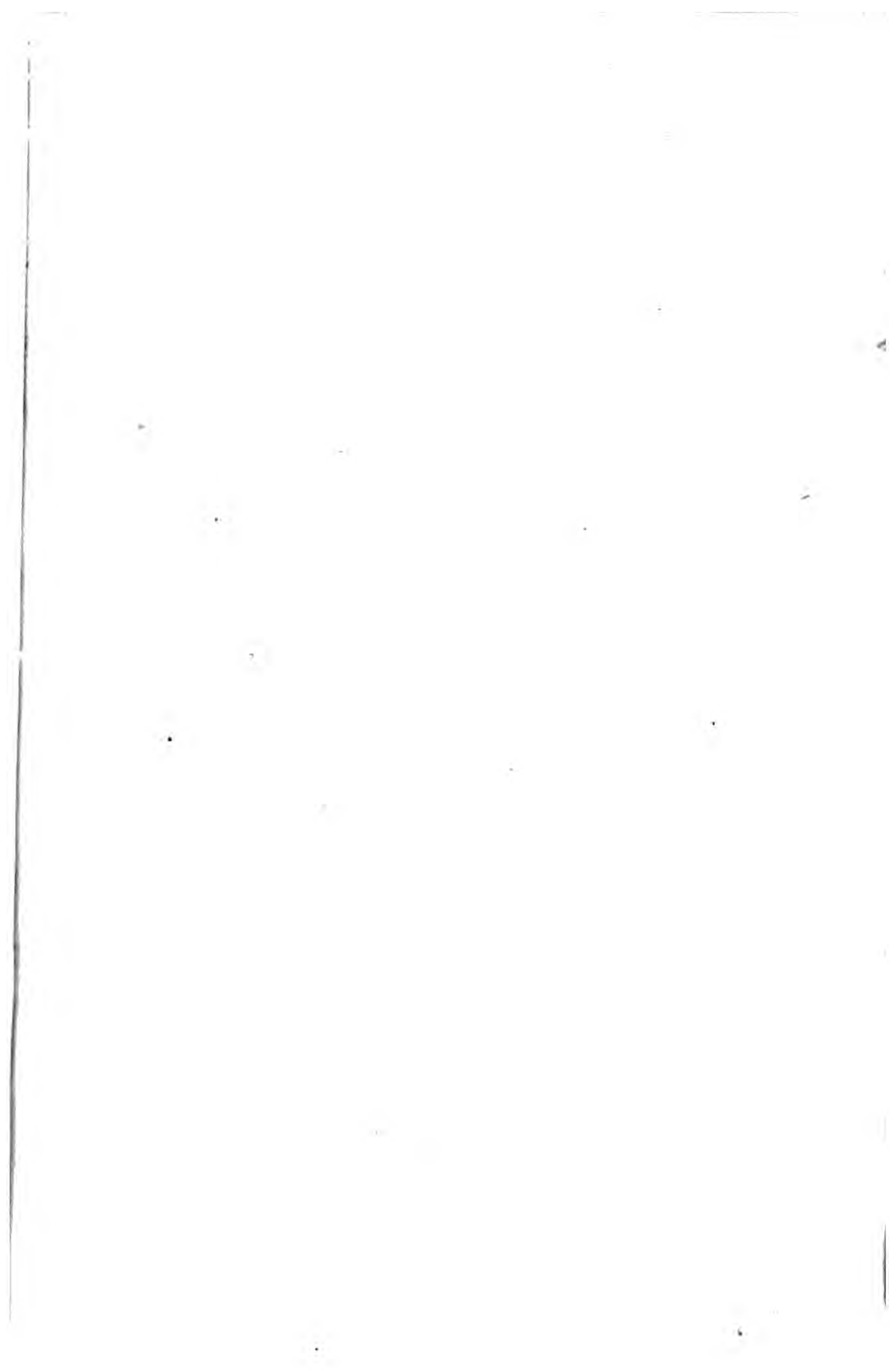


Per. 1489 f. 2472
1865-6











"Looking unto Jesus."

PEARLS

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1865.

No. 40.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

To our Readers.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Our Magazine, like some of you, has “grown almost out of knowledge,” and we hope that it has at the same time “grown good.”

We are gratified by the encouragement already received, though we are not *satisfied* with it; and as we did not commence our labours with a view merely to pecuniary profit, we have resolved—notwithstanding the additional expense—to increase the size of the Magazine, without extra charge.

We gave you a Problem last month, which some of you have answered in a manner much to your credit and our satisfaction. Here is another Problem for you—

How can we best repay the Editors for increasing the size of the *Pearls* without increasing the price? A great variety of answers might be given to this question. Think it over and over again, and try to assist us while seeking your good. One answer we would suggest, however, which is this—Let every purchaser of the *Pearls* obtain *another purchaser*, and thus DOUBLE OUR CIRCULATION for 1865.

Perhaps some of you will say,—“I can’t.” You know what those three letters spell—T-R-Y.

Yours affectionately,

THE EDITORS.

F. Freeman—too late.

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THE VOLUME FOR 1864, handsomely bound in cloth, One Shilling, post free from the Printer.



[See next page.]

“WHAT IS IT?”

A LITTLE child was once sitting on its father's knee. The father was so deeply engaged in reading a good book, that he took no notice of its repeated request for food. At length the little creature looked upward, and said in its innocence, “Please, God Almighty, give me a piece of bread and butter.” Poor little child! it expected that God would send it food direct from heaven. It was too young to have read the 16th chapter of Exodus, or we might have thought that it had read about bread being sent from heaven for the Israelites. Anyhow the child had learned an important lesson, and perhaps the first which the picture teaches, namely, that—

It is God who supplies all our needs. We can imagine the murmuring Israelites rising and going forth from their tents. They look around them, and see something unusual sprinkled thickly on the ground. It is white, but it is not snow. See!—some of them are picking it up, looking at it, and calling their neighbours. They wonder what it is. One says to another, “What is it?” (which is what the word *manna* means). One thing was certain—they had not procured it themselves, but God had sent it. And we, too, should never forget that it is God who gives us all the blessings we enjoy; for “in him we live, and move, and have our being.” It is he who has both given us life, and supported us until the present moment; and “without him we can do nothing.”

The supply of the manna teaches us also a lesson of *thankfulness and trust*. Our needs have been supplied during the past year, and we are spared to commence another. Day by day, like the manna, fresh mercies have been given us. God has taken care of our bodies. He has fed us, clothed us, and provided for our comfort. Nor has he been unmindful of our souls. He has given us the Bible—placed us in a Christian country—blessed many of us with godly parents and friends,

and has had patience with all our follies and sins. Let us all, then, be thankful for the past; and let us learn, too, to trust for the future. When God sent the manna, he did not send a month's stock at a time, but only sufficient for the day. How fearful some people are, if they cannot see how their future wants are to be supplied!—forgetting that Jesus has taught us to pray—"Give us this day our *daily* bread," and that he has said, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." We should learn to be content with what God has given us, and to trust him for the future.

"Day by day the manna fell,
O to learn this lesson well—
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
'Day by day'—the promise reads—
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day."

If we look again at the picture we shall find that two boys are fighting—just like them—to see who shall have the largest share. Let us remember that valuable admonition—"*Take heed and beware of covetousness.*" We should never injure others in attempting to serve ourselves. And if we refer again to the Scripture narrative we shall see that none of the people gained anything by covetousness; for "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack." Nor shall we: our real needs are very few; and "better is a little," says the wise man, "with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."

Many other lessons may be gathered from the history of the manna. We may learn to *beware of disobedience*. The Israelites disobeyed in two instances,—they first hoarded the manna till the morrow, and then went out to gather it on the Sabbath, which latter sin suggests another important

lesson—"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." They were not benefitted by their disobedience, and we can never hope for any advantage by breaking God's commands; "for what shall it profit a man," said the Saviour, "if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

We must not, however, forget the most important truth which this subject suggests. Jesus said, "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." Our souls require sustenance as much as our bodies, and what the manna was to the Israelites as food for their bodies, Jesus is to those who believe in him, as food for their souls; and by thinking of him and praying to him even little children may live upon him. Let us, then, examine ourselves, to see whether we are resting upon Jesus; for while it is true that those shall live for ever who are fed by this living bread, it is equally true that those who seek support elsewhere must perish. O the happiness of loving Christ and trusting in him! for

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

J. T. B.

PROCRASTINATION.

DID you ever read Æsop's fable of the wild boar and the fox? The fable says: A wild boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a fox coming by, asked why he did so—"For," said he, "I see no reason for it: there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger that I can see, at hand." "True," replied the boar; "*but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons.*" Surely it is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it. There is a time for everything—everything is beautiful in its season and *youth* is the time and the beautiful season for serving God.

THE USE WHICH GOD MAKES OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

IN a small rural village, there lived a little girl who went to heaven when only seven years old. Her name was Ellen: she did not care much to associate with others, yet she was very attractive: she was more amused with her doll and other little playthings. She was very fond of learning little pieces of poetry, such as—

“How doth the little busy bee,”

“Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,” &c.

Her health was very good till within a few days of her death, of which she must have had some intimation; for, on the Sunday previous she said to a friend, “Charles, Jesus says, ‘I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me;’ and I do love Jesus—don’t I?”

Her death was occasioned by English cholera, which proved fatal a few hours after she was attacked. But she was fully prepared for the solemn change, for she was going to be with Jesus. She frequently repeated the blessed truth, “Jesus says, ‘I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.’” About an hour before she departed, she wished that all her friends might be gathered around the bed. When thus assembled, she said, “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all,”—repeating the words—“be with you all” three times over.

This solemn circumstance was the means in the hand of God of not only the conversion of her father, but also of two others of the same family. How true it is that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God perfects praise!

“Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

T. K.



THE EAGLE AND THE BABY.

BESIDE its home, an infant lay—
'Twas in a region wild,—
When suddenly a bird of prey
Pounced down upon the child.

With pond'rous wings away he flew—
 Of dainty meal possess'd ;
 Faster than parents could pursue,
 He soared towards his nest.

The neighbours followed in the chase ;
 They ran with all their might :
 But still the eagle flew apace,
 And soon was out of sight.

How can they hope to catch the bird ?
 Mother, resign thy son !—
 But hark ! a strange report is heard ;
 It sounded like a gun !

Was it by chance, (as some would say,)
 A huntsman near the spot,
 Had waited many hours that day,
 Impatient for a shot ?

He saw the infant in the claws
 Of that huge bird of prey,
 And ere he fired, in solemn pause,
 He raised his heart to pray.

A power unseen directs the blow,—
 And to the mother's joy,
 The shot which laid the eagle low
 Has saved her darling boy.

Islington, Dec. 3rd, 1864.

JOSIAH.

FADED LEAVES:

A LETTER TO THE LITTLE ONES.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,—While walking along a country lane the other day, I was thinking what I

could find to write upon to the little readers of the *Pearls*. And while I was looking at the beautiful foliage of the woods, the words of Isaiah came into my mind—" *We all do fade as a leaf.*" Yes, thought I, *all*—old men and little children— young men and babes! And just as these yellow leaves are now falling from the trees, where they have been hanging all the summer, and are "trodden under foot of men," so "*we all do fade as a leaf.*" But then you know, my dear children, there is this great difference—the leaf falls and, having only vegetative life, is trodden in the dust and serves as nourishment to other trees; while "man dieth and wasteth away,"—the body goes to its "long home, and the mourners go about the streets;" but "*the spirit [the soul] shall return unto God who gave it:*" Eccles. xii. 7. And how solemn this is! As every faded leaf that is blown down by the stormy winds of October and November, lies forgotten under the footstep of the traveller, so "man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." Job xiv. 12. Ah! then, how solemn is death! Unlike the leaf, we must awake to be raised out of our sleep of death; and "we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." Did you ever think of this? **WE MUST—all must.** And then those who love Jesus will go to "the realms of the blest," and those who do not will be shut up in "*the blackness of darkness for ever.*" Do you, then, love Jesus? and is he your Saviour? None who love him will ever be cast out and sent to hell, but *received into glory*. Oh would you not like to go there? Well, all who trust in Jesus and pray for the Holy Spirit will surely go there; because the Saviour has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Borough Green.

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AT this festive season, when every face wears a smile, and when each one wishes the other "the compliments of the season," and all seem happy, I would not be behindhand, but wish all my readers, young and old, a happy new year. Christmas has just passed—the time at which Jesus is said to have been born. In a lowly manger in Bethlehem was the infant Saviour lain. No royal robes enwrapped the Son of God. He left the majesty of heaven, cast aside all his glory, and came to earth to suffer and to die for sinful man. O if we can only feel that he died for *us*—that through his death *we* are made alive—that through him *we* are reconciled to God, then will this be truly a happy new year.

How often are these words used, and yet how few turn their thoughts to the only source of true happiness! The vanities of the world can never afford solid satisfaction. Worldly pleasures last but for a moment, and are succeeded by endless misery. Not so the happiness of the Christian: that flows from the love of Christ in the soul;—

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live."

O may we each be made partakers of that love; then not only this, but every year we spend on earth will be happy; and at length we shall enter into that eternal rest where happiness will be complete.

Z. C. S. S., Deptford.

T. G. C. A.

 THE THREE TEMPLES.

KING Solomon in pomp and power,
The temple's glorious structure raised,
And dedicated it to Him,
Whose name for ever shall be praised.

With gold and precious stones enriched,
 Bless'd with the presence of the Lord,
 What edifice can equal that
 Wherein his greatness is adored ?

Ezra and Nehemiah raised
 The second temple's sacred fane ;
 And now throughout Judea's land,
 The voice of praise resounds again.

The latter temple far exceeds
 The one that Solomon had reared ;
 The *first* had greater stores of wealth,
 But in the last the Lord appeared.

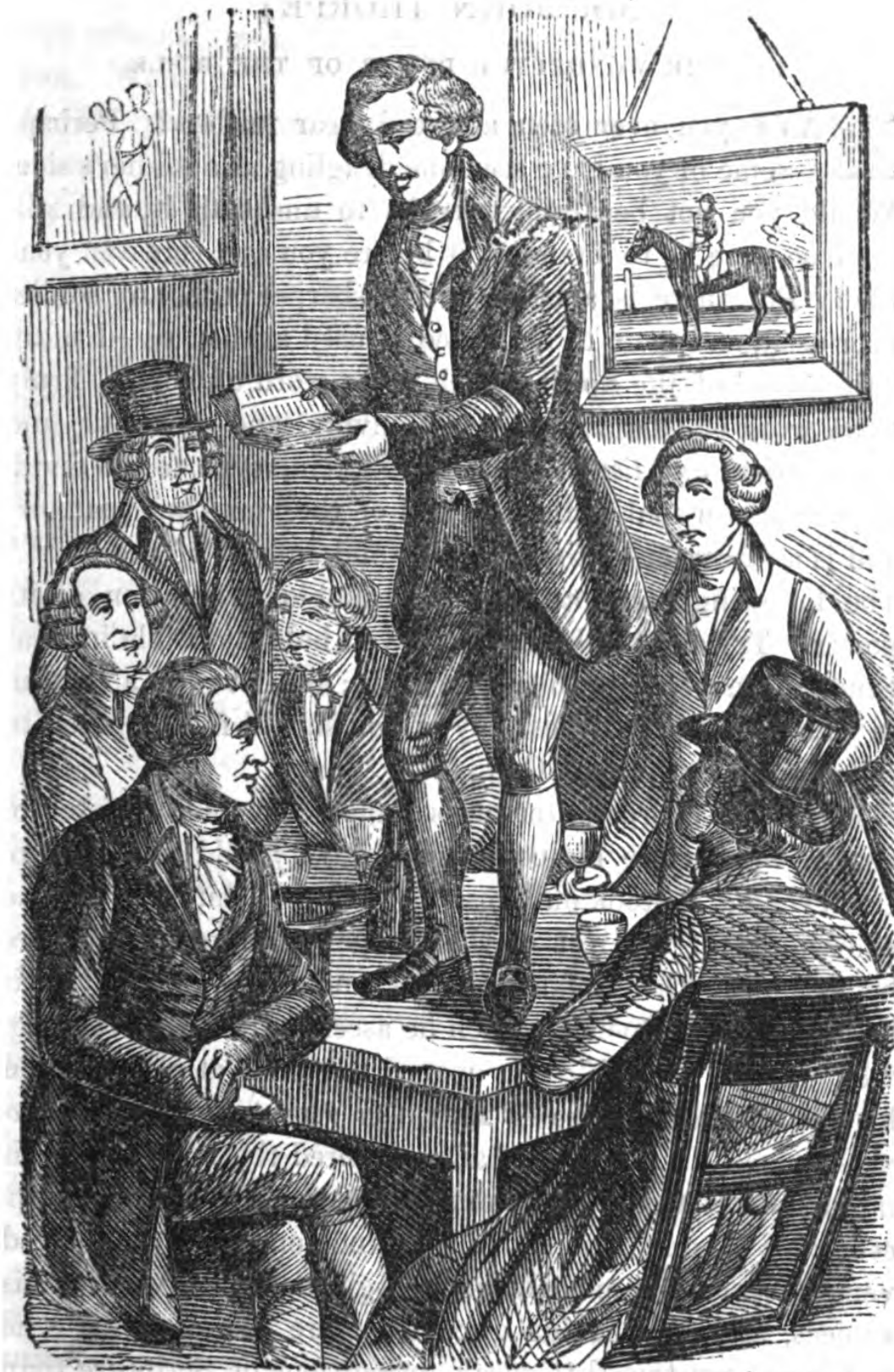
He trod its courts,—his gentle voice
 Spoke peace and pardon to the soul ;
 His healing hand displayed its power,
 And devils owned divine control.

But nobler far than work of man,
 The temple built by God alone,
 According to salvation's plan,
 Raised upon Christ the corner-stone.

This temple stands in heaven itself,
 The God of glory is its light ;
 And all for whom the Saviour died,
 Appear as polished crystals bright.

All fashioned by the hand of God,
 And fitted to th' appointed place,
 Purchased by Jesus' precious blood,
 The monuments of sovereign grace.

Dear children, are you little stones ?
 Shining with brightness not your own,
 In God's eternal temple placed,
 Built upon Christ the corner stone ?



“He ascended the table, saying, ‘I shall beat you all.’”—See next page.

MR. JOHN THORPE ;

OR, THE WONDERFUL POWER OF THE BIBLE.

HAVE you ever seen a sword, dear readers? Perhaps some of you have seen one dangling at a soldier's side. Would you not be afraid were he to unsheath it, and still more so were he to brandish it before you and threaten your life? But there is another sword, sharper than any soldier ever used, and more to be feared if used against us—I mean “the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.” Truly “the word of God is quick (*i. e.*, living) and powerful, and *sharper than any two-edged sword*; piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” The following anecdote is a remarkable illustration of its power. Try and think of it when you hold the Bible in your hand, and never dare to trifle with it; and let it be a caution to you, young friends, lest any of you should feel disposed to ridicule the servants of God.

Mr. John Thorpe, afterwards a most devoted minister of Christ, was, before his conversion, a very wild young man. One evening, he took on himself to mimic Whitefield for the amusement of the rest of the company. Two others were before him in the profane attempt, and had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, when he ascended the table, saying, “I shall beat you all.” He opened the Bible at random, and his eye fell on the verse—“*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*” “No sooner had he uttered the words, than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner—the sharpest pangs of conviction seized him, and conscience denounced vengeance. In a moment he was given a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture than like one who had never thought on religious subjects except

for the purpose of ridicule. Many of his sentences, as he has often related, made, to his apprehension, his own hair stand erect. When he left the table, there was a profound silence; Mr. Thorpe withdrew, taking not the least notice of any person present, and returned home in the deepest distress," which was the prelude to perfect peace in Christ.

WILLIE AND HIS WATCH.

WILLIE—— was a good boy and a great favourite of his uncle, who rewarded his good behaviour by giving him a nice silver watch. Willie, like most other boys in similar circumstances, was very proud of showing it and pulling it about, until by some unlucky accident, he broke the spring; and finding that it would not go, he went to his uncle and said,—“My watch won’t tick; will you please to mend it?” “Ah! you have been playing with it,” said his uncle, “but *I* cannot mend it. You must take it to the man who made it.” Willie took it to the watchmaker, who examined it and presently told him that the spring was broken. “Then you must mend it, sir, if you please.” “I cannot mend it, boy,” said the watchmaker, “but I can put in a new one.” Willie left the watch, and went to his uncle, and told him the result of his visit. “Let this make you more careful in future,” said his uncle; “and I hope that it will teach you a lesson even more important than this; for let me tell you that *you* are something like this watch. When you brought it to me, it looked all right outside, but it was evident that something was wrong within, although I could not mend it.—Now, Willie, let me speak plainly to you.—You have always appeared a very good boy, so far as outward conduct is concerned; but yet I fear that you do not love Jesus Christ; and if not, this shows that the *main-*

spring is wrong. As the watch needed a new spring, so you need a new heart. Now I cannot give you this, any more than I could repair your watch : but I will tell you of one that can. The watchmaker who made the watch could put a new spring ; and only He who made the heart can give a new one."

Willie looked very thoughtful : and this conversation, he afterwards confessed, to the joy of his uncle, was the means of leading him to see his need of a new heart, and to pray, as David did—"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

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### THE ANSWER TO THE BIBLE PROBLEM

*Given last month is—"PEARLS."*

| PROBLEM A. | PROBLEM B. | PROBLEM C. |
|------------|------------|------------|
| Pilate     | Bishop     | Philip     |
| Elijah     | Jude       | Eunice     |
| Aaron      | Agrippa    | Anna       |
| Rabbi      | Alta       | Redeemer   |
| Laban      | Rachel     | Lemuel     |
| Samuel     | Alphaeus   | Sosthenes  |

One or two of the answers are not exactly as the above ; but the deviations are so trifling that we announce them as correct. Prizes have been awarded to—

- Miss Florence Armstrong, New Cross
- „ Eliza Binnington, Bethnal Green, London
- „ Mary Davis, Decker-hill, Shiffnal, Salop
- „ Henrietta Julia French, Maidstone, Kent
- „ Elizabeth Ann Haslop, Hackney-road, London
- „ Jane Hudson, Glapthorne, Northamptonshire
- „ Agnes Jane Lyon, New Cross
- „ Ada Macdonald, Upper Holloway, London
- „ Annie Shuff, Notting-hill, London
- „ Martha Virgo, Brighton
- „ Mary Jane Williams, Deptford
- Master Samuel George Lovatt, Bilston, Staffordshire
- „ Stephen Rudler, Foley-street, Portland-place, London
- „ E. C. Short, Blackheath, Kent
- „ B. Wakelin, Chapel-st., Tottenham-court-rd., London



"Hope maketh not ashamed."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

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"I will hope continually."

"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in his mercy."

"The Lord is my Portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him."

## A MOTHER'S TEACHING.

**A** CHILD beside his mother sat,  
One windy winter's night,  
When Nature all around was wrapt  
In robes of snowy white ;  
But in the room a ruddy glow  
Was cast by th' warm fire-light.

The mother told the story old,  
Of that past Christmas-tide,  
When shepherds, by the angels led,  
To th' Bethlehem manger hied,  
To worship there the holy Babe,  
Who for his chosen died.

She told how infants shared his love—  
How mothers to him came,  
Hearing he made the blind to see,  
And healed the sick and lame,  
And how for little children  
His love is still the same.

She said, though now he reigns above—  
Though here on earth no more,  
Yet still the little children  
His blessing may implore ;  
And those who love him here below,  
To heaven at last shall soar.

Beside her son the mother prayed,  
That he with her might stand  
In that great day before the throne,  
Among the ransomed band,  
Who through the Saviour's precious blood  
Enter the better land.

DAISY.





WILLIAM OF NORMANDY LANDING IN ENGLAND.



## ENGLAND EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

**W**HAT a difference a few years make in the appearance of things ! Why, only two or three years ago, many of you were little boys and girls, hardly able to run alone ; and now you have grown so much that friends who have not seen you for some time scarcely know you again ; for you have become—at least so you are apt to think—quite men and women. But have you ever thought that kingdoms and countries grow, as well as children ? England has grown so much since the Ancient Britons lived here, that, if they could rise from their graves and see England as it is now, they would not know their own country. Let us travel back—in fancy at least—eight hundred years, and see what England was then, that we may learn lessons from the past, and this lesson among others—to be thankful for the present.

Well, then, about eight hundred years ago, England was not as it is now—happy and peaceable. King Edward, whom the monks called “The Confessor,” had just died :—his tomb, by the by, perhaps some of you have seen in Westminster Abbey,—and the question with Englishmen was—who should be their next king. Before King Edward died, he had mentioned to Duke William, of Normandy, that he intended him to be his successor ; and now that King Edward was dead, Duke William prepared to take possession of the kingdom. But he found that, before he could do this, he must first conquer Harold, who, on the day after that on which King Edward died, had been crowned king of England.

One thing in the history of Harold I want you all to remember ; for it teaches that *we can never gain any good by lying*. Some time before this, Harold had to visit Duke William in Normandy, and when there, the duke, although he knew that Harold was trying to induce the English to

crown him on the death of King Edward, requested his support when the new king was to be crowned. Harold promised; but Duke William, to make sure that he should keep his promise, induced him to take an oath. Perhaps he had never read, or, if he had, he did not obey the Saviour's command—"Swear not at all." In those days people greatly venerated the relics of saints, and thought oaths especially solemn if sworn upon them; so Duke William secretly placed some relics of martyrs underneath the altar on which Harold was sworn. Harold dared not refuse the oath, so he pledged himself to support the claims of Duke William.

As soon as King Edward of England was dead, however, Harold, as I have told you, had himself proclaimed king, and thus *broke his solemn promise*. The Bible tells us of the miserable punishment of Gehazi and of Ananias for lying, and Harold's fate was no better than theirs.

When Duke William found that Harold had proved so false, he immediately collected an army of more than 60,000 men, and a fleet of 3,000 vessels, and sailed for England. I am afraid that neither William nor Harold obeyed that beautiful command—"Love your enemies; and both, in their anxiety to gain an earthly kingdom, forgot that the honours of this world cannot last long; nor did they seek that kingdom which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. So that even Sunday-scholars, if they have learned to love the Saviour, have a better kingdom in prospect than either of these combatants: for "a crown of righteousness" is laid up for them, "which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them at that day."

If you look at the picture, you will notice the warlike Normans landing. As warriors, none excelled them; and the Norman gentry were both learned and accomplished, as well as brave. When William had landed, Harold offered to settle their dispute by the payment of a sum of money, but William

rejected these terms, and proposed single combat—just as the Philistines did, when they sent Goliath to the camp of Israel. But Harold, in turn, declined this proposal; and both now prepared for battle. The evening of the day before the fight, was spent by the Normans in prayer, which was a good beginning to a bad course,—the English occupied it in merry-making. Early in the morning of the following day, Duke William addressed his soldiers, and prepared to attack. Harold had posted his army on rising ground, which gave him great advantage. The two armies fought; but as I do not wish to make you love fighting, I will not relate all the particulars of the battle. I need only say that the Normans conquered. They twice pretended to retreat, and the second time decided the victory in their favour; for when the English hastily pursued them, they suddenly stopped and faced their foes, while their horse soldiers rushed upon them at the sides, so that the English were put to total flight.

After this memorable battle—the battle of Hastings—*the body of Harold was found among the dead*. While fighting to secure a kingdom at the expense of truth, he lost it and his life too.

How differently does Jesus extend his kingdom! No soldiers attend him: he uses no sword to make men obey him. When he was born, angels sang—“Peace on earth—good will towards men.” He has a better kingdom than this world can afford, and his subjects obey him—not because they are forced, but because they love him. O young friends, is he not worthy of your love? Instead of slaying his enemies, he died for them: and now he is on his throne, he loves sinners as well as ever; and if you sincerely ask him to forgive your rebellion against him, he will receive you, and you, too, shall have a kingdom that fadeth not away.

J. T. B.



## A LITTLE KING.

**A** GREAT many years ago,—ah, about as many as 2530 years ago,—there lived a little boy who was only eight years old. He had had a very wicked father, who had been murdered by his own servants, when his little son was only a few years of age. He had done “that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and was slain in his own house.” His grandfather, too, had been a very wicked man, and worshipped idols, although he afterwards was very penitent, and died in peace. But this little boy, notwithstanding he had had such a bad father and grandfather, yet *became very pious*. “He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord,” and walked in the way of a very eminent relative of his, who was highly favoured by God. It was not until he was about sixteen years old that “he began to seek after God,” and to distinguish himself by many pious acts, which rendered him a worthy example to posterity. On the untimely and melancholy death of his father, who had reigned but two years, the youthful son began to reign on his father’s throne—*a king only eight years old!* Perhaps you think he was not able to be a king,—but he was; for he proved to be one of the best kings who ever reigned in that kingdom, and wore his crown *thirty-one* years. His mother’s name was Jedidah, and I dare say she was very fond of him, for he was a good boy. Those who give account of his life (and we have *two accounts*) do not say that he was guilty of any particular crime when he was young; but at the age of sixteen, after he had reigned about eight years, and had sought the Lord, he began to do many good and important things. He walked with God, and peace and prosperity attended him.

What was the name of this king? His father’s? His grandfather’s? Over what kingdom did he reign? These are interesting questions, and I have no doubt you can answer



them. But there is one more important question—Are you like this little king? I mean, Have you sought the Lord, or are you now seeking him? Remember what the Lord has said—“*They that seek me early shall find me.*” Seeking the Lord was the great secret of all this little king’s success. O may many of the readers of the *Pearls* become like this young and pious king!

*Borough Green.*

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

(*To be continued.*)

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### SUSANNA AND HER FLOWER.

**L**ET me tell you a short story of what happened to some little friends of mine. They were walking about on a summer’s morning upon the green bank of the river, and had found a bed of wild flowers, almost concealed in the soft grass, and were now selecting their favourites for a nosegay, and expressing their preferences with no little positiveness.

“Oh, I will have this!—I like this best!—this is sweetest!” said they, as they plucked those they thought the prettiest.

“Now I like this,” Susanna said, “and I have a reason why.”

“What reason? Mine is certainly much prettier in colour.”

“But mine is so sweet.”

“So is mine sweet—smell it.”

“But mine will be sweet after it is faded and dead—yours will not.”

“No, I know that.”

“Then yours is like the things of this world—mine is like the things of heaven.”

Look upon your pleasures as flowers, young friends, and choose those that will yield the most grateful fragrance when they are past. I am quite sure that the service of Jesus is the best of pleasures; and none of you are too young or too weak to do something for him.

FLORA.





### “A CUP OF COLD WATER.”

**J**ESUS CHRIST, while upon earth, taught the people to help one another—to bear one another’s burdens—to forgive trespasses as they hoped to be forgiven, and gave them a new commandment to love one another as he had loved them. On one occasion, Jesus told his disciples that whosoever should give a cup of cold water in his name should not lose his reward. Now it may seem to you a very trifling thing to give a cup of water, and yet such a gift was not to be despised in the East, where the climate is hot, and water is frequently scarce. It was not an uncommon kindness, as we learn from the case of Abraham’s servant, when he met Rebecca, and also that of Christ and the woman of Samaria. But Jesus does not refer merely to the gift of a cup of cold water, but he means that he who shall deny himself to assist a fellow-creature, shall not lose his reward.

A pleasing instance of the literal fulfilment of this command occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One

of her military officers—Sir Philip Sidney—was a good as well as a great man. During a war, he commanded an army at the town of Zutphen. When the fighting was over, and the day almost gone, you can think how grieved the soldiers were to find that Sir Philip was mortally wounded. They carried him to his tent, and ran to fetch some water to relieve his thirst. When they returned, just as Sir Philip was about to drink, a poor wounded French soldier was carried by, who looked with a longing eye upon the cooling water. Sir Philip saw the poor man's look, and, handing him the water, said, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine: drink thou first." Sir Philip Sidney died twenty-five days afterwards, and all England mourned their loss.

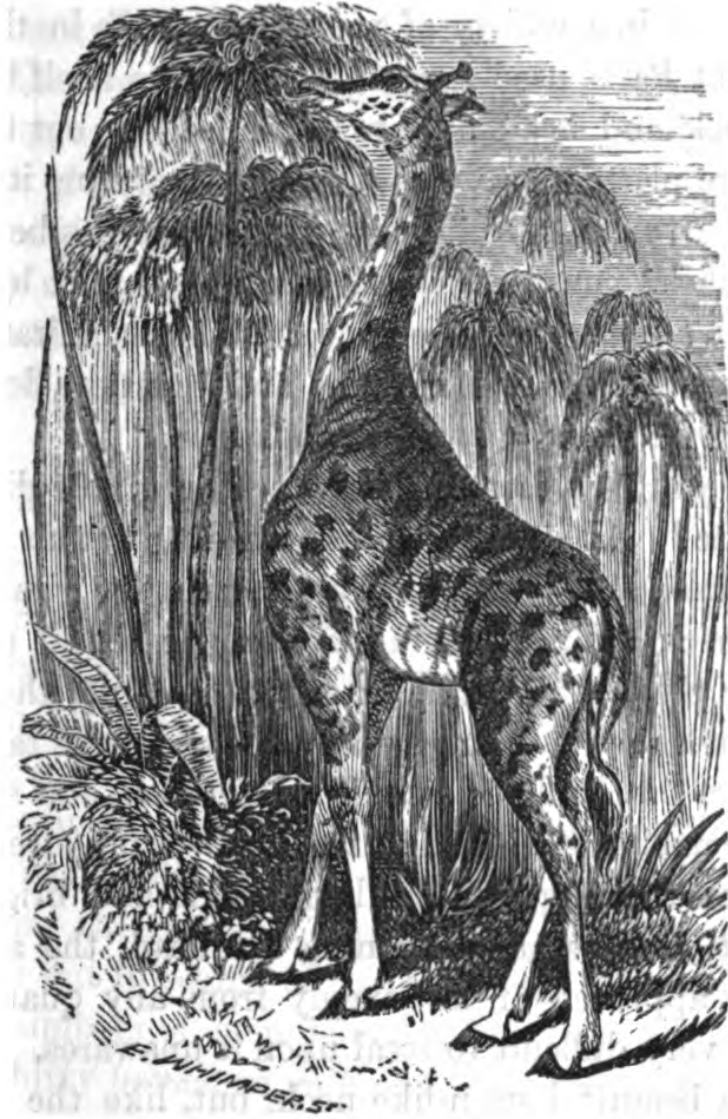
There are very few of us who can do as he did, but we all may assist our fellow-creatures. There is no child too young or too feeble to do some slight service for another. You will remember that, although the rich men cast large gifts into the treasury, Christ said that the poor widow had cast in more than they all, because she gave all that she had, in a spirit of love.

DAISY.

#### THE ROMISH PRIEST SILENCED.

**A** ROMISH priest was once talking to a clever boy belonging to his parish, who had been attending a Protestant school in the neighbourhood. The priest tried to persuade him to give up his Testament, and to pray to the Virgin to take care of him and keep him from danger and harm.

"Please your reverence," said the boy, "I read in the Gospel that when the Virgin was on earth, in going home from Jerusalem she lost her son. She couldn't tell where he had gone, and was three days before she found him. Now, if she couldn't take better care than that of her own child, who was so near to her, I'm thinking it's little care she'll take of me, who am so far away from her!"



### THE GIRAFFE.

**I**S a native of the warmer parts of Africa, and the tallest of all quadrupeds. It is fitted by the all-wise Creator to browse on the tops of trees, and for this purpose it is tall, and has a very long neck. Its tongue is slender and pointed, and the giraffe coils it round the branches of trees, and thus brings the twigs within reach of its mouth. It likes grass and green herbs very well, but it cannot easily stoop down to get them. In confinement it eats hay, carrots, and onions, to the latter of which it is very partial; and as it cannot then employ its tongue in plucking leaf after leaf from trees, it instinctively

puts it to use in a variety of ways. A giraffe in the Garden of Plants at Paris, used frequently to amuse itself by stretching its neck and head upwards, and pulling out the straws which were platted into the partition separating it from the next compartment. And many a fair lady has been robbed of the artificial flower which adorned her bonnet by the nimble, filching tongue of the object of her admiration. The giraffe munched the mock leaves and scentless flowers, thus obtained, with great apparent satisfaction.

Would you like to hear what another giraffe did with his long tongue? As a peacock was spreading out his fine tail in the sunbeams, and showing off his charms, the giraffe stooped his long neck, and, entwining his tongue round a bunch of the gaudy plumes, suddenly lifted the bird into the air, then, giving him a shake, disengaged five or six of the tail feathers, when down fluttered the astonished peacock, and scuffled off, with the remains of his train humbly dragging after him.

The eyes of the giraffe are large, dark, and bright, and so prominent, that, without turning its head, the animal can mark the approach of an enemy from any quarter: it is, therefore, very difficult to steal upon it unawares.

It has a beautiful swan-like neck, but, like the swan, it is not the most graceful of walkers. Its movements, however, are very rapid, and the swiftest horses, if unaccustomed to the desert, can scarcely overtake it.

The flesh of the giraffe is highly esteemed by the savage races which inhabit Africa. When they have eaten as much as they can, the Griquas cut the meat into long flaps, which they hang up to dry, in the same way as clothes are strung up after being washed. The hide, which is an inch thick, is much prized by the same nation for shoe-soles.

In natural disposition, the giraffe is timid and gentle, and when domesticated, it is extremely fond of society, and very confiding.



Have you ever seen a giraffe? In the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, in London, there are several. They look very healthy, and have nice, glossy coats. If you have an opportunity of going to the Gardens, be sure to look for the giraffes; but if you live too far off to pay them a visit, you will be able now, I hope, to form some idea of their appearance and habits.

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### THREE CHILDREN LOST IN THE BUSH.

**A**LMOST everybody has read the original story of the children in the wood, but recently a most touching instance has occurred of three children being lost in the Australian bush—two brothers and a sister. They had been sent by their parents to gather “broom” on a neighbouring heath, and, after scrambling over a bush fence into a paddock with which they were not very well acquainted, they became confused and lost themselves. Meanwhile the parents, growing alarmed, set out in search of them, but did not succeed. The next day, numbers of men joined them. On the third day (Sunday), thirty horsemen galloped over the heath in all directions, but still found no traces of them. On Monday, however, notwithstanding that a heavy rain had fallen on the Saturday night, two men came upon the children's track. They spent the night on it, and on the next morning (Tuesday) one of them (leaving his companion still following the track) communicated the welcome intelligence to the rest. The track was then followed by the whole party during the day, but at night the rain fell in torrents and quite obliterated it. Wednesday and Thursday were spent in searching for the lost track, and on Friday morning it was again discovered, and then, with the assistance of three natives, it was followed rapidly during the rest of that day, and till the afternoon of

Saturday, when the children were found. The state in which they were at last discovered is most touching. Their father was the first to find the poor little creatures. On a bed of "broom," curtained by branches of trees, lay the three children, apparently asleep. They were much emaciated—the eldest girl being almost unable to speak—having been nine days without food, and five without water! The conduct of the little girl is especially praiseworthy. Though weak and famishing herself, she had carried her little brother when he was weary, and at night had taken off her own frock, and wrapped it round him, lying exposed to the cold for his sake.

The children were carefully removed to the nearest hut, which was about eight miles distant, where they were most assiduously attended to. As soon as possible, they were taken in safety to their parents' home, where they gradually recovered their former strength. It is pleasing to know that the settlers are so gratified by the self-denial of the little girl, that they are getting up a testimonial for her. In Victoria alone above £300 have been raised, a considerable part being contributed by children.

The following lines have been sent from Tasmania for insertion in the *Pearls*. All our young friends, we are sure, will read them with pleasure.

They left their home, those children three  
 To gather "broom" o'er mound and lea;  
 With childish glee they roamed along,  
 The woods resounding with their song;  
 Till, tired with play, they gathered "broom,"  
 Then turned with hasty footsteps home.  
 But ah, they'd wandered far that day;  
 They missed their track—they lost their way;  
 They sought for home—no home they found,  
 And darkness gathered fast around.

In vain they search with eager eye,—  
No house, no home, no help is nigh.  
Dark night came on, with cold and frost,  
And bitter is their cry—“ We’re lost !”  
Nine weary, weary, weary days,  
They wandered on as in a maze ;  
Eight lonely nights, by God’s hand kept,  
In the vast wilderness they slept ;  
No food to eat, no water there,  
But desolation everywhere.  
The ninth day passed, and night drew nigh—  
They lay in solitude to die.  
The youngest boy, not four years old,  
Had oft before complained of cold ;  
And that dear girl, with sister’s love  
(Record the act, ye saints above)  
With self-devotion all her own,  
Her little frock had o’er him thrown,  
Exposed herself to cold and storm,  
To keep her younger brother warm.  
And more than this, though hard her lot,  
Her childish prayers were ne’er forgot ;  
She knelt ’midst all her sorrow there,  
And offered up her evening prayer.  
That prayer was answered from on high—  
Her God, who heard her bitter cry,  
Guided their father on the way  
To where the little sufferers lay.  
Softly the anxious parent came,  
And called his children by their name ;  
The elder boy first heard the sound—  
With vacant gaze he looked around ;  
“ Father !” he cried—’twas all he said,  
Then dropped upon his grassy bed.

The younger, stronger of the two,  
 Cried, "Father, we were calling you;  
 Why did you not come here before?"  
 He faintly asked, but said no more.  
 And she, the self-denying dear,  
 Unconscious of the help so near,  
 Too far exhausted to behold.  
 Her father, murmured "Cold—cold—cold."  
 But now their wandering's at an end;  
 Their sorrows gained them many a friend;  
 Strong men, who never wept before,  
 Now weep at all those children bore;  
 And willing hands, with tender care,  
 Convey them home, and, tended there  
 By mother's love, they soon regain  
 Their wonted health and strength again.

*Launceston, Tasmania.*

T. W. M.

## No Correspondents.

*T. G. C. A.* and *J. W. R.* next month.

We shall be glad to hear from *Daisy* again. Her other contribution will appear in our next.

*W. N. Henser.*—Though deeply sympathizing with your motive, we fear you have tried to prove more than is warrantable. Many of the references, too, are scarcely applicable to the subject. The best Scripture argument is in Rom. xiv. 21.

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THE VOLUME FOR 1864, handsomely bound in cloth, One Shilling, post free from the Printer.



"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

**P E A R L S**  
FROM THE  
**G O L D E N S T R E A M .**

Vol. IV.

MARCH, 1865.

No. 42.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."



"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

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*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"Buried with him in baptism."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CLARA J. DENNIS,

AGED THREE YEARS.

**A**NOTHER little angel now  
Has winged its happy way,  
To brighter realms of paradise,  
In beautiful array.

Another cherub hovers round  
Our God and Father's throne ;  
Another little voice is heard,  
That Father's love to own.

Another lily lifts its head,  
Another precious gem  
Now sparkles—oh, how brilliantly!  
In Jesus' diadem.

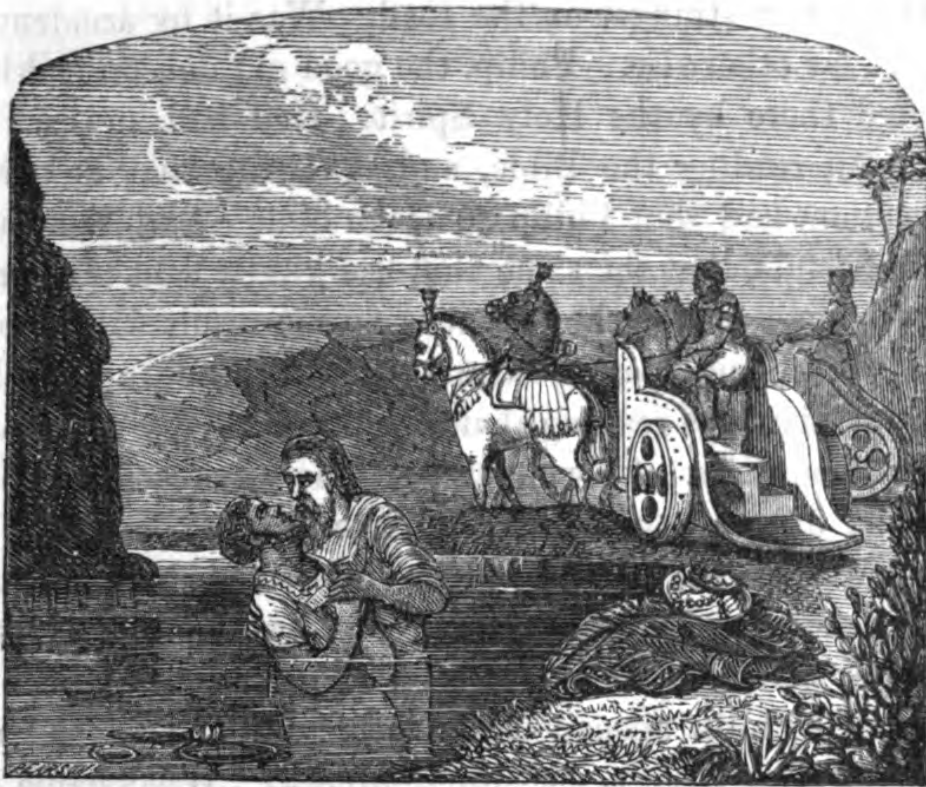
While choirs of holy angels there,  
In sweetest notes proclaim,  
The advent of another soul,  
Saved through Immanuel's name.

Saved from a life of suffering,  
- Saved from a world of sin,  
The arms of everlasting love,  
Now safely clasped within.

Who then could wish her back again,  
To tread life's weary way !  
A tedious round of brief delights,  
And trouble day by day.

No more those little eyes shall drop  
The bitter tears of grief ;  
No more her body rack with pain,  
And none to give relief.

For in that blissful place her tears  
By God are wiped away ;  
There sorrow must give place to joy,  
And night to endless day.



### THE BAPTISM OF AN OFFICER OF STATE.

**W**HAT an interesting scene is presented in the picture above! Let us try to realise it.

To the south-west of Jerusalem lies a wild district on the road to Gaza, that ancient city of the Philistines, whose gates Samson carried away. A traveller is returning from Jerusalem, whither he had been to worship God. He is not a Jew, as some might suppose; but an Ethiopian—a foreigner of considerable distinction—the Treasurer of Queen Candace. We can almost imagine we see him riding along in his chariot. The scenery around is not very attractive; but had it been ever so beautiful, methinks it would not have been interesting to him just then. Ah! no: his thoughts are better occupied, what is he doing? Doing what we hope many of our young readers are in the habit of doing—reading the Bible. Yes, reading the Bible in the presence of others—as if he were not ashamed of it.

He meets a stranger on the road. Was it by accident?—Oh no: far otherwise. Philip, the good old deacon had been directed there by the Holy Spirit. God had noticed the Ethiopian reading the Bible, and, knowing that he needed instruction, had sent Philip to teach him. And remember, young friends, that the same God has kindly sent teachers to instruct you; and we hope that the same result will follow.

But we are anticipating our subject.—As Philip approached, the Ethiopian was reading aloud—a practice very common in Eastern countries. “I wonder what he was reading about!” do some of you say? Turn to Acts viii. 32, 33, and you will find that the subject which interested him so much was the sufferings of Christ, as foretold by the prophet Isaiah. But how little did he understand respecting them (see ver. 34) until “Philip opened his mouth, and.....preached unto him Jesus!” What a charming subject! What name is so sweet! Who is so loving or so lovely as Jesus! The Ethiopian loved him. Methinks I see his sable face bathed in tears, as Philip proceeded with his discourse; and his inquiry was, how could he in return show his love to Jesus? Philip explains how all true believers should manifest their love to the Saviour. “And as they went on their way, they came to a certain water. And the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.” Acts viii. 36—38. We have quoted the exact words of Scripture, that our readers may judge whether the engraving represents the proper *mode* of baptism. And now another question arises—who are the proper *subjects*?—who may be baptized? Are any of you, young readers, inquiring whether you are fit to be baptized?



Let the evangelist reply: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."

Before we are fit to be baptized, we must not merely *acknowledge* that we are sinners. We presume that each of you would do this. But mark particularly Philip's reply: every word is important: "If thou believest with *all thine heart*, thou mayest. Have *you* believed? *How* have you believed? Have you believed with as much earnestness as if you were told that your house were on fire:—believed so as to be *anxious to escape*? It is no trifle to be a sinner. Have you believed so as to love the Saviour? Can you say with the eunuch, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" The eunuch had been reading about the sufferings of Jesus. And why did Jesus suffer? Was it not to atone for sin?—Have you ever *felt* yourself to be a sinner? Then do you believe that Jesus Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him?" Have you come to God by faith and by prayer—however weak your faith—however imperfect your prayer?

If the Holy Spirit has thus opened the eyes of your understanding, and given you a "new heart," you are then fit to be baptized.

And what is baptism? do you say?—What does it mean? In answer to the *first* of these questions we would say that nothing but immersion, or dipping entirely under water, is baptism. This is how Jesus was baptized, and he commands all true Christians to follow his example. This is how the apostles baptized. But where did they *sprinkle* an infant or an adult?—where?

2nd. What does baptism *mean*? Like all other ordinances it is figurative;—it represents something higher. The water is an emblem of the *sufferings* of Christ. He was *overwhelmed* in sorrow—not sprinkled merely. Therefore "*much water*" is required. But again: baptism is intended to show

that Christ *rose again*. Those who are baptized do not remain beneath the water—they rise again.

Baptism is also an emblem of the washing away of sin. We say an *emblem* merely: for baptism can never take away sin. But as water cleanses the *body*, so the blood of Christ cleanses the *soul*; and those who are baptized should “walk in newness of life.”

But do you say—Should I be baptized? We answer in the language of Philip—“*If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.*” And remember that, if you are not *fit* to be baptized, you are not fit to go to heaven.

J. B.

## RIGHTEOUSNESS.

### WHY CHRIST IS NOT VALUED.

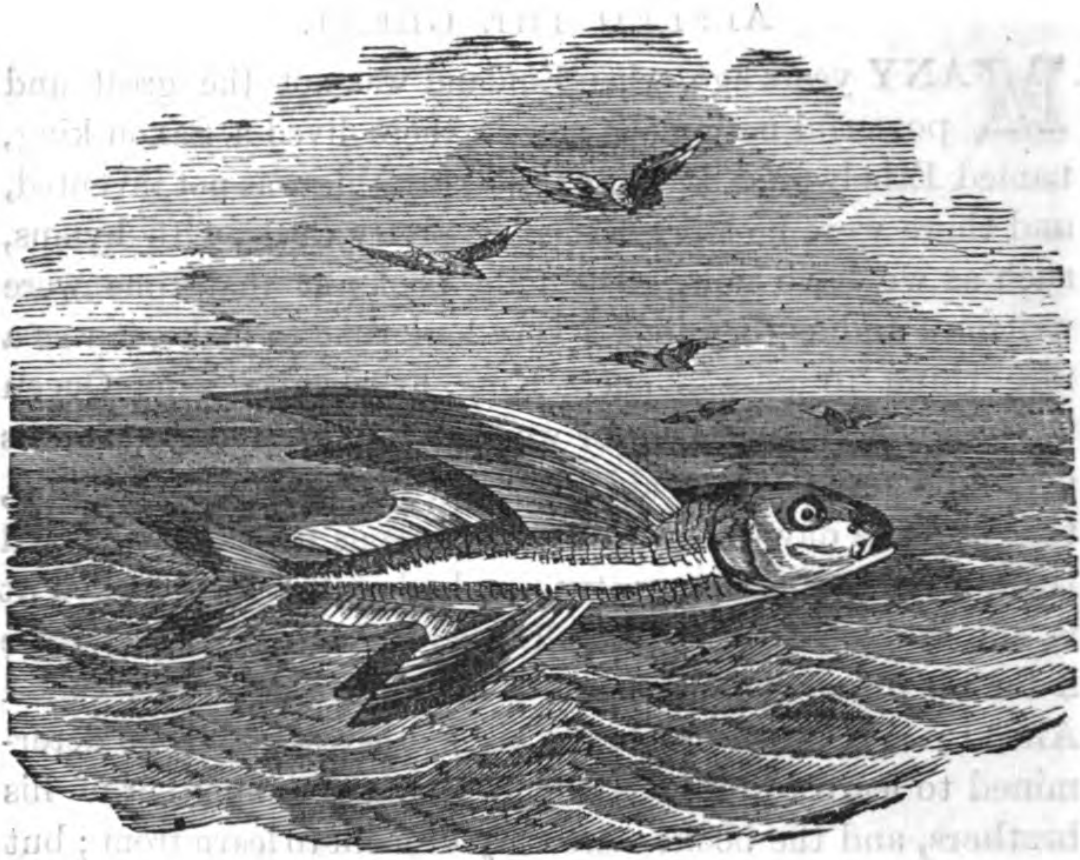
**A**N Indian and a white man being at worship together, were both impressed by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after brought to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man was for a long time under distress of mind, but at length he was also brought to Christ. Some time after, meeting his *red* brother, he thus addressed him: “How is it that you found comfort so soon?” “Oh, brother,” replied the Indian, “me tell you: there come along a rich prince, he propose to give you a *new coat*; you look at your coat, and say, ‘I don’t know; my coat pretty good; I believe it do a little longer.’ He then offer me a new coat, I look on my *old blanket*; I say this good for nothing; I fling it right away and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for some time; you are unwilling to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

**M**ANY years ago, when England was not the great and powerful nation she now is, there lived a Saxon king, named Ethelwulf. In those times, printing was not invented, and there were no story-books, or pretty cards, with hymns, such as we have now. The only books at that time were written ; and as they took a very long time to make, it was a rare thing to possess one. King Ethelwulf's wife, Queen Osberger, was a very clever woman, and she saw that it was good and useful to be able to read. There is a story told, that she one day called her four little sons to her, and showed them a book of Saxon poetry ; and when they had looked at it, she said, that he who first learned to read it should have it for his own. The youngest of these little boys was called Alfred ; and when he heard his mother say this, he determined to learn to read. He was younger than either of his brothers, and the books were very difficult to learn from ; but he was not discouraged. He went to a tutor that day, and asked him to teach him, as he was very anxious to learn. I think he would have been very glad of some of your nice books to learn from : but he did not despair ; he tried until he could read his mother's beautiful book ; and she gave it to him, saying he had earned it ; for he had first learned what was in it.

This little boy, when he was grown up, became king. He ruled well, and tried to make his people happy. He made laws, and founded schools, that the people might be taught to read ; and for the many good things that he did, he has been styled Alfred the Great. Now I think from this little story we may learn not to be discouraged, but to persevere. Every child can now read the life of our Lord Jesus from his own Testament ; and yet how often do children say they cannot learn ! Think of Alfred ; try again, and you will succeed.

DAISY.



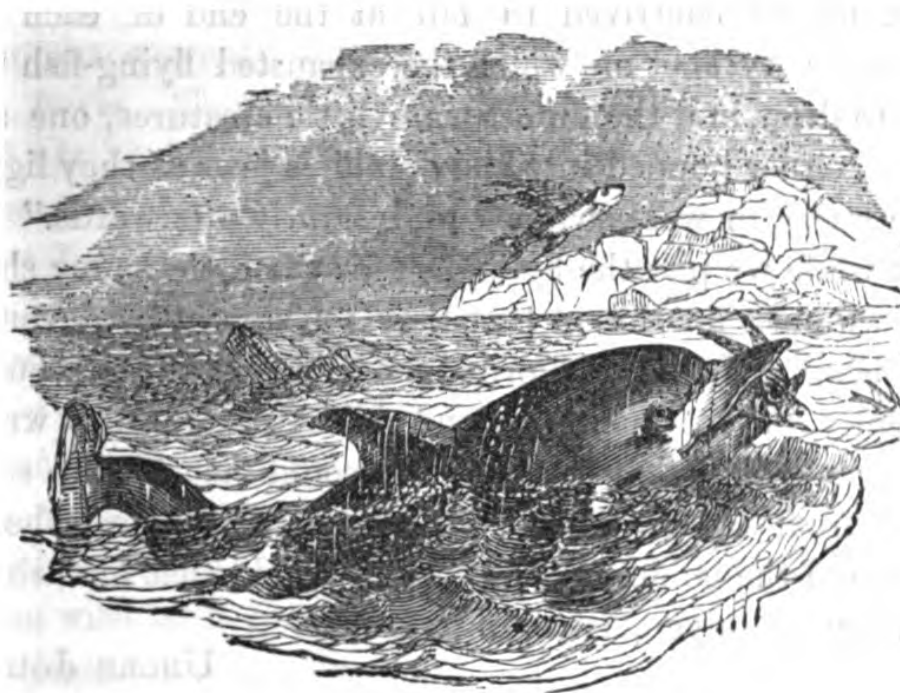
### THE FLYING FISH.

**WE** live in a world of wonders, and all are fond of wonderful things. Even little children, as soon as they are able to think, are pleased with anything marvellous. And the idea of a fish flying will be surprising to many of my readers. This fish exists in many of the warmer seas. It is somewhat small, and has very large pectoral fins, which, when expanded, look like wings; and by means of which it is able to support itself in the air. It does not, however, flap them in flying, as most birds do, but uses them in a similar manner to that in which the swallow frequently uses its wings, when it skims along with such rapidity. It is not able, either, to keep out of the water very long at once, but yet it can fly for some time by descending and dipping in the sea occasionally, by which it is invigorated, and again continues its flight. Sometimes they will leap over the bulwarks of a ship in the



night, especially if a light be burning, and kill themselves by the violence with which they strike against the deck. Their flesh is very much esteemed by the sailors.

The flying fish is very much pitied on account of the manner in which it is persecuted by some larger fish, especially the Coryphene or Dolphin. Captain B. Hall describes a chase, between a dolphin and a group of flying fish, which he once witnessed. The following is abbreviated from his account :—



“ A large dolphin had no sooner detected our poor little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and darting to the surface leaped from the water. After he fell, we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forward with considerably greater velocity than at first. The group of wretched flying-fish thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea, but they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. The direction they had now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out; but the greedy dolphin was fully as quick-sighted as the

flying fish, which were trying to elude him ; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase ; which they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer.

“But the strength and confidence of the flying-fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin became more vigorous at each bound, as he contrived to fall at the end of each just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop, and the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped into the dolphin’s jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.”

But while we pity the flying-fish for the little mercy shown them, we must not forget that they too subsist by devouring other fishes. Nor is this principle confined to fishes, but we frequently find that men—ah, and children too—inflict wrongs on others, which they themselves would not like to suffer. So that from the flying-fish, we may at least learn the importance of the golden rule—“As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.”

UNCLE JOHN.

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### GOOD FOR EVIL.

**A**T the time of the Peninsula war, when the French army under Marshal Marmont were routed by the British troops commanded by Wellington, the former in their retreat were driven to extremities for want of provisions, and they consequently committed great depredations upon the homesteads of the poor Spanish peasantry, not only robbing them of all they possessed, but very frequently illusing the helpless women and children ; and sometimes from revenge, they would mercilessly slay innocent children. This led the peasantry to

form themselves into bands—termed guerilla bands, who would lie in wait for the French soldiery, and when they found them in small detachments, they would visit the invaders with terrible retribution.

In one of these encounters, Pedro Zacona, one of the foremost, fell a victim to his devotion for his country, leaving a widow and an infant son Juan, ten years of age, surviving.

Hard was their lot, their crops being destroyed, and their home despoiled by the brutal soldiers ; yet still they managed to eke out a scanty subsistence, with the aid of a goat and some fowls. These were all they had left them, yet they could not be called quite destitute.

One day their homely meal was prepared, and the poor widow Zacona, was watching with some anxiety for her son Juan (who had strolled to some distance), when to her dismay, a party of French soldiers made their appearance. She instantly closed the door, expecting nothing less than the total destruction of her home ; and invoking the aid of the Friend of the widow and orphan, she summoned courage to approach the window, and found that all save one, had disappeared, and he with both hands bandaged, and lame, was seated on an adjacent bank. Here was an opportunity for revenge upon an enemy who could have offered but feeble resistance, had she chosen to attack him, and thus to rid her country of one of its invaders. Such thoughts crossed her mind, as she angrily glanced at his detested uniform ; but her better feelings triumphed, and she saw before her only a poor, weary, weak, and defenceless fellow-creature, who needed help, and making signs to him (for he could not understand her language), she bade him enter her abode and refresh himself. With some hesitation he complied, fearing that treachery was intended ; but looking at her clear and open countenance, slightly clouded with tears, he ventured into the cottage, and there realized the beauty of the sublime lesson taught by the

apostle Paul, Rom. xii. 20,—“If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink.” Not a word was spoken, yet he seemed to understand and appreciate her kindness, and the half-famished soldier eagerly devoured the food with which the poor widow literally had to feed him, both his hands being maimed and useless. Having finished the repast, and uttering a blessing on the widow’s store, which coming from the thankful heart of a rough trooper was perhaps not despised by Him who sees into all hearts, he made what haste he could to join his comrades, whom he found about a mile distant, leading, or rather dragging along, a Spanish peasant boy, who was crying bitterly, and asking them with earnest entreaties to take him home to his mother ; but they understood him not, nor cared to understand, and only treated his supplication and tears with derision. One of the brutal ruffians had raised a leathern strap to strike him with, when a voice in the rear which came from the wounded soldier referred to, cried “ Hold, shame !”

“And who is it cries ‘Hold, shame ?’” said the ruffian turning round ; “is it you, Eustache ? Methinks your wounds have made you as tender as a child.” “If I had them not,” he said, “you should find I am as tough as a man ; but,” added he, in a more conciliatory tone, “if you have any regard for me, spare the boy.”

As Eustache was a brave man, and a great favourite in his company, his request was granted, with some murmurs of dissent, and questions as to why he had loitered behind, when he told them the story of his reception at the widow’s cottage.

The rough soldiery, unaccustomed as they were to exhibit any signs of feeling, could not restrain their admiration of such noble conduct, and seemed transformed again from brutes into men. One of them, looking at the poor boy, said, “Well, Eustache, one good turn deserves another ; suppose we send the youngster home ;” and making signs for him



to point out which his home was, stood awaiting the result. Pointing with his finger to the smoke arising from a cottage in the valley, he soon gave them unmistakeable indications that the cottage was his home. Judge of their astonishment at finding it the same as that where their wounded comrade was treated so hospitably, and the boy Juan the widow's child. Not a moment was lost in restoring him to his mother, and how tenderly did the once rough soldiers carry him home! The widow rejoiced at the restoration of her child, and fully realized the blessing and reward of doing good for evil.

HENRY BROWN.

---

### WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?

**I**N that fair land of perfect bliss,  
 Removed by sin and death from this,  
 Who shall the greatest be?—  
 Who shall the highest place obtain?  
 They asked: and did the Saviour deign  
 To answer? We shall see.

As eagerly they round him stand,  
 The Saviour taketh by the hand  
 From out their midst a child:  
 A living picture they may trace  
 While gazing on that artless face,  
 And that demeanour mild.

Excepting ye converted be,  
 E'en as this child in spirit free,  
 Ye cannot enter in:  
 My heavenly realms of perfect light,  
 Are made for spirits pure and bright,  
 Cleansed and redeemed from sin.

Ye must be humble, meek in heart,  
 If in my kingdom ye have part,  
     In the great judgment day ;  
 Obedient to the Father's word,  
 Relying on the gracious Lord,  
     Thine own strength put away.

Childlike in faith, and oft in prayer,  
 My burden ye must meekly bear,  
     And I will make it light :  
 E'en as this child, if ye would come  
 To yonder blest celestial home,  
     To realms of glory bright.

So spake he, and they marvelled much,  
 The glory on his face was such,  
     As he upon them smiled :  
 And now Thy earthly life is o'er,  
 Christ give to us, we now implore,  
     The spirit of a child.

DAISY.

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### BETHLEHEM.

**T**HE small portion of land, known as Palestine, is the most interesting in the whole world. But although its possessors were the most favoured among the nations, yet they were, perhaps, the most guilty people under heaven ; and as a punishment for their sins, their country is now under the government of a Turkish Pasha, and within the limits of a Mahometan kingdom.

Among the most interesting spots in the land of promise, Bethlehem may be mentioned. This little town is situated about six miles south-west of Jerusalem. It occupies the ridge of a hill, and when seen from a distance, has a very grand and imposing appearance. Perhaps no town men-

tioned in holy writ has so many pleasant associations connected with it as the "city of David." If we take a glance at our Bibles, we shall find that near this spot, Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaned in the fields belonging to Boaz. It was also the birthplace of David, the shepherd-boy, whom God afterwards anointed to be king over Israel. But what is more interesting to the Christian child is the fact that in this city was born "a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," who for the love he bore to sinners, condescended to be a babe, born in a manger,—who went about doing good to all with whom he came in contact, raising the dead to life, giving sight to the blind, and healing all manner of diseases, thus displaying his love to man. But, more than all, he died to redeem those whom his Father had given him, out of every nation, tongue, and people.

The Roman Catholics have erected a convent on the place where they suppose Jesus was born, and the grotto is lined and floored with marble. Dr. Eadie says, "Altars are built, incense burns, music plays, and lamps, thirty-two in number, each the gift of a king, shed a dim radiance over the scene. A large star made of silver and gems, marks the spot where the Virgin [is supposed to have] brought forth her first-born son." How inconsistent is this foolish display with the humility which marked the Saviour's birth! and how unlikely is it that he was born in an underground grotto! Be on your guard, dear readers, against the false teachings of the Church of Rome, which has invented such a superstition, and seek to imitate the lowliness of Jesus, who thus "humbled himself."

Are you interested, dear children, in the love of Jesus? Are you desirous of knowing the Lord of life and glory? If so, he has promised that he will receive you. For he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*Hoxton.*

J. W. R.

## SABBATH-BREAKING UNNECESSARY.

**A**T a meeting of the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, a leading spinner came forward and said, that there was nothing more common than to hear from his brother spinners and master manufacturers this assertion: "If you stop the mill altogether on Sunday, you must frequently stop it on Monday also; because, if the engine gets out of order, or any other necessary repair be required, it must be done on Sunday, or the mill cannot proceed on the Monday." Now, all this seems very plausible, said the good man, but I can prove it to be false; for in my mill I never suffer a stroke to be struck on the Sabbath. On one occasion, my boiler had suffered a misfortune on a Saturday, and I feared the mill must stop on the Monday; but, determined to try what could be done, I sent for a leading engineer, and said to him, "Can you have the mill ready to work on Monday morning?" "Yes, certainly I can." "But then," said I, "you mean to work on Sunday?" "Of course, sir." "But," said I, "you shall not do it in my mill." "But I cannot mend the boiler, if I do not," said he. I said, "I do not care, you shall not work in my mill on Sunday. I would rather that my mill stood the whole of Monday, than that the Sabbath should be violated in it!" The man said, "You are different from all other masters." I said, "My Bible, not the conduct of others, is my rule; and you must do it without working on Sunday, or I will try to get somebody else." This had the desired effect; they set to work, and worked till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and began again at twelve o'clock on the Sunday night; and the repairs were finished, and the mill was in full work, at the usual hour on Monday morning.

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COPIES BY POST.—12 for 6 stamps, 25 for 12 stamps, 50 for 25 stamps, direct from the Printer. Back numbers for 1863 at half-price.



"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."

# PEARLS

FROM THE  
GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1865.

No. 43.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

"They brought young children to him, that he should touch them."

## THE TWO PRAYERS.

**A** CHILD knelt down and clasped her hands,  
Lisping her evening prayer ;  
The bed was draped with curtains rich,  
For ease and wealth were there ;  
The mother said the simple words,  
The child, she lisped the same ;  
To God she prayed for Jesus' sake,  
Who once a child became.

She hoped that God would hear her prayer ;  
Her mother oft had told,  
How little ones to Jesus came,  
In that blest time of old ;  
The child had faith that her poor prayer  
Would be received above  
By God who looks on children still,  
In tenderness and love.

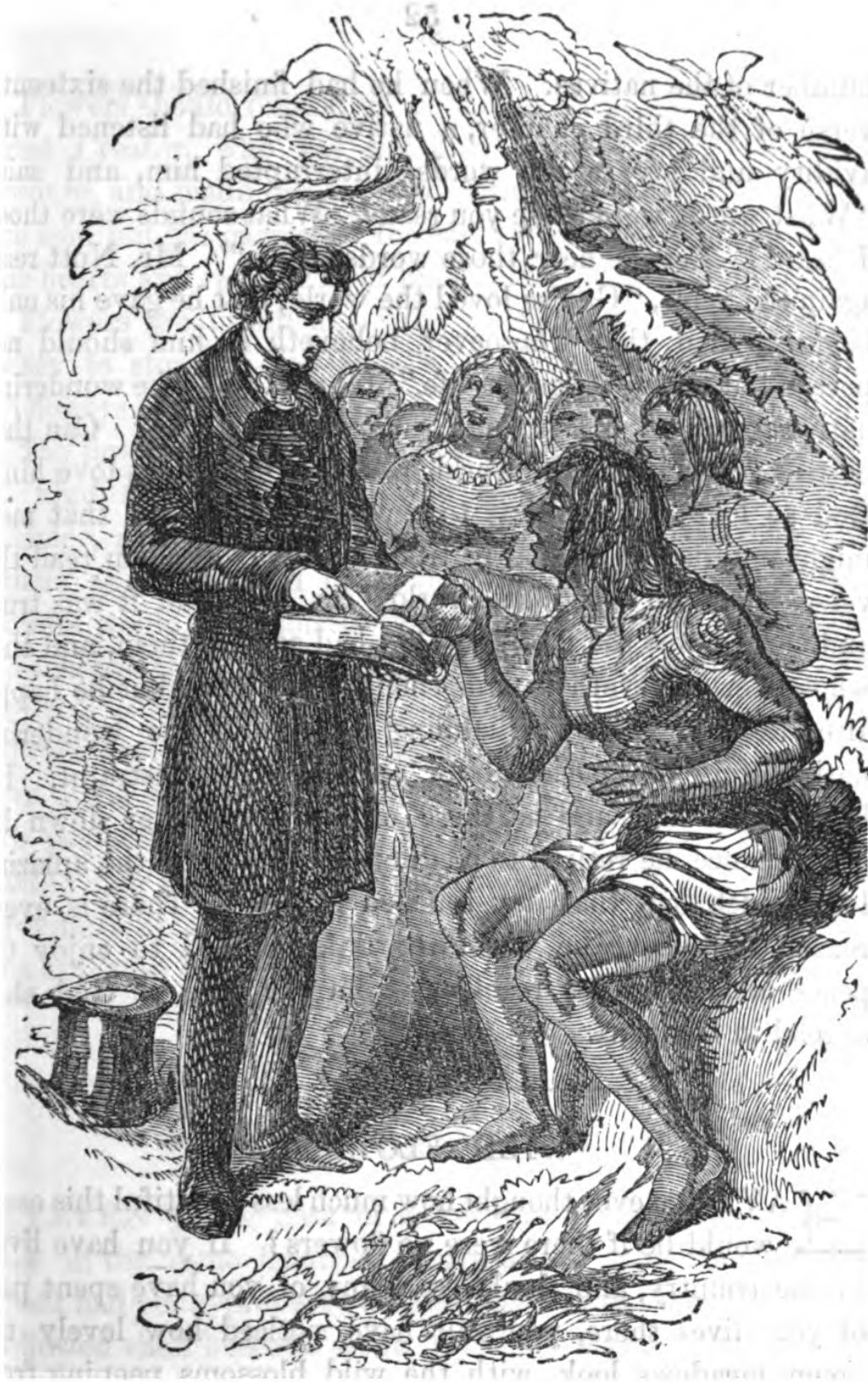
\* \* \* \* \*

The child of want and poverty  
At Sabbath-school had heard  
Of God most high, and there she learned  
To read his holy word ;  
So she, ere night had closed around,  
Knelt her poor bed beside,  
And asked the God of love and truth  
Her feeble steps to guide.

No mother's voice had spoken aught  
Of Christ, or heaven, or hope ;  
Her meanly furnished little home  
Great poverty bespoke :  
But both the prayers were heard above,  
At the same judgment throne,  
And they were listened to by Him  
Who sees the heart alone.

In yonder bright and glorious home,  
When earthly life is o'er,  
The poor child and the rich child there,  
Shall meet to part no more.

DAISY.



GOD'S AMAZING LOVE.

**M**R. NOTT, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a part of the Gospel of John to a

number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again!" Mr. Nott read again the verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. The wondering native rose from his seat and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him? God so love the world as to give his Son to die that man might not die? Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true, and that it was the message God had sent to them, and that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his countenance, he retired to meditate in private on the amazing love which had that day touched his soul. There is every reason to believe he was afterwards enabled to enjoy the peace and happiness resulting from the love of God shed abroad in his heart.

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### WILD FLOWERS.

**H**AVE you ever thought how much less beautiful this earth would be if there were no flowers? If you have lived in the country, and doubtless many of you have spent part of your lives there, you will have noticed how lovely the green meadows look, with the wild blossoms peeping from the grass. I have been delighted to see the rosy happy children, in the spring time, with their hands full of primroses, or searching in the hedges for the sweet blue violets.



Flowers should remind us of the love and goodness of the great Creator, who has not only clothed the fields with verdure, and made the trees to form a pleasant shelter from the sun, but has garnished the earth with blossoms, to gladden our hearts and remind us of his infinite goodness and power.

Flowers are useful also ; for where could the bee get the honey to store its waxen cells for winter food, if there were no flowers ? Many of them also are medicinal.

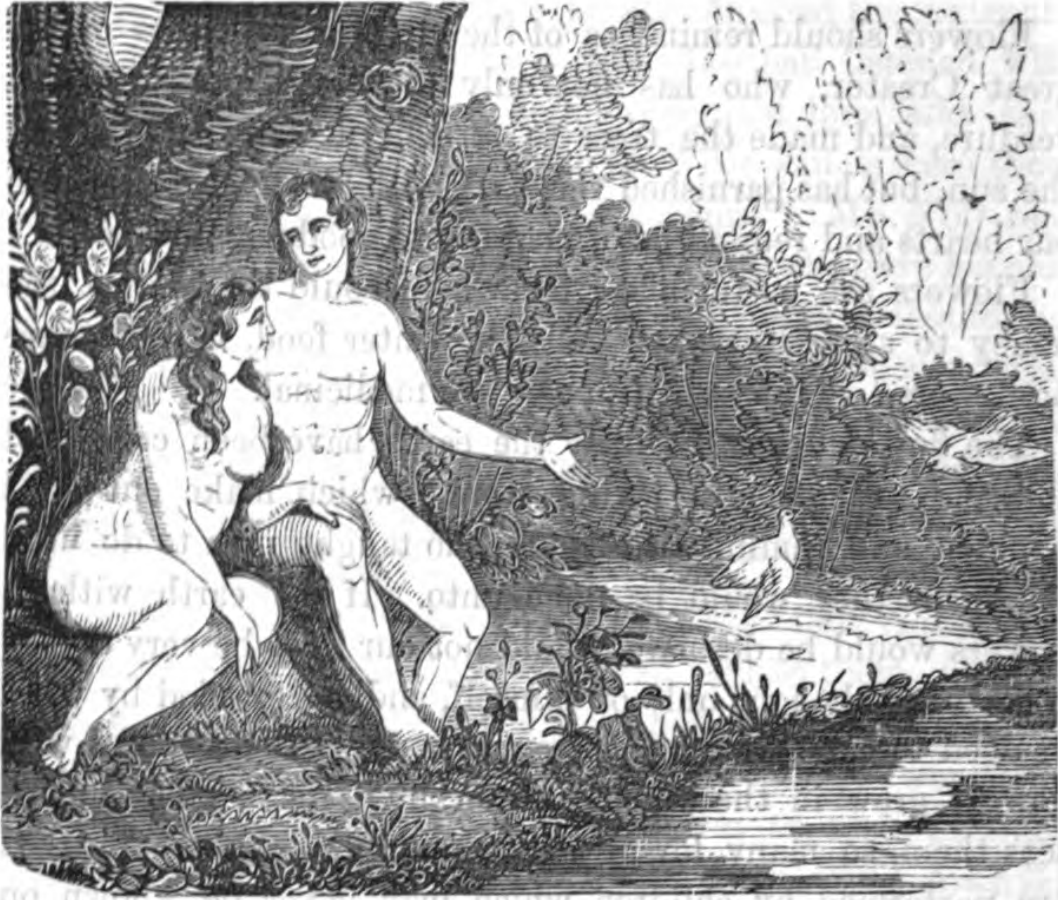
The flowers which beautify the earth have been compared to kind actions and loving words, which make our lives happier, and remind us of One who taught men to do unto others as they would be done unto. If the earth without flowers would be desolate, would not our lives be very dreary if each one thought only of himself, and never tried by word or deed to help another ? Now as some of the loveliest wild flowers grow in the woods, and on high rocks where no eye sees them, so many loving deeds and little acts of kindness are performed by children which may never be known on earth ; but God sees every act of self-denial, and looks approvingly upon those who strive to do his will, regardless of the applause of men.

DAISY.

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### LESSONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

**S**EVEN young men in a town in Massachusetts, started in the same business nearly at the same time. Six of them had some property or assistance from their friends, and followed their business seven days in a week. The other had less property than either of the six, he had less assistance from others, and worked in his business only six days in a week. He is now the only man who has property, and who has not failed in his business.



## BEFORE THE FALL.

### No. 1.—WHAT WE WERE.

**W**HEN a boy has told a falsehood, and it is found out, how confused he looks ! how he hangs down his head, and how red his face becomes ! Now whether he confesses his fault or not, his face betrays him. And what does this tell us ? Why, all of you can guess : it says that he is *guilty*.

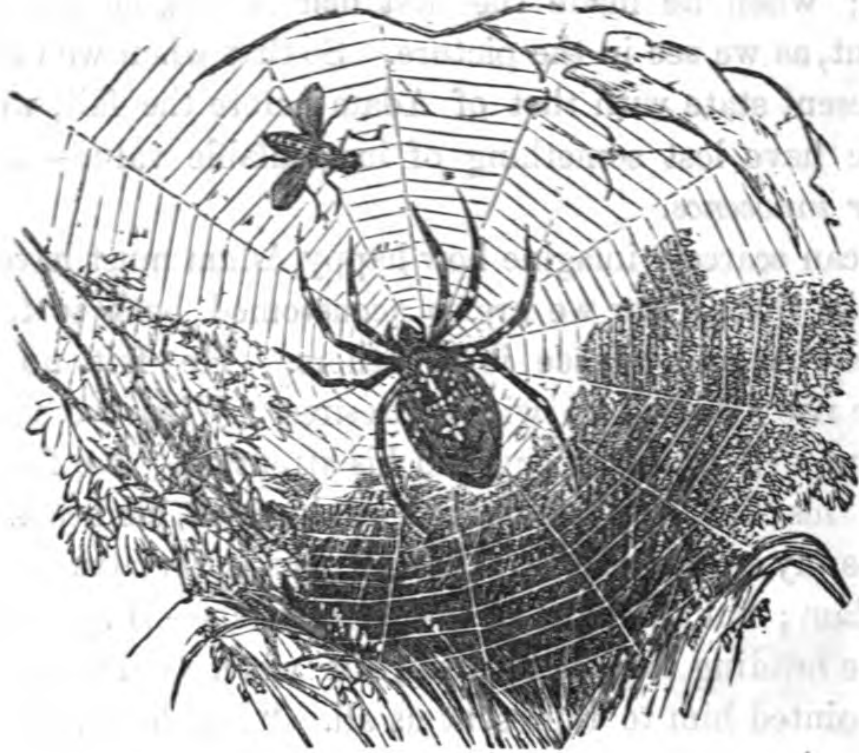
Some boys were talking in the street, the other day ; and one said to his companion, “ Tom’s afraid to go home.” Yes, Tom was afraid to meet his parents ; but why ? No doubt he had done something of which he knew they would not approve : it was because he was *guilty*.

“ What a sweet little innocent ! ” said Sarah, as she tossed up the baby ;—but Sarah was mistaken ; she forgot that it had a sinful heart, and that in God’s sight it was *guilty*.

But although God made us, *he* did not make us guilty. Oh no ; when he made the first man Adam, he made him innocent, as we see in the picture. So that when we compare our present state with that of Adam before the fall, we find that we have lost something of incalculable value—*we have lost our innocence.*

We can scarcely imagine how happy Adam must have been before he sinned, for we are so accustomed both to feel sin in ourselves and to see it in others. He felt no angry temper rise ; he had no wicked desires. When worshipping God, no evil thoughts engaged his attention. No falsehood defiled his lips, and no hatred rankled in his heart. But perhaps my reader will say that all this is very true respecting Adam ; but the head of the paper reads—*What WE were.* Yet the heading teaches a truth ; for when God made man, he appointed him to represent us all. “ But how is this fair, teacher ?” said a boy in a Sunday-school class the other day ; “ if I had been made as Adam was, I should’nt have sinned.” Ah ! the boy did not know his own heart ; for when God tried Adam he tried our nature : so that Adam’s sin was the sin of human nature. Or to make the truth still more plain to my readers—If I wanted to try whether gunpowder would explode at the touch of fire, I should not put a match to the barrel and blow the house up ; but take a few grains, and when I found that these would explode, I should know that the whole barrel would do the same. Just so God needed not to try every one of us individually. He created one man in his own image,—perfectly innocent, and with full power to live without sin ; and this man represented all men. He sinned ; and so his sin is reckoned to the account of us all, for it was the sin of human nature.

J. T. B.



### SPIDERS' WEBS.

**S**OME time since I had the pleasure of listening to one of Mr. Gough's brilliant orations. The following was given in illustration of his subject. On one occasion he had to address a large audience of children. Several appropriate melodies had been sung, and among them a little moral piece referring to "The Spider and the Fly." In the course of his address, he asked the children whether they knew of any places which were like spiders' webs. The answer came immediately from hundreds of voices blending in one—"PUBLIC HOUSES!"

We cannot but admire a spider's web, at the same time that we brush it down. There is something so delicately beautiful in its material—something so curious in its construction; for the meanest insects were formed by our all-wise Creator, and he has made nothing in vain. And public-



houses are something like them even in this respect. What an amazing amount of money do the landlords (or perhaps their creditors) of some of our London "*gin palaces*" expend in decorating their houses, in order to make them attractive to the working man, who, in too many instances, leaves his home to go to wreck and ruin, while he contributes to the wealth of these "*palaces*" of Bacchus. Poor deluded fellow! like the unsuspecting fly, he little thinks that he is going to be entrapped; but, once entangled in the web, he finds it hard to get away. When a man has once acquired a love of strong drink (and I say *acquired*, for it is not natural) how hard it is to make him see the evil of it! Nay, perhaps he will admit that; but how hard it is for him to *give it up*! I heard a Christian man relate his experience at a church-meeting, a few years ago: he had formerly been a drunkard, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to reform; but at length he said, "*The Lord made me a teetotaller!*" And I am inclined to think that unless the Lord change the heart, very few confirmed drunkards thoroughly forsake their old habits. They are caught in the spiders' web, and they cannot get away.

But why do I write thus? Do I imagine that my young readers are drunkards? Oh no: far from it. But "prevention is better than cure." It is easier to form a good habit than to reform a bad one. I have sometimes wondered that the foolish flies have not sense to keep out of the spiders' web, even when they see the remains of dead flies which have been caught before them. But how much more surprising is it that while strong drink has slain its thousands and tens of thousands, so many are still captivated thereby!

AN ABSTAINER.

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“FEED MY LAMBS.”

JOHN XXI. 15.

“GO, feed my lambs,” said Jesus ;  
 The young ones of the fold  
 Are precious to my Father’s heart  
 And mine, as are the old ;  
 Though small in grace, and weak in faith,  
 They’re very dear to me ;  
 Deal gently with the little ones,  
 And lead them tenderly.

Oh pick not out the roughest ways,  
 For their young feet to tread ;  
 Nor drive them hardly when the sun  
 Shines brightly over head ;  
 But guide them over grassy meads,  
 For oh, they cannot bear  
 Temptation’s scorching sun, nor tread  
 The stony path of care.

Oh think that thou wast one of them,  
 When first thy steps were turned  
 From death, and after liberty  
 Thy troubled spirit yearned :  
 And when perchance they turn aside,  
 (For they are apt to stray),  
 Then gently lead them back again  
 Into the living way.

Oh injure not these little ones,  
 In word, or thought, or deed,  
 For to deliver them from death,  
 Did not their Shepherd bleed ?

Do not their angels stand before  
 Our God and Father's throne ?  
 And Jesus ever condescends  
 To make their cause his own.  
 "Go feed my lambs," saith Jesus,  
 Till time shall be no more,  
 And all my sheep, and all my lambs  
 Have entered through the Door ;  
 There, on the plains of paradise,  
 My ransomed flock shall feed ;  
 And drink the living streams of grace,  
 And follow where I lead.

Z. C. S. S., Deptford.

T. G. C. A.

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### THE LOST CHILD.

“**F**IVE Pounds Reward.—Lost: a Little Boy, about five years old, fair complexion, rather short of his age. (Then followed a description of his clothes) last seen in — street, on Sunday morning last. Whoever will give such information as may lead to his recovery shall receive the above reward by applying to Mr.—, — street.

Such was an announcement which arrested the eye of the writer, in the shop windows of the neighbourhood of the parents of *the lost child*. The little fellow had been playing about the street one Sunday morning, as he had often done before (which, by the way, should not have been allowed by his parents), and now he was missing. His mother thought that his brothers were with him, but when they returned home she was painfully undeceived.—“Where could he be?”—“Where was he last seen?”—“Did he say where he was going?” Such questions as these were repeated again and again; a diligent search was commenced; inquiries were made at every police station around. But the whole of the day wore

away, and the distracted parents had not learned any tidings of *the lost child*.

The following morning, bills containing the announcement referred to were circulated far and near, and every effort was made to find *the lost child*.

The writer who became aware of the circumstance by means of the bills, had returned to his home, and in the course of conversation with his family, learned that a little boy had been found that morning near his house. "*Found!* do his little readers exclaim?—*I am glad of that!*"—Ah!—do not rejoice too soon, young friends. The lost child was found, it is true; but, alas! he was *dead*. He had been decoyed away by a boy, to play by the side of a canal, and his body was picked up close by one of the locks, at the back of the writer's house.

Finding that the description of the child corresponded with that given on the bills, the writer hastened to reveal the sad news—holding out every possible hope that it *might* not be the *same* child. The mother had already been directed to the spot, where she found, alas! that it *was* her child that had been drowned.

The feelings of the parents can scarcely be imagined by the reader nor described by the writer, who did not call at the house again, lest he should open afresh the fountain of the mother's grief. But the circumstance made a deep impression upon his mind, and he used it as a warning to his own children never to go near the bank of the canal. And let him repeat this warning to his youthful readers, lest they should be tempted to stroll into similar danger. Be assured, young friends, that your parents' counsels are for your good; and although you may not see the propriety of them now, yet be it ever yours to "Honour your father and your mother."

But the chief object of the writer is to tell you, dear



children, that you all resemble this *lost child*. Perhaps you have never strolled away from your parents' home, nor occasioned them any uneasiness in that respect; and yet however much surprised you may be, there is a sense in which you are not only *lost*, but *dead*. This is true of you *morally* and *spiritually*, as surely as it was true of this little boy *naturally*; for when "God looked down from heaven to see if there were any that did understand, and seek after God," what did he say? "They are *all gone out of the way*; they are altogether become unprofitable: there is none that doeth good: no, not one."

We have all wandered from God. Like the prodigal son, described Luke xv., we have forsaken our heavenly Father's house; and unless stopped by his grace, are going on in that broad downward road which leadeth to destruction.—The little child who came to such a sad end, no doubt, thought it a pleasant thing to wander away from his parents; and how many of you are wandering from God and taking pleasure in sin! The prodigal considered the rules of his father's house very irksome; but when he "came to himself," how glad was he to return! and how humbly did he confess his folly! Have any of you, my young readers, come to yourselves? Have you ever *felt* that *you* are *lost*, and not only *lost*, but "*dead* in trespasses and in sins?"—If so, it is a sure sign that the Holy Spirit has made you to live spiritually; for feeling is a sign of life. Listen then to the words of Christ—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved." Has there ever been "joy in heaven among the angels of God" on *your* account? Can it truthfully be said of you, "This [child] was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found?"

J. B.

## HOW WILLIAM GOT A PLACE.

**T**WO boys applied for a place in a gentleman's shop. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favourably. Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favour of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance, which seemed trifling in itself, had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk, her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half-melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin ragged clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. William the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped her search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curb-stone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pence was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more, and then he made haste to wash his hand in the snow and dry it on his coarse

white handkerchief. The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked as they passed along in ——,

“It is plain enough you are a greenhorn in the city.”

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question, but after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favour with all parties, that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now, shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was his *politeness*. That means a kind expression of kind feelings. Many very fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are remarkable for it. The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor little ragged child would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at could be trusted. Remember that the boy who is uniformly polite in his behaviour, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.—*Christian World*.

## HOW THE ROYAL FAMILY ARE BROUGHT UP ;

OR, LABOUR NO DISGRACE.

**A**T the seaside residence of Queen Victoria, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of the pleasure-grounds is appropriated to the young princes and princesses, who have each a flower and a vegetable garden, greenhouse, hothouse, and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. Here the royal children pass many hours of their time. Each is supplied with a set of tools marked with the name of the owner ; and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon. There is no branch of gardening in which the royal

children are not at home. Moreover, on the juvenile property is a building, the ground-floor of which is fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, larders, and dairy—all complete in their arrangements ; and here may be seen the young princesses, arrayed in their aprons and cooking jackets, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like rosy farm girls, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighbourhood, as the result of their own handiwork. The Queen is determined that nothing shall remain unlearned by her children ; nor are the young children ever happier than while thus engaged. Over the domestic establishment is a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the young party in their rambles and researches—geological and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and animals, articles of their own construction, and whatever is curious or interesting, classified and arranged by themselves. Here the most exalted and purifying tastes are cultivated. Here nature, common to all, is studied and admired ; while beyond this, a capability of entering into the condition of the people, and a sympathy with their labours, is acquired by a practical knowledge of what labour is ; and though we need scarcely suppose that the royal children weary themselves as those who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet even in their moderate digging and working, they must learn the better to appreciate the results of labour in the luxuries surrounding them. This is a picture of which the English nation may justly be proud. There is not such another royal family on the face of the earth.

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COPIES BY POST.—12 for 6 stamps, 25 for 12 stamps, 50 for 25 stamps, direct from the Printer. Back numbers for 1863 at half-price.

THE VOLUME FOR 1864, in Cloth, lettered, ONE SHILLING.



"My son, fear thou the Lord and the king,

**PEARLS**  
FROM THE  
**GOLDEN STREAM.**

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1865.

No. 44.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long."



"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

And meddle not with them that are given to change."

## MAY.

**S**WEET month of May, we love thy sunny hours,  
Which dress our gardens and the fields with flowers ;  
And as upon their beauties oft we gaze,  
Upwards our hearts in thankfulness we raise,  
    And bless his His name,  
    Who, worthy of all fame,  
Commands our noblest, our supremest praise.

The children with delight now welcome thee,  
And laugh with joy to see grim winter flee ;  
    While overhead, the birds upon the wing  
    Soar up towards the clouds, and sweetly sing,  
        In cheerful lays,  
        Their humble hymn of praise,  
And leafy woods with their glad echoes ring.

Young men and maidens, too, thy coming hail ;  
And as they climb the hill, or tread the dale,  
    With springing steps they hasten on their way,  
    Refreshed and strengthened by the breath of May :  
        Their spirits join,  
        To praise the love divine,  
That scatters blessings round them day by day.

And thou art welcomed, too, by aged folk,  
Who bow beneath this life's oppressive yoke ;  
    With hoary heads and eyes now dimmed by time,  
    They long to soar to yonder heavenly clime,  
        But waiting still,  
        Their heavenly Father's will :  
How blest their hope ! their prospect how sublime !

Welcome to all whose hearts are fixed on high ;  
For while their months and years are passing by,  
    And seasons change, his goodness they adore,  
    Who still supplies them from his bounteous store ;  
        With thankful love,  
        His providence approve,  
And hope to reign with him for evermore.

*Z. C. S. S., Deptford.*

*T. G. C. A.*



### HOW TO PAY RENT.

**A** BLACKSMITH was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money, he could

not possibly pay his rent. The merchant inquired how much "grog" he his family generally consumed in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to *considerably more* money in the year than his house rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day neither to buy nor drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year, he not only paid his rent, and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in this wise course through life, and with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

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### "NO MONUMENT!"

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

*Gray.*

**B**EING at Westminster, a short time since, on business, and having to wait an hour or two before I could transact it, I was thinking how I could employ this leisure time, when the walls of the venerable cathedral attracted my attention. As I had but once before seen the interior, and then only taken a brief and imperfect survey, I determined to embrace this favourable opportunity of re-visiting a place so illustrious in the annals of our country.

Perhaps before I ask my young readers to accompany me in their imagination, on my tour of inspection, it may be interesting to them to know something about the building itself. Its history, then, is briefly as follows :



Westminster Abbey is believed to have been first founded by Sebert, a Saxon king, about the year A. D. 610. It was destroyed by the Danes, who used to make incursions to plunder the country. Upon its ruins another structure arose, rebuilt by Edgar, also a Saxon king ; but it was not until the time of Edward the Confessor, that it assumed anything like architectural importance. The reign of Henry the Seventh, however, was the period when Westminster Abbey became the splendid edifice which has been the admiration of all nations of the world ; and although numerous additions and improvements, both in the interior and exterior, have taken place since that period, enough is retained of the original structure to render it an object of great historical interest.

Here all the kings and queens of England (since the Norman Conquest) have been crowned ; and though Henry the Third was first crowned at Gloucester, he clearly did not think the ceremony binding, till it was performed with greater pomp in Westminster Abbey. And it is at such times as these, that the old building assumes more than ordinary magnitude and importance. The coronation of Richard the First, or Cœur de Lion, as he was called, is thus described by an historian :

“ The golden spurs, the sceptre, the rod with the dove, the great and massive crown, decorated with precious stones, were carried by earls ; and then Richard walked between the Bishops of Durham and Bath, and four barons, holding over them a canopy of silk.”

Later times have witnessed there ceremonials of still greater magnificence ; but let us hope the time is far distant, before Westminster Abbey will be the scene of another coronation ; and that the great and good lady who rules our land, will long be spared to her loyal subjects.

Not alone in its association with England's monarchs is Westminster Abbey celebrated. Caxton here first taught

the art of printing ; and from its ancient walls issued the first printed English Bible. And thus may the venerable building be looked upon as the birthplace of real civilization, and goodwill to man.

Having made my way to the narrow entrance on the east side of the building, termed Poet's Corner, I soon found myself in the midst of monuments of the departed great, among which, those of the poets had for me considerable interest. Here is a full length statue of Shakespeare, and in his hand a scroll, on which is denoted the perishing nature of earth and earthly things ; there a bust of the sublime poet Milton, and monuments, busts, and medallions of poets of lesser fame, but whose memory has been deemed worthy of perpetuation—Dryden, Addison, Chaucer, Southey, Gray, Goldsmith, Rowe, Gay, and others. Nor is the beautiful musical composer, Handel, forgotten, but shares with the poets such honours as the world gives to departed worth.

Proceeding onwards, we find monuments, tablets, and effigies, of all sizes and descriptions, some of illustrious warriors, some of bishops and statesmen, and men whose patriotism or zeal for their country have won for them such fame as Westminster Abbey can bestow.

I had spent some time in contemplating these monuments, when I was accosted by one of the guides, who informed me that a party was mustered to view the chapels, and asked me if I should like to join them ;—an invitation I at once accepted ; and, accordingly, with several others, was marshalled through an iron gate or screen, which separated that portion of the Abbey opened gratuitously, from the select part, to view which a sum of sixpence is charged. Our sixpences duly paid (a sum I did not think at all too much for the interest afforded by the inspection), we were marshalled by our guide to view the chapels, some of which are merely small recesses, named after their patron saints, and containing

monuments of marble, alabaster, carved effigies in wood, and inlaid brasses, executed with rare skill, some of them quite eaten away and decayed by time, and the inscriptions scarcely legible. Most of these are monuments of royalty or nobility, long since dust, and representing, after all, only the "littleness of greatness ;" a greatness which could not save them from the destiny of meaner beings, or protect them from the common destroyer of mankind.

"The boast of helaldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

After viewing several chapels of a similar description, we ascended a flight of black marble steps, into that which is the chief attraction of the place, namely, Henry the Seventh's Chapel. From its lofty pillars are suspended the silken banners of the Knights of the Bath ; and on its marble floor stand the chairs of their esquires, inlaid with brass inscriptions. This chapel, the roof of which is considered a matchless piece of architecture, was erected by Henry the Seventh ; and contains (among other things) the most beautiful and costly tomb in the Abbey, namely, that of Henry the Seventh and his queen Elizabeth. It is surrounded by a screen of brass and copper, and covered with devices, denoting his relationship and rank, and is one of the rarest pieces of workmanship ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. And on the tomb, which is of black marble, are the effigies of the King and Queen in their robes of State.

After giving an elaborate description of this costly mausoleum, and passing on a little way, the guide, pointing to the spot where I was standing, said, "Underneath that stone lie the remains of Edward the Sixth ;" and he added, with emphasis, "No monument."

And am I really so close to the ashes of one of the least,

and yet one of the greatest of England's monarchs? thought I; and can they, in the multitude of honours bestowed upon departed royalty, find none for Edward? though he stands in need of none. I left the Abbey, reflecting upon the subject, and the words "no monument" seemed to fix themselves upon my mind, in connection with the history of this young king, whose early death nearly crushed the hopes of the Protestant Reformers in this country; and I thought that perhaps some of the readers of this little periodical might desire to know a little more about the youthful monarch, whose virtues have endeared him to the memory of all Christians, though he has no monument in Westminster Abbey. But as this will necessarily occupy more space than the Editors can spare, they will possibly put at the end of this,

*To be continued in our next.*

HENRY B.

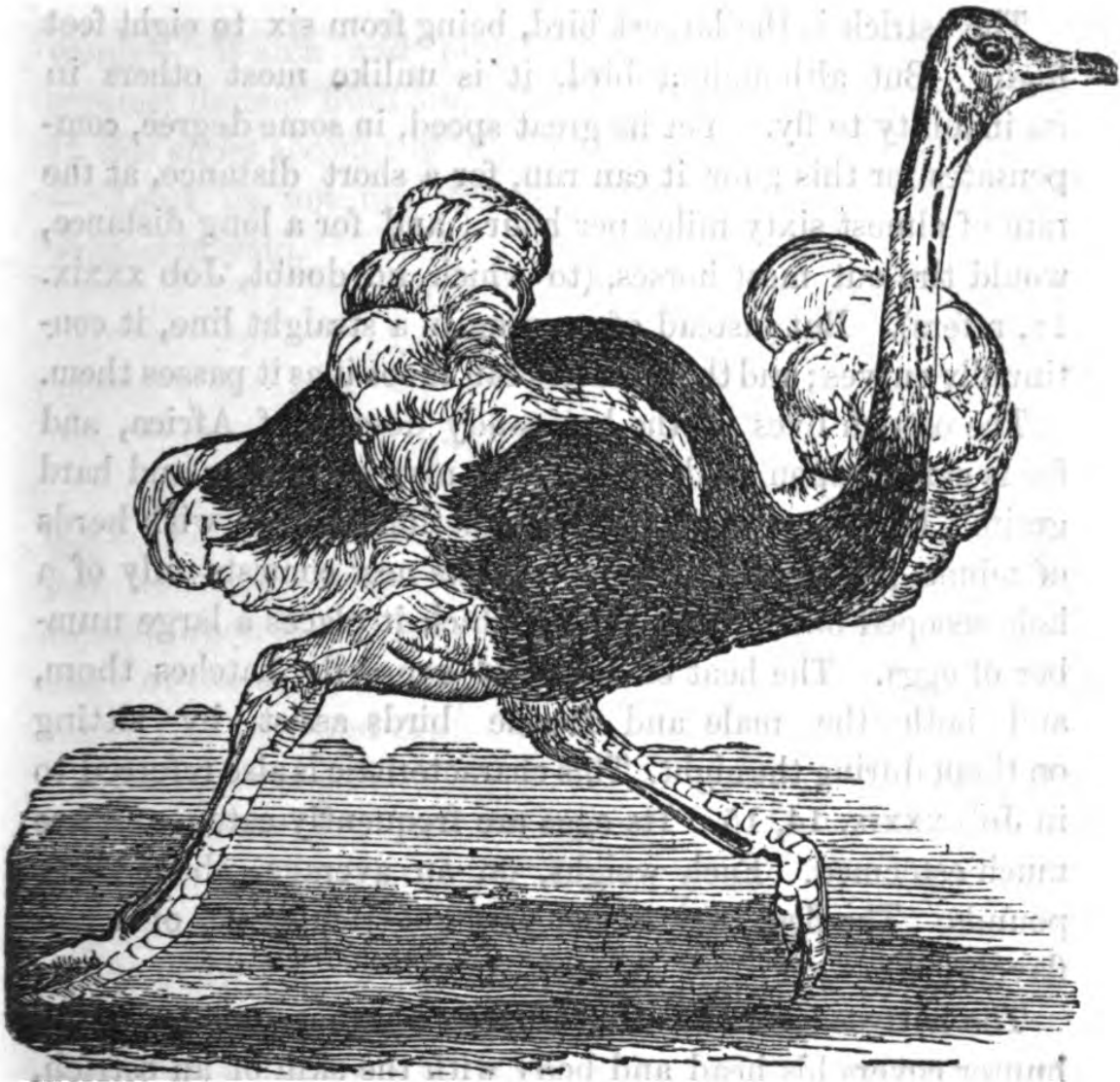
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### IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

**I**N this world nothing is a trifle. A painter was one day copying a portrait of Rembrandt. He took off shadow after shadow, light after light, line upon line, most accurately. Still the expression was wanting. Hundreds on hundreds of touches were valueless, till by the aid of a microscope, he discovered one air-like line below the eye; and this put in, the whole likeness came. So it is with all great things. It is only littleness of mind that cannot appreciate little things. Think how one trifling act, even the wavering of thought, will give a bias to the mind, and lay the foundation of a fixed habit. Great occasions, violent temptations, gigantic efforts, superhuman prowess, these are rarely within our reach. And they are not required. Our hearts are balanced on a point, and they will vibrate with a breath of air.

—Sewell.





### THE OSTRICH.

**M**ANY little girls know what an ostrich feather is, far better than I can tell them, as their hats and bonnets could bear me witness ; but perhaps they would like to know a little more about the birds from which their feathers have been taken. It may teach them, at least, this lesson, namely, *to beware of pride* ; for we are indebted to the lower animals for much of our clothing,—not only for ornament, like feathers, but for our very garments. Dr. Watts has truly said :

“ —the poor sheep and silkworm wore  
That very clothing long before.”

The ostrich is the largest bird, being from six to eight feet high. But although a bird, it is unlike most others in its inability to fly. Yet its great speed, in some degree, compensates for this ; for it can run, for a short distance, at the rate of almost sixty miles per hour ; and for a long distance, would tire out most horses, (to which, no doubt, Job xxxix. 18, refers). But instead of running in a straight line, it continually curves ; and thus hunters can shoot it as it passes them.

The ostrich lives in the hot sandy deserts of Africa, and feeds chiefly upon wild melons, but also on grasses and hard grain. It is very sociable, and sometimes mixes with herds of zebras, giraffes, and antelopes. Its nest consists only of a hole scooped out in the sand, in which it places a large number of eggs. The heat of the sand generally hatches them, and both the male and female birds assist by sitting on them during the night. This characteristic is also referred to in Job xxxix. 14, 15. Its eggs are frequently eaten, and are much esteemed. Each weighs, on an average, about three pounds. The flesh, too, of the young ostrich, is not of a bad flavour.

The natives hunt them in rather a peculiar manner. The hunter covers his head and body with the skin of an ostrich, and with a bow and arrow in his hand, he walks towards a flock, and mixes with them, moving the head and neck of his covering in so natural a manner, as to deceive the birds. He then shoots one after another, while the rest wonder to see their companions fall, yet take no alarm, and are thus in turn shot down themselves. The conduct of the ostrich-hunter much resembles that of Satan. He mixes in the company of even boys and girls,—though they do know it ; and his temptations, like the poisoned arrows of the African, penetrate their hearts. They see many young companions ruined by sin, yet take no warning. How much need is there for my young readers to remember the Saviour's

words—"Watch and pray!" for there is generally the greatest danger from sin, when it appears the most innocent. If this short account of the ostrich should make them pray—"Lead us not into temptation," it will not have been written in vain.

GIDEON.

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### A MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

SEVERAL gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all." At this stage of the conversation, a boy, who sat behind at a table, began to listen, and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, "A soft answer is a mighty cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentleman, starting and turning round; "yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know that I understand you, sir."

"Well, I'll explain, then," said the gentleman, wheeling round in his chair, "for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world." The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something that was equal to Alexander himself.

"I might as well explain," said he, "by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting. If a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was 'Fight 'em, Charley, fight 'em!'"

"By and bye, I was sent to the famous —— school; and it so happened that my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the

academy, I began to strut a little, and talk about what my father was ; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, we were soon on pretty good terms ; and so it went on for some time. After a while, some fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers ; and somehow or other, we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

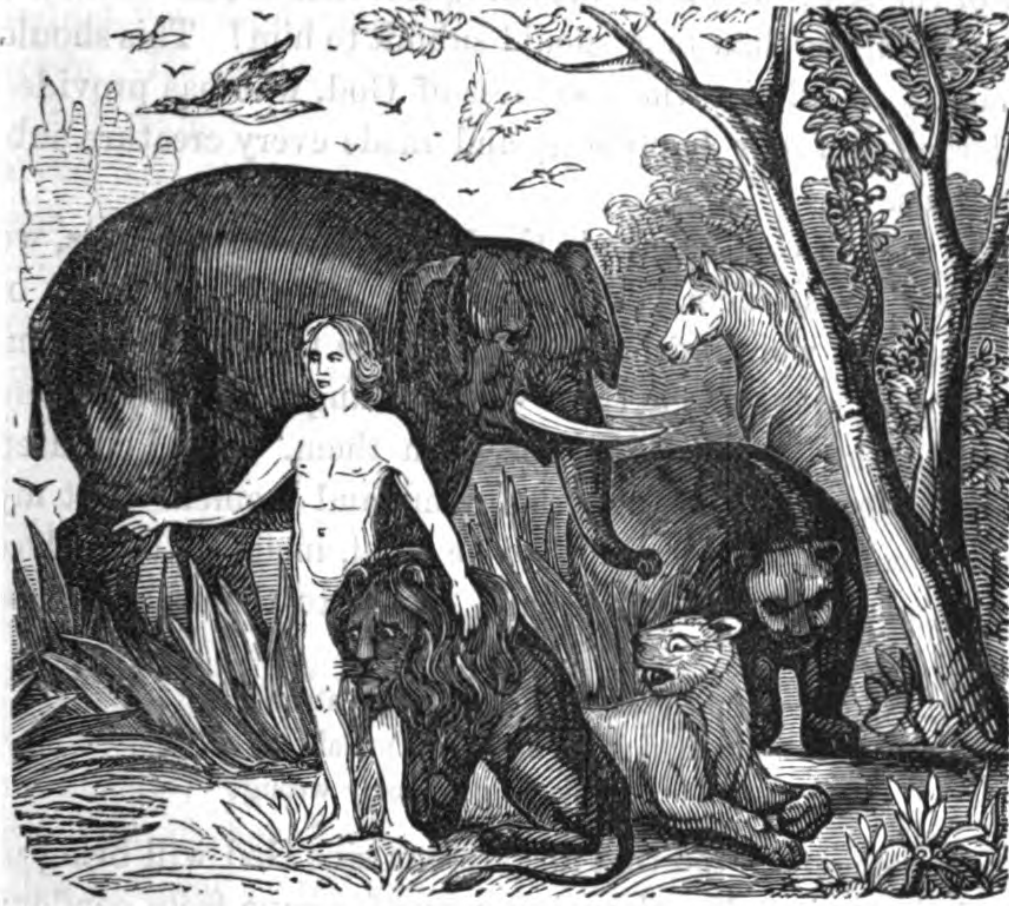
“Tom Tucker ! who is he ?” I cried angrily. ‘I’ll let him know who I am ;’ and I went in a passion to Tom, and thundered, ‘I’ll teach you to talk about me in this way ;’ but he never winced, or seemed in the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as mute as a lamb. ‘Charles,’ he said, ‘you may strike me as much as you please,—I tell you I shan’t strike back again ; fighting is a poor way of settling difficulties. I’m thinking, when you are Charles Everett, I’ll *talk* with you.’

“Oh, what an answer was that ! How it cowed me down ! So firm, and yet so mild ! I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me ; that there was power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before ; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody ever had before or since ; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

“I have been about the world a great deal since then ; and I believe,” said the gentleman, “that nearly all, if not all, the quarrels which arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighbourhoods, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer ; for the Scripture has it, ‘A soft answer turneth away wrath.’”

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### THE NAMING OF THE CREATURES.

**M**Y readers will remember the picture of Adam and Eve in innocence, given in the last number, and will be prepared to see another picture of our first father this month.

When God had finished the creation of the world, and the creatures therein, he made a man in his own image, to govern and guide the whole ; and the naming of the creatures, or his servants, as we may call them, could not have been the least interesting duty he had to perform ; though perhaps my readers wonder how he could have thought of names enough. No doubt God brought them to Adam to shew him that he was master of creation. David says (Psa. viii. 6—8), “Thou hast put all things under his feet ; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the

fish of the sea ;” and how surprising is it that beasts which are so much bigger than man should submit to him ! This should teach us to admire the goodness of God, who has provided so largely for our happiness, and made every creature subject to us.

But though God has made the beasts for our servants, we must not ill-use them. The other day, I passed a group of children who were much pleased with the thought of drowning a poor dog which they were leading. Ah ! they were misusing the power God had given them. Cruel children generally grow up to be cruel men and women. Let my young readers, when inclined to be cruel, imagine themselves in the place of the brutes, and repeat to themselves these lines :

“ Suppose some great giant amazingly strong,  
Were often to kick me and drive me along,  
Oh should I not think it exceedingly wrong ;”

Let us remember too that for all our sins God will bring us into judgment. Yet there is a way of escape from condemnation, — by trusting in Jesus. Has each of my young readers fled to him for refuge ? Oh remember that if he has not borne our sins we must bear them ourselves ; and they will prove a burden too heavy for us. But we need not despair while Jesus says,—“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

J. T. B.

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### A LITTLE KING.

(Continued from page 24.)

**I** PRESUME you know *who* this little king is, and who his father was, and a number of other things about him. You remember we said “ he began to seek the Lord,” at about the age of sixteen, and that this was followed by a course of

conduct "well-pleasing unto God," and advantageous to his people. He went on well for some time. However, the wicked people who were in his kingdom still worshipped carved and molten images, similar to those which, perhaps, some good missionary has shown you, when visiting your school on behalf of the poor heathen ; but Josiah *at once* brake down the altars of Baalim (false gods), and the images that were on high above them ; and the groves (*i. e.*, clumps of trees where they set up their "dumb idols,") he cut down. He also burnt the bones of the false priests. Thus he cleansed Jerusalem and Judah. Was not this a good thing? How it showed his abhorrence of idolatry ! But he did not stay here. He not only did away with the idols, but he began to "*repair the house of the Lord his God,*" which had been forsaken during the reigns of his impious father and grandfather, though it had been well attended when his good great-grandfather lived. But now the house of God had fallen to decay ; and this good young king thought it a disgrace that God's house should be decayed and shabby. And so it is. It is right that the house of God should be clean, attractive, and fit to worship that God who "dwells in the high and lofty place." So this king thought ; and he was determined to make the temple fit to worship in. Well, they could not do this *without money* ; and, therefore, the people began to give money to "the Levites, who kept (or stood at) the doors of the temple ;" and they soon got money enough to do all that was wanted ; and then when they got the money, they put it into the hand of workmen, even the artificers, builders, and others ; *and the men did work faithfully*, and it was soon finished. Now, as I cannot at present finish my memoirs of this good little king, I shall close this paper with a few observations, which I desire you to remember. And,

1. Remember that every young person can do something

for God, and especially if, like this young king, he has sought and found the Lord.

2. That if you are not little kings, and cannot do as he did, yet there is something you can do. Perhaps if there are no idols to destroy, there is a house of God that needs *repairing*, or a *school-room* that needs *cleaning, altering, improving or enlarging*; and as this cannot be done without money, you can collect a little for it. Thus you will be imitating this pious young king. And if you should ALL DO THIS, the masons and builders will soon do the work, and the chapel or school will be like the temple that was repaired; and like the king and his people, you will have a clean, large, and commodious chapel or schoolroom, and "*owe no man anything.*"

3. As this house of God was repaired, *not to be looked at, but to be used for the service of God*, and to be filled by the Jews and Gentiles, who might come to hear the service, so our chapels and schools are built, *not to be looked at and admired*, but for the worship of the living and true God. Always remember this. A beautiful chapel, or nice schoolroom, is of very little use, if God be not "*worshipped in spirit and in truth,*" by those who meet there. Think of this, whether you go to a beautiful or a plain chapel, that if God is not loved, feared, and worshipped, the size, shape, and appearance of the building is of little importance. We are living for eternity. O that we may all live *for Jesus* here, and then, like this youthful prince, live *with Jesus* in heaven. We shall give the remainder of his life and death in the next.

*Borough Green.*

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

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*To Correspondents.*—Daisy's acceptable contributions in our next.

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THE VOLUME FOR 1864, in Cloth, lettered, ONE SHILLING.



"My kingdom is not of this world."

# PEARLS

FROM THE  
GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1865.

No. 45.

"His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom."



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

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*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."

## THE SAVIOUR.

**H**E came,—but not on David's throne  
A royal crown to wear ;  
No earthly palace was his home,  
With gold and marble rare ;  
No ancient seed of Abraham could  
His earthly greatness share.

They looked to see a conquering king,  
To set his people free ;  
To break the warlike Roman's yoke,  
And give them liberty ;  
And when he came, they marvelled much,—  
Could this Messiah be ?

For still the people felt the yoke,  
And owned the Roman sway ;  
And unbelief refused to own,  
The blessed gospel day ;  
And knew not he had come to take  
His people's sins away.

He came,—a lowly man and poor,  
And sorrow was his lot ;  
A manger was his cradle-bed,  
His home a poor man's cot ;  
His life was hard and wearisome,  
And yet he murmured not.

He conquered, not with fire and sword ;  
He taught of love and peace ;  
He gave the poor afflicted ones,  
From many plagues release ;  
He still'd the waves, and hushed the wind,  
And bade the thunders cease.

In lowliness he came, but yet,  
Ere earth destroyed shall be,  
The Lord shall come in power and might,  
And awful majesty ;  
And all the nations of the earth  
His sovereign power shall see.

DAISY.



## DILIGENCE AND KINDNESS :

A RAGGED-SCHOOL SCENE.

**I**N the east of London, where a number of Jews reside, it is not uncommon to see little Jew boys in the ragged

schools, sitting on the same form with Gentile children, and hearing of the love of Jesus. These children not only learn together, but play together, and are frequently found doing little acts of kindness for each other.

Some time since, an act of this kind was noticed by a teacher. One of his scholars was a boy about ten years of age, whose father was in prison, and whose mother gained a scanty living by selling umbrellas in the streets. He was confined at home through illness ; and though quite unfit to go to school, he pleaded hard with his mother to be allowed to do so. She wisely forbade him, and in order to quiet him, sent a little Jew boy (his mate, as he termed him), to the master, requesting him to return a message forbidding the boy to come to school, which was accordingly done. Shortly afterwards the little Jew returned, and with downcast looks, informed the master that George would come, and nothing could prevent him. At the same moment George entered, and when asked how he dared to disobey his mother, he replied, "Oh, please sir, I'm all right when I'm up ; it's only when I'm in bed that I'm bad ; and besides, I must come to school." His illness continued ; he got worse, an abscess having formed in his thigh : yet still he was anxious to come to school ; and a few days afterwards, to the great surprise of the master—who should walk into the school but the Jew boy, with his Gentile brother on his back !

When seated side by side, it was difficult to say which looked most pleased. This act of kindness was repeated until George was able to walk without assistance.

What a lesson is taught by this little incident ! Try to imitate these two lads—the one for his diligence, the other for his kindness.

---



“TOM, DID YOU STEAL SISTER’S GRAPES?”

**N**OT many years since, a large steam-vessel, crossing the Atlantic Ocean, was caught in a fearful storm, and wrecked. All on board perished, except a few, who, clinging to portions of the wreck, were rescued by a passing vessel, and brought safely to land.

One of the survivors relates that, during the time he was thus floating on the water, lashed to a spar, now engulfed in the roaring waves, then violently cast to the surface, expecting every moment to be his last, there seemed continually ringing in his ears the inquiry, “Tom, did you steal sister’s grapes?” “Tom, did you steal sister’s grapes?”

The hurricane raged around him, the wind howling in fearful blasts, which blended with crashing peals of thunder; but, loud and clear above the tumult of the storm, again he heard a well-known voice inquire, “Tom, did you steal sister’s grapes?”

He had heard that question before, but many years had passed since then. He had grown to man’s estate, travelled over many lands, and had passed through strange adventures and vicissitudes, and amidst the change and turmoil of active life had entirely forgotten it; but now that he was upon the very verge of eternity, his senses, oblivious of every other event, unmoved by the peril of his position, were absorbed in the thrilling reminiscences awakened by this appeal. The words recalled with all the vividness of yesterday the incident that occasioned them. Whilst yet a lad, his sister was dangerously ill, and a neighbour kindly sent some grapes to cool and moisten her dry and feverish lips. These her mother put aside for use during the weary watches of the night; but the boy, though well acquainted with the purpose for which they were sent, stole and ate them. They were not missed until

required late in the evening ; and then, his mother coming to his bedside gently shook him, and, in tones of tender rebuke, asked, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?"

As he opened his eyes, the light of the candle shining on her face, he saw the tears trickling down her cheeks, and, muttering some partial confession of his fault, lay expecting further reproach, if not punishment ; but, without another word, she sorrowfully retired : and now, with nothing in the circumstances by which he was surrounded to recall it—alone—buffeted hither and thither on the waves of the Atlantic, this sin of his boyhood was rising up in judgment against him.

---

### THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

**I**N the year 1848, out in Italy where the field of Novara was fought, and there were dreadful scenes of blood, they made a conscription. Every tenth man was picked, and must go and serve, if he were called upon. And there was one who was called upon to take upon himself the position of a soldier, and go forth and fight : but he had no soldier's heart. His mother tenderly loved him : he was her darling ; and his white-haired father was broken-hearted at the thought. They offered £80 if they could get a substitute, but they could not get one. There were not many who were willing to go, and £80 would not get one. The day came, and there was the young man, his face pale, and his heart quivering ; his parents hanging about, and his sisters weeping. But at last a cousin came, and he said, "I cannot bear to see you like that ; I would rather die for you. I am an orphan, and have no one to care for me. I will go for you." "Will you?" said the old man, "then I will give you £100." "No," said he ; "do you think I would be a hireling, to sell my blood? I go because I love him." He would not take a farthing. He went to the field, and fell,

and they put up a monument for him, with the inscription that he went to the battle, and died for the love of his friend. Now that was grand, in its way ; but, oh ! how grand it was of Jesus ! We were conscripted to die. He was no orphan : he was his Father's darling,—his beloved Son,—but he came and gave himself for us. He died on the cross for us. Now, remember, when once that young man got a substitute, he was free for life ; they would never come on him again. Of course, if he did not put in his claim the next time the conscription came, they might take him ; but if he said, " You have no claim on me,—I sent a substitute. My substitute died. I am free—free for ever,"—they would admit the claim. So if we, on the last day, can put in our claim to Christ ; if we can say, " Lord, I was drawn to death, but for love of me the blessed Saviour died. I have nothing to say, but that Jesus is my Saviour,"—we shall be saved. His blood will cancel our sins.—*Rev. Samuel Coley.*

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### SIN IN THE HEART.

" The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it ? " Jer. xvii. 9.

**M**ANY people, when looking at a little child, say, " How innocent it is ! " They think that if they have never injured any one, they are very good, and are not in danger of God's anger. But the above text teaches quite a contrary lesson. Without referring to our life, it says that " our *heart* is desperately wicked." Perhaps many young persons find it difficult to believe this. Let us see if it cannot be illustrated by something with which we all are familiar. Many of you have a garden, and find, that in order to get flowers, a great deal of trouble has to be taken ; for there are other kinds

of vegetation which grow spontaneously without any care, and far more quickly than you wish. You call them weeds. These weeds grow from seeds which are in the earth. Now suppose that you had a piece of ground apparently without any weeds upon it, but in which there was the seed. That ground you know would be as bad in its nature as if it were overgrown with briars and thistles; because, if let alone, they would soon grow—the seeds are there. Just so it is with our hearts. Perhaps we do not lie, steal, or swear; but God has only to leave us alone, and we shall soon run into all kinds of sin, because we have the seed of it within. Let us then,

1. *Be thankful that God has restrained our wicked natures.* We are apt to look at others who sin openly, and to think ourselves better than they; but let us never forget that we are as bad in nature, and be thankful that God has not let sin grow so much within us.

2. Let us learn *our need of salvation.* Whatever care we may take to eradicate weeds,—still they grow. So, however much we may try to keep under our sin, still it grows. We need a greater than human power to conquer it. None but Jesus could save us from its punishment, by bearing it instead, and none but the Holy Spirit can save us from its power, by giving us a holy nature, and finally raising us at the last day without sin. (Rom. viii. 11).

3. Let us *be careful over our own hearts.* We have continually to pull up the weeds in our gardens, lest they should injure the flowers; and so we should continually seek, by God's grace, to conquer sin in our hearts. True, we cannot get the *seed* out, but God enables his people to be watchful and prayerful, and thus to keep their sins from having the victory, until he takes them to heaven where "nothing that defileth shall enter."





### WHIRLPOOLS.

**L**OOK at that noble ship!  
 Weep for her gallant crew!  
 Alas! 'tis clear she sailed too near  
 The tide the whirlpool drew.

Now she's a total wreck:  
 No human power can save,  
 Nor can a soul escape—the whole  
 Must have a watery grave.

And yet this boiling gulf  
 A moral may afford,  
 Though none can warn whom it has drawn,  
 Nor save a soul on board.

For there is danger oft  
 On land of being wrecked,  
 And whirlpools lie where least the eye  
 Of many may expect.

How easily we're drawn  
 Down *sinful pleasure's* tide,  
 At rapid speed : ah ! this indeed  
 Is like a whirlpool wide !

The plea—" 'Tis *only once,*"  
 Is common to the young :  
 Though conscience warn, they still are drawn  
 Away to what is wrong.

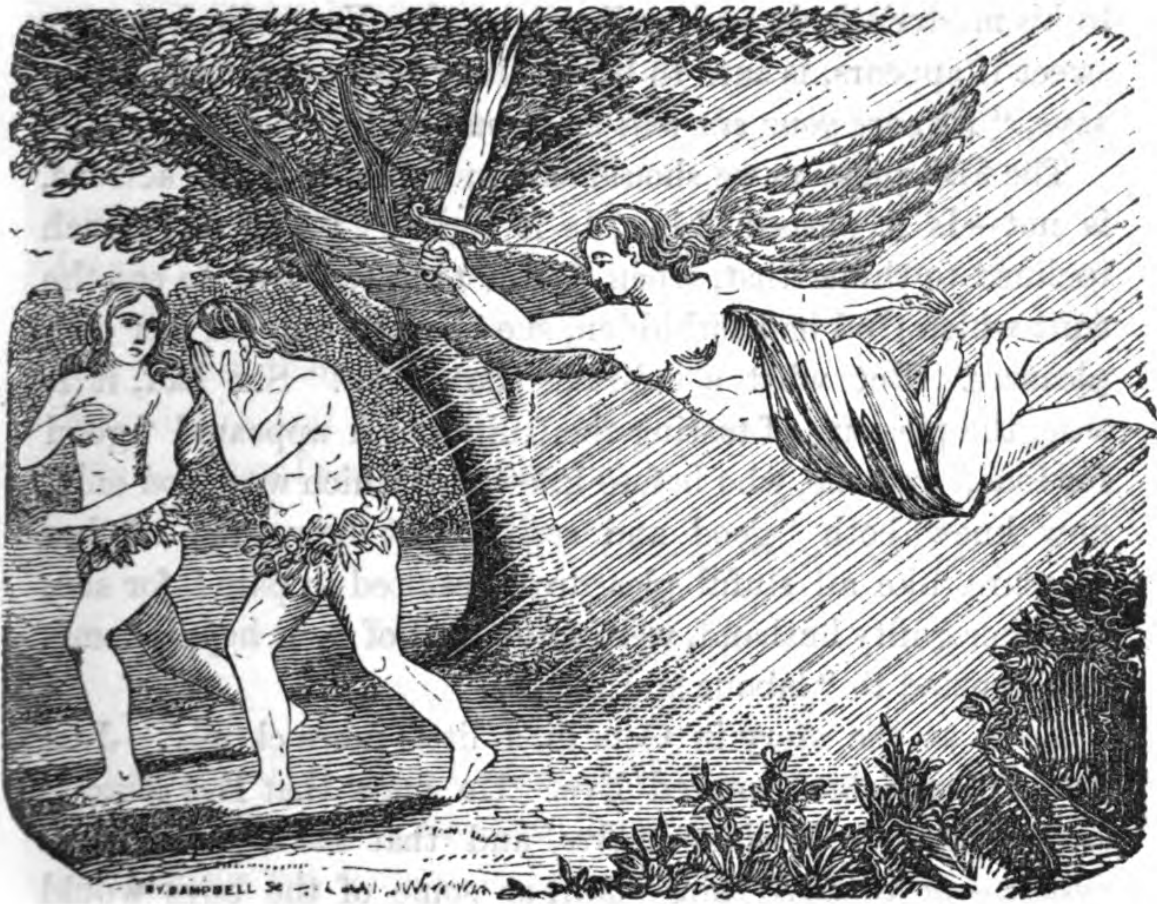
*Intemperance*, alas !  
 Is like a whirlpool too.  
 This subtle sin may draw us in ;  
*Then be abstainers true.*

And *fashion—worldly show,*  
*Extravagance and pride,*  
 As whirlpools shun ; for many a one  
 Has thus been drawn aside.

But look to God above,  
 Ask him for strength and grace,  
 To rule your will, and guard you still  
 From every dangerous place.

*Islington, May 11th, 1865.*

JOSIAH.



• AFTER THE FALL.  
No. 1.—SWEETS AND BITTERS.

**L**ITTLE folks are generally fond of sweets. But it is possible to turn our sweets into bitters. The sharpest vinegar can be made from sugar, and the greatest pain may be produced by pleasure. Yet it is not wrong to love that which is pleasant: and if it were, I am almost afraid that some of my little friends would find it very hard indeed to avoid loving it. Still every one will agree with me when I say, that it is very foolish, as well as sinful, to do that which is pleasant, when we are sure that the consequence will be hurtful. You know that a very false proverb says, "Revenge is sweet;" but all who have tried it have found it very bitter. Little Charley Smith thought disobedience sweet, when he played truant, and went playing with a set of idle boys; but he found it very bitter when, the next day, he was called up

to his master's desk, and well punished. Yes ; sin, however sweet it appears, is sure to bring bitter results ; for the Bible says, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*"

The first question we should ask, in reference to our actions, is not—Is it pleasant? but, Is it right? I am very much inclined to think that, when Satan tempted Eve to eat the fruit which God had forbidden, she thought only of her own pleasure. But what a mistake she made! She had, it is true, the pleasure of tasting the fruit, which appeared "good for food," and she, who before knew that which was good only, now knew both "good and evil." But how soon all her pleasure, like all sinful pleasures, resulted in pain! for she, with her guilty husband, were driven out of their happy home, and doomed to "labour and sorrow."

Look at the story in Gen. iii. a little more closely. Just notice *how* Satan tempted Eve. He knew that Eve *loved to know*—that *she loved to be free*, and that *she loved to have justice*,—or to have things fair, as some of the boys would say. And Eve was right in feeling thus. The mistake she made was this: she trusted in her own wisdom, instead of her Maker's. She ought to have believed that God had taught her all that she ought to know ;—that God had given her all the liberty which was for her good ;—and that all his ways were just. But she disbelieved, or forgot God's word, and believed the suggestions of Satan instead. Oh let us take care that we do not make the same mistake ; for we see by Eve's conduct, that *we may often sin by doing that which is right in itself, in a wrong way.*

Let us learn another lesson : after Adam and Eve had sinned, *they could not undo the mischief they had done.* They could not take sin out of their hearts, nor could they again enter the garden of Eden. And many a boy and girl has heartily wished they could recall a lie, or an act of disobedience ; but in vain. How watchful should we be against



sin ; for many have felt the consequences of their sins till the day of their death. But though we can never free ourselves from our sins, Jesus can take them away, and I dare say some of my young friends can think of a text which teaches us this truth. It is in 1 John i. 7 :—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Oh, then, let us go to Jesus with all our sins, for we all need his help, and ask him to blot them out ;—so shall we receive better blessings than Adam and Eve enjoyed before they fell, and at last have a better Paradise in heaven. J. T. B.

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" NO MONUMENT ! "

*(Continued from page 72.)*

**E**DWARD Tudor, Prince of Wales, the only son of King Henry the Eighth, and Jane (Seymour), his third wife and Queen, was born at Hampton Court Palace, on the 12th October, 1537. His mother died two days after his birth, leaving him thus early to the sole protection of his father : and it is but justice to the memory of so bad a king, to say, that want of paternal care was not among the catalogue of his crimes. Up to the age of six years, Edward was under the care of the ladies of the Court, most of whom were favourable to the reformed religion ; for the dark curtain of superstition which had long obscured the truth was being raised, and the pure light of the gospel was shining upon the minds of men. At the age of six, some excellent tutors were engaged to assist in the young prince's education, under whose care he not only became a sound English scholar, but excelled in the higher branches of knowledge. It is said that at the age of eight, he could speak and understand Latin and French, while the liberal arts and sciences, as far as they were then advanced, were to him a pleasing study ; his manners are described as

pleasing and gentle, and his personal appearance extremely interesting. Among the most prominent of his teachers may be mentioned Archbishop Cranmer, and doubtless the zeal which Edward showed for the advancement of the reformed faith, was in a great measure due to his influence. Cranmer is said to be the only man for whom King Henry the Eighth ever had any real regard, and the estimation in which he held him is shown by the fact that he appointed him one of the guardians of his son, during his infant years ; and when he found his own end was near, he desired that Cranmer might be sent for ; but before he could arrive, the spirit of the king had fled. This happened when Edward was only nine years of age : he was staying at the time at Hertford Castle, the seat of his maternal uncle, then Marquis of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset), who was also appointed by the late king one of the guardians of Edward. Of that nobleman, whose life and actions are so intimately associated with the destinies of the youthful monarch, we shall have occasion to refer to more particularly by and by.

On the day following his father's death, Edward, with his uncle, rode to Enfield Manor House, where his sister (afterwards Queen Elizabeth), was staying. They are said to have loved each other very sincerely, and upon the king's death being announced to them, they mingled their tears and sorrows together in sweet sympathy.

On the 31st of January, 1547, Edward was proclaimed king at the Tower. The will of the late king was read ; and the council unanimously chose the king's uncle, Edward Seymour, his protector. His coronation took place at Westminster in the following month, and his reverence for the Bible is said to have manifested itself particularly on this occasion. When the three swords were brought, as signs of his being king of three kingdoms, he said, " There is one yet wanting ;" and when the nobles asked him what that was, he answered, " The

Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit, and which is to be preferred before these swords ;” and then he commanded the Bible to be carried before him. Upon other occasions also, his love for the sacred volume was exhibited. It is said that, when engaged with some companions in amusement suitable for his age, he wished to take something down from a shelf above his reach, and one of his play-fellows offered him a large book to stand upon ; but finding it was a Bible, he refused it with anger, saying it was not fit that he should trample under his feet that which should be treasured in his head and heart. Edward, after his coronation, most assiduously applied himself to the important duties which then devolved upon him ; namely, the government of this great kingdom. He kept a journal in which he recorded the principal events of his reign (which is preserved in the library of Sir John Cotton). He largely patronized learning, and during his reign the Chantries, (which were small chapels where lazy Monks sung masses for the dead), were abolished, and the funds by which they were supported, were employed in the erection of schools and other places of learning, among which may be mentioned that of Christ Church in Newgate-street ; and though Edward has “no monument” in Westminster Abbey, there is a statue of him there ; and, better still, the boys familiarly known as blue-coat boys, who walk our streets in the quaint costume of the middle ages, are living monuments of his benevolence, wisdom and foresight. Laws were passed in his reign for the order and regulation of religious worship, which though they would not be tolerated in this enlightened age, showed an inclination to establish a purer faith ; and though it was an age of intolerance, when the best and wisest were ever ready to sacrifice those who held contrary opinions, no man suffered death for conscience’ sake in his reign. There is a sad exception in the case of poor Joan Brocher, or Joan of Kent, who was burnt for her

difference of religious opinions, but the reluctance of the young king to permit this act of cruelty is a testimony to the goodness of his heart. It is said "When the king was moved to sign the warrant for her execution, he could not be prevailed upon to do so, and exclaimed to Cranmer who urged him, "What! my lord, would you have me send her to perdition in her error?" Cranmer's influence, however, prevailed; but Edward, with tears in his eyes, told him he signed the warrant in submission to his authority, but that he should answer for it to God."

Edward's reign could not be called a peaceable one. The Protector Somerset, who had in view the marriage of the young monarch with Mary (the unfortunate Queen of Scots), had been refused the fulfilment of the promise, and for the honour of this country, went to war with Scotland. While thus engaged, his brother (who was Lord High Admiral), was promoting trouble at home. He was an ambitious and wicked man, and endeavoured to seize upon the reins of power, to take the place of the protector, and weaken him in the estimation of the king. Edward, whose nature was open and confiding, would have fallen into the snare, had not the protector suddenly returned to foil his schemes. He was brought to trial, declared traitor, and beheaded on the 20th March, 1549, fulfilling in his death, the truth of the Scripture proverb—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

HENRY B.

*To Correspondents.—Z. C. S. S. in our next*

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"Perfect love casteth out fear."

# PEARLS

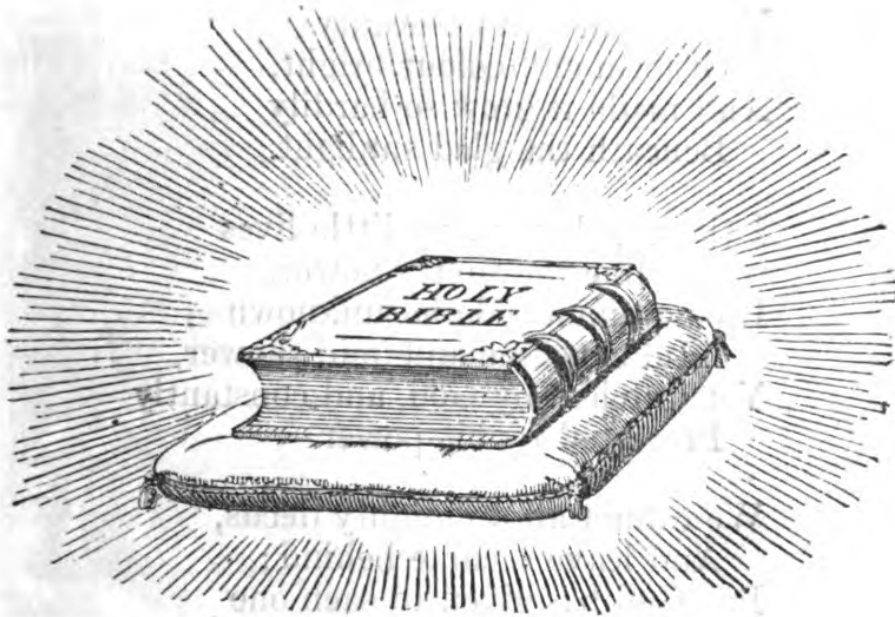
FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1865.

No. 46.



"That sacred stream thy holy word.  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

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PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"The Lord preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy."

"O love the Lord, all ye his saints; for the Lord preserveth the faithful."

"Let love be without dissimulation."

## THE LITTLE FLOWER.

**T**HERE grew a sweet blue flowret  
High on the steep rock's side;  
Above it were green meadows,  
And sloping pastures wide:  
Beneath it swept the ocean,  
With its ever-murm'ring tide.

It shed its fragrance daily,  
Though hid from every eye;  
It looked up ever gaily,  
Into the clear blue sky,  
Or bent before the gentle wind  
That softly passed it by.

I thought of God who placed it  
On that lone craggy height,  
Yet gave it still its beauty  
Of form and colour bright,  
And made it grow so hardily  
Beneath the glad sunlight.

I thought how many little lives  
Are like the pretty flower,  
Living unnoticed and unknown  
'Mid sunshine and 'mid shower,  
Yet watched by God, and constantly  
Protected by his power.

We cannot all do mighty deeds,  
And leave a name behind;  
But God has given to each one  
Some handiwork to find;  
And each one has his share of good  
To do among mankind.

May we be like the flowret,  
Contented with our lot,  
Remembering that God's favour shines  
On mansion and on cot;  
And noble deeds or loving words  
By him are ne'er forgot.

DAISY.





" AT LENGTH KATE CALLED HIM, AND HE WAS VERY GLAD OF THE EXCUSE  
TO GO AND SIT DOWN. '—See page 101.



## REST FOR THE WEARY ;

OR, GRANDFATHER HOWARD'S ADVICE.

“**W**ILL you come with us to the hayfield this afternoon?” said Frank Howard to his grandfather, with whom he and his sister Kate had just been for a stroll across the fields to a neighbouring village.

Mr. Howard was a retired tradesman, who, since the decease of his wife, had come to reside with his only daughter, Mrs. Watkins, who had married a farmer, and lived in a beautiful part of the country. Frank and Kate were the only children of Mr. Howard's eldest son, and as the Midsummer holidays came round, the children hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to the farm. They dearly loved their grandfather, and well they might; for he did all in his power, not only to please, but to instruct them also.

They had just returned from a long walk, and the old gentleman was very tired; but the children, full of life and activity, were anxious to make the most of their pleasure, and wanted their grandfather to take them out again in the afternoon.

“No, thank you,” said Mr. Howard, smilingly, as he stretched himself on the sofa; “you won't catch me out again till evening. I feel inclined to ‘rest and be thankful.’”

“Why, you would not wish to take your grandfather out again,” said Mrs. Watkins; “he shall have a nap this afternoon.”

“Well, not if he's tired, said, Kate.” “I'm sure I did not wish to knock you up,” she added; at the same time giving her grandfather a kiss.

“No, no; I know that, my dears,” said the kind old gentleman. You don't understand what it is to be old: you'll find it out quite soon enough. But I don't wish to prevent you from enjoying all the pleasure you can while you are



here. You can go and toss about the hay to your hearts' content; only don't tire yourselves too much this warm day."

"Oh, I shan't be tired," said Frank: "it's fine sport."

"I think your uncle will be going there after dinner," said Mrs. Watkins: "I dare say he'll take you."

Just at this moment Mr. Watkins came in, and Frank and Kate soon extracted a promise that he would take them to the hay-field. They were to take a fork and a rake, and were going to do a deal of work. At least so they said.

Dinner was soon over, and away they ran with Mr. Watkins to the scene of their anticipated pleasure. And a merry time they passed—pelting their uncle with the newly-mown hay, who well covered them with it, in return."

"But I mustn't spend *my* afternoon in this way," said Mr. Watkins, abruptly; "I've got my work to attend to."

"And so have we," shouted Frank and Kate: "tell us where to begin."

"Come with me, then," said their uncle;—"though I think you'll soon be tired of it. It's not such child's play as it looks."

"Oh, I shan't be tired," said Frank: "you talk like grandfather."

The children bounded after their uncle, and were soon busy at work, though they found that, to keep up with the rest of the haymakers soon made the perspiration drop off their faces. However, they kept on for a considerable time, till Kate was fairly beaten, and was glad to sit down in the shade to rest.

Frank's high spirit was long before it yielded, because he had boasted so much. But at length Kate called him, and he was very glad of the excuse to go and sit down.

Their uncle did not upbraid them, as Frank expected; and after they had well rested, they turned their steps towards the farm-house, so as to be ready for a walk in the evening with their grandfather.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

“ NO MONUMENT ! ”

*(Continued from page 96.)*

**T**HE troubles of the reign of Edward the Sixth by no means ceased with the death of the Lord High Admiral Seymour. The great power possessed by his brother the Protector, Duke of Somerset, and his mode of governing the kingdom, aroused the discontent of the nobles ; and a powerful faction, headed by the Earl of Warwick (afterwards Duke of Northumberland) sought to displace him from government.

The Protector, with all his faults, seems to have been actuated with a real desire for the public welfare. He found the fountains of justice polluted, and cleansed them ; he discovered bribery and corruption where unsullied purity should exist, and he uprooted it ; he found the poor oppressed by the rich, and he removed their burdens, and ever sought to aid the powerless against the powerful. He was beloved by the poor, and hated by the great ; and his zeal to establish the reformed religion, which lay nearest his heart, procured him many enemies, who eventually caused his overthrow. Many have called Somerset cruel, proud, and avaricious, and have asserted that his power was used by him for his own benefit, and not for that of his country. Upon an impartial view of his conduct, we arrive at an opposite conclusion. Among the various properties which fell to Somerset's share, may be mentioned the Abbey of Glastonbury. This place he devoted to the support of the poor foreign refugees, who sought protection in this country when persecuted for conscience' sake. He lent them money to trade with, and secured the abbey lands for their use ; and when, in the reign of Queen Mary the poor refugees no longer found an asylum on our once hospitable shores, but were driven away by persecution, they repaired to Frankfort, and, in their turn, repaid Somerset's kindness by affording refuge to our persecuted countrymen.

The Protector is described as a man guided by the highest principles of honour, such as were seldom found in men of his time; and though somewhat haughty to his equals, was affable and kind to his inferiors. Through his influence, united with Cranmer's, the reformed religion retained such a hold upon this country, that no after persecutions could extinguish it.

But his power could not save him from his more powerful adversaries. He was first imprisoned in the Tower, but released upon payment of a heavy fine, and afterwards restored to the Royal favour; yet he eventually suffered the fate of his brother, the Lord High Admiral, protesting his innocence to the last, and deeply lamented by the people.

Edward is accused by his enemies of being indifferent to the fate of his uncle, and of having even wished for his death; but his whole life shows too much aversion to cruelty to support such a charge. Somerset's death was compassed by the most malicious, wicked, and subtle means that were ever employed in the barbarous ages. Edward was deceived, and believed that he was only acting with kingly justice, when he assented to the Protector's death.

About this period, Cardan, the famous Italian philosopher, visited the court of Edward, and, though of a different religion, gives this flattering testimony of him:—"He was the miracle of the age; he spoke Latin as well as I did; he loved the liberal arts; his gravity became the majesty of a king, and yet he was affable, as became his age. Not only England, but all the world have reason to lament his early death." This testimony, coming from such a man, when the king was dead, and nothing was to be gained by flattery, is the highest tribute to his memory that could possibly be bestowed, far exceeding in value the honours of a monument.

In April, 1552, Edward was attacked by that terrible disease, small pox, and though he recovered from the malady, his health was afterwards much impaired, signs of consump-

tion began to exhibit themselves, and it became but too evident that he was destined for an early grave. The want of proper medical skill greatly accelerated his death. It is said he was entrusted to the care of some ignorant women, who, professing to understand his disease, only made experiments upon him, and put him to great torture without doing him any good.

Taking advantage of Edward's sufferings and weakness, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, under the mask of religion (which he knew the king was desirous of advancing, obtained from him, twenty-two days before his death, his consent to the settlement of the succession to the throne upon his son's wife, the good, but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who, with her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, was executed in the reign of Queen Mary. Edward rapidly declined from this time, and, perceiving his end near, and being desirous of doing good to the last, he endowed the hospitals of Christchurch, Bridewell, and others.

On the 6th day of July, 1553, it became evident to the king's attendants that his hours on earth were numbered; yet, amidst much weakness and bodily prostration he prayed for the welfare of the church of Christ, and the intensity of his emotion found vent in his dying prayer:—

“God, save thy chosen people of England; defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion.”

A few moments, and all that was mortal of Edward the Sixth sunk into the arms of his faithful attendant, Sir Philip Sydney: his earthly reign had ceased, and the immortal spirit took its flight to reign for ever with the King of kings.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he has “no monument;” but he enjoys more enduring honours than the sculptured marbles of the world's proudest edifice can bestow; he wears a crown which dims the lustre of his earthly diadem, and enjoys, in exchange for the perishing costume of earthly greatness, the unfading robes of immortality.

HENRY B.





### FIGHTING WITH LIONS.

**A** GREAT many years ago, there were large buildings in Rome and elsewhere, called amphitheatres, the remains of some of which are even now to be seen. The amphitheatre was built in a circular or oval form, and might be called a great gallery. The seats were arranged with a gradual ascent, so that the spectators in the back rows looked over the heads of those in the seats in front. Pipes were sometimes fixed at the back of the seats, from which perfume was spirted over the multitude to refresh them between each scene. At one end of the arena was a cage, in which wild beasts were kept, to afford sport for the people. Condemned prisoners were generally selected to fight with them. The men having been

marched into the arena, the door of the cage was opened, and the beasts, which had been kept without food for some days, were let loose upon them. Short swords were generally given to the men, but even with this means of defence, the poor fellows were usually overcome and torn in pieces. Now although you are all fond enough of shows, I do not think that any of you would be willing to go to such a sight as this; but in the days of which I am writing, these wicked and revolting exhibitions were witnessed by assemblies of many thousands.

It is this cruel custom which is referred to by the apostle in 1 Cor. xv. 32:—"If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," &c. It is possible that Paul was thus exposed to the beasts in the amphitheatre, as many of the primitive Christians were; but it is more probable that he refers to the persecutions of wicked men, who, in Scripture, are compared to beasts.

We, however, are not in much danger from either lions or wicked men; yet there is one who is ever watchful to do us mischief, and who, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Yes; he watches each of you, my young friends. When inclined to do wrong, in either thought, word, or deed, this enemy—hiding for a time his malice, that he may the more easily destroy—persuades you to it, and brings every possible inducement before you to make you transgress. "How, then, can we conquer him?" do you say? The Bible, as well as our picture, will tell you. It is by "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Those who fought with lions in the amphitheatre, though armed with a sword, were very often killed; but those who use the sword of the Spirit with prayer, always conquer. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." You cannot, I know, vanquish him without God's help; but oh, whenever tempted to sin, fight against him in the strength of the Lord. Pray for grace

to enable you to avoid sin. Answer Satan's suggestions by the word of God, as Jesus did; and as he conquered, so shall you.

J. T. B.

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TEACH US TO PRAY.

**L**ORD, as thou didst in days of old  
Lead wand'ring sinners in the way,  
And bring them to thy happy fold,  
Teach us to pray.

We know that thou art still the same  
As when thy feet this lone earth trod;  
We see, through thy dear blessed name,  
The way to God.

Touch our cold hearts with warmest love,  
Grant that in spirit we may pray,  
And hear thou now in heaven above  
The words we say.

Only through thy protecting care  
Our feeble spirits breathe and live;  
Kind Father, help us everywhere  
Our thanks to give.

Each heart thy searching eye can see,  
And all our wants and failings know;  
May we be guarded still by thee  
Where'er we go.

DAISY.

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**FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.**—It used to be said of Archbishop Cranmer, that if you would have Cranmer do you a *good* turn, you must do him some *ill* one; for, though he loved to do good to all, he watched especially to benefit those who had injured him.

## GOOD AND BAD APPLES.

ONE day, Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father. And Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room.

Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward, he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples, which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked, were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Oh, papa!" cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? yet you did not listen to me."

"My boy," said his father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? yet you do not listen to me. See in the condition of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any of his former playfellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.





### THE ALMOND TREE.

**T**HE almond tree resembles the peach tree in its leaves and blossoms; but the fruit is longer and more compressed, the outer green coat is thinner and drier when ripe, and the shell of the stone is not so rugged. This stone or nut contains a kernel, which is the only esculent part. The whole arrives at maturity in September; when the outer tough cover splits open, and discharges the nut. In this country it is grown only for the sake of its beautiful flowers, which appear early in the spring, before the leaves. Hence the poet sings,

“The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,  
That alights on misery’s brow,  
Springs out of the silvery almond flower,  
That blooms on a leafless bough.”

It seems to have derived its name in Hebrew (which signifies haste or vigilance), from its early blossoming; and we find an allusion to this property in Jer. i. 11, 12. The chiefs of the tribes had almond rods, emblematical of the vigilance which became them, as the leaders of God’s chosen people. Numb. xvii. 6—8.

Almonds were among the presents which Jacob charged his sons to take with them on their second journey to Egypt. Gen. xliii. 11. The ornaments of the golden candlesticks were made after the pattern of almonds. Exod. xxv. 33.

An allusion is made in Eccles. xii. 5 to the white or silver hair, which ere one is well aware, covers the head in old age, and which, if found in the way of righteousness, is a crown of glory. Prov. xvi. 31.—*Bib. Treasury.*

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### THE MINISTER'S TEXT.

**A** LITTLE girl, between four and five years of age, on her return from hearing a preacher, whom she much loved, said to her mother,

“Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H——’s sermon. He said, ‘Touch not the unclean thing.’”

Her mother, with a view to try if she understood the meaning of these words, replied,

“Then if Mr. H. said so, I hope you will take care not to touch things that are dirty in future.”

The little girl smiled, and answered,

“Oh, mother, I know very well what he meant.”

“What did he mean?” said her mother.

“He meant sin, to be sure,” said the child; “and it is all the same as if Mr. H—— had said, ‘You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any such things as these,’ mother.”

The answer was just. And our young readers may learn that all sin, of every kind, is uncleanness,—that it is the abominable thing that the Lord hateth, and makes those who live in the practice of it utterly unfit to dwell with God, holy angels, and good men in heaven.

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## THE JEWS.

**I**T has been truly observed, that there is no more convincing proof of the truth of the Bible than the history and present condition of the Jewish nation. A celebrated infidel is reported to have said that the only portions of the Bible he could not disbelieve, were the prophecies relating to the history of the Jews, for those prophecies had been so marvelously fulfilled. Any other nation would long ere this have been extinct, or lost in the mixture of races that have, as it were, peopled the world afresh; but the Jew remains as distinct from the people among whom he sojourns, as the children of Israel were from the Egyptians. Yet not in the same way; for then they were a people whom God had chosen to be blessed above all other nations of the earth; but now it may be said of them, as it was of the One whom they rejected, They are "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." The curse which they impiously invoked on their own heads has clung to them—the awful responsibility of the murder of the Son of God—"His blood be on us and on our children!" Ah! the ground that was stained with his blood was soon deluged with their own.

Never, in the history of war and bloodshed has a more terrible tale been told than that of the seige of Jerusalem by Titus, as related by Josephus. We are told that there were so many dead through famine and sword, that the survivors—themselves half-dead—lacked strength and energy to fling them from the wall. When we remember the polluting influence which the Jews supposed a corpse to possess, this presents a picture little less terrible than that of the horrible massacre that took place when the city was taken—when the streets were strewn with corpses, and the mourning, wretched survivors, looking back as they were led into captivity, saw their beautiful, their beloved temple in flames, and thought, in the bitterness of their heart, that it were better so than polluted by the foot of the Gentile.

Alas for Jerusalem ! Its glory hath departed, and it lives in modern history as the scene of some of the most cruel deeds ever chronicled. Saracen and Frank—Crusader and turbanned Mohammedan have each, in their turn, made its streets run with blood, and dared to call the carnage in which they revelled a *holy* war ; while its ancient people have been driven out, and scattered far and wide over the face of the earth, persecuted and oppressed, and have been for ages a mark for plunder and cruelty.

Our own country has been painfully prominent for its persecution of this afflicted people. Doubtless most of our readers will remember the fearful massacre of the Jews that took place at the coronation of Richard I., and the cruel fate of the Jews of York, many of whom put their dearest ones to death, and then fell upon their own swords, to escape the atrocities of so-called Christian men. The protections granted by the kings were, generally speaking, mere devices for extorting money, and finally, after a century of wrongs and sufferings, the Jews were expelled from England.

Happily, the spirit of hatred to these poor people has died out in our own land at least (though recent accounts from the East tell us of sad sufferings endured by them there); and we all, I am sure, can join it the prayer of a transatlantic poetess for—

“ Light for the ancient race  
 Exiled from Zion's rest;  
 Homeless they roam from place to place,  
 Benighted and oppressed:  
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,  
 Guide them to Calv'ry's breast.”

*Z. C. S. S., Deptford.*

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COPIES BY POST.—12 for 6 stamps, 25 for 12 stamps, 50 for 25 stamps, direct from the Printer. Back numbers for 1863 at half-price.

THE VOLUME FOR 1864, in Cloth, lettered, reduced to 9d.



"The pastures are clothed with flocks;

**PEARLS**  
FROM THE  
**GOLDEN STREAM.**

Vol. IV.

AUGUST, 1865.

No. 47.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"The valleys also are covered over with corn."

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,

"And for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

## THE SCHOOL OF WISDOM.

“The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.” “The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks.” “The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.” “The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings palaces.” Proverbs xxx. 25—28.

**S**O small, yet so exceeding wise,  
By faultless instinct led,  
Theirs is the wisdom of the skies,  
Pure from the fountain-head.

These miniatures of wisdom show  
Their authorship Divine ;  
But why, O God, on mites bestow  
Such forecast and design ?

For thy sake, man :—go, ponder o'er  
The lesson they supply ;  
The ant says—toil—toil on, and store  
Thy treasures in the sky.

See how the startled conies flock  
In sheltering cliffs to hide ;  
Haste thou, and seek to Christ the Rock,  
And in his love confide.

The locusts, without king or queen,  
In bands right onward move ;  
So, Christians, to your King unseen  
As true and faithful prove.

The spider still, with patient care,  
Renews her broken twine ;  
Like her the thread of life repair,  
And upward cast the line.

Go, learn from all, that grace within  
Is wisdom's highest prize ;  
And he who seeks that grace to win  
Is wisest of the wise.





### EASTERN BOOKS.

**T**HE mode of writing in the East, and the manner in which books were made are very different from what we are accustomed to.



In reading the Bible, therefore, we should remember that when the word "book" occurs, it does not mean a *printed* book with paper leaves and a pasteboard cover, nor indeed a book made in that form at all. Our picture will help you to form a correct idea of the mode of writing in the East.

You must bear in mind that printing was then unknown, and that every book had to be written singly. The material of which books were made, was various. Sometimes leaves and the bark of trees were used to write upon, but the books of the East generally consisted of a roll of parchment, twelve or fourteen inches wide, and fastened at each end to sticks like the rollers to which maps are attached. These were rolled up at the ends till they met in the middle; so that the reader had to unroll the parchment with one hand while he rolled it up with the other. The writing was usually in capital letters, and without punctuation or division of words, yet separated like the columns of a newspaper. The following illustration given by Dr. Eadie, though it may puzzle you at first, may nevertheless enable you to understand the subject better.

The passage is John i. 1—3.

|             |           |            |
|-------------|-----------|------------|
| “ INTHEBEGI | WORDWASG  | EMADEBYHI  |
| NNINGWAST   | ODTHESAME | MANDWITHO  |
| HEWORDAN    | WASINTHEB | UTHIMWASN  |
| DTHEWORD    | EGINNINGW | OTANYTHIN  |
| WASWITHG    | ITHGODALL | GMADETHA   |
| ODANDTHE    | THINGSWER | TWASMADE.” |

Sometimes, however, the writing read alternately from right to left and from left to right.

Frequent reference is made in scripture to books of this kind. Take your Bibles and turn to the following:—Jer. xxxvi. 2, 21; Ezek. ii. 9, 10; Zech. v. 1—3; Rev. vi. 14.

Rolls were sometimes sealed, by passing round them a



piece of cord, covering it with wax, and then stamping it with a signet. See Isa. xxix. 11 ; Rev. v. 1—3.

A roll similar to that we have described was no doubt used by Christ when he stood up in the synagogue to read. See Luke iv. 17.

The term “book” is sometimes used figuratively. For example ; the “book of life” referred to in the Revelation, indicates God’s perfect knowledge of his elect people, and that not one of them shall be lost. Are *our* names written *there*, dear readers ? This is a solemn question, and one of infinite importance. Do you ask, How may I know whether God loves me, and has written my name in his “book of life ?” Let the Bible—the book of books give the answer. The apostle John says, “We love him [that is God] because he first loved us.” If, then, you love God—however feebly,—you have his own assurance that he loves you ; and you may rejoice with the disciples of Christ that “your names are written in heaven.”

J. B.

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### SELF-DENIAL.

**D**R. LIVINGSTONE, in his beautiful book entitled “Travels in Africa,” gives an account (in a very modest way), of an act of kindness, performed by him and his wife, under circumstances which must excite our highest admiration.

During his journey through the great desert, he says—“From the Bayeiye we learned that a party of Englishmen who had come to the lake in search of ivory, were all laid low by fever ; so we travelled hastily down about sixty miles to render what aid was in our power. We were grieved to find as we came near, that Mr. Alfred Rider, an enterprising young artist who had come to make sketches of this country and of the lake immediately after discovery, had died of fever before

our arrival ; but by the aid of medicines and such comfort as could be made by the only English lady who ever visited the lake, the others happily recovered."

Now in this country of railways a journey of sixty miles appears but a trifling difficulty, which could be accomplished in an hour or two ; but the case is very different in the deserts of Africa, where the usual mode of travelling is by bullock carts, which under the fierce rays of the tropical sun, can only proceed ten or twelve miles a day ; thus making at least five days' journey before they could reach the objects of their generous solicitude ; and how much privation and danger they had to encounter in this journey and mission of love will never be known to anybody but themselves. Yet the noble-hearted traveller and his no less noble-hearted wife saw no danger where they so clearly saw duty.

This incident of self-denial is by no means a solitary one, during the travels of Dr. Livingstone in the land of the heathen ; and his devotion to his great Master's interests when he himself was stricken with fever, show that he was actuated by a spirit of love and zeal rarely manifested, and that something more than love of adventure or selfish curiosity prompted him to undergo the perils of the exploration of South Africa. But while his disinterested love to his fellow creatures excites our esteem, should it not also remind us of One who left his throne of glory to dwell among sinners, and as the great Physician to heal their diseases ; to become weary for them ; to hunger and thirst for them ; and as the sublimest act of self-denial, to lay down his life for them. May you, my dear children, be brought to feel an interest in his love, and eventually be made partakers of his glory.

H—Y B.

## THINK OF YOUR PRIVILEGES.

**H**AVE you ever thought how highly favoured you are to be English boys and girls? You who have always lived in free, happy England, cannot realize the hardships and privations many dear children suffer. In India, the poor people who have not heard of the one true God and his Son the Lord Jesus Christ, worship the river Ganges: they think that this great river is a god, and must have sacrifices, which it bears away upon its waters. Many little girls are taken to an island on the river and left there to be eaten by the crocodiles—the poor parents believing that their god Gunga accepts them. What a happy day will it be when the gospel is known throughout the land of India,—when the mothers, instead of leaving their poor little children to die, shall teach them to lisp the name of the Lord Jesus.

Many little children are born in slavery; they have never known what freedom is; and perhaps are sold away from their parents before they have learned to know them. How much reason have we to thank God, that in his great mercy he has placed us in a land of freedom. And let us thank God, too, that slavery is being abolished in America, and that schools for the little Negroes are being established.

Again, there are many lands where popery is the prevailing religion, and where the children are taught to pray to the Virgin Mary, and to pictures of saints, instead of listening every Sabbath, as many of you do, to the voice of kind teachers, telling of the wondrous love of Jesus Christ to his chosen people,—how he came from heaven, lived on earth, and died on the cross that they might have eternal life. May God give us all thankful hearts for his great mercies, and while we remember the poor heathen, let us highly value the privileges we enjoy.

DAISY.

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### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

**L**ET me tell you a story. There lived in Greece, more than 300 years before Christ, a great king, named Philip, who had a son named Alexander. Even when very young, the conduct of this prince proved that he intended to be a great man. *He resolved to conquer.* Now although it is not wrong to conquer, yet it was very wrong indeed to conquer as Alexander did, as you will presently see.

When quite young, he was asked by some friends whether he would contend at the Olympic games, which consisted in running, leaping, fighting, &c. The prince replied : " Yes, I



readily will, provided I may have kings to contend with me :” thus early showing his determination to be great.

The first instance he gave of his daring spirit, however, was in his management of a celebrated horse, named Bucephalus, which had been brought to his father’s court, and was so untractable, that no one would venture to mount him. Philip had at length ordered the horse to be sent away, when Alexander expressed his regret that so beautiful a creature should be given up, entreating his father’s permission to try his skill in subduing him. The young prince immediately went up to Bucephalus, took his bridle, and having observed that he was frightened at his own shadow, turned his head to the sun. He then stroked him gently, and soothed him with his voice ; then finding his fierceness abate, he sprang upon his back at a leap, slightly tightened the rein, and when the horse’s fire was cooled, again loosened it, spurred him forward, to his full speed, and having given Bucephalus a good race, he returned in triumph to his father. This was his first conquest.

Long after this, his father was assassinated, and he was raised to the throne ; and then he began to conquer men instead of horses. He soon became master of the whole of Greece, and then travelled eastward, conquering nearly all with whom he came in contact.

Before he did so, he arranged his affairs in his native Greece, and distributed various revenues among his friends. All his resources being thus exhausted, or otherwise employed, a friend asked him—“My lord, what is it you reserve for yourself ?” when Alexander replied—“Hope !”—a word which should animate each of us in all our difficulties.

After having subdued the kingdom of Persia, and the greater part of India, he travelled as far as the Indian Ocean, where it is said he wept that there were no more worlds left for him to conquer.

He then travelled homewards towards Babylon, which he

intended to make the capital of his kingdom. Here the great conqueror was himself conquered,—not by an army, but by one single vice—drunkenness. His conscience smote him for his cruelties, and he drank to drown his sorrow. One of his friends, during his last moments, asked him at what time he should pay him divine honours. Alexander replied, “When you are happy;” and shortly after expired: thus confessing that no amount of earthly gain can satisfy the mind. Ah! my young friends, “what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Learn, then, from my story these few lessons:—

*Resolve to conquer, but conquer yourselves.* Sin is within you, and needs daily to be mortified.

*Beware of temptation.*—The conqueror of the world was conquered by strong drink. Resist temptation in its first stages, for this only will preserve you from intemperance.

*Let Alexander's motto be yours*—“*Hope.*” You of yourselves cannot conquer your sinful desires; but let your trust be that of David, who said, “Hope thou in God.”

*Seek your happiness above.* Alexander confessed he was unhappy here. He knew not of a rest in heaven. Oh my young friends, give, then, good heed to the exhortation of the Saviour: “Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness.”

J. T. B.

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#### A NOVEL CUSTOMER.

“GUV’NOR,” said a jolly carter to a publican in the West Riding of Yorkshire, “you don’t care *what* liquors you sell, do you, if you get plenty of profit?”

“No, not I,” replied Boniface.

“Well, then, I’ll have a bargain with you,” continued the carter. “I’m a teetotaller, and so are my horses. I have to come past here every week, and I’ll pay you threepence for a glass of *water* instead of a pot of *beer*, and then I can let my horses freely drink out of your trough.”



THE ZEBRA.

[See next page.]

## THE ZEBRA.

**T**HE zebras of the Cape are very beautiful creatures, and are improperly called wild asses, for they are of the size of an ordinary saddle-horse, and resemble an ass in nothing but the length of their ears. The legs of this fine and well-proportioned animal are slender, and the hair on his body soft and sleek. On the ridge of his back a black streak extends from his mane to his tail, and on each side are a great many streaks of various colours, that meet under his belly in so many circles ; some are white, some yellow, and some of a chestnut-colour ; and these colours lose themselves in one another, in a very beautiful manner. His head, ears, mane, and tail, are also streaked with the same variety. He is so swift that it is said, there is not a horse in the world that can keep up with him.

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 REST FOR THE WEARY.

*(Continued from page 101.)*

“**W**ELL, Frank,” said the old gentleman, who had just awoke from his nap as the children entered the house, “you have had enough of it by this time, have’nt you? you will not want me to take you out this evening, I expect.”

“Oh, I’m not tired,” said Frank : “do take us out as you promised, if you please.”

“Not tired !” exclaimed Mr. Howard : “then you have’nt done much with your fork and rake, I think.”

“Have’nt we though !” replied Frank. “You should have seen us. We kept up with the haymakers like steam.”

“Ah ! but we’ve been sitting down in the shade for a good long while since then,” added Kate. “I soon got tired, and sat down to rest, and Frank was glad to come too at last.”



“Ah! Mr. Frank!” said his grandfather, “you did not tell me that. Your conduct does not correspond with your name, I fear. I thought you could not keep on long at that rate. You see we all need rest—young and old. Why, even God rested after he had created all things, not because he was tired, but to set us an example. Yet how loath are many to ‘Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!’ One would think that of all other commands this were the easiest; yet how many remember their business, or their pleasures, and practically forget the Sabbath. Never forget the day of rest, my dears.”

“I hope we don’t,” said Kate.

“We always go to Sunday-school and chapel twice every Sunday,” added Frank.

“That’s well,” said the old gentleman; “your father tries to bring you up in the right way; but you know that the Sabbath is a type of heavenly rest. You sometimes sing

“There is sweet rest in heaven,”

and it does my heart good to hear you; but yet a thought like this comes across my mind,—“I wonder whether they will ever enjoy the rest they sing about. Before we can enjoy rest, we must feel what it is to be weary, just as you were this afternoon when you sat under that shady tree. Jesus says, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ But until we are weary of sin, we shall never value this rest.

“You have both read the Pilgrim’s Progress. Do you remember what Christian lost at the cross?”

“His burden,” said Frank.

“Quite right,” said Mr. Howard; “you see, then if he had not felt weary with his burden, he would not have rejoiced to get rid of it. Now our sins are like that burden, and I hope you may both feel the burden of your sins, and be weary

of the service of Satan ; for, young as you are, if you are not servants of God, you are servants of Satan."

Kate listened attentively, though Frank showed signs of uneasiness, as their grandfather continued :—

"But God is willing to receive all who are tired of Satan's bondage, and Jesus Christ came 'to proclaim liberty to the captives.' How sweet it is to lean on Jesus—to rest on his bosom as the Apostle John did !"

"I hope we shall when we get to heaven," said Kate.

"I hope you will, my dear ; but we must know something about leaning on Jesus before we go to heaven : for all true Christians are led by the Holy Spirit to deplore their own sinfulness, and to trust in Christ's righteousness ; to feel their own weakness, and to look to Christ for strength ; to lament their own foolishness, and to trust in Christ's wisdom : and just as a little child looks to its parents for all it requires, so the children of God look to their heavenly Father ; and those who rest in the Lord here shall at last enjoy that rest that remaineth for the people of God in heaven.

"What should I do *now*, if I had not this rest in prospect ? What a solemn position, to be, year after year, drawing nearer to the grave, and to have no hope beyond it ! But this everlasting rest makes me happy in the prospect of death. Yet methinks if there is one thing more than another that would add to my peace, it would be to know that *you* were seeking this rest for yourselves."

Further conversation was interrupted : for just at this moment, their aunt entered the room and announced that tea was ready ; but the quiet and thoughtful demeanour of the young folks led their grandfather to hope that some good effect had been produced ; and that a similar result may follow the reading of this brief sketch, is the earnest desire of

THE WRITER.

## THE SABBATH-KEEPER.

“Them that honour me I will honour.”

**A** YOUNG Englishman in one of the colonies of Southern Africa, opened a store in a neighbourhood of great moral degradation, and where no regard was paid to the Sabbath. He resolved to carry out the principles in which he had been trained in his fatherland, of never transacting any commercial concerns on that day. Of course, this was a subject of ridicule amongst the ungodly, especially the military, many of whom were stationed in those parts.

Two young officers contrived a stratagem by which they felt sure they should soon put to flight what appeared to them to be cant and hypocrisy. On the following Sunday, they knocked at the young man's door, and after apologizing for intruding on that day, and stating that it was *quite a case of necessity*, begged he would oblige them by letting them have the articles they wanted. To his praise, the young man was firm to his purpose, and told them it was a rule which he could not depart from, that he would never enter into any business transactions on the Sabbath.

“Then,” replied they, with a haughty air, “since you cannot favour us in such a trifle, we must go to those who will. If you will do this for us now, we have a large order from our regiment for you to-morrow ; however, if you don't care for your own interest, of course it is no concern of ours, but we hoped to have been able to serve you.”

“No,” replied the young man, “I cannot.” With an air of high offence, the two officers walked away.

The next morning, who should appear at the store but the very same gentlemen, one of whom, going up to the young man, said, “Well, Mr. —, so you stood your ground. You are a brave fellow, we've brought the order we threatened to withhold from you. Do you know that was a trick we played off yesterday, just to see what stuff you were made of?”

You may imagine what the feelings of that young man were, and what they would have been had he become the dupe of their unprincipled conduct. I ought to have added that the plan appeared the more likely to succeed, from the circumstance of Mr. — being a stranger in the place, without property, and just entering into life, with a delicate young wife dependent upon him.—*From "Not a Minute to spare."*

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### EARLY PIETY.

**S**OME time since, the mother of a rosy, restless, affectionate little boy, remarkable for his filial love, was dangerously ill. The bustle awoke the dear child, who on hearing the cause, rushed into his mother's room, and, without respect to physician, or any other person, fell on his knees, and in the most simple and pathetic terms, *pleaded with God* for her recovery, adding, "Oh do not take away my mother! What shall I do if I lose my mother! Soon after, he came to her bedside, saying, "Are you better, mother?" "Yes, Freddy." Expressing great joy, he replied, "God does hear *a little boy's prayer*, don't he, mother?"

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### TO-MORROW.

**T**O-MORROW is like a juggler that deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us; and thin ice that will not bear our weight. It is a fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bubble that bursts and vanishes away; a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock on which many mariners have struck, and suffered shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.

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"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

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SEPTEMBER, 1865.

No. 48.



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*Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.*

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

"Get wisdom; and, with all thy getting, get understanding."

"Turn you at my reproof: behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you."

## GOD'S CONDESCENSION TO CHILDREN.

**G**OD is infinite and holy,  
All his wondrous works declare ;  
All that he hath made and fashioned,  
Show his love and tender care ;  
He hath ordered night and darkness,  
Made the sun to rule the day ;  
Yet this God so pure and holy,  
Listens when the children pray.

He the universe doth govern,  
His decrees are ever wise,  
And his purposes are hidden  
From the keenest mortal eyes ;  
Yet he taketh note of all things,  
Makes each little life his care ;  
Ne'er forgets his meanest creatures,  
Listens to the children's prayer.

God omnipotent hath fashioned  
Each fair flower beneath our feet ;  
He ordains the cold of winter,  
And the summer air so sweet ;  
He hath spread the starry heavens  
Made the moonbeams cold and grey ;  
Yet the mighty Lord of all things  
Listens when the children pray.

He from his high throne in heaven,  
Looks on all created things ;  
Each remotest place is governed  
By the mighty King of kings ;  
Yet his love, his tender mercy,  
Ne'er from earth is turned away ;  
And the Lord is pleased to listen,  
When the little children pray.

DAISY.



EASTERN MILLS.

[See next page.]

## EASTERN MILLS.

**W**E live in a day of wonders. Hardly anything looks as it used to. It is true the seasons change, and the trees grow as they did, but then as man has no control over either of these, he cannot alter them, or else we might expect to see the order of nature reversed. Almost everything that man has to do with has undergone very great changes. Men do not work as they did; they do a great deal more work with a great deal less labour. Steam accomplishes now what men's arms formerly had to do. Indeed, we travel by steam, and work by steam, although we have not yet quite learned to live by steam.

Almost all who inhabit cities and large towns have seen steam mills. They have watched the motion of the ponderous wheels, and perhaps admired the ingenuity of the inventor. But we are so familiar with our present improved methods of doing work, that we are very apt to forget the immense labour which the same amount of work formerly involved. Just contrast the mill in the picture with one of our great steam or wind-mills which you have seen, and you will wonder what would become of us all if we had to grind our corn every day, as they of old had, and as some in the east have to do even now. You see that men grow wiser as the world grows older: it is as though God had addressed the same command to us as he did to the Israelites,—“*Go forward.*” Yes, we should all try to go forward, and *to grow better, as well as wiser.*

These old-fashioned mills, which were used during the time the Bible was written, were made of two circular stones, one of which was placed on the other, the inner surface of each having been roughed. A small aperture was made in the upper stone, into which the corn was put, and a handle was inserted, by means of which the stone was turned round



in grinding. An iron pivot was fixed in the lower stone, and passed through a hole in the upper, upon which the mill worked. The task of grinding was generally the lot of females, and was considered a very menial employment. We can thus understand how Samson's degradation was increased by his occupation of grinding in the prison. Judg. xvi. 21. The women frequently sung when they ground, which was usually in the early morning, when they prepared sufficient flour for the day's consumption.

Most Sunday-scholars will remember that beautiful description of the human body contained in Eccles. xii. 3, where, the teeth which prepare the food for digestion, are compared to the eastern grinders, and which in old age, "cease because they are few." They will not forget either the great lesson contained in verse 1 : "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*"

In Mark ix. 42, reference is made to a punishment which was common in Syria and was at one period inflicted in Rome. A criminal was led to a rock overhanging the sea, and after a millstone had been tied round his neck, he was pushed from the precipice into "the depths of the sea." Notice the love of Christ expressed in the passage to those who love him,—even the "little ones." "Whosoever," saith the Saviour "shall offend [or turn out of the way] one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

How dearly does Jesus love those who believe in him ! and my readers, however "little," are not too young to trust in the Saviour. Youth is the best time in which to serve the Lord. Let it be theirs to think much of the Saviour's tenderness, while their teachers and friends pray that the Holy Spirit may give them faith to cast their sins upon him, and then at last they will live with him in heaven.

## SELFISHNESS.

**H**ISTORY informs us that William the Conqueror was a very selfish man. Not content with possessing 68 large forests, besides parks and chases of large number and extent, he seized upon a tract of land in Hampshire, containing about ninety square miles, turned its fertile meadows into a wilderness, burnt and destroyed churches and cottages, and depopulated whole villages, simply to gratify his own pleasures, by enlarging his hunting grounds. But a singular retribution followed this selfish act ; for it is said that three princes of the blood lost their lives in this new forest. the first being his son and immediate successor to the throne,— William Rufus. He also was as revengeful as he was selfish, and seldom pardoned an enemy. While he was lying sick at Rouen, a foolish jest of Philip, King of France, put him into a frenzy of passion, and making use of an impious exclamation, he resolved to avenge the insult, and as soon as he was able to mount his horse, with a numerous army, he invaded Philip's territory.

It was just before the harvest, the waving corn stood in abundance, the grapes hanging in rich and plenteous clusters, the golden fruits were ripening on the boughs, and all bounteous nature was ready to pour her munificence into the arms of the husbandman ; but the revengeful monarch heeded not, his cruel soldiers burnt what they could not carry away, and a scene of ruin and devastation followed, amidst which William rode shouting vengeance. But his exultation was of short duration, his vindictiveness was avenged by a higher power ; for a retribution, the result of his own cruelty, awaited him. As he was riding through the smouldering embers, a stump of burning timber, which lay concealed by ashes, caused his horse to stumble, and he received so serious an injury that he was obliged to be borne back on a litter to

Rouen, where he lingered six weeks in great agony, and instead of his closing hours being blessed with the presence of kind and sympathising friends, he was surrounded by a herd of courtiers as cruel and selfish as himself, and at his dying bed his two sons, William and Henry quarrelled about their patrimony, having inherited even before his death their father's vices. Uncared for, and almost alone, the once mighty and powerful monarch departed this life. His body divested of every attribute of royalty, lay a poor neglected senseless heap of clay, with scarcely a covering; the room in which he died was plundered of everything valuable, while his son Henry, (afterwards king), was securing what treasure remained in an adjoining apartment.

“How is the mighty fallen!” The conqueror who a few weeks before, was followed by a retinue of one hundred thousand knights is left to the mercy of one poor knight of low degree who gave his body burial. The vanity of earthly greatness was surely never more exemplified, and selfishness and cruelty never received a more fitting reward.

HY. B —.

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### MIND YOUR STOPS.

**S**TOPS are used not merely to enable the reader to take breath, but that he may understand the meaning of what he reads. The omission even of a comma, will sometimes entirely alter the sense. Take the following example: Luke xxiii. 32: “And there were also two other, malefactors, led with him to be put to death.” If the comma after the word *other* be omitted (and it is in some Bibles), it is then implied that the Saviour was a *malefactor*! How careful should we be to mind our stops!

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### THE DYING SCEPTIC.

**T**HE following striking incident is taken from the Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Fletcher:—One morning he received a letter from one of the members of his church stating that a neighbour of his, an intelligent man, professedly a sceptic, was apparently very near his end ; and though he refused to see any other Christian visitor, was willing—he could not say wishful—to see Dr. Fletcher, whom he had seen, and once heard, and whom he thought a sincere man. Dr. F. went, as requested, in the after part of the day, before the prayer meeting at Stepney, and was so much overcome by the interview as to be almost unfitted for that service. On entering the chamber of this apparently dying sceptic, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once the most painful and incurable. Dr. F. commenced by



some kind inquiries respecting his disease ; after suggesting some little things calculated to soothe his pain, and, in his own peculiar way, expressing his sympathy, he alluded to the sufferings of Christ, who died for us, and gave himself a ransom for sinners ; who, equal with the Father, and one with him, “humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,” that, through his blood, we might have peace with God. Hearing this, the dying man said, “Sir, I do not believe that ; I wish I could, as my dear wife does there ; she believes all you say.” “Well,” said Dr. F., “but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere. Now what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ ?” “Why,” said he, very inarticulately, “I believed that such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man ; but that is all.” It was a principle with Dr. F., when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledge the smallest portion of truth, to make it a position from which to argue with them. This mode he adopted in the present case, and said, “You believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others ? or a sincere man use language which must mislead ?” “Certainly not,” said he. “Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, ‘I and my Father are one ?’ When they took up stones to kill him, because he had made himself equal with the Father, he did not undeceive them, but used language confirmatory of his Godhead ; and he further said, ‘My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : and I give unto them eternal life.’ Now could any mere man say, ‘I give unto them eternal life ?’ Could any angel, even, however exalted ?” “Stop !” cried the dying man, with an excited voice ; “stop, sir ! I never saw this before ; a new light breaks in upon me. Stop, sir !” Holding up his emaciated

hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a countenance lighted up with a sort of preternatural expression, quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed upon Dr. F., after a short but solemn pause, he exclaimed, the big tears rolling down his almost transparent face, "Sir, you are a messenger of mercy, sent by God himself to save my poor soul. Yes! Christ is God, and he died to save sinners! yes, even me!" His feelings were so excited as to be almost too much for his wasted body; and Dr. F. was so powerfully affected as to be only able to conclude this most remarkable interview by prayer and a promise to renew his visit next day; referring him, before he left, to some suitable portions of Scripture, on which to rest his faith and his hope. The next day he found him propped up in bed, literally a "new man," with all the eagerness of a hungry man seeking to be fed with the "bread of life," and yet, with all the simplicity of a child, trusting in the promises of God, which are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." He candidly confessed that, though he had rejected the gospel as unworthy of credit, he had never before read it, which Dr. F. had generally found to be the case with infidel objectors. The mind of the dying man seized upon each successive truth as it was unfolded to his enraptured view, with an avidity indescribable. He almost forgot the previously insupportable sufferings of his body in the overwhelming experience he enjoyed of the love of Christ in his soul, and in proportion as his bodily frame decayed his faith triumphed. He had one little girl, his eldest child, capable of reading. He gave her a copy of the New Testament, with all the passages marked by his own hand which had been especially useful to him in the way of instruction or consolation; and he desired her, as the last request of her dying father, to read it daily, never to part with it, but to make its

blessed contents her guide through life, that they might prove her comfort in death. After this he desired that all his infidel books might be committed to the flames before his eyes, that the poison might be destroyed and the plague stayed. He lived just one fortnight after Dr. F.'s first interview, and every succeeding one was confirmatory of his hopes.

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THE COTTAGE WINDOW PLANT.

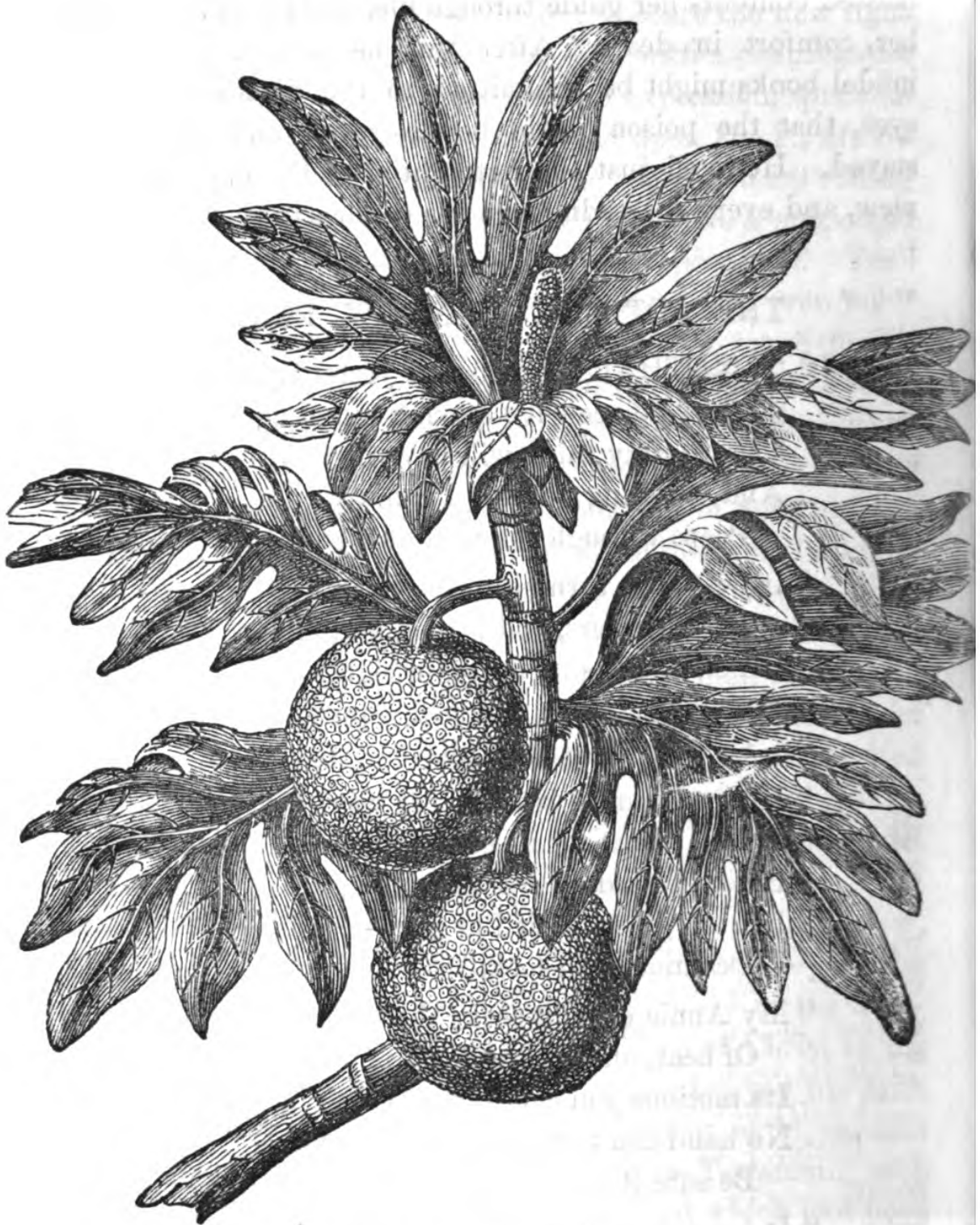
“MOTHER! I turned it yesterday,
 And see—it's moving round again:
 The naughty thing will have its way,
 And, minding nothing I can say,
 Peeps through the window-pane.

“It will keep turning to the light,
 Buds, flowers, and leaves, and all:
 I'm sure it has no sense, or sight,
 Yet seems as if it reasoned—quite,
 Or heard its sister call.

“I want to make it bend this way,
 And watch me at my book,
 But, if I read, or work, or play,
 If I am grave, or if I'm gay—
 I cannot get a look.”

“My Annie dear, it seeks the source
 Of heat, and life, and light;
 Its motions you can never force,
 No hand can turn it from its course—
 Be sure it moves aright.

“It has a word for thee, my love,
 Though mute, a voice divine;
 It bids thee turn to One above
 In whom we live, and breathe, and move,
 Thy mother's God—and thine.”



THE BREAD-FRUIT.

THIS fruit not only serves as a substitute for bread among the inhabitants of Tahiti and the neighbouring

islands, but also, variously dressed, composes the principal part of their food. The fruit is about the size and shape of a small melon. The eatable part lies between the skin and the core ; it is as white as snow, and somewhat of the consistence of new bread. It must be roasted before it is eaten, being first divided into three or four parts. This fruit is also cooked in a kind of oven, which renders it soft, and somewhat like a boiled potato. Of the bread-fruit they also make three dishes, by putting either water or the milk of a cocoa-nut to it, then beating it to a paste with a stone pestle, and afterwards mixing it with ripe plantains, bananas, or the sour paste, which they call *mahie*.

To procure this principal article of their food (the bread-fruit) costs these happy people no trouble or labour, except that of climbing up a tree.

THE CHILD IN COURT.

By Mrs. S. H. Hammond.

I WITNESSED a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of the truth. A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honour," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child

stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to his heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered,—

"No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every morning and evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall not go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted

me to be a witness, and, last night, she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth, as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, with a tear glistening in his eye, and his lips quivering with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was irresistible. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.—*Christian Treasury*.

SEEK FORGIVENESS.

A LITTLE girl about three years of age was very tender-hearted and affectionate. If she had done anything wrong, she could not be satisfied until both her father and mother had kissed her. If her father were not present at the time when she had been naughty, she would remember the circumstance till he came home, and could not be happy until he had kissed her and assured her of his forgiveness. This little girl has even gone up three flights of stairs when her father has been at the top of the house, for no other purpose than to tell him that she had been naughty, and to ask him to kiss her.

What an example is this for those who feel that they have offended their heavenly Father—to go at once and seek his forgiveness! If we have ever been kissed with the kisses of his love, we can never be satisfied when he appears to frown.

 HONESTY AND DISHONESTY.

A GENTLEMAN, one day conversing with a watchmaker upon the dishonest practices of persons in his way of business, was thus addressed by him:—"Sir, I served my apprenticeship with a man who did not fear God, and who consequently was not very scrupulous in the amounts charged to his customers. He used frequently to call me a fool, and tell me I should die in a workhouse, when, in his absence, I used to make such charges as appeared to me fair and honest. In course of time I set up in business for myself, and have been so successful as never to have wanted a shilling; whilst my master, who used to reproach me for my honesty, became so reduced in circumstances as to apply to me for a couple of guineas, and did himself at length die in a workhouse."

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"Be ye clothed with humility."

PEARLS

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1865.

No. 49.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."



"God resisteth the proud, but he giveth his grace unto the humble."

"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

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PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.

"Better is the poor in spirit than the proud in spirit."

THE TWO BLIND MEN.

AS travelling from Jericho, the Saviour passed along,
Two poor blind beggars raised their voice above the
noisy throng,
And cried, "Have mercy on us, thou Son of David hear,
And answer, we beseech thee, thy servant's earnest prayer."

The multitude rebuked them, and bade them hold their peace,
Yet all the more the poor men cried, their prayers they would
not cease ;
"O Lord, have mercy on us, thou Son of David hear,"
And lo ! as they were speaking the Saviour draweth near.

And Jesus called and said to them, "What will ye that I do?"
And they with greater earnestness their humble suit renew ;
"O Lord," they answered, "that our eyes which ne'er have
seen the light,
May gaze upon thy radiant face, and view thy glories bright."

So Jesus with compassion moved, but touched their eyes, and
lo !
They living monuments were made, his wondrous power to
show ;
For they received the gift of sight, that gift of passing worth ;
But, more than all, obtained the grace to follow him on earth.

* * * * *

O Lord ! on *us* have mercy, *our* eyes are blind through sin,
Shine, Sun of Righteousness, impart thy saving light within ;
That we may gaze upon thee, and follow all the way,
That leads to life eternal, and never-ending day.

Z. C. S. S., Deptford.

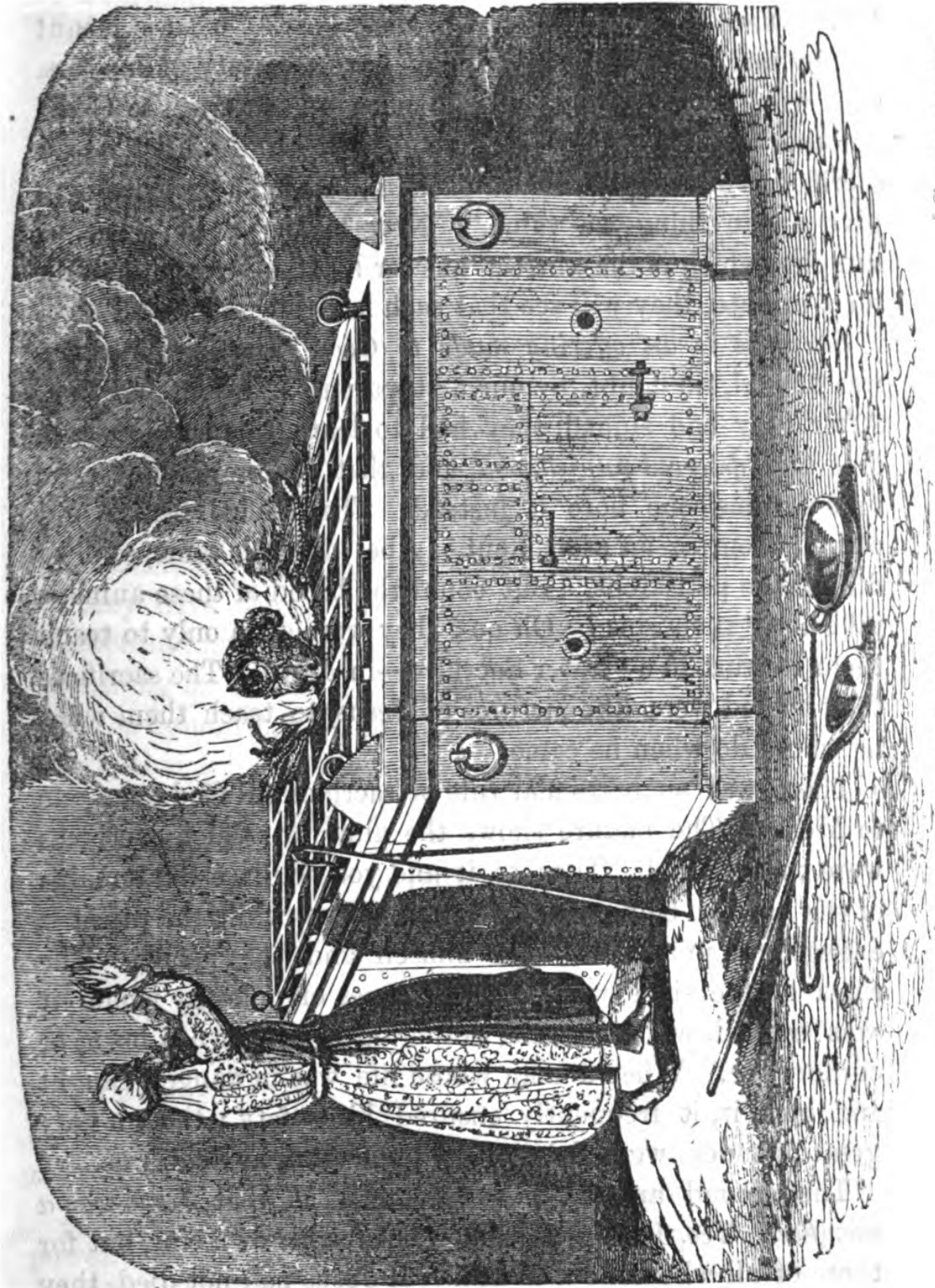
T. G. C. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Old Scholar in our next.

A Few Words to Sabbath-scholars, while they contain excellent advice,
are too tame to command much attention.

Violet's contribution is deficient in point, though the style is in some
respects pleasing.



[See next page.]

SACRIFICE.

SACRIFICE.

IF I were to ask the readers of the "Pearls" what is meant by sacrifice, I dare say I should have a variety of answers. One would say, "Oh, sacrifice means an offering to God." Another perhaps would say that the death of Christ was a sacrifice, while a third would exclaim, "Why, a sacrifice is to give up anything we value." Now taking these three as samples, which is the correct answer? If my readers think for a minute, they will see that each is right.

Sacrifice is an offering made to God. The first sacrifice was offered, no doubt, by our first parents,—Adam and Eve. After they had sinned, they had to learn this sad lesson—*that they deserved punishment*, and that there was no escape unless some one bore it instead. They killed beasts and offered them as an atonement. Abel did the same, and so did all the patriarchs. But could the blood of these animals take away their sins? Oh no; they were slain only to teach them to trust in a greater Sacrifice—in Jesus. The sacrifices they offered were like pictures of Jesus, to teach them what he would do when he came.

There was no particular rule of sacrifice till God gave one to Moses. The picture shows the altar on which sacrifices were then offered. Turn to it and you will see the remains of the animal being consumed in the fire, while the priest is engaged in prayer for both himself and the people. The rings on the sides were for the staves or poles by which it was carried, while at each corner also is shown a horn, or cornerpiece. When a man whose life was in danger, caught and held it, it frequently ensured his safety; though very great offenders were slain, even at the altar, as Joab was.

The second answer, however, tells us that *Jesus was a sacrifice*. Yes, Jesus was slain,—not for his own sins, but for those of all who believe in him. If Jesus had not died, they must have been doomed to hell for ever; but Jesus loved them

so well, that he gave himself a sacrifice for them ; and as he bore the punishment for all their sins, there can be none for them to bear. Ah, my young friends, never forget that *sin must be punished*, and if Jesus has not been punished in your stead, you yourself must be punished for ever and ever ; and do not rest contentedly until you have besought him to be your Saviour, and have a good hope that “he loved you and gave himself for you.”

Sacrifice, too, is *the giving up of anything we value*. How often do we see placards announcing that goods are to be sold at “an enormous sacrifice,” that is, that they are to be sold for very much less than their value, which, if we do not believe it, will at least give us an idea of what sacrifice is. Ought those who love Jesus, then, to make a sacrifice to God ? Oh yes—Christians love to do so. Their time, their money, and all they have should be used as though it belonged to their Master and not to themselves. Even a little child can do something for Jesus. A kind word to invite a playfellow to come to Sunday-school, or a half-penny given to the missionary or school sick box,—nay, even a cup of cold water given for Jesus’ sake, is not forgotten by him. J. T. B.

THE MICROSCOPE.

HAVE any of our young friends ever seen a microscope ? if not, we will tell them what it is. It is an instrument of large magnifying power, by which the smallest objects are rendered beautifully clear and distinct, and which also reveals to us wonders unobservable by the naked eye. As the telescope enables us to view the far distant starry world, so the microscope shows us the smaller wonders of creative power.

Let us suppose we have before us one of large magnifying power. We take a sprinkle of mouldy-looking dust that exhibits no more signs of animation than the table on which it rests, and place it upon the object glass ; we look through

the top of the instrument, and find hundreds of living creatures, crab-like in form, running and wheeling about in all directions, and seemingly as busy as a hive of bees : yet this little colony of animalculæ is only a few grains of decayed cheese. Let us get a thimble-full of water from a road-side pond or ditch (though we do not want one hundredth part for our purpose), dip the head of a pin into it and, having cleaned our object glass, let the tiny drop rest upon it. We can only perceive a little discoloured speck of liquid. Again we look through the top, and the little drop is magnified into a pond full of living beings of curious forms and structure, some like small worms, others with prickly looking hairs protuding from their sides, which gives them the appearance of small animated hair brushes, moving about with astonishing rapidity, and enjoying themselves in this their little world, to the utmost of their power.

We next place a few grains of fine sand, and look again : though we perceive no signs of life, we find (if it be sea sand especially), beautiful shells, some of pearly whiteness and transparency, and exquisite in shape, equalling in beauty those we use for ornamental purposes ; and these tiny shells were once inhabited by living beings.

A writer once asked, "Where is the dust that has not been alive ?" And it was a sensible question too. There is not a crumbling, time-worn rock but whose dust exhibits evidence of its living origin. The very stones upon which we walk are composed of the organic remains of once living beings, or *fossil infusoria* as they are scientifically called, some so minute that you might place millions of them upon a sixpence : yet these tiny creatures have all been as dependent on God for their existence and support as the mightiest orbs of heaven.

But we will place objects with which we are more familiar under the microscope, and we shall find them possessing

wondrous interest. Take for instance a human hair ; why, it appears larger than a quill, and semi-transparent ! yes, it is hollow, and contains an oily substance or marrow, without which it would droop, like a withered plant. The down or powder from the wings of a moth or butterfly, presents a wondrously beautiful appearance : that which seems to the unaided vision but grains of fine silky dust, seen through the microscope become beautiful feathers, some as perfect in form as those on the wings of a bird.

There are thousands of objects in nature equally as beautiful as those we have noticed, all showing the wisdom and perfections of their great Designer. But while the microscope shows that the works of God are as beautiful as they are perfect, it shows us that the works of man are full of faults and imperfections. If we take the smallest and most finely-polished needle, and place it under the microscope, we have only a rough and blunt bar of steel, full of inequalities. The finest piece of lace becomes as coarse as a fishing-net,—a French cambric handkerchief like a piece of rough canvass, and the most delicate human productions exhibit defects never seen in the works of the Creator.

Thus the microscope shows us that God is great, even in littleness, and that the glory of his majesty may be discovered as much in a tiny drop of water as in the splendour of the noon-day sun ; and I hope that my young friends may be led to look from the works of the Creator to the Creator himself, because I believe with the poet, that

“ Every science, power, or art,
Which tends to foster in the heart
Knowledge of nature’s laws,—
Must, sanctified by grace divine,
Precept on precept, line on line,
Exalt the great First Cause.”

H—Y B.



EASTERN EARRINGS.

THE females of the East wore a great variety of ornaments, (see Isa. iii. 18—23), among which the earring occupied a prominent place. Some of these were immensely large, and of great weight. They are thus described by Layard: "Hanging from each ear, and reaching to her waist was an enormous earring of gold, terminating in a tablet of the same material, carved and ornamented with four turquoises."—*Nineveh*, i. 101.

Bruce also thus describes the wife of the King of Nubia:—"Her ears reached down to her shoulders, and had the appearance of wings. She had in each of them a large ring of gold somewhat smaller than a man's little finger, and about five inches in diameter. The weight of these had drawn down the hole where her ear was pierced so that three fingers might easily pass above the ring."

Those represented in the engraving are of more ordinary dimensions.

Earrings are frequently referred to in the Scriptures, nor were they worn by females only. See Exod. xxxii. 2 ; Job xlii. 11. The Midianites extensively used them : see Judges viii. 24.

In addition to these, the *nose-ring* is still more common, which is probably referred to in many passages where the word is translated *earring*. Harmer in his "*Observations*" says, "In almost all the East, the women wear rings in their noses in the left nostril, which is bored low down in the middle. These rings are of gold, and have commonly two pearls and one ruby between, placed in the ring."

In our own country, earrings which had (very wisely as we thought,) become almost discarded, are now so extensively worn that it would probably have but little effect upon our fair young readers were we to say anything against having their ears pierced ; but King Solomon says "As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprove upon an obedient ear." Let your ears be "obedient" then, and we trust our reproof shall not only be "wise," but kind and brief.

There can be no doubt but too much is thought of ornament in the present day. Alas ! how many foolishly try to imitate their superiors in rank and station ! Some years since we heard a junior clerk boast that he had a better gold chain than the manager of the establishment in which he was employed. And how many young women, in their love of finery, wear the veriest tinsel and the merest trash ! We fear that good Dr. Watts' hymn against pride of dress is somewhat out of date, and that the

" Inward adornings of the mind "

are not sufficiently valued. Let our readers examine their hearts, and see if they possess that beautiful robe referred to in Isa. lxi. 10, and that invaluable ornament the apostle

speaks of in 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. In proportion as these are esteemed, love of display will diminish, and the following lines will suitably express their feelings:—

Let Eastern kings and princes boast,
 Their glittering gems and jewels rare;
 They are but costly toys at most,
 Such as I covet not to wear.

Nay, let that ornament be mine,
 Which God esteems of highest worth,
 Whose peerless excellencies shine
 Superior to the crowns of earth.

That ornament the Saviour wore—
 A spirit meek and free from pride:
 Lord grant me this, for this is more
 To me than all the world beside.

JOSIAH.

MARYETTA'S DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND HOW SHE BORE THEM.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Maryetta Hubbard stood at the window of her comfortable nursery, looking as black and miserable as any little child could look. Why she looked so angry and unhappy would have been difficult for any one to guess, for around her was every comfort a little girl could wish. There was a bright fire burning cheerfully in the grate; the fresh log of wood that had just been laid on was cracking with a pleasant, merry sound, as though it were begging Maryetta to come and see the pretty stars it was sending up the chimney, and to feel its warmth. The kettle stood upon the hob, apparently quite contented to stand in that warm corner; and Fritz the dog, with Minnie the cat, lay outstretched upon the hearth-rug, and looking up at Maryetta,

as much as to tell her that they were not forgetting all the comforts they were enjoying, if *she* was. A good breakfast was prepared upon the table—such a breakfast as many a little boy and girl would have been only too happy to have had prepared for them every morning.

If those poor little boys and girls who were passing the window at that time, had been invited to warm themselves by that comfortable fire, and sit down at that nice clean table to have their breakfast off bread and milk, and white bread and butter, and some smoking-hot tea, I do not think they would have chosen rather to stand by the window, looking cross at the fast falling rain which was coming down from the sky in a straight torrent, and splashing drearily upon the window.

But this morning Maryetta did not care about the fire, or the cat, or the dog, or her nice breakfast. All she thought about was that it was raining, and she wanted it to be fine, and she was very miserable. She leaned against the window-frame, and pressed her cheek against the cold glass, and wished with all her heart it would stop raining. But the rain cared but little for poor Maryetta's wishes; it only looked as if it came down faster than ever.

At this moment her nurse came into the room with her two little sisters: she had baby in her arms. Rose and Amy ran into the room, and called Maryetta to come and play with them by the fire. And the rosy-cheeked apple of a baby looked as fat and merry as if there were no such thing as unhappiness in the world! Everybody except Maryetta seemed happy and comfortable,—she alone looked miserable.

“What's the matter, Miss Maryetta?” asked her eldest sister, good-naturedly, as she came up to her, “you look very miserable.” “And so I *am* miserable,” replied Maryetta, crossly. “I am sure, Susie, you need not ask me what's the matter, when you can see the rain as well as I do, and when

you know how much I wanted to go with papa and mamma to see dear aunt Jane, and little cousin Willie to-day."

"Oh! is that what you look so cross about?" said Susie; "well, I should not think you would like dear mamma to go to Southampton such a day as this, unless you want to see her ill again for months. For my part, I hope she will not think of it; and I advise you, dear Maryetta, to come away from that window. Here is papa coming, and I wonder what he'll say to find you standing there, grumbling about what can't be helped."

The nurse at this moment called Rose and Amy to come and have their breakfast. Maryetta was very fond of her sister Susie—she thought her very kind; but this morning she did not love her one bit. She took her advice, however; for she, too, heard her papa coming, and knew what he would say if he found her, as Susie said, grumbling at the window; so she went into the dining-room and stood by the fire, and when her papa came in, said, "Good morning, dear papa," as usual; but she said it in such a very miserable voice that it made her papa laugh. "Good morning, Maryetta," he replied. "I'm afraid, though, you don't think it is a *good* morning, do you?"

"No, dear papa, I don't," said Maryetta, gloomily; "do you?" Her papa laughed again. "Well, Maryetta, it certainly is not a good morning for you, because you wanted to go to Southampton, to see your aunt and little Willie, and I'm afraid there won't be any getting there to-day. But I suppose if it isn't a good morning for us, it is for somebody else. Mr. Waterford told me yesterday he feared his garden would be spoiled for want of this same rain. I dare say *he* thinks it a very good morning. Your little brother was complaining yesterday that he could not sail his little ship because the brook was dry. I dare say he too will think it a very good morning."

Mr. Hubbard spoke very cheerfully, but Maryetta could not catch the brightness of her papa's temper from him. She still looked so very cross and gloomy that her papa did not laugh any more, but he looked grave too, and he said in quite a different voice, "Maryetta, my darling, I am afraid you cannot bear disappointment. You had set your heart upon going to see your aunt and little cousin, and because you think you won't be able to go, you mean to make yourself and everybody else uncomfortable by fretting about it, instead of making up your mind to meet the disappointment bravely. This is not the way to be happy, my dear little girl. And what is still more, it is not the way to be good, or to please God, who sends us our pains as well as our pleasures, and teaches that, while we enjoy the pleasures thankfully, we should bear the disappointments patiently. Your sister Susie and your mamma wish very much to go to Southampton to-day; I am sure they are very much disappointed at its proving such a wet morning: but I don't think when they come down to breakfast we shall see them looking cross, as you do."

And as if to prove the truth of her papa's words, they both entered the dining-room together, at that moment, looking as happy and quiet as though the sun had been shining brightly all the morning, and the carriage standing at the door only waiting for them to get in. The bell was rung for prayers, during which Maryetta's thoughts were so full of the weather and her little cousin, that if she had been afterwards asked what chapter her papa had been reading she could not have told. And then they all sat down to breakfast.

"A disappointing morning, is it not?" said Mrs. Hubbard; "do you think there is any probability of our being able to go?" "I fear not, dear," replied Mr. Hubbard; "I am very sorry on your account, for I know how anxious you must be to see your sister: but after your severe illness, it would be very imprudent to venture out in such damp weather. Is

there no likelihood, do you think, of your sister remaining more than one day at Southampton?"

"I am afraid not," she replied, taking out a letter and referring to it. "You see, she says they are anxious not to lose a day longer than necessary on the journey, on account of getting to the sea-side as soon as possible. They leave town this morning, remain one day at my mother's, and go the first thing to-morrow morning to Torquay.—But it can't be helped," she added, cheerfully, "and so I must not allow myself to think any more about it. Perhaps I may see her on her return to town; and if not, I must even bear the disappointment patiently. We must make up our minds not to be able to do everything we wish. Jane cannot stop on her journey as I know she would like to do, because the doctor says every day by the sea is precious to her dear little Willie. I cannot go to meet her because the doctor says I must not venture out in bad weather. There is nothing to be done but for each of us to be cheerful and patient. Don't you think so, little May?" she asked, turning to her little girl. Maryetta said "Yes," but the words did not seem to come from her freely. She said "Yes," but she looked "No."

(To be continued).

YREFDOG.

LADY JANE GREY.

MANY of you, no doubt, have heard of the Tower of London,—once a palace, then a prison;—where so many great and good men have been imprisoned. In one part of the building is a small room where the brave Sir Walter Raleigh lived a prisoner so many years. In the reign of king James he was accused of conspiracy, and committed to the tower. One of the most interesting rooms is that in which the state prisoners were confined; round whose walls on every side are marks and names written by the

prisoners, some of them many hundred years ago. The name of Lady Jane Grey is written in several places and we were told that although she herself was never there, her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley was, and that it was probably written by him.

Perhaps in the whole range of our country's history, there has been no one more unfortunate than the Lady Jane Grey. She was queen for the brief space of ten days, and then for no real crime was doomed to death on the scaffold.

When Edward the VI. died in 1553, it was found that he had left his throne to Lady Jane Grey. The Duke of Northumberland hastened to lay the crown at her feet. The young queen most unwillingly received it, urging that, while Edward's sister Mary lived, she had no right to be a queen, and entreated them not to force it upon her. For ten days she remained Queen of England, and then Queen Mary was proclaimed. The Lady Jane was very glad and willing to resign her crown and go back again to her old quiet life ; but Mary, fearing that the people would again try to make her queen, sent an order to arrest both Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, both of whom were shortly afterwards condemned to death. Lady Jane submitted calmly to her fate, and sent a message to her husband, saying that they should meet again in heaven. They both were beheaded on the same day. In the British Museum is still preserved a small prayer-book which Lady Jane Grey frequently studied during the last few days of her life, and which she took with her to the scaffold. Poor queen ! hers is indeed a sad story : but if she exchanged the earthly crown for an incorruptible one which fadeth not away, then far happier was she than many who have reigned brilliantly and prosperously on England's throne : for we know that with God earthly greatness availeth nothing ; and before we can obtain the glories of the better kingdom, we must, by God's Spirit, become meek and lowly in heart, even as little children.

DAISY.



QUAILS.

- T**HESE birds, which are somewhat like our partridges, still abound in the deserts of Arabia, and are sold by thousands in the market at Jerusalem. They were miraculously supplied to the Israelites on two occasions. (See Exod. xvi. 13, and Numb. xi. 31). At a certain season of the year they are found in immense flocks on the coasts of the Mediterranean and Red Seas ; hence, the “stormy wind fulfilling God’s word” carried the quails to the Israelitish camp in sufficient numbers to supply perhaps a million of persons for more than a month ! How miraculous ! Truly “the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.”

But notice the judgment which befel the murmuring Israelites (Numb. xi. 33) ; and mark the exhortation given by the Apostle (1 Cor. x. 10) : “Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer.”

“Honour thy father and thy mother.”

PEARLS

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

No. 50.



“That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls.”—*Watts.*

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PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.

“Obey them that have the rule over you.”

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.”

“A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.”

LITTLE ANNIE.

IT was in snowy winter when
Our darling Annie died ;
And while with gladness others hailed
The merry Christmas tide,
There sick to death our darling lay ;
We thought of naught beside.
'Twas on the Sabbath, just at eve,
When early daylight dies,
She raised herself from that long sleep,
And oped her sweet blue eyes,
And upward gazed so earnestly ;
They seemed to pierce the skies.
" Oh do not weep for me," she said,
" You will not hopeless be ;
For I shall dwell beyond the sky,
And heavenly glories see ;
For God has shown to me most clear,
That Jesus died for me."

We watched her through the winter's night,
And when the night was o'er
We saw her gentle breathing cease,
She spoke to us no more ;
Because her happy soul had passed
To yonder heavenly shore.

Our rising grief was now subdued,
We felt she was at rest,
With many blessed little ones,
Upon the Saviour's breast ;
And it was better far for her,
We weepingly confessed.

O gracious Lord, thou hast reveal'd
The secrets of the skies,
To the young souls of babes like this,
And hidden from our eyes,
Much of thy glory, yet we know,
Thy ways are ever wise.

And O may I in future years,
Thy heavenly purpose see,
And by thy Holy Spirit's grace
E'en as this infant be ;
And be the sweet assurance mine,
That Jesus died for me.



THE SAILOR'S PARTING REQUEST.

See next page.

THE SAILOR'S PARTING REQUEST.

TOM Jennings was a brave
 Son of the restless wave,
 Who loved to roam ;
 Yet still one little spot
 On shore he ne'er forgot—
 His humble rural cot,
 His happy home.

There dwelt the aged pair,
 Whose kind parental care,
 In years long fled,
 He studied to repay,
 Now in life's wintry day,
 And smoothed the rugged way
 They had to tread.

And there his loving wife
 (Dearer to him than life),
 And children three—
 The sailor's joy and pride,
 Though on the ocean wide ;
 For who his own fireside
 Loved more than he ?

It was a painful scene,
 When for a time he'd been
 At home on shore—
 And yet delightful too—
 To see him bid adieu ;
 For who unmoved could view
 That cottage door !

View him about to start ;
 He has a manly heart
 Beneath that breast :

There's many a tearful eye,
 And many a warm "good bye,"
 And many a choked reply,
 But half expressed.

Sealing with fond embrace
 Each little upturned face,
 With trembling voice
 He says—"When I'm away,
 Remember what I say,
 And *never disobey*
Your mother, boys !"

They watch him from the shore,
 And as the billows roar
 With ceaseless noise,
 A voice appears to say—
 "When I am far away,
 O *never disobey*
Your mother, boys."

Those words were not in vain ;
 For conscience oft again,
 With gentle voice,
 Repeated day by day,
 Whene'er inclined to stray—
 "OH NEVER DISOBEY
 YOUR MOTHER, BOYS !"

JOSIAH.

MARYETTA'S DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND HOW SHE BORE THEM.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as breakfast was over, Maryetta's governess told her to run away quickly, and prepare her lessons. Maryetta went ; but on her way up-stairs she saw through

the staircase window a ray of bright light making its way through the dark clouds. Perhaps it was going to clear up! Oh how she hoped it was going to be fine! She went into the school-room, opened her books before her, and began to prepare her lessons for her governess; but Maryetta could not attend to her books that day. Her eyes kept wandering to the ray of light in the now blue sky, which was extending itself into a broad streak; and the result of her wandering attention was, that in writing the exercise she had to prepare for her governess, she gave such foolish answers to the questions, that she had it all to do over again. Happily, however, for Maryetta that morning, she was not required to show her exercise or repeat her lessons; for just as she had come to the conclusion that it certainly was going to be fine, her papa came into the room and told her to put away her books and get ready to go to Southampton, for the carriage would be at the door in half an hour. The books were hastily thrown aside, and Maryetta rushed off to the nursery, to ask nurse to change her dress and put on her best hat.

“What a noise you do make to be sure!” said her nurse. “I do wish, Miss Maryetta, you would learn to be more quiet.” For Maryetta, dashing full speed into the nursery, had waked the baby and knocked over her little sister Rose, who was playing on the floor near the door with a box of bricks, and thrown down the doll’s-house she had been building, which caused her to cry out angrily, “’ou naughty girl, me not lub ’ou.”

“You see,” said nurse crossly, “you lose more time than you gain by being in such a flurry, for Rose was good enough before you came in, and baby was sleeping quietly;” and she sat herself down on the floor and began restoring Rose to good temper by rebuilding her house, while Maryetta, all impatience, was clamouring to be dressed quickly. “Papa is going in half an hour,” she exclaimed; “and perhaps,

if I'm not ready, he will not wait for me. O nurse ! do make haste, please, I do so want to go. Aunt Jane will be there, and dear little Willie ; and I know aunt Jane will have brought something for me from London. I am so glad it has cleared up, and that we are going after all."

"Then I am sure I am not, Miss Maryetta," replied her nurse. "It's just wickedness for your mamma to go all that way such a day as this, and you'll see if she doesn't catch cold and lay herself up again."

"Mamma is not wicked," said Maryetta, indignantly.

"Well, and as for clearing up, why, it's only a break, and that's all. It will come on again as bad as ever by and by."

Nurse was evidently not in a good humour. Maryetta hurried away from her as fast as she could, and joined her papa, mamma, and sister in the hall just as they were going to get into the carriage.

"What do you think of the weather, Susie?" asked Mr. Hubbard ; "I always think you are more weather-wise than the rest of us."

"I can't tell to-day, papa," said his daughter.

"Maryetta, what does nurse say of the weather? I think she is next to Susie in the weather-wise line."

Maryetta could not make up her mind to answer honestly her papa's question ; she thought that if she did so, her papa might change his mind about going to Southampton, and therefore pretended not to hear : but her papa repeated the question ; so she answered, "Oh papa, nurse was so cross, she would not speak, only scolded."

"Scolded!" said her mamma ; "and what did you do to make her scold?"

"I knocked Rose down by accident ; she was playing with my bricks right in my way, and I fell over her as I went in to ask nurse to dress me."

"Flew in, I suppose," said her papa. I know the way in

which Miss Maryetta *went* in as she calls it, when she is in a hurry, and I don't wonder nurse loses patience sometimes. Come dear, get into the carriage now."

"No more was said of nurse, or what she thought of the bright ray of light which Maryetta saw through the staircase window, when she went to prepare her lessons, but Maryetta could not help thinking about it. She knew she had not spoken the truth; she felt that this was wicked; and she could not feel happy now, nor even look forward to the end of her journey with the same pleasure as she had done. Before long, however, nurse's prophecy proved right. The rays of sunshine all disappeared. The dark clouds gathered together over the sky more thickly than ever. The rain came down faster and harder than ever! It beat against the glasses of the carriage; and so fast did it come down that it even found its way between the window-frames. Mr. Hubbard wrapped a cloak closer round Mrs. Hubbard, and asked her whether he had not better turn back; but Mrs. Hubbard was wishing to go on, and Maryetta could not help exclaiming, "O do let us go on, papa; I dare say it will clear again, and we have come a good bit of the way."

Susie thought with her papa, it would be wiser to return home; but Mrs. Hubbard repeated her wish to go on.

So on they went; but it did not clear up any more. Mr. Hubbard seemed anxious and vexed: he reproached himself for having been very imprudent in allowing her to venture out on such a day.

And when they at length reached the gate leading to grand-mamma's house, Mrs. Hubbard looked so pale and poorly that even little Maryetta, occupied as she was with her own thoughts and expectations, could not help noticing it. But they had arrived now! They were going to see aunt Jane and dear little Willie, and all the things they had brought from town. It would be a happy day after all.

Alas ! what a disappointment ; Mr. Hubbard helped his sickly wife and his two daughters to get out of the carriage, and they all went into grandmamma's house together, and through a little passage, into the quiet little drawing-room. It was just as quiet as usual. There sat dear grandmamma in her large easy arm-chair by the bright warm fire, her little round rosewood table by her side, and on the table her large Bible, and hymn book, also her gold spectacles ! No one else was there. Where was aunt Jane and poor little Willie ? Where was her uncle ? and where was the *something* aunt Jane was sure to bring ? Maryetta's heart had misgiven her a little as she passed through the hall into the passage : she noticed there were no boxes, and no sign of any one's having arrived. But now her little heart altogether sank within her. Grandmamma expressed her great surprise at seeing them, and asked if they had not received her note ?

"No," Mr. Hubbard said. "What note ?"

"I sent a man with a note two hours ago," said grandmamma, "telling you I heard from Jane this morning, saying they could not leave town till to-morrow. I thought you would be coming over to meet them here, and so sent off a man at once : he must have missed his road, or passed the carriage on his way. However, now you are here, you must remain till to-morrow, and then you will be ready to welcome them when they arrive."

Maryetta's face brightened up at this ; but it soon fell again when her mamma replied that they could not stay, much as she should have enjoyed doing so : she had left the baby at home, and could not remain for the night without it.

"Then," said grandmamma, "you must try and come over again to-morrow, although I am almost afraid it will be too much for you."

Mrs. Hubbard said she would see how she was on the next day, but Mr. Hubbard said that they must not think

about it, for he was quite sure she would not be equal to it. She was looking so tired now, she must lie down and rest. So Susie wheeled a sofa round to the fire, and Maryetta's mamma was laid down to have a good long rest, and a quiet chat with grandmamma.

Mr. Hubbard had made arrangements to go and see a friend of his who lived near. He did not offer to take Susie and Maryetta with him, because it was so wet.

So Susie sat down by her grandmamma, and joined in the conversation with her and her mamma.

Poor little Maryetta was left to amuse herself as best she could with the books on the little book-shelf ; and very dull she found them ! The tiresome rain never stopped the whole day. There were no more rays of sunshine to be seen piercing their way through the dark clouds. Maryetta could not even go into the garden to see how her favourite rose-tree was growing. She tried to amuse herself by looking out of the window, but nothing passed in that heavy rain the whole day. And as for the books, there was not one Maryetta could understand; and the only one amongst them which had pictures was Markham's History of England, and Maryetta knew every picture in it, she had looked at them so often. It was as dull a day as ever Maryetta had spent, and many times during its course she wished herself at home with her dolls and books and little sisters to play with.

At last the long day was over, and to the little girl's great relief her papa came back ; he ordered the carriage, and they all returned home. Mrs. Hubbard looked so tired, that her husband regretted more and more that he had allowed her to venture out on such a day. Maryetta scarcely spoke a word all the way home ; but she looked very often at her mamma, and when she saw how ill she was, she began to think that perhaps after all it had been very selfish in her to wish so much that morning to go in all the rain, without even thinking

if it would hurt her mamma or not. When Maryetta went to the nursery, she found nurse very cross ; of course she said, " she knew that her mistress would be ill for taking such a long journey." And ill she was. So nurse left Maryetta to be put into bed by the nursery-maid, and she herself went to see how Mrs. Hubbard really was. But nurse was not prepared to find her so ill as she seemed to be. Poor Maryetta ! she felt altogether so unhappy and disappointed, that when she got into bed, she could not help having a hearty good cry. In the morning she had wished so eagerly the weather to clear up ; and now at night she wished most heartily it had gone on raining all day ; and that she had not seen the ray of bright light through the staircase window. What a funny little girl !

CHAPTER III.

The next morning was as wet as the morning before ; but at nine o'clock it was as bright as one could wish, or expect to see in the month of November.

Maryetta Hubbard was again standing at the same window, in the same position, in the same pleasant nursery as I mentioned in the first chapter ; but she did not look like the same child : her bright happy face was covered with smiles. She was not looking at the rain, but was watching the birds, and the sunshine, and the glittering drops that sparkled like precious stones upon every bush. She was also calling Minnie.

At last she went into the dining-room, and began to wish her papa, and mamma, and sister, and governess would come down to breakfast, it was getting so very late ; and besides, she wanted to know if mamma, or Susie, or papa, were going again to see if aunt Jane and poor little Willie were come to grandmamma's yet. O how she longed to go ! She hoped her mamma would be well enough, such a lovely day as it was !

Mr. Hubbard came into the room and interrupted her thoughts, and at the sight of her papa's face, Maryetta's merry face changed. There was no need to ask the question. Her mamma was very ill. Her papa had on his riding-boots. His whip was in his hand. He rang the bell, and ordered his horse at once.

"Where are you going, dear papa?" asked Maryetta; "and where's mamma and Susie?"

"Mamma is not well enough to leave her bed, I'm sorry to say, Maryetta. The long drive in the damp yesterday has given her cold, I'm afraid. So I'm going to Southampton for the doctor, and shall call at grandmamma's to see if aunt Jane and Willie have arrived. I am going to ride over, because I want to be at home early. I would have taken you with me, Maryetta, but I am not going to stay; so dear little girl, I hope you will try to be good."

Poor Maryetta! She wished more than ever that she had not gone yesterday! Her papa set off for Southampton. Maryetta saw him mount his horse, and heard the sound of its hoofs dying away in the distance, but she did not move away from the window where she once more had placed herself. Another long, lonely day was before her; her mamma was too ill to leave her room, and her sister Susie was with her. Her governess had left that morning for her holidays, and her papa was away at Southampton. There she stood, till at length her nurse came to look for her, and tell her to come to breakfast in the nursery.

"Well, Miss Maryetta," she said, "what are you doing now? thinking over your disappointment?"

"No, I am not thinking of it," said Maryetta; "at least, I am trying not to think of it."

"And that's not a bad way either," replied her nurse, understanding at once what the little girl meant. "You are trying not to feel disappointed that your journey to your

grandmamma's was not so happy a one as you had expected. You are now feeling greatly disappointed your papa can't take you with him to-day.

"You must just ask God to teach you how to bear all your disappointments, and believe that whatever he sends *that* is best for you to have, whether it seems pleasant or whether it does'nt."

Maryetta then went into the nursery with nurse. Just as nurse was going to open the door, she said, "Nurse, I *do* think it's a great disappointment not to go to Southampton with papa to see aunt Jane and cousin Willie; but," she added, "I should like to bear this disappointment like a brave girl. I'd like to begin to-day, and bear all my disappointments like a woman."

"That's a good girl, Miss Maryetta," said her nurse, warmly.

"Begin to day, by not thinking about yourself or your disappointments at all; that's as good a way of forgetting them as can be: think all you can about what other people want, and see if that won't help you to forget your disappointments. I must go now, as soon as breakfast is over, and see about some milk for baby, for she begins to want some now. I know baby will cry after me when I am gone, for she is so poorly to-day. She is very fond of you, Miss Maryetta; so if you will stop in the nursery, and as soon as she wakes, which she will do directly, play with her, you will be helping me, you see."

YREFDOG.

(To be continued).

THE RHINOCEROS.

WHAT a clumsy-looking animal is a rhinoceros! yet perhaps not so clumsy as he looks; for, if infuriated, it sometimes is quite as much as a good horse can do to get out of his way. Many of my readers have seen a rhinoceros, and those who have not, may learn what he is like from the



THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

picture, so that a few words will be sufficient to describe his peculiarities, before I tell you a story about him. There are several species of the rhinoceros ; that represented in the picture is the *Indian*. It has a horn on its nose, which in former times was supposed to detect poison, by causing effervescence : so that kings had drinking-cups made of it, to secure them against the malice of their enemies, if they attempted to administer poison in their drink.

The skin of the rhinoceros is very tough, resisting ordinary bullets, and is used by Asiatic and African natives for shields.

The rhinoceros is very fond of rolling in the mud, to prevent the flies from annoying him. In Sumatra, however, he sometimes thus enjoys himself to his cost. As he frequently buries himself in the mud, except a part of his head, it is not very easy for him to get out again, when the dry weather sets in, for then the mud becomes caked. The natives, when this is the case, provide a large quantity of combustible materials and cover him with them ; they then set fire to them, and, before the beast can escape, he is cruelly roasted, and the natives make a meal of him.

The following story will show how fierce the rhinoceros is. It is abbreviated from the narrative of Mr. Oswell. He says : " Observing a large white rhinoceros a short distance ahead, I clapped spurs to my horse, which soon brought me alongside the huge beast, and the next instant I lodged a ball in his body. He turned sharply, and walked towards me. My horse, usually so docile, now refused to give me his head, and when at last he did so, it was too late. In another moment, the brute bent his head low, and with a thrust upward struck his horn into the ribs of my horse with such force as to penetrate to the very saddle on the opposite side. The blow caused my horse to make a complete somersault in the air, and I was violently thrown to the ground. The rhinoceros then started off at a canter. My after-rider having

by this time come up, I rushed upon him, and almost pulling him off his horse, leapt into the saddle, and without a hat, and my face streaming with blood, was quickly in pursuit. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the beast stretched lifeless at my feet."

Notwithstanding his vicious nature, however, there is much in the rhinoceros to admire, as especially is the wisdom of the Creator seen in his structure, adapted as it is to his native locality, and in providing him with the means of defence and subsistence which he so much needs. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord!"

J. T. B.

ENIGMA.

[Some of our young friends complain that we have had no enigmas lately. We will not forget them as the long winter evenings approach, and hope they will be found interesting in the family circle. The following is so easy that the correct answer scarcely deserves a prize. Next month, however, we shall give a more difficult Enigma, and offer a reward.—Ed.]

I AM a retired weaver, and live in a house of my own. I devote the chief part of my time to gymnastic sports, and as a tight-rope walker I excel even Blondin himself. I have performed many feats in the mansions of the wealthy, and even in the courts of royalty. Yet I am not generally thought much of; for I live by the death of my neighbours, and am notorious for craft and subtlety; though one of the greatest kings admired my skill, and if you study my habits you will doubtless admire me also.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles are reluctantly postponed, in order that "Maryetta's Disappointments" may be completed with the present Volume. We will endeavour to insert them in our next.

COPIES BY POST.—12 for 6 stamps, 25 for 12 stamps, 50 for 25 stamps, direct from the Printer. Back numbers for 1863 at half-price.

THE VOLUME FOR 1864, in Cloth, lettered, is reduced to 9d.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME (1865) will be ready Dec. 1st. Price 1s.

"Glory to God in the highest;"

PEARLS

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1865.

No. 51.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."



"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

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HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editors to be addressed to the Printer.

"There is none other name under heaven, whereby we must be saved."

"And on earth peace, good will towards men."

BRISCOE, Printer, Banner-street, Finsbury, E. C.

To our Readers.

MERRY Christmas is drawing nigh, and social groups will be gathered together. Brothers and sisters, cousins and friends, meet then, if at no other time. New things are displayed,—trinkets, toys, and books are brought out,—riddles are asked, and tales are told or read. When thus engaged, will our readers kindly bear us in mind. Let them each shew the "*Pearls*" among their young friends, and get but *one more* to take it in, and our circulation for 1866 will be *doubled*.

ENIGMA.

LIKE Adam, my origin is earthy, and though it does not appear that I was known in the garden of Eden, yet I was very near it. In every age I have been highly esteemed, and frequently even worshipped; though, like the frost-bitten snake which the countryman caressed—as soon as men begin to love me, I do them harm: I have been the ruin of thousands, and have been, perhaps, the cause of more sin than anything else in creation; yet I have shone conspicuously in the service of God, have been the means of incalculable good, and am a lively figure of the glories of heaven. I came out of Egypt with the children of Israel, sojourned with them in the wilderness, and remained with them in Canaan. I was with David and Solomon; yea, all kings, ancient and modern, have acknowledged my importance, while their subjects have generally striven hard to uphold my influence in the kingdom. I was present when the Saviour lay in the manger at Bethlehem, but he treated me with indifference, if not with contempt, and he had but little to do with me afterwards.

[The Editor presents his thanks to those who have favoured him with the answer to the Enigma given last month, which is **THE SPIDER**. A Bound Volume of the "*Pearls*" will be given for the best answer to the above, if sent to the Editor, care of the Printer, on or before December 10.



LOST IN THE SNOW !

SOME years ago, a good old Sunday-school teacher, who is now in heaven, in the course of an address, related the substance of the following anecdote.

Peter — was sent on an errand to a town a few miles distant from his native village. Soon after he set out, it began to snow very fast ; but not discouraged by trifles, Peter plodded on, delivered his message, and was shortly on his way home. He walked fast at first, but the snow fell faster, and, driven by a keen east wind, drifted in such large quantities, that in many places it was already more than knee-deep. His progress was now very slow ; it was getting dark, and being no longer able to discern the path, he at length got into a hollow place by the road-side into which the snow had drifted. There he lay, unable to get out ; and as the wind still blew in the same direction, he was soon completely buried in the snow. Poor fellow ! what could he do ? One thing only, and this he did : he *cried*. And what do you think he said ? Oh, I fancy I hear the distant echo of that half-choked voice beneath the snow, crying, “ *Lost ! lost ! lost !* ”

Finding that Peter did not return, his parents became alarmed, and his father set out in search of him. Many anxious and wearisome hours were spent in vain ; until his father said to himself, “ I fear I must give up poor Peter as lost ! ” “ *Lost ! lost ! lost !* ” sounded in the distance. Was it the echo of his own thoughts ? He looked all round, but no one could be seen. He listened. He heard the voice more distinctly—“ *Lost ! lost ! lost !* ” Again he heard it : it was Peter’s voice ! He soon found out where it came from, and after a great deal of labour, succeeded in rescuing poor Peter.

This is the substance of the anecdote given by that dear old Sunday-school teacher. But why did he relate it ? and why do I tell it you, but to teach you that you, like poor Peter, are lost, *lost*, LOST !—not lost in the snow as he was—not *literally* lost, but *morally, spiritually* lost. What says the Bible ? “ They are all *gone out of the way*, they are together become unprofitable ; there is none that doeth good, no, not one : ” Rom. iii. 12. . In the same manner, the “ prodigal

son" was said to have been "lost:" Luke xv. 32. But perhaps you will say, "I am not a prodigal; I have never run away from my father." This may be true literally: but have you not wandered from your Father who is in heaven? Mark what God says in the first scripture I quoted: "They are *all* gone out of the way:" there is no exception. But is there no hope? O yes! for Jesus Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost:" and if like little Peter, you can only cry, "Lost! lost! lost!" from a consciousness of your helpless condition, then like the good father—

"Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power."

J. B.

A LITTLE KING.

(Continued from page 80).

THUS far this little king did well; and the temple was repaired, and the people no doubt greatly rejoiced. But something occurred more important even than this. The man who went to get all the money put into the treasury of the house of the Lord, found an old book which appeared to have laid there a long time unread and unused, and he shewed it to this pious young king, and read it to him. It was that part of the Bible which was written by Moses, and contained the commandments of the Lord, and when this good young king heard it read, and found that the people had so long been living in disobedience to God, "he rent his clothes," as the Jews did when they wished to express great *sorrow* and *regret*, and he sent some of his servants to a prophetess who "dwelt in a college in Jerusalem," to enquire of the Lord through her. The Lord told him that he would punish the people for their sins, but that he should first "go to his grave

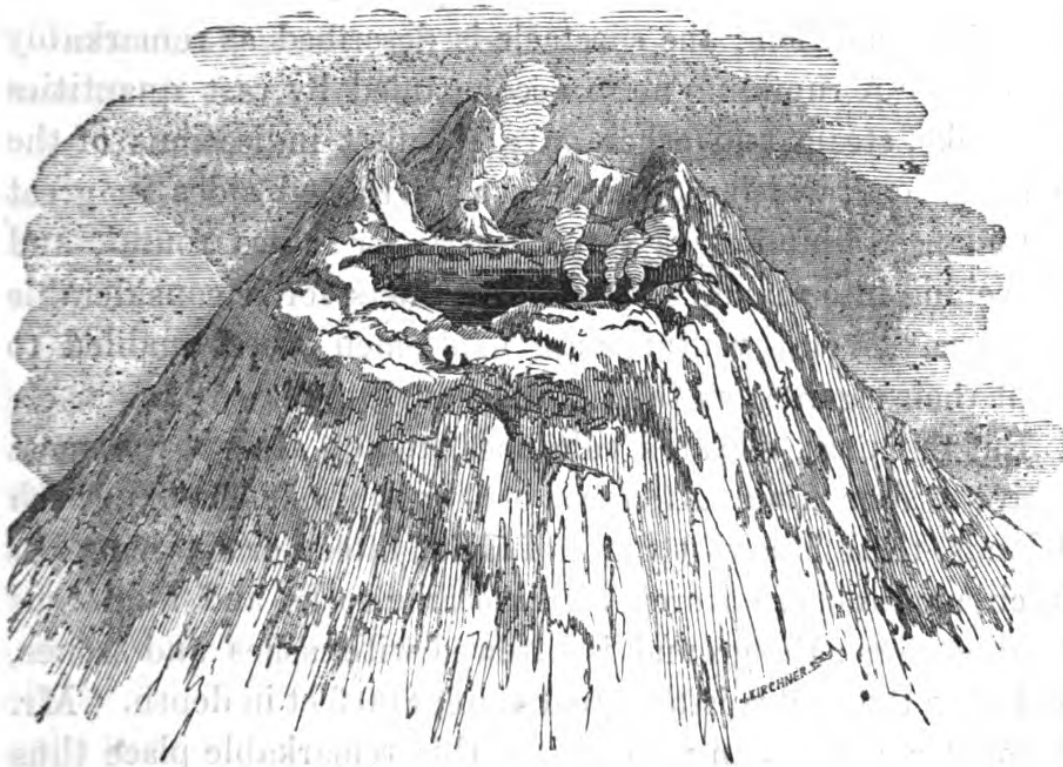
in peace." This sad calamity befel the people as the prophetess had said, about twenty years after the king's death. Observe, then, how good God is to those that love him, and how faithful to his word concerning those that despise him!

After this, the king ordered all the people,—*“great and small,”—men, women and children* to come to “the house of the Lord,” to hear a minister read this book, called “the book of the covenant;” and the result was that *“all his days* they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers.” And observe here that *children* should go to the house of God with their parents, and hearing the scriptures read to them, should try to remember God's word and act accordingly.

This little king also began to attend “the house of the Lord” very regularly *himself*, and thus *set a good example* to his people. “In the eighteenth year of his reign,” he kept the passover, a feast of the Jews, which was appointed to remind them how kind God was when he killed the firstborn of Egypt and *“passed over”* the houses of Israel, where the blood was on the doors, and said, “When I see the blood, I will *pass over* YOU.”

But now I have a very sad thing to tell you about this “little king.” Just after he had got everything in order, and all seemed to be peaceful and prosperous, a great and wicked king named Necho, “came up out of Egypt, to fight against Charchemish by Euphrates:” and Josiah foolishly interfered with him. This gave rise to a battle in which Josiah was slain. Then all Judah and Jerusalem, and the prophet Jeremiah who lived at that time, mourned for Josiah. Thus you see, dear children, that a good man may have an untimely end. But though he had such a sad death, we believe his soul is now in heaven.

AN OLD SCHOLAR.



VOLCANOES.

A VOLCANO is a burning mountain, from whose crater or mouth issues liquid fire, when it is in a state of eruption. Our engraving represents one in a quiet condition, yet still the little bursts of smoke which may be observed upon its summit, show that its force is not entirely exhausted.

The highest volcano in the world is that of Cotopaxi, in the Andes of America ; it is more than 19,000 feet above the level of the sea. When it is not in an eruptive state, its summit is covered with snow and ice, which before each eruption suddenly melt, thus announcing the coming of a fiery storm. Humbolt says it is the most beautifully-formed mountain he ever saw, being in the form of a cone (or sugar-loaf). Next to this, the most elevated volcanic mountain is that of Etna in Sicily, being nearly 11,000 feet high, but it is very seldom in a state of activity.

Our old friend Vesuvius (in Naples) comes next ; it is 3,876

feet high. This mountain was a year or two since in an eruptive condition ; the spectacle is described as remarkably grand. " A rumbling noise accompanied by vast quantities of smoke, steam and ashes, gave the first indications of the coming flood, which, pouring down its rugged sides in great abundance, illuminated the country for miles round, and branching into numerous small streamlets for a considerable distance, several venturesome gentlemen were enabled to light their cigars from the burning lava."

But the most elevated volcanoes are not always the most active or dangerous. At Hawai or Owyhyhee, in the Sandwich Islands, there is a vast plain of about fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, covered with volcanic rocks and numerous small craters ; the ground is strewed with ashes and stones, and near the centre is the great crater 800 feet in depth. Mr. Stewart a gentleman who visited this remarkable place thus describes it :

" At midnight the volcano suddenly began roaring with a great noise ; almost at the same instant a dense column of heavy black smoke arose from the crater ; and immediately after, the flames burst from a large cone. Red-hot stones, cinders, and ashes, were propelled to a great height with tremendous violence, and the molten lava came boiling up and flowed down the sides of the cone with indescribable brilliancy. At the same time a whole lake of fire opened in a more distant part, which could not have been less than two miles in circumference ; its surface had all the agitation of the ocean ; billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom into the air, and bursting with violence, dashed the fiery spray forty or fifty feet high. It was the most sublime, yet fearful of spectacles."

How wonderful, grand, and sublime do the works of our Creator appear, in comparison with the mightiest works of man ! May the contemplation of his power increase our

reverence for Him, and the reflection that though his works are terrible, his mercy is enduring, lead us to love and adore him with all our heart.

H—Y B.

MARYETTA'S DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND HOW SHE BORE THEM.—CHAPTER IV.

(Concluded from page 173.)

MARYETTA did as nurse had asked her ; and soon after, when baby awoke, and was inclined to be very cross, little Maryetta sat beside her on the carpet, and began to laugh and talk to her, so that when nurse returned, she found them all five playing merrily together,—Maryetta building a castle with reels, and baby knocking them down with her fat little hand, as soon as she had put them up, and all shouting aloud with delight. Just then her sister Susie came in, and said, “I’ve taken mamma some broth, and she says she feels much better, and thinks she would like to sleep for an hour. Suppose we go into the garden, Maryetta, while the sun is shining so brightly, and amuse ourselves for an hour ; and after that, you may go and sit quietly with mamma, and repeat some of your pretty pieces of poetry to her, or read that pretty new book grandmamma sent you on your birth-day ; I am sure that would please her, and help to pass away the time, till papa comes,—only, dear, you must mind and not speak too loud, or make any noise.”

Away they went together, and when they came in-doors, Maryetta ran very quickly up-stairs, but when she got to the door of her mamma’s room, she opened it very quietly, and walked so gently up to her mamma’s bed that she did not know her little daughter was in the room until in a soft voice she said, “Are you better, dear mamma ? I am so glad to see you again. Would you like me to repeat ‘My Mother’s Picture ?’” “Indeed I should like to hear it

very much. I think it is a very difficult piece for such a very little girl."

So Maryetta stood by the bed, and repeated it quite through without a single mistake. Then she repeated several other pieces, and read her new book throughout, but in such a quiet gentle voice, that she did not fatigue her mamma in the least.

"Thank you, Maryetta, dear," said her mamma ; "I am so glad to see you so good and happy to-day. I was afraid when I told Susie to send you to me, that I should not have seen such a cheerful, happy little face, or have heard such a pleasant merry voice ; I thought you would have been so disappointed because you could not go and see aunt Jane."

"And so I was, mamma," replied Maryetta ; "I did feel very cross when papa went away without me.—I felt quite miserable,—I did not think I should do anything all day."

"Well, Maryetta, what made you so happy and cheerful?"

"It was nurse, mamma ; she came to find me, and told me to try and bear my disappointments like a good girl ; so I really thought I would like to try and bear disappointments like a woman, as Susie does you know, mamma.

"Then nurse asked me to amuse baby, and I liked playing with her so much. Then Susie came for me to go into the garden with her, and then she told me I might come and see you ; and I like doing this better than anything else."

"Nurse is very kind to you, Maryetta," said Mrs. Hubbard ; "I am thankful I have such a good nurse to take care of my children when I am so ill. I hope you will always be a good girl with her, and with God's help, you will be a happier little girl in future than you ever have been before. You see, Maryetta, you have been a comfort to-day, to your poor mamma, a help to your sister, and a help to nurse. Now I will give you something more to do for me : I am tired, and I must rest a little before papa comes back. There is a basket

on the table ; you may ask Susie to go with you to poor Mrs. Smith, who lives at Sidbury ; she has a little invalid baby boy, but he has no nice clothes to keep him warm, and Mrs. Smith has no nice food to make her well and strong. In that basket there are some nice warm clothes to wrap baby in, and some strong beef tea for his mother, to make her get well and strong. You may carry it ; it will be a nice walk for you this fine day."

Maryetta was delighted to go ; she did not care much for a walk with nurse, but she very much liked walking with her sister or with her mamma ; yet she was a kind-hearted little girl, and thought how happy the poor mother would be to see some nice warm clothes for her dear little boy, and some nice broth for herself. So away went Susie and Maryetta to Sidbury, and the poor woman was so delighted with what they carried to her, that the very pleasure they gave her, made the two girls happy. It was so nice she thought, to see people look happy, and to feel that she had helped to make them so.

When Maryetta returned home, she found her mamma much better, sitting in the drawing-room. But when Maryetta went into the nursery, she found her little sisters not very happy, because they had not seen their mamma all day ; and now that they knew she was down-stairs, they wanted to go to her. But Susie could not go with them, so nurse was afraid they would tease their mamma by asking her to show them pictures, and tell them stories, and so make her head-ache worse. Maryetta said, "Perhaps, nurse, I might go with them, and amuse them, and then they would be quite pleased, and dear mamma would not have any trouble."

So nurse let her take her little sisters into the drawing-room, and after they had spoken to their mamma, she got some picture books, and told them something about each picture ;

while her mamma lay on the sofa, amused by watching her little girls, and very pleased to see how happy they were together without being at all tired by them.

The clock was striking three, and Mrs. Hubbard had just told her little girls she thought papa would soon be home. Just as she had finished speaking, they heard the sound of a horse's feet, and their papa rode up to the door. The children ran out to meet their papa, and to tell him that mamma was better, and had come down stairs. Mr. Hubbard came in, and after warming himself, gave them an account of his visit. He said he had seen aunt Jane and poor little Willie, who was very ill; and he said how sorry they all were they could not see mamma and Maryetta. However, they hoped they would all come and spend a week with aunt Jane at the sea-side.

"There is a great box coming for you little girls to-morrow;" he said. I hope the contents will comfort *your* heart, Maryetta after your disappointment, and make up for the dull, unhappy day I am afraid you have had."

"Oh, no! dear papa," said Maryetta, I have not been a bit dull, for I have been very busy all day. I've been very happy. It has been such a short day."

Maryetta spoke so eagerly that her papa's curiosity was aroused.

"Why, what have you been so busy about, all day," he asked; and what has made you so happy, my little girl?

Maryetta did not quite know how to answer her papa, but her mamma said, "Maryetta has been trying to forget her disappointment by helping others. I think that she has learned that the secret of being happy one's self, lies in making other people happy. She spent part of the morning in helping nurse to amuse baby, part in reading to her mamma, and part in carrying some things to poor Mrs. Smith; and since then she has been amusing her little

sisters : they wanted so much to come into the drawing-room, and I was not able to amuse them."

The warm kiss her papa gave her, when he had heard all her mamma said, made Maryetta feel still happier than before.

"A very nice way, indeed, of being happy, dear child," said Mr. Hubbard ; "and now you shall end this happy good day by having dinner at five with us ; and before you are up and dressed in the morning, your box will have arrived, and then you will spend another happy day in playing with all the wonderful things aunt Jane has sent her little niece."

The morrow came, and with it the wished-for box. Oh what a box it was ! and how full of toys it was too ! There was such a lovely large doll for Maryetta,—such nice little ones for each of her sisters,—such a box of clothes for each little girl's doll—such a beautiful puzzle of all the maps of the world for Maryetta,—such a nice set of tea things and a dinner service for the little ones, and such a famous "jumping ball" (as little Amy called the India-rubber ball) for each,—such a nice silver rattle for dear little baby, with a lot of silver bells all round it.—Then there were three print dresses and each little girl was to give one to nurse. How pleased nurse was !

That day was certainly a happier day than the day before ; and when Maryetta laid her little curly head on her pillow those two nights, it was not to have a good cry as she had done the night previous, but to think what a happy little girl she might always be, if she tried to forget her sorrows by making others happy, and learnt to bear her disappointments like a WOMAN.

TRUTH.—As a "sum" in arithmetic, though done in various ways, gives the same "answer ;" so the lip of truth, though questioned in various ways, will tell the same tale.



COFFEE.

HOW refreshing is a cup of coffee—a beverage which almost everybody relishes! For more than two centuries Englishmen have learned the use of this pleasant drink, for it is said to have been first brought to this country in 1652. The plant on which the berries are produced, grows chiefly in the West Indies, though that from Arabia Felix, called “Mocha” is accounted the best. The tree is an evergreen, about sixteen or eighteen feet high. The flowers are of a fine white,—the berries grow in clusters, and after having been roasted, are ground, to supply us with our breakfast beverage. The Turks use coffee far more than we do ; and when a guest is entertained, among other courtesies, a cup of coffee is seldom omitted.

Some of the articles in the most common use among us are obtained from the greatest distance, and are thus an encouragement to trade among different nations. Our wise Creator has taught us by this that we should esteem all men our brethren, and by mutual intercourse seek each other's benefit. Let us “love one another,” but above all remember that we should love God “with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength.”

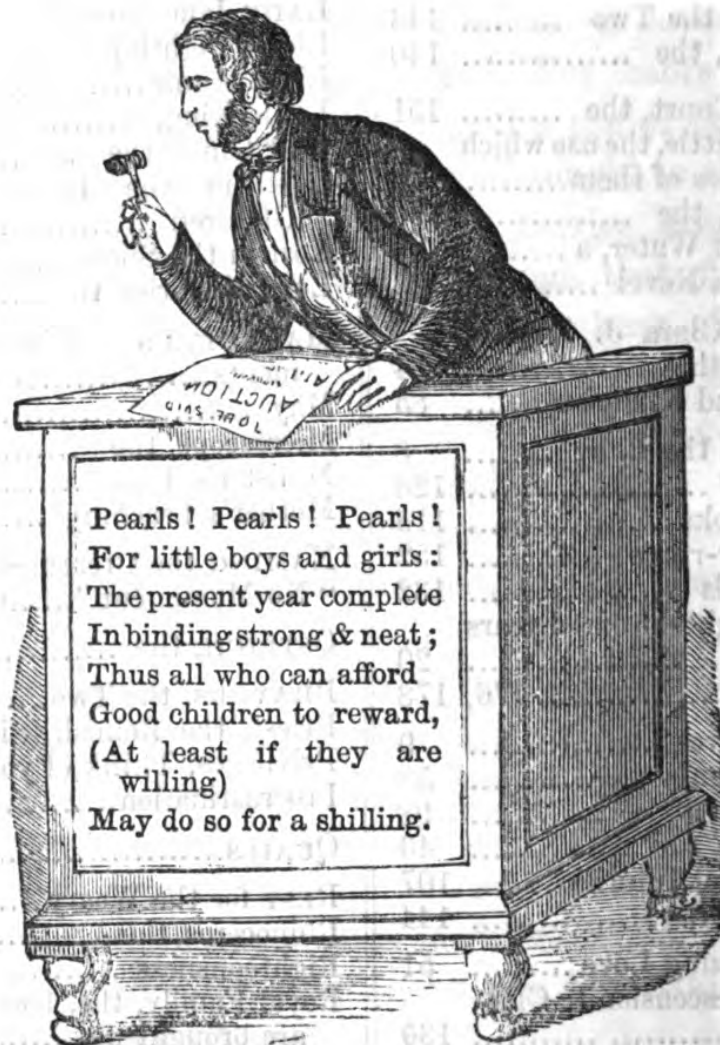
J. T. B.

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"Watch and pray."

PEARLS

FROM THE
GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1866.

No. 52.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.

"Behold, I come quickly."

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

"It is high time to awake out of sleep."

“HE CARETH FOR THEE.”

LITTLE children, would ye know
Who created all below,—
Gave the butterfly its wing,
Taught the pretty bird to sing,—
How to build its curious nest,
Watch its young with anxious breast?
'Twas the Lord who rules on high,
Far above the starry sky.
Every beast that walks the plain,
Every fish that skims the main,—
All are products of his hand—
Rose to life at his command ;
Though he dwells in royal state,—
And is so supremely great,
Yet he says he loves to see,
Piety in infancy ;—
Views the early flower expand,
Destined for a fairer land ;
Nurturing with tender care,
What his right hand planted there ;
Till upon his loving breast,
They shall ever sweetly rest.

ESPERANCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor presents his thanks to his numerous contributors. Several pieces are unavoidably postponed till next month.

Daisy has our best thanks.

We shall be glad to hear again from *Miss Noel* ; also from *Esperance*.

The Vol. for 1862 has long been out of print.



See next page.

A FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.

A FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.

YOUNG folks like to hear about wonderful things, and older ones like to gratify them, while they combine instruction with amusement. Thus the writer and the reader are well matched.

Now-a-days, if we have a week's frost, we complain of the cold, and call it "an old-fashioned winter." But what would our young friends think of *thirteen weeks' frost!* Yet such a frost occurred fifty-two years ago.

The great frost of 1813-14 was preceded by a dense fog which lasted five days. Many accidents occurred, and travelling was almost entirely stopped. There were no railways then, and the progress of the mail coaches was greatly impeded. The Birmingham mail was nearly seven hours in going from the Post Office to a mile or two beyond Uxbridge, a distance of twenty miles only! The Maidenhead coach was overturned, and some of the passengers were seriously injured.

After the fogs had subsided, great falls of snow took place. The snow continued incessantly for about forty-eight hours; so that the roads in London were nearly impassable, and in many country places quite so. At Finchley Common, in the course of one night, the snow had drifted into the road to the depth of sixteen feet. At Colnbrook the snow was equally deep, and fifty labourers were employed, ere the Windsor coach could be got through. Travelling was almost impossible, and many coach proprietors discontinued running their coaches till the weather changed. Many trades were entirely suspended: indeed everything seemed to be affected by the frost; and the river Thames among the rest.

Soon after the commencement of the frost, large masses of floating ice were to be seen on its surface, which collected where the projecting banks or the bridges resisted its flow, until the river was frozen entirely over.

A spectacle so novel induced many venturesome persons to cross before the ice was sufficiently strong, some of whom fell in, and one at least was drowned.

As the ice strengthened, the visitors became more numerous, until the Thames presented a complete frost fair, as represented in our picture. Large numbers of booths were erected. Tea, coffee, and stronger and less harmless drinks were supplied, and eatables were provided in ample order, while the passengers were invited to eat by way of recording their visit. Amusements of various kinds were provided, many of them of a vicious character, and drunkenness disgraced the scene.

The view of St. Paul's and of the city, with the white foreground, was very singular, and the effect by moonlight exceedingly beautiful.

Every day crowds of pedlars flocked to dispose of their wares at double or treble their cost, labelling their trinkets and toys with the words, "Bought on the Thames."

Among other novelties, a small sheep was toasted, or rather burnt, over a coal fire placed in a large iron pan. For a view of this sight, sixpence was charged, and the meat when cooked was sold at a shilling a slice, and called *Lapland mutton*.

Several printing presses were erected, and various pieces commemorative of the great frost were printed on the Thames. Some of these were in rhyme, of which the following is a specimen :—

"Behold the river Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore;
Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims superiority."

The art of printing has been wonderfully improved since that time. There were no penny newspapers then. Books were expensive articles ; children's books were indeed "few and far between ;" and children's magazines were almost, if not

entirely, unknown ; for even the " Child's Companion," which we think is the oldest of its class, was not commenced till the year 1824. Let our young readers be thankful for the advantages they possess ; and, above all, let them store their minds with Bible knowledge ; for that only can " make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

J. B.

~~~~~

"TIME IS PASSING."

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As an old acquaintance of the " Pearls," let me give you a few thoughts on the passing time. You and I are favoured again to see the opening of another year, and I heartily and sincerely wish it may prove a happy one to you, and all near and dear to you. May the language of each heart be this ;—" Bless the Lord, O *my* soul, and forget not all his benefits !" Little boys and girls who read these lines,—aye, and their teachers too—are one year older than they were last January, and one year nearer eternity.

Time, like a gentle breeze, passes softly and pleasantly with the *young* ; but to the *aged* it seems like the blast of winter. Happy will you be, young friends, if, like the miller with his windmill, you employ every gust to your advantage.

Time *is* passing, whether we desire it or not. We cannot stay its course. Again the solemn thought occurs—" one year nearer eternity."

" Days, months and years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone ;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.

" Days, months, and years must have an end,  
Eternity has none ;  
'Twill always have as long to spend,  
As when it first begun."

May you each be led to seek the Lord, who has given this sweet assurance, " I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me."

FELIX.

“A HAPPY NEW YEAR !”

A LETTER TO THE LITTLE ONES.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I wish you all a very happy New Year. Another year has fled from us, and is gone for ever. How many things have happened during the year that has rolled into eternity ! How many little ones have lost a dear and loving *mother* ! How many have lost a kind and affectionate sister, who began the year with them in health and vigour ! Yes, the year has brought many painful changes. In some homes there are dear ones missing ; in some schools there are scholars gone, who gave promise of piety and usefulness ! But there is One who *ever lives*, who is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” The *departed year makes him no older*, nor alters *his kindness and love* ; but alas ! how often one year makes sad alterations with us in this respect ! I hope the past year has not witnessed such a change in the affection of your fellow-scholars or teachers ! I hope that in commencing a new year, whatever melancholy changes have taken place in your family, in your school, or among your friends, you are still *peaceful, united, loving, and affectionate*. Jane Harris began the year very badly ; she was the cause of much grief to her dear parents, as well as to her teacher, who, with exemplary patience, bore with her tiresome misconduct ; but for some months there has been a manifest improvement in her behaviour. Instead of being sulky, wayward, and obstinate when spoken to by her parents, and unkind to her teacher, she is now amiable, docile, and obedient ! How is this ? Her *heart has been changed*, and this has produced a change in her conduct ! She now enters upon the new year with a *new heart, a new life, a new character, and new hopes* ! O my young friends, is this the case with you ? How glad should I be to witness such a change ! I am your sincere friend,

AN OLD SCHOLAR.



### JOHN HOWARD.

**T**HE name of this remarkable man is deservedly renowned, and not even the youngest of our readers should be ignorant of his character. Like the Saviour, whom he loved and served, "he went about doing good." Our limited space will not permit us to say much respecting him, yet a few particulars may be interesting; for while his large-hearted benevolence was not associated with sect or party, yet he must ever be regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of the Baptist denomination.

Born at Hackney, in 1726, he was apprenticed to a grocer in Watling-street; but his constitution being very delicate, he was unable fully to complete the term of his apprenticeship, and not being dependent on his business for a livelihood, he took a tour on the Continent for the benefit of his health. After his return, he took apartments at Stoke Newington, and eventually married his landlady, who, though much older



than himself, had gained upon his affections by her kind attention to his comforts. During his residence at Stoke Newington, he spent his time chiefly in improving his mind.

Three years after his marriage, he was left a widower, and mourned his loss with deep affection. About this time he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society; and being now disengaged from domestic cares, he resolved to visit Lisbon (shortly after the earthquake had attracted such melancholy attention to that place). The ship in which he sailed was taken by a French privateer (the English and French being then at war), and he was soon after lodged in a French prison. His imprisonment, though in itself an unfortunate circumstance (like that of Bunyan in Bedford Jail), had an important connection with his future usefulness: for in his *State of the Prisons* he says: "Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased, if it did not call forth my sympathy with the unhappy people, whose cause is the subject of this book."

Soon after his liberation, he settled at Brokenhurst, near Lymington, and married a second time, in 1758; but in 1765 he was again a widower, and removed from his quiet retreat in the New Forest, to Cardington, near Bedford, where he had purchased an estate: and now the philanthropy of his disposition began to manifest itself in various acts of benevolence and kindness towards the poor,—industry and sobriety being the only recommendations to his favour.

He served the office of high sheriff to the county of Bedford, which, as he observes, "brought the distress of the prisoners more immediately under his notice," and no doubt, by reminding him of his captivity, led to his noble resolve to visit all the prisons in England.

(To be continued).



## COAL.

**W**INTER has again returned ; dark and chilly mornings, and long and misty evenings, make us (I hope with some feelings of gratitude), draw near the cheerful fire ; and as we contemplate the blazing mass, let our thoughts dwell for a short time on the materials which compose it.

Coal is a fossil of vegetable origin. Some of our museums contain specimens in a most perfect form, and in numerous instances, not only the tree itself, but the blossom and fruit may be discerned, and the grandeur of the floral age in which it flourished, fully established ; for I must tell my young readers that, many many years ago (how long it is impossible for me to say), the greater part of the earth was covered with an immense mass of luxuriant vegetation, so thick and so large that no existing specimens bear any comparison to them, —gigantic ferns—enormous mosses—lofty trees—and an almost unnumbered variety of creeping and climbing plants, grew in forests so vast and thick, and intertwined themselves so closely that it is supposed there was not room for a man to stand erect ; indeed no scenery now upon the earth can give an adequate idea of the magnificent and inexpressibly grand vegetation which now forms our coal fields. Some of the immense forests of the Brazils, and the dense Indian jungles, may present a faint resemblance, but all comparison is poor to convey to the mind any idea of the greatness and beauty of this long-past floral age.

These vast forests became eventually covered with water, and remained submerged for a long period ; mighty earthquakes, or terrestrial convulsions, as geologists term them, eventually buried them deep in the earth, where for a long period they remained, undergoing the great chemical change which converted them into the mineral with which we now compose our fires, for domestic and other purposes.

The chief districts in England from which coal is obtained are those of Northumberland, Durham, and Staffordshire, the deepest mine being the Monk Wearmouth, which is stated to be 260 fathoms. Vast numbers of men and boys are employed in mining operations, which consist in the first place of sinking two shafts, or deep pits, about twelve yards apart, and upwards ; one is called the down shaft, by which the workmen descend to their employment, and up which the coal is drawn ; the other is called the up shaft, at the bottom of which an enormous fire is kept burning for the purpose of ventilation, and without which the poor miners would be suffocated. This underground labour is attended with great hardship, difficulty, and danger ; the miners who hew the coal having in narrow seams of coal to lie upon their backs, and in some cases nearly double. The coal when hewn is deposited in trucks, and propelled along a narrow tramway to the pit's mouth, by lads called Putters. The miners carry a candle stuck in a piece of clay upon their heads, and in dangerous workings a Davy lamp is used, (so called from its inventor, Sir Humphrey Davy). It is composed of very fine gauze wire to protect the mine from explosion by fire damp, which in deep and lengthy mines is very prevalent, and is a source of great danger to the poor miners, whose life is not the most enviable. But notwithstanding this and the utmost precaution, many lives are annually sacrificed by these explosions. Science has indeed done much to mitigate the dangers which attend the obtaining this most indispensable article of daily consumption, and let us hope that increasing knowledge will render mining operations still less hazardous.

How important to our welfare, health, and comfort is this black-looking mineral ! Were its supply stopped or materially diminished, famine would stare us in the face ; for our locomotives must cease to run, our engines would lose their vitality, our foundries would be stopped, our machinery be silent and

useless, our streets would lose their nightly illumination, commerce would be more than half suspended, and civilization would receive a dreadful blow. But so large is the space which our coal fields occupy, and so plentiful is the supply, that eminent scientific men estimate the period of its future consumption at over a thousand years.

Do we not see in this wonderful provision of nature, the benevolence and wisdom of the Creator, and how bountifully he has provided for the wants of man, and the means of extending his word to the uttermost parts of the earth ; for the steam-press multiplies the Bible, and steam-ships convey it to distant parts of the globe. And while we wonder at the greatness which created, let us humbly adore the Creator, and exclaim in the language of the the Psalmist, " O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

HENRY B.

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### LITTLE POLYCARP.

[Polycarp, the disciple of John, is said to have been the little child whom " Jesus placed in the midst." Luke ix. 14.]

**T**HE unbelieving Sadducees  
 Were standing scornful by,  
 And Scribes looked on, and Pharisees,  
 With cold, suspicious eye,—  
 When in the midst the Saviour placed  
 A simple little child ;  
 And thus his blessed voice was heard  
 In accents soft and mild :—  
 " Excepting ye converted be,  
 And child-like faith be given ;  
 With all your pride, and forms, and tithes,  
 Ye cannot enter heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*



The Saviour had been crucified,  
For sinners to atone ;  
And afterwards from Olivet  
Ascended to his throne.

But still the little boy remained,  
He loved the Lord, we're told ;  
And when he grew a man, became  
A preacher true and bold.

But years rolled on, and John was dead,  
And Polycarp grew gray,  
Yet still he walked the heav'nly road,  
In wisdom's pleasant way.

But cruel pagans raged with thirst  
To shed the martyr's blood ;  
They cared not for the Saviour, nor  
His precepts understood.

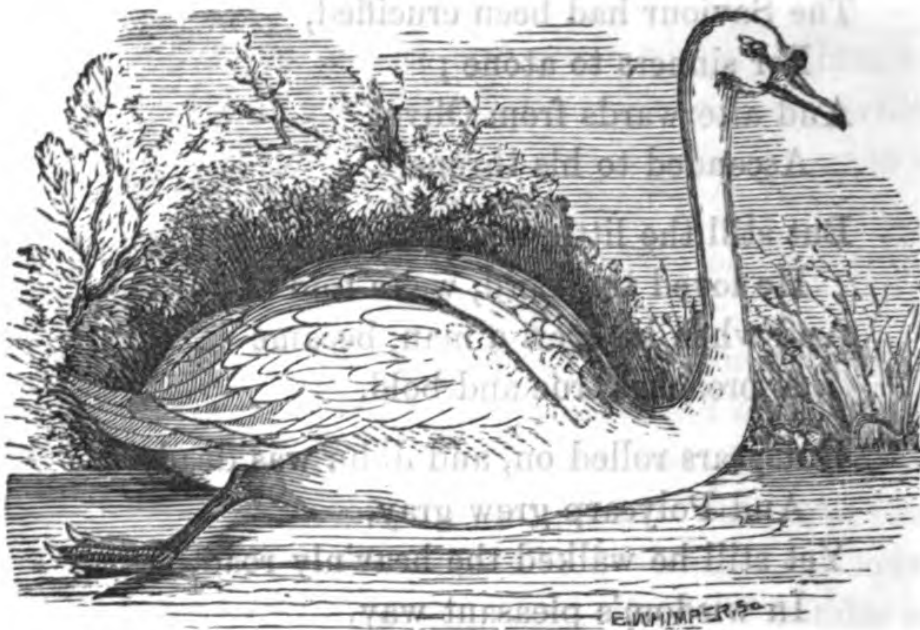
And when they asked the aged saint,  
Whence his religion came ?  
"I am a Christian," he replied ;  
He owned no other name.

And though he as a martyr died,  
His soul went straight to heaven ;  
For Christ had bless'd the little child,  
And a "new heart" had given.

Dear children, pray, for Jesus' sake,  
To have that gift of faith,  
Which fitted little Polycarp,  
For such a life and death.

HARRIETTE A. NOEL

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### THE WHITE SWAN.

**T**HE swan is a beautiful and graceful bird, and among the largest of the feathered race. Some of them weigh 25lbs., and measure from the bill to the tail  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet, while the breadth of the wings is 8 feet.

Who has not admired the swan, sailing through the waters like some noble ship! its wings (like sails), half-open to the wind—its tail, a genuine rudder, and its feet like broad oars or stately paddles—all combining to assist its easy progress! And who that has watched this noble creature can fail to discern the wisdom of the great Creator therein! How manifold are the works of God! and yet what marvellous adaptation is manifest in every part of creation!

What a peaceable creature is the swan, although so powerful! For while he is the only bird that dare contend with the eagle, yet he is not a terror to other birds, but uses his great strength merely in self-defence. This may afford a lesson, young friends, that the *strongest* boy in the school may nevertheless be the *most gentle*.

Our domestic swan is almost mute, but there is a species called the *whistling swan*, and this quality combined with its

peculiar beauty, has given rise to many poetical expressions concerning it. The ancients ascribe to it a sort of prophetic spirit, as it was said to sing more melodiously when about to die. This idea is embodied in the following beautiful verse, which many of our readers will remember :

“‘ What is that, mother ?’

‘ The swan, my love ;  
 He is floating down from his native grove.  
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;  
 He is floating down by himself to die ;  
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.  
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.’ ”

Many are ready to adopt Balaam’s language, and to say, “ Let me die the death of the righteous,” who are not desirous of living the life of the righteous. Examine yourselves, young friends, and see if your hearts be right with God. Let your language be that of the Psalmist, “ Search me, O God, and know my heart ; try me, and know my thoughts : and see if there be any wicked way in me ; and lead me in the way everlasting.”

#### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMA.

**T**HE Answer to the Enigma given last month is GOLD, as a swarm of youthful correspondents have already guessed. Early in December, “ gold,” “ gold,” “ gold,” came rolling in by every post, in a most acceptable manner ; and so excellent were many of the answers, that we had great difficulty in deciding which was the best. Indeed, did our means permit, we should like to give a prize to *all* who have given the correct answer. We hope, however, our young friends will not complain, when we announce the following as having received prizes, viz. :

- Miss Rebekah Sandland, 94, Herbert-street, Hoxton, London.  
 „ Martha Maria Wills, 86, Tottenham-court-road, London.  
 „ Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk.  
 „ Elizabeth Caroline Short, 16, Blackheath-hill, Greenwich.  
 „ Laura Jones, 20, Hardinge-street, Islington, London.  
 „ Alice Montgomery, 127, Sidney-street, Mile-end, London.  
 „ Elizabeth Ann Haslop, 409, Hackney-road, London.  
 „ Jane Hudson, Glaphorne.  
 „ Kate Gage, Hitcham, Suffolk.  
 Master William John Watson, Great Swaffham.  
 „ Edward Cullingford, Saxmundham.  
 „ T. G. Lovatt, Bilston, Staffordshire.  
 „ John Humphreyson, 4, Fitzroy-road, Regent's-park, London.

[“Minnie” shall have a prize, if she will send her name in full.]

Correct answers have also been received from the following :

- |                                   |                                  |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Miss M. Seward, Chatteris, Cambs. | Miss H. O. Wright, Notting-hill  |
| „ M. Chisholm, St. Alban's, Herts | „ Julia Pearce, East-rd., London |
| „ D. Dickerson, nr. Stowmarket    | „ Emily Giles, Deptford.         |
| „ H. Durrant, Bottisford, Suffolk | „ Jane Styles, Saxmundham        |
| „ Sophy Reed, Erith, Kent         | „ E. Brain, Brymbo, Wrexham      |
| „ A. F. Hitchcock, St. Alban's    | „ M. J. Williams, Deptford       |
| „ E. Cook, Banner-st., London     | Master H. Jones, New Church-st., |
| „ Emily Lingard, Rotherhithe      | Bermondsey                       |
| „ S.A. Huntingford, Wandsworth    | „ J. Masters, 210, New Kent-rd.  |
| „ Sarah Ann Ince, Clare, Suffolk  | „ Henry Porter, Brockley-rd.,    |
| „ M. A. Britnell, Chinnor, Oxon   | Deptford.                        |
| „ S. M. Hitchcock, Bildestone     | „ E. Barton, Hillingdon          |
| „ Alice Russell, Deptford         | „ Harry Ince, Clare, Suffolk     |
| „ Eliza Bolton, Nedging, Suffolk  | „ J. Steere, Richmond, Surrey    |
| „ Jane Peacock, 5, Hanover-ter-   | „ D. Stiff, Nedging, Suffolk     |
| race-mews, London                 | „ Alfred Spurdell, St. Luke's    |
| „ M. L. Honey, Bideford, Devon    | „ J. Lucas, Farnham, Surrey      |
| „ S. Garner, Wattisham, Suffolk   | „ Rich. Lee, New Church-st.,     |
| „ Mary Ann Warren, Stackwell      | Bermondsey                       |
| „ Sarah A. Johns, Govilon, Mon.   | „ John Reeve, Montague-ter-      |
| „ E.M.C., 10, Lyme-st., Camden-   | race, Southwark                  |
| town                              | „ True, Post-office, Wrexham     |
| „ Augusta Annie Lyon, Deptford    |                                  |

[Our young friends should bear in mind that what we require is not merely the correct answer, but reasons, and Scripture proofs.—ED.]

### ENIGMA.

The wife of a patriarch.  
 A tent-maker with whom Paul wrought.  
 A land where Moses long abode.  
 That which is said to be strength.  
 A prophet of the Lord.  
 The place where king Amaziah died.

The first letters of the above words will give the name of a prophet, the finals will be the name of his mother.

DAISY.



"O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

No. 53.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."

## THE LITTLE CANDLE.

**C**HEERFUL the little work-girl sat,  
And swift her needle flew ;  
While the dark shadows of the night,  
Their gloom around her threw.

A little light alone was hers,  
As there she sat and wrought ;  
And well she knew how dear to prize,  
What her own toil had bought.

“ I must be quick,” she musing said,  
My little candle wanes ;  
And swiftly must my task go on,  
While yet its light remains.”

And then she plied with wondrous skill,  
The little shining steel ;  
And every ray of that small light,  
Smiled on her patient zeal.

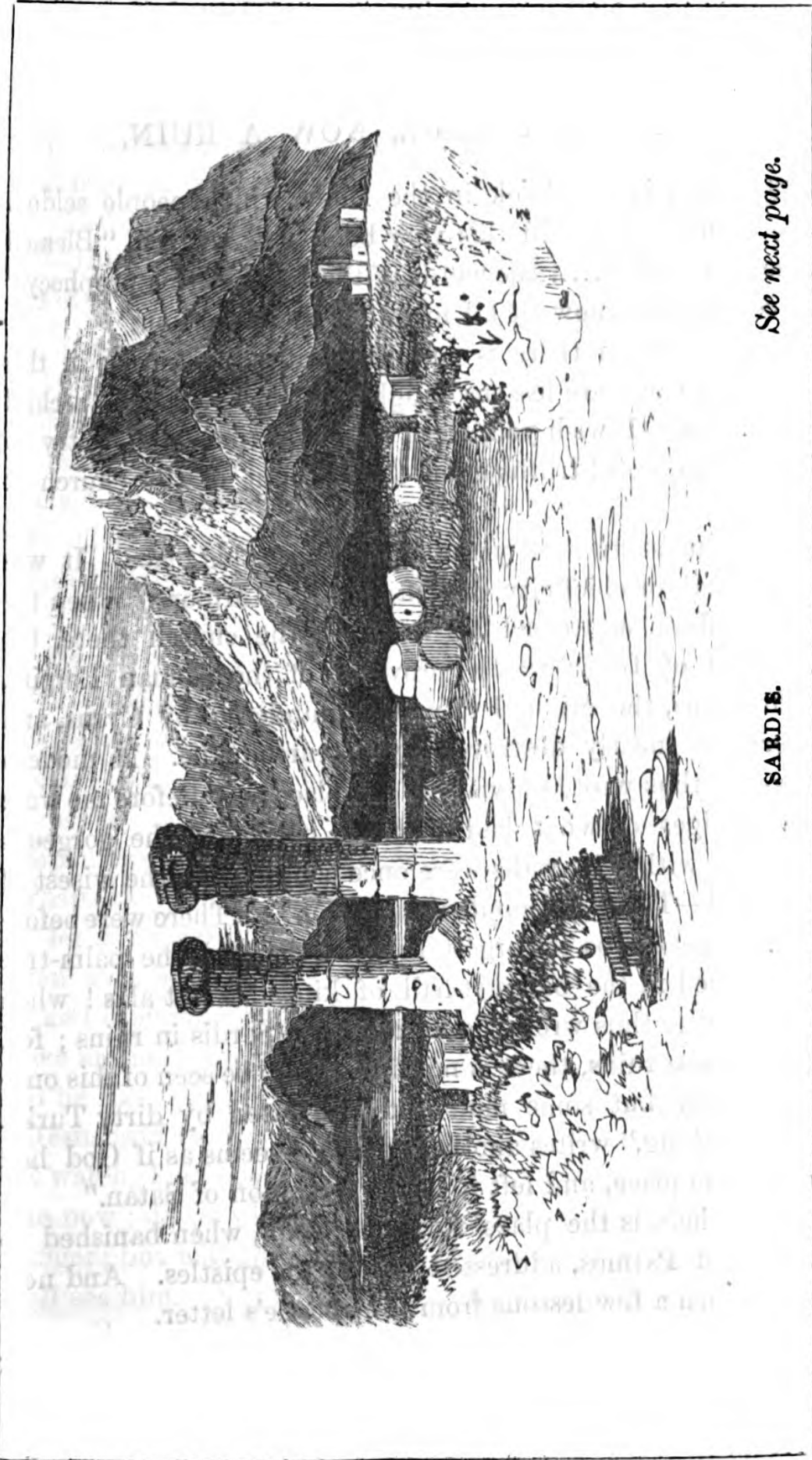
Ere the last glimmer died away,  
Her task was neatly done ;  
Sweet was her rest, and joy to her  
Came with the morning sun.

Ah, is not *life* a little light ?  
And soon 'twill cease to burn ;  
And should not we from that dear girl  
A solemn lesson learn ?

While yet our little candle shines,  
Be all our powers employed ;  
And while we strive to do our tasks,  
Life shall be best enjoyed.

But let us ne'er, in darkened hours,  
Forget what Christ hath done ;  
But, patient, in sweet hope await  
The glorious RISING SUN !

*Henry Bacon.*



*See next page.*

**SARDIS.**

## ONCE A PALACE, NOW A RUIN.

**T**HERE is one book in the Bible which people seldom read, and yet in this very book it is written, "Blessed is he that *readeth*.....the words of the book of this prophecy." Of course you know that I mean "The Revelation."

Now although there is so much that is mysterious in this book, yet there are lessons taught by it which even a child may learn. I wish you, then, to follow me, while I try to draw some useful truths from the account of the church at Sardis.

But I must first tell you a little about this place. It was the capital, or chief city, of Lydia, in Asia Minor. When the apostle John addressed his letter to the church there, the kingdom of Lydia was a province of the Roman Empire. Before this, the original city was plundered by Cyrus, and afterwards nearly destroyed by an earthquake. A modern traveller thus wrote on visiting the place :—"Before me were the vestiges of what had been the palace of the gorgeous Croesus; within its walls were once congregated the wisest of mankind—Thales, Cleobulus, and Solon.....There were before me.....the tombs of forgotten monarchs, and the palm-tree that waved in the banquet-hall of kings." But alas! when the traveller thus wrote, he looked upon Sardis in ruins; for, beside these ruins, there is nothing now to be seen of this once famous city but some mud huts, inhabited by dirty Turks. "Every thing," writes another author, "seems as if God had cursed the place, and left it to the dominion of Satan."

This, then, is the place to which John, when banished to the isle of Patmos, addressed one of his epistles. And now let us learn a few lessons from the apostle's letter.

*The church at Sardis had a name to live when it was dead; that is, it appeared to be what it was not. Just as some*



boy and girls do, who attend Sunday-school, and appear very attentive ; but who, on leaving school, leave all their good manners and attention behind them. They appear to love God and his word, when they do not. We all despise hypocrites ; how much more must God do so !

Yet even in the church at Sardis were some good things left ; but these were “ ready to die.” It sometimes happens that those who really love Jesus grow so fond of the vanities of this world that they almost forget their Saviour. If any readers of the *Pearls* have loved Jesus, but have lately thought so much of their play and other matters, that they have but very little room in their heart for their best Friend, the command given to the church at Sardis applies to them ; let them “ be watchful,” and ask God’s Spirit to “ strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die.”

“ *Be watchful.*” We all need this exhortation. When we hear God’s word and go to the Sunday-school, Satan is ready to catch away “ the good seed,” lest it take root in our hearts : let us *be watchful* against him. When we are with our companions, and are frequently tempted to do wrong ; when perhaps they say, “ It is only for once, and nobody will know it,” let us *be watchful*, and remember that God sees us. And when we are alone, when we are reading God’s word, and wicked thoughts come into our mind, let us then *be watchful*. If we are not watchful, sin will get the mastery, and our end will be like that of Sardis.

Jesus said to the church at Sardis, “ If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief.” And the same is true now : Jesus will come again, not then to be born in a manger ; but will appear in the clouds of heaven, and we all shall see him. Yes, you must meet him, dear reader. But how will you meet him,—as a friend, or an enemy ? He will come as the friend of all dear children who have been sorry for their sins, and have asked his forgiveness, but as the enemy

of all who have hardened their hearts against him ; and oh, how could we bear the anger of such an enemy !

But Jesus is the enemy of the wicked only because of their sins. He does not love to punish : oh no, he loves to receive sinners, even children : he says, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven ;" and this should encourage you, my dear reader, to seek his love, so that while Jesus says, " Behold, I come quickly !" you may be able to answer, " Even so, come, Lord Jesus." J. T. B.

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### JOHN HOWARD.

*(Continued from page 9.)*

**I**N the course of his visitation, Howard found " multitudes both of felons and debtors, dying of the gaol fever and small-pox." His voluntary and self-denying exertions excited the attention of the Legislature, and when in March, 1774, he was examined before the House of Commons on the subject, " he had the honour of their thanks."

Thus encouraged in his benevolent designs, after repeatedly visiting the prisons of Great Britain and Ireland, he extended his visits to foreign countries ; and there

" Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,  
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank,—  
To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone,  
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan ;  
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,  
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows ;  
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,  
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health."

He travelled three times through France, four times through Germany, five times through Holland, twice through Italy, once through Spain and Portugal, and also through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and part of Turkey. The result of his investigations presented such a catalogue of human misery, neglect, and cruelty, as was never before published.

During his absence from his native land, on one of his latter journeys for the benefit of suffering humanity, a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a statue to his memory ; and so warmly was the matter taken up, that in the course of a few months above £1,500 were subscribed for this purpose. But Howard sought not the praise of men ; and when aware of the design, his language was, "Have I not one friend in England that would put a stop to such a proceeding ?" The matter was accordingly dropped, and the money was benevolently applied in the relief of those who had become prisoners through debt and misfortune.

In 1789, Howard published his "Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe," in which he announced his intention of again visiting Russia, Turkey, &c. This journey proved to be his last. Having spent some time at Cherson, a very unhealthy Russian settlement, where disease had cut off thousands of that nation, owing greatly to ignorance and neglect,—he visited a young lady who lay dangerously ill of a prevailing fever, in order to administer some medicine for her relief ; when he caught the disorder, which shortly afterwards terminated his most useful life. In Britain his death was heard of with sincerest regret, and a monument to his memory was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, as a proof of national gratitude.

Thus have we very briefly sketched an outline of the character of this truly great man, who may well remind us of even a far greater than he, of whom it was emphatically said, that he came "to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,"—bound, not with a chain of iron, but with "the chain of their sins." How inexpressibly sad the condition ! but how much more so if there were no hope ! Has my reader ever felt his bondage ? If so, trust in the Lord Jesus, and soon thou shalt hear him say "Loose him, and let him go." J. B.

“THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

**L**ITTLE Mary was sometimes very troublesome. She was disobedient to her mamma, and often got into mischief. One day her mamma took her on her lap, and talked to her, and told her that God’s eye was upon her, and that he was displeased when she did wrong. Notwithstanding this, shortly afterwards, when her mamma could not see her, Mary was again found doing that which she had been told not to do : on being reminded that God had seen her all the time, she said in her childish way, “ *Then I wish he’d turn his back sometimes.*”

Alas ! how many children indulge the same desire, although that wish may not be expressed ; and how few act as if they remembered that God’s eye is always upon them ! But whether they remember it or not, it is *true* ; and not only does God see all their *actions*, but he knows every thought in their hearts.

“ O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where’er I rove, where’er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.”

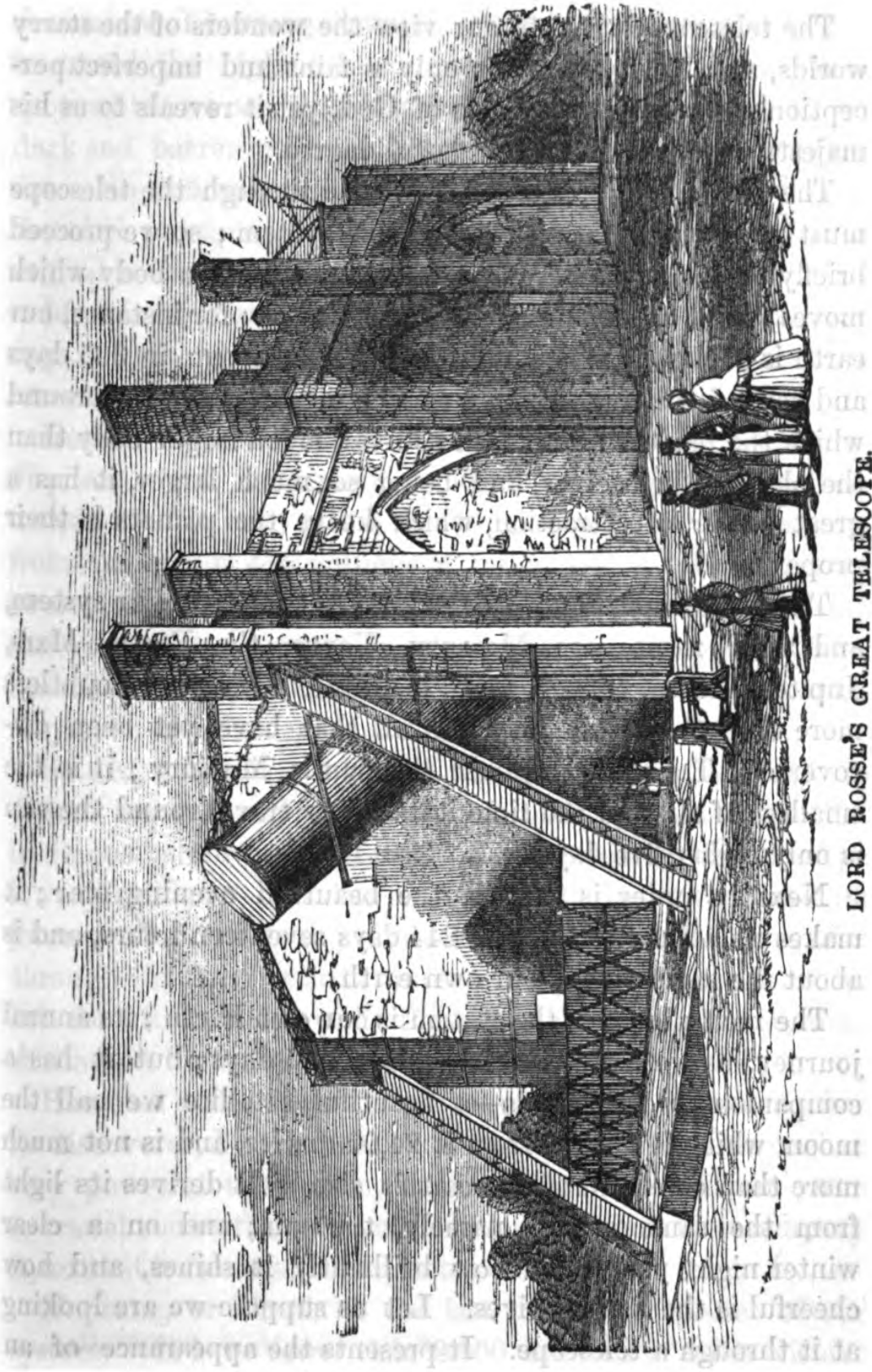
*Woodville, Bideford.*

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THE TELESCOPE.

**M**OST of my young readers know what a telescope is, though few have seen one so large as that which our engraving represents. There are several descriptions of telescopes : some are called solar, the others lunar, the former being for use in the day-time, and the latter at night. Our picture represents the largest lunar telescope in the world, that of Lord Rosse, which is fifty feet in length, and six feet in diameter and is suspended between high and substantial walls : its weight is twelve tons.





LORD ROSSE'S GREAT TELESCOPE.

The telescope brings to our view the wonders of the starry worlds, and though it gives only a faint and imperfect perception of the greatest works of God, yet it reveals to us his majesty and power in a wonderful degree.

The greatest objects of interest seen through the telescope must be the planets of our own solar system ; so we proceed briefly to notice them. By a planet we mean a body which moves round a sun in a given space of time : for instance, our earth is a planet, which travels round the sun in 365 days and some few hours, which we call our year. The sun, round which the planets move, is of course a much larger body than the planets themselves, and being so much larger, it has a great power of attraction, which keeps the planets in their proper orbit.

There are eight planets belonging to our own solar system, and their names are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, and Neptune. There are doubtless more than these, but they are all that have yet been discovered. The planet nearest the sun is Mercury ; it is the smallest of all, and the time it takes to travel round the sun is only eighty-five days.

Next in order is Venus, the beautiful evening star ; it makes its annual journey in 244 days seventeen hours, and is about the same size as our own earth.

The next planet in the system is our own Earth ; its annual journey, as we have noticed, being 365 days ; but it has a companion in its travels—a beautiful satellite we call the moon, which is distant from it 24,000 miles, and is not much more than one-third of the earth's size. It derives its light from the same source, namely, the sun ; and on a clear winter night you know how brilliantly it shines, and how cheerful is the light it gives. Let us suppose we are looking at it through a telescope. It presents the appearance of an honeycomb, full of black cavities, which are believed to be

the craters of burning mountains, whose elevation is supposed to exceed the highest mountains of the earth. The black spots which we see with the naked eye, are supposed to be dark and barren plains, which were once vast seas of molten fire. No atmosphere can be observed around it, and it is therefore presumed to be unfitted to support either animal or vegetable life.

Mars is the next planet ; it moves round the sun in 687 days. It is very red and fiery, and was doubtless for this reason called by the ancients the god of battle.

But the largest and most beautiful planet of our system is Jupiter, which is thirteen hundred times larger than this world. It has been called the king of planets ; its distance from the sun is 485 millions of miles, and it takes it nearly twelve of our years to travel round it : but to compensate for this great distance from the sun, its Creator has given it four beautiful moons, so that though its evenings must be long, they must also be very beautiful.

Saturn, which is a thousand times larger than the Earth, is distant from the sun 890 millions of miles. It has a beautiful luminous belt or ring, and its appearance through the telescope is very brilliant. It takes thirty of our years to make its journey round the sun ; it has but one day and one night, through this long period : the sun shining on one side of its belt for fifteen years, while the other side is dark, and then shining on the other side for the same period.

Herschel which is the next planet in order, is named after its discoverer, Dr. Herschel. It can only be seen through a very powerful telescope : it takes eighty-four of our years to travel round the sun, but it has six moons to accompany it, so that it is not so dreary after all.

Neptune, or Urania is the last discovered planet of our system. It is no fewer than 2,800 millions of miles distant from the sun, while it takes 165 years to complete its journey

round the sun. On account of the distance, but little is known of this planet; but it is believed by eminent astronomers to have a number of moons to compensate for the darkness which would otherwise enshadow it.

And now perhaps some of my young readers will ask the very natural question, "Are these worlds inhabited?" I believe some of them are. Clouds have been observed floating over them, which fact clearly indicates an atmosphere, and in some of them the outlines of seas and continents have been observed: but what is the character of their inhabitants, imagination only can supply. He only who has made nothing in vain, possesses a perfect knowledge of his works; for the greatest facilities of science only enable us to "see through a glass, darkly." Let us, however, be thankful that, unlike the ancients (who ignorantly worshipped and gave names to most of the planets), we are taught to worship their Creator, and to exclaim in the language of the Psalmist:



"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: what is man that thou art mindful of him! or the son of man, that thou visitest him!"

HY. B—.



## WHAT IS MY MISSION?

“WHAT is my mission?” said a child ;  
 “I am so weak and small ;  
 But you have said that God above  
 Has ordered in his boundless love  
 Some mission for us all.

“I know that all the noble deeds,  
 The strivings against sin ;  
 The noblest acts that men have done,  
 The greatest conquests they have won,  
 Can never heaven win.

“But, mother, if we have a work,  
 Oh tell me what is mine ;  
 You say that all things useful are—  
 The glorious sun, or twinkling star,  
 Controll'd by power divine.”

“My child, it is not given to all  
 A noble work to do ;  
 Some live a life unsought, unknown,  
 Yet in their lives their love has shone :  
 It may be so with you.

“Whate'er thy hand may find to do,  
 That do with all thy will ;  
 To use for God the strength he lends,  
 And humbly take the work he sends,  
 This be thy longing still.

“Perchance thy life to all on earth  
 May seem a lowly one ;  
 But if each talent God has given,  
 To use for him thou still hast striven,  
 His voice shall say, ‘Well done !’”

DAISY.

## LITTLE THINGS.

**D**ID you ever think what *power* for good or for evil there is in little things? It was only an apparently *little thing* that Adam and Eve did, that compelled them to leave paradise. It seemed only a *little thing* for those children to follow the good prophet Elisha, and say, "Go up, thou bald head!" but God who says, "Do my prophets no harm," caused two *bears* to come out of an adjoining wood, which "devoured forty-two of them." It appeared but a *little thing* to take a few smooth stones from the brook and to place one in a sling; but it did a *great work*, it killed a great giant who "defied the armies of the living God." It was only a *little thing*, as some people would think, to tell a falsehood, yet Ananias and Sapphira were both struck dead for it. Remember, therefore, dear children, that some of the greatest, and some of the saddest events are caused by very little things. Oh how careful should we be of *little things*! Remember, a *little worm* killed Jonah's gourd in one short night. A *little sin* may condemn us for ever. A *little faith* will save us. Christ was once but a *little child*, but he became mighty to save. The Bible is a little book compared with many, but it made Timothy "wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus." It seems a *little thing* to *look to Jesus*; yet he says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Jesus does not disregard little things; for when on earth he took little children up in his arms and blessed them: and he says he "will turn his hand upon the little ones;" so that we should be careful of *little things*. May you, dear children, believe in the Saviour, and thus, though you may be *little sinners*, you will be saved by a great Saviour from "the wrath to come."

*Bexley-heath.*

W. F.

## ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the Enigma given in the last number is as follows :—

S A R A H  
A Q U I L A  
M I D I A N  
U N I O N  
E L I S H A  
L A C H I S H

The Editor presents his thanks to the following young friends who have favoured him with a reply, viz :—

|                                  |                                  |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Miss F. Armstrong, Lee, Kent     | Shrewsbury                       |
| " M. A. Britnell, Chinnor, Oxon  | Master John H. Bridge, Maidstone |
| " E. Cook, Islington             | " J. Dickens, Clerkenwell        |
| " E. N. C., London               | " F. H. Glapthorne               |
| " A. E. Freeman, East-rd London  | " Stanley Hawkins, Brighton      |
| " Eliza Holmes, Brixton          | " M. J. Isaacs, Langport,        |
| " Sarah Ince, Clare, Suffolk     | Somerset                         |
| " Clara Lerner, Islington        | " F. A. Kelsey, Bexley, Kent     |
| " Julia Pearce, East-rd., London | " E. S. King, St. Neot's, Hunts  |
| " Jane Styles, Saxmundham        | " John Russell, New-cross        |
| " Sarah A. Wagon, Tunbridge      | " W. J. Watson, Swaffham-        |
| Wells                            | Prior, Cambs.                    |
| " Elisabeth Paxton, Carshalton,  | " H. E. Philips, Westminster     |
| " M. A. Williams, Frankwell      |                                  |

And to several others whose answers arrived too late for acknowledgment.

**M**Y birth-place is the land, though I am often to be found  
on the mighty deep. I reign a monarch in my sphere ;  
and was held in great veneration in the dark ages. I have  
assisted in the formation of idols, and have frequently been a  
hiding-place for them. A person mentioned but once in  
Holy Writ, was laid near me, as was also the book of the law  
of God ; I have been honoured in affording shelter to an  
angel, and indirectly was the cause of death to a prince ; I  
am noted for strength, and live to a good old age.

[The friend who sent us the above Enigma has kindly promised a prize for the best answer, of which she shall be the judge. Answers should be addressed to the Editor, care of Mr. Briscoe, 28, Banner-street, Finsbury, E. C., not later than the 10th of February.]

I am a word of 12 letters.

My 7th, 2nd, and 12th letters spell the name of one of the tribes of Israel.

My 7th, 8th, 9th, 7th, 2nd, and 9th, a town where the people assembled to make Saul king.

My 1st, 11th, and 3rd, an animal.

My 12th, 10th, 2nd, 5th, and 6th, what all men are subject to.

My 6th, 8th, 1st, 11th, and 3rd, a king of Tyre.

My 4th, 3rd, 1st, and 8th, a king of Israel.

My 3rd, 10th, 9th, 8th, 5th, and 11th, an island on which Paul was shipwrecked.

My 3rd, 11th, 1st, 5th, 6th, and 2nd, a sister of Lazarus.

My 10th, 12th, 4th, and 3rd, a country that revolted from Jehoram, king of Judah.

My whole is a place where a king of Israel was mortally wounded in battle.

DAISY.

---

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

All letters for the Editor should be sent to the *Printer*—not the Publishers. For want of attention to this, several answers to the Enigma given last month did not reach us till long after the proper time.

*T. H.*—Thanks for your kind note. We hope your best wishes may be realized : who can tell ?

*F. F.* has our best thanks for his repeated kindness. His last paper is under consideration.—Meanwhile we shall be glad to hear from him again.

*T. G. C. A.*—Your verses shall appear in our next. The Enigma is far too easy for our shrewd young friends.

*E. H.* and *A. C.* have our best thanks. We will forward the answers when received.

*Esperance.*—We have reserved your lines on *Spring* for the March number, when we hope also to insert your enigma.



"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

**PEARLS**  
FROM THE  
**GOLDEN STREAM.**

Vol. V.

MARCH, 1866.

No. 54.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."— *Watts.*

LONDON:  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee."

## SPRING.

**W**HO is she in robes of green,  
Gay as any Eastern queen?  
Daisy pied and primrose fair  
Decorate her flowing hair.  
When she waves her magic wand,  
Beauty sheds at her command  
Over every leaf and tree  
Her own robe of verdancy.  
Now the sun with radiant beam  
Dances o'er the rippling stream;  
Winter hides his purple cheek,  
Midst the snowy Alpine steep;  
Lengthened days and azure sky  
Shew that he has passed by;  
Pearl drops glisten on the spray,  
Where her buoyant footsteps stray.  
Youthful reader, look around;  
Tell me where this nymph is found;  
Where she holds her gentle reign,  
And who follows in her train.

ESPERANCE.

---

## ERRATA.

AN O, though usually said to stand for nothing by itself, signifies a great deal when added to, or omitted from a numeral. By an inadvertency, one was omitted in our article on the telescope last month p. 26. Instead of "the moon which is distant from it (*i. e.* the earth), 24,000 miles," read "240,000," and read also "Herschell, or Uranus," instead of "Neptune, or Urania."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. O. has our best thanks. His enigma shall appear in our next.

T. G. S. A.—Next month.



### A GARDEN UNDER WATER.

**S**OME of our young readers will think this a curious place for a garden ; but it is no less strange than true, that in the bosom of the mighty deep there exists a display of creative power, to contemplate which will fill our minds with wonder.

On our sea coasts, (cast up by the waves), may frequently be found some beautiful specimens of these sea flowers. I am not alluding to algæ, or sea weeds, of which there is a large variety, but to those beautiful creatures which so long puzzled scientific men, to determine whether they were plants or animals, but which are now classed among the animal kingdom. Sea anemones, and other species, which in their native element, so strongly resemble flowers, that we shall call them "a garden under water."

In the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park (which many of you doubtless have visited), there is a room where there are some very good marine aquariums, that is, glass vessels containing sea water, in which these curious flowers are kept. They vary as much in colour as in appearance : some are red, others, brown, and purple, pink, and green, orange, yellow,

and white. In appearance some are like mushrooms, some are like branches of small trees, and some look like daisies. You may watch them for a considerable time before you discover any sign of life, but if you are patient you will be rewarded, and will see the slender silver-like threads with which some of them are adorned, contract, or expand, so slowly that you must watch pretty closely to observe it. They are attached to pieces of stone or rock work at the bottom of the vessel, and some of them are quite as handsome as many garden flowers.

There are frequently cast upon the shore by the waves, small pieces of jelly-like weed, about the size of a man's finger, which present no appearance of interest ; but if placed in a tumbler of sea water, they gradually expand, until they become four or five times as large as when first immersed ; they also become transparent ; small cells or cavities appear, which presently assume the form of small flowers, in appearance like a primrose before it is full blown, and the little alcyon, as it is called, becomes a branch of living plants, very wonderful and handsome to behold.

There are in our own seas a large variety of these animal flowers, which would take more than the longest life-time to study, but is in the tropical seas where they are found in the greatest abundance and beauty. No flower that blooms in the most richly cultivated garden, can vie in loveliness with these gems of the deep ; some are of a brilliant crimson colour, others purple, and orange, and some beautifully variegated and fringed with bead-like rings, while some subside into the most delicate tints with edges of shining silver. But no description we can give can convey to your minds an adequate idea of their beauty.

Travellers have remarked that some of the clear shallows of our tropical seas look as lovely as the finest gardens they have ever seen.

And these little creatures are alive and are indebted to the



Divine Artist who has so exquisitely coloured them, for the sustenance and protection of the life he has given ; and how beautifully adapted is the provision which is made for their protection ! These delicate and fragile forms, which shrink almost to nothing at a touch, outlive in their native element, the fiercest storm that wrecks the stoutest ship, and are perfectly secure when the tempest sweeps the ocean, and the surging waves dash against their rocky habitations.

These little creatures show forth the praise of their great Creator as much as the higher or more exalted forms which he has called into existence, and abundantly testify to the truth of his word, that "his tender mercies are over all his works." And if, my dear young friends, he careth for these, how much more doth he care for those whom he has made in "his own image !" Every blessing you receive comes from him. He preserves you from dangers, seen and unseen, and will, I trust, eventually take you to dwell with him for ever.

H—Y B.

---

### THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." Proverbs xiv. 32.

**M**ARK the contrast : "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, BUT the righteous hath hope in his death." The wicked is DRIVEN away. "How long have I to live?" asked the dying merchant of his physician. "Only a few moments, sir," was the solemn reply. "Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the rich sinner ; "twenty thousand pounds for *one* hour." Twenty thousand pounds for ONE hour ! What a moral ! How many "thousand" hours he might have spent in accumulating that "twenty thousand pounds ;" but now he would give twenty thousand pounds for one hour. Oh,

how infinitely valuable the life of the soul must be for a niggardly miser to offer so much money for *one* hour's existence out of hell. "Twenty thousand pounds for one hour!" But death, the commissioned servant of the Most High God, was not to be bribed nor compromised; and therefore the man, whose god was money, was driven away in his wickedness, with "Twenty thousand pounds for one hour," upon his wicked lips. "*Don't* let me die!" said the banker's daughter to her father. "*Don't* let me die!—Say you won't!—*swear* you won't!" was the spasmodic and awful request of the young lady as she was being driven away. And away she was driven, in spite of her father's oaths, and in defiance of all the powers that were employed to detain her. On the monument of that young lady, soon after her death, I read with a trembling soul this perverted epitaph, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Not many months since, a tradesman whom I know, lost his wife. Just before she died, she clutched the bed-clothes, and in most thrilling screams begged her husband, and her sister, and her friends to save her, and not let her die; but she died as she lived, without God and without hope. The wicked is **DRIVEN**; he has no will to go, but go he must when death comes. "The wicked is driven **AWAY**." He is driven away from his relations, with whom he lived, and to whom his being was a curse. He is driven away from his associates, with whom he made merry, and sported with death. He is driven away from his abode, which shall know him no more for ever: "The wicked is driven away **IN HIS WICKEDNESS**"—with the sins of numerous years upon his conscience. Oh, to be driven away in the midst of wickedness unrepented of and unforgiven must be fearful indeed! "The wicked are driven away" into a state after which they have no desire, in which they have no hope, and from which they have no escape; into a state of society without friendship, of retribution without mercy,

and of misery without end. I beseech you to notice and ponder the difference. The wicked is driven away—the righteous “departs.” Death, like a flood, carries away the wicked into the “dead sea” of eternal death. Death, like a life-boat, takes the righteous up out of the waters of tribulation, and conveys them into their desired haven of everlasting rest. The death of the righteous is so vastly superior to the death of the wicked, that the wicked Balaam exclaimed, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the *end* of that man is peace.”—*From a Sermon by Mr. S. Cozens.*

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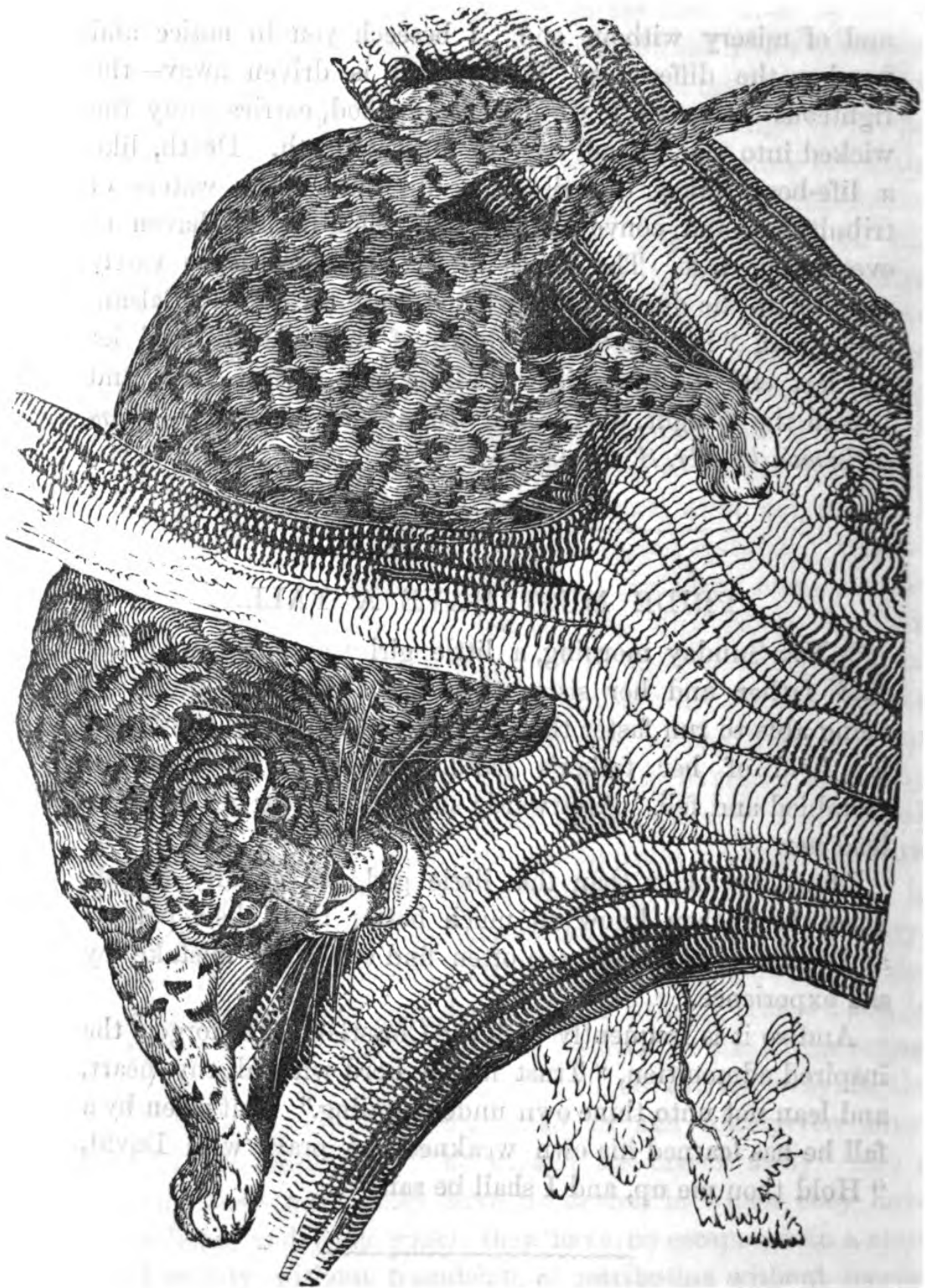
#### PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

**O**NE Sunday morning, a little girl was going with her father and her sister to school. She was proud of being able to run faster than her elder sister, and would not lay hold of her father’s hand. Presently, however, she stumbled and fell. Afterwards she was glad for her father to lead her.

Many, far older than this little girl, are equally foolish. They think they know so much better than their parents and teachers, and alas! too often find out their mistake by sad experience.

And so it is frequently with the Christian. He forgets the inspired admonition, “Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.” But when by a fall he has learned his own weakness, he prays with David, “Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.”

---





## THE LEOPARD.

**N**ATURAL history is a very interesting and profitable study ; and as God has frequently made use of it in the Bible to convey instruction to our minds, the more we know of it the better.

Our picture represents a well-known animal, frequently referred to in Scripture. The leopard belongs to the cat tribe, being next in size to the panther. It measures about four feet in length, and as our young friends are well aware, is covered with beautiful spots. It inhabits various parts of Asia and Africa.

It has been said that a leopard will not attack a man unless provoked ; but I should not like to try. What say you, young friends ?

Allusions to the character and habits of the leopard are often made in the Bible. Its fleetness is referred to in Habak. i. 8 ; its fierceness in such passages as Isa. xi. 6 ; its great strength in Dan. vii. 6. In Hos. xiii. 7, God himself, in executing judgment upon those who forget and forsake him, is compared to a leopard ; not that he is naturally fierce and destructive. Far otherwise. Read his compassionate language even in the same chapter—Hosea xiii. 4, 9, 14. But God is so pure and holy that he must necessarily hate sin ; and in fierce wrath he will meet those who love sin, and delight to break his righteous laws, just as a hungry leopard would meet a man. “ Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest [he] tear you in peices, and there be none to deliver :” Psa. l. 22.

---

## THE SNOWDROP.

THE modest snowdrop, emblem of fair truth,  
 Conveys this lesson to the thoughtful youth,—  
 That unassuming worth will ever find  
 A warm reception in a generous mind.

## WHERE IS HEAVEN?

“**W**HERE, where is heaven, mother, is it very far away?  
 You said that little brother, when he died the other  
 day,  
 Had gone to dwell beyond the sky, from earth had passed  
 away,  
 To live with Jesus up on high, and there for ever stay.

“But, mother, was it not within the churchyard old and  
 gray,  
 That you, and father too, had been, him in the tomb to lay?  
 And on the Sabbath, I and sis’ went there the spot to see,  
 And on the stone we left a kiss for him, from her and me.

“Oh mother, mother, tell me why, you say he now belongs  
 To th’ angel host above the sky, which round the Saviour  
 throngs?  
 You say he wears a golden crown, and robes of spotless white;  
 I wonder if he’s looking down, and smiles on us to-night.”

“My boy,” the mother kind replied, “angels in bright array,  
 The spirit of thy brother bore, from this our earth away;  
 ’Twas but the cold and lifeless clay, we placed within the  
 tomb;  
 He dwelleth now in perfect day, where death can never come.

“I know not where is heaven, but ’tis a happy place,  
 Where all, with sins forgiven, through Jesus’ matchless grace,  
 Reign with their God in glory, and chant in sweetest song,  
 Salvation’s gladsome story, while ages roll along.

*Dacre Park Sunday-school, Lee, S. E.*

T. G. C. A.

## REBUKED BY NEW ZEALANDERS.

**O**NE essential benefit resulting from missionary operations in distant lands, is the blessed effect which is often produced upon the minds of professing Christians in those countries. Often has it been the case that those who remain wholly unaffected by the exhibition of Christian principle at home have been deeply struck by it abroad. An instance of this kind occurred a few years ago in New Zealand. The officers of a king's ship on that station had invited some of the neighbouring chiefs to dine on board their vessel. Having sat down to dinner, the officers were not a little surprised to observe, their guests, who are not generally considered *bad trenchermen*, declining to partake of any of the provisions. Fearing that they suspected something was wrong, that the food was poisoned, or some want of courtesy towards them had been exhibited, the officers became quite uncomfortable. At length, however, the matter was explained. The eldest chief arose from his seat, and in a reverent and dignified manner, which was participated in by his brother chief, offered up a suitable prayer to Almighty God for a blessing upon the food set before them. This had been the omission which had so disconcerted all parties. The officer who related this circumstance declared that he had never been so abashed in his life, as when these lately savage New Zealanders thus silently rebuked the ungodliness of a company of professedly Christian Englishmen! England may learn lessons from New Zealand!—*British Workman*.

---

 THE LIFE-BOAT.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—What a noble object is a life-boat! and what a glorious enterprise is that which aims at saving the lives of ship-wrecked sailors!

As I was passing along one of the streets of London the

other day, I saw a huge waggon, drawn by five horses, coming towards me. Upon the waggon was a boat, painted in scarlet and blue, with the words inscribed "National Life-boat Institution," and her name was "The Jane." As the waggon came nearer, I thought of the great good which the "National Lifeboat Institution" had done and was doing, and I wondered to which part of our coast "The Jane" was bound. I thought of the wintry storms and gales that have blown over our land during the past month or two,—of the many dreadful shipwrecks which those storms have occasioned,—and of the hundreds of lives which have been saved from a watery grave through the instrumentality of life-boats.

Whilst I was watching the boat, I hoped in my heart that she would be the means of saving many shipwrecked mariners from the depths of an angry sea, and as the waggon passed, I said (and I have no doubt, if my young friends had also been there, they all would have joined in the wish), "God bless 'the Jane'!"

Turning away from this sight, it occurred to my mind, that as the life-boat is the salvation from death of many who have to "do business in great waters," so the Lord Jesus Christ is the salvation of those who feel themselves lost and are ready to perish. He is the real life-boat on the ocean of life. In him is perfect security to those who trust him. He has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and he will safely carry them through the swelling river of death, and land them at last on Canaan's happy shore.

My dear young readers, have you an interest in him? Is it your earnest desire to "win Christ and be found in him?" Can you each say heartily and sincerely—

"And when that awful storm takes place,  
That hurls destruction far and near,  
May I but shelter in thy grace,  
And find my glorious refuge there."

FELIX.





### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

**T**HE Christmas holidays had pass'd,  
 And now the time had come  
 For Jane to go to school at last,  
 To read, and work, and sum.

Her heart had been too full play,  
 Her lessons to regard ;  
 And now the task she had to say,  
 Appeared "so very hard."

And as she turned from leaf to leaf,  
 Her bosom swelled with fears ;  
 Until at length her rising grief  
 Burst in a flood of tears.

“ Shew me your spelling-book, my dear,”  
 Her mother kindly said ;

“ *Three syllables!* mamma ; look here :  
 “ ’Tis very hard indeed !”

“ The words are long,” her mother said,  
 “ But yet they’re easy too ;

“ Don’t you remember what you read  
 “ The patient pigeons do ?

“ The tares, though scattered far and wide,  
 “ They carry, *one by one,*

“ And in their dove-cot safely hide :  
 “ *And will you be out-done ?*

“ Now, *word by word,* the lesson spell ;  
 “ Cheer up, and never cry :

“ How easy ’tis to learn it well,  
 “ If you will only try !

“ Divide the words, as you would do  
 “ A slice of meat, my dear ;

“ For patience makes our troubles few,  
 “ Until they disappear.

“ Ah, now ’tis easy to repeat ;  
 “ You’ll never be a dunce :

“ You see you must not try to eat  
 “ A plateful all at once !”

*Islington.*

JOSIAH.



## ENIGMAS.

**T**HE father of a prophet.  
 One of the minor prophets.  
 One of the books in the Bible.  
 A people whom David saved.  
 One of Saul's sons.  
 The place where David killed the giant.  
 One of Paul's converts.

The first letters of the above words will give the name of a great prophet.

*Leicester.*

T. H. HENSER.

**I** AM immortal, yet shall cease to be,  
 As waves are swallowed in the boundless sea ;  
 I traverse earth, but centre in the sky,  
 And wipe the tear-drop from the mourners' eye.  
 I cheer the sinking, animate the brave,  
 Beam o'er the storm, and ride the crested wave ;  
 Lead the lone wanderer to his distant home,  
 And bear his warm orisons to the throne.  
 Yet strange to tell, when all my toil is past,  
 In heaven I never shall repose at last.

---

 ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the Prize Enigma, given in our last, is  
**THE OAK.**

The answer to the other Enigma is RAMOTH-GILEAD.

The prize offered by our Correspondent, who resigned into our hands the pleasurable, yet difficult duty of awarding it, has been given to

Miss Palmer, 11, Homerton-terrace, Homerton, London.

We thank all our young friends for the answers they sent us, many of which are very excellent. It was out of our

power to award prizes to all ; but we have added half-a-dozen to that given by our Correspondent, viz., to

- \*Miss Lucy Fanny King, Hadleigh, Suffolk
- „ Kate Gage, Hitcham
- „ Julia Pearce, East-road, London
- Master L. J. Sparrow, Great Baddow, Essex
- „ William J. Watson, Swaffham
- „ John Reeve, 2, Montague-terrace, Southwark

Correct answers to the first Enigma have been received from

- |                                                         |                                    |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Miss S. Clayton, Swaffham Prior                         | Miss Elizabeth C. Short, Deptford* |
| „ J. Peacock, 5, Hanover Mews,<br>Regent's-park, London | „ Maria Seward, Chatteris*         |
| „ Sarah Ince, Clare Suffolk*                            | „ Augusta A. Lyon, New Cross*      |
| „ Lizzie Hurry, Chatteris                               | „ M. A. Williams, Shrewsbury*      |
| „ A. E. Hunt, Manchester-sq.                            | „ Annie How, Woodville             |
| „ Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk                            | „ Elizabeth E. Lane, Deptford*     |
| „ F. Armstrong, Lee, Kent                               | „ Mary J. Williams, Deptford*      |
| „ Louisa Lambert, Maidstone                             | Master David Lewis, Govilon, Mon.  |
| „ Martha Maria Wills, London                            | „ B. Wakelin, Tottenham-ct.-rd     |
| „ A. Last, Knoddishall, Suffolk                         | „ Joseph Pilley, Deptford          |
| „ F. Martin, Staplehurst, Kent                          | „ C. P. C., Buxhall, Suffolk*      |
| „ S. Hitchcock, Hitcham, Suffolk                        | „ G. Penn, Whatford-street         |
| „ A. Read, Shelley House, Suffolk*                      | „ E. S. King, St. Neot's, Hunts    |
| „ S. R. Seward, Chatteris                               | „ F. Dyson, Clare, Suffolk*        |
| „ C. E. Pratt, Omega-rd., London                        | „ Arthur Day, Cambs.               |
| „ K. Hinton, South Hackney                              | „ Harry Ince, Clare, Suffolk       |
| „ Shuff, Upper Tooting*                                 | „ William G. Scott, Surrey         |
| „ J. Hudson, Glapthorne*                                | „ H. E. Philips, Westminster*      |
| „ Jane Styles, Saxmundham *                             | „ A. C. Adams, Bradford-on-        |
| „ S. A. Wagon, Tunbridge Wells*                         | „ F. Pickett, Tunbridge Wells*     |
| „ E. Jervis, Hitchin, Herts.                            | „ John H. Bridge, Maidstone*       |
| „ Fanny Kelsey, Bexley Heath*                           | „ W. Bryant, Clerkenwell*          |
| „ Emily Giles, Deptford                                 | „ L. W. Swinton-st., London*       |
| „ Kate Cant, Shepherdess Walk                           | „ A. Woollard, Bildestone*         |

The following have sent correct answers to the second Enigma :—

- |                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Miss C. Brindle, Vauxhall, London | Miss Emma Batho, Saxmundham       |
| „ Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk      | „ R. Scott, Grosvenor-sq., London |
| „ Mary Commander, London          | „ M. Lambert, Maidstone           |
| „ Sophia A. Woods, Deptford       | Master W. James, London           |
| „ F. A. Kelsey, Bexley Heath      | „ Edwin E. Odd, Deptford          |
| „ Charlotte A. Tilly, Wandsworth  | „ S. G. Wills, London             |
| „ M. Waters, Bermondsey           | „ John Reeve, Southwark           |
| „ A. S. Wootton, New Cross        | „ Philip T. Miller, Suffolk       |
| „ Alice M. Pratt, London          | „ W. Crossley, Cambs.             |
| „ E. Paxton, Carshalton, Surrey   | „ L. J. Sparrow, Gt. Baddow       |

Those marked thus (\*) have answered both Enigmas.



"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son:

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

APRIL, 1866.

No. 54.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

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PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."

"He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster."

"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."



## THE SUN.

**W**HO does not love the sunshine !—  
The bright enlivening beam,  
Shining upon the fresh green earth,  
Makes all things cheerful seem.  
It sheds its light on all around,  
And beautifies each spot of ground.

The sunshine is a gift from God,  
Bestowed on rich and poor ;  
It gilds the stately palace roof,  
And lights the cottage door ;  
It bids us think of Him who gave,  
Who came to suffer and to save.

It bids us think of Him who taught  
The blessed law of love,  
Of that true light which John describes  
As coming from above ;  
Of Him who came the world to bless—  
The glorious Sun of righteousness.

This orb shall pale, and fade away,  
His radiance shall be o'er ;  
But He, of righteousness the Sun,  
Endureth evermore,—  
Dear children, may the sunbeams bright,  
Point you to Him, the Lord of light.

DAISY.



## A VALLEY OF DEATH.

**O**N the south of Jerusalem lies a gloomy valley, which was called in ancient time, the valley of the son of Hinnom. I will tell you a story respecting it. Between two and three thousand years ago, it had a beautiful appearance, being full of gardens and trees. But had we lived then, we could scarcely have admired its beauty, if we had thought of the sad scenes which then took place there. In this valley was placed a huge idol—an image of brass, seated on a brazen throne. His name was Moloch. He had the body of a man, but the head of a calf, and was made hollow. When the people assembled to worship him, a fire was lighted within him, and thus the image was made red-hot. “But why?” I fancy I hear you inquire. It was that Moloch might have his sacrifices. And what do you imagine those sacrifices were? Why children,—yes, *little children*. The poor little creatures were placed on the hands of the image which were extended to receive them, and thus burnt to death. To drown the shrieks of the little sufferers, a drum called a *toph* was beaten; hence another name for this valley was *Tophet*. This idol was thus worshipped by the Ammonites, from whom the Israelites learned these barbarities. These sad inhuman practices are referred to in Deut. xii. 31; Ezek. xvi. 21; Jer. vii. 37, and other passages.

Now does it not strike you, my young friends, as strange and sad, that King Solomon himself should have been so misled as to build a high-place for this most abominable of idols.

But did you never note the reason? We read, “His wives turned away his heart.” Yes, it was through bad companions that Solomon forsook the Lord, and turned to idols. See what mischief evil company can do! If it could make Solomon sin thus, who had such wonderful revelations from God, we must not think that we can keep bad company, and



remain uninjured. Depend upon it, a *bad companion will do us far more harm than we can do him good.*

They were children who were sacrificed. How different the worship of God to that of idols ! The Saviour whom we worship said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—not that he might be pleased by their blood, but that he might lay his hands upon them, and bless them. And his love is still the same.

" Still to his footstool by prayer *you* may go,  
And ask for a share of his love."

This valley of Hinnom was afterwards defiled by the Jews, and made the receptacle for all kinds of filth and refuse, to destroy which fires were kept constantly burning, and hence it became a figure of hell. It was in allusion to this, most likely, that the Saviour used those solemn words, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Yes, my young friends, there is, if I may use the expression, a kind of double punishment for sin : there are the pangs of a guilty conscience, which are frequently felt in this world, and there is the terrible judgment of God in addition, which is reserved for the world to come. Jesus came to save sinners from "the wrath to come." Oh how great was his love ! He bore that wrath in their stead. Is he your Saviour, my dear readers ? Do you earnestly desire him to save you. Then go to him ; his promise to you is, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." But beware how you treat this subject lightly ! for when death comes to you, oh how will you escape, "if you neglect so great salvation ?"

J. T. B.

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FAITH, like a jewel, shines most bright,  
When all around is dark as night.

## THE TREES AND FLOWERS.

**N**O doubt many little children are longing to see the green leaves on the trees again, and the pretty red roses and fine tall white lilies, once more in bloom. Well, I dare say, by the blessing of God, we shall soon see the trees budding forth, and the daisy, the daffodil, the honeysuckle, and the heartsease, and all the other pretty flowers. The God of all the earth is now sending the

“ March winds and the April showers,  
To bring forth the May flowers.”

And these are needful ; for there would be no nice gardens, green trees, and fragrant flowers, if it were not for the March winds and April showers. They must come before the smiling shining days of summer. And though you do not like the cold, bleak March wind, which seems to pierce through your warmest clothing, yet it is *needful*. God *knows best*. He knows you like the fine flowers of spring and summer, and the nice fruit of autumn ; and therefore he sends the wind and the rain in their season. How ungrateful and unwise it is to complain of the March winds and April showers ! because if we did not have them *first*, we should not have the *fruits* and *flowers* afterwards.

Now so it is with all who love God. They have trouble of some kind before they get to heaven, where they will “ flourish in the courts of their God.” All who love God are like the trees and flowers. While on earth, in a wintry state, they have to endure pain, and trouble, and sorrow, and loss ; but when they get to heaven, all will be like summer : as the beautiful poet, Dr. Watts says—

“ There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.”

God's people in heaven will be like flowers in full bloom, or fruits quite ripe. The sun in heaven never sets. There are no clouds nor storms there—it is all day and all summer. But while here God's people are like trees and flowers blown about by the March winds ; yet “all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”

*Bexley-heath.*

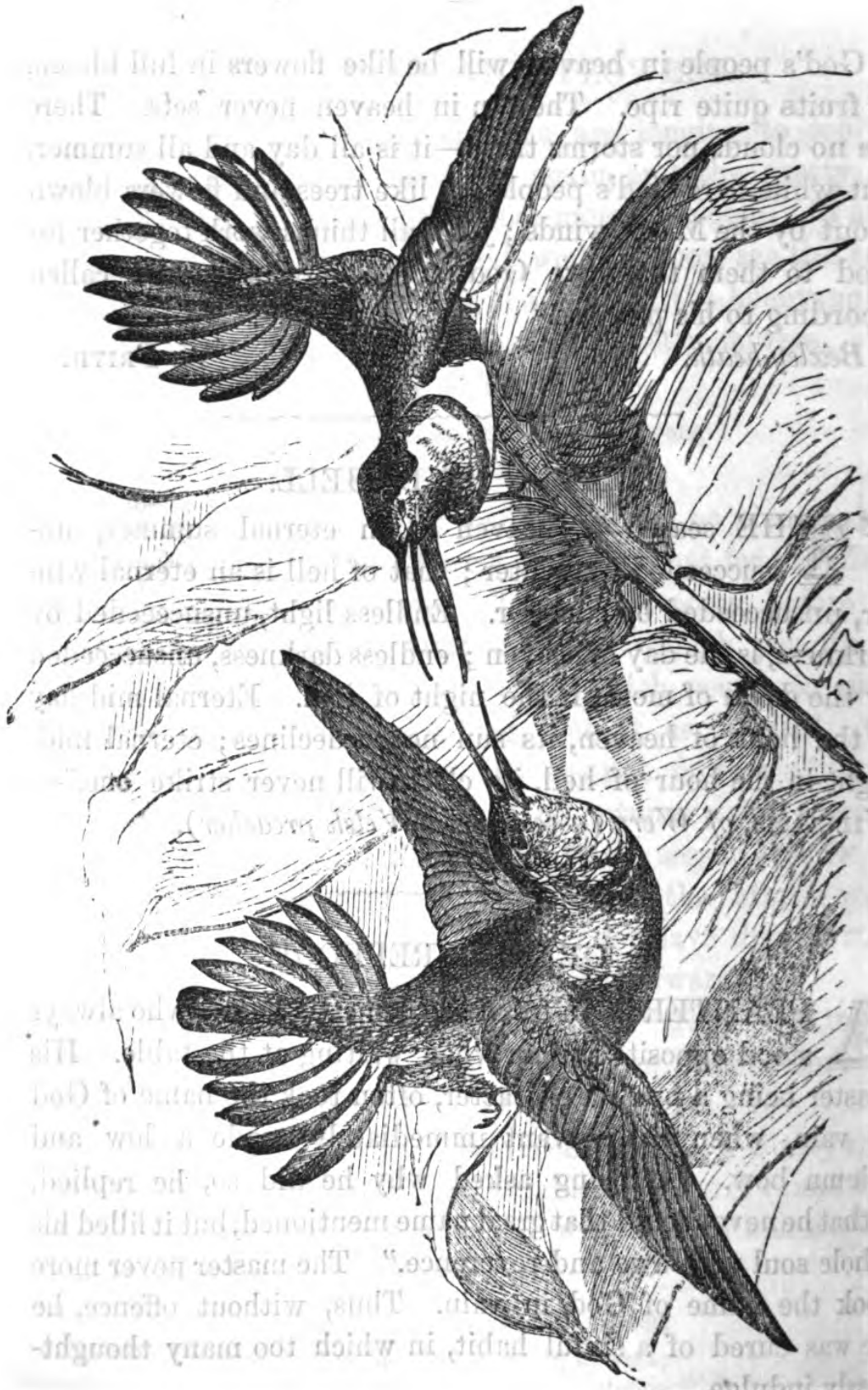
W. FRITH.

### HEAVEN AND HELL.

“**T**HE season of heaven is an eternal summer, unsucceeded by winter ; that of hell is an eternal winter, unsucceeded by summer. Endless light, unsucceeded by darkness, is the day of heaven ; endless darkness, unsucceeded by the dawn of morn, is the night of hell. Eternal mid-day is the hour of heaven, its sun never declines ; eternal midnight in the hour of hell, its clock will never strike one.”—*WILLIAMS, of Wern (a celebrated Welsh preacher).*

### A GENTLE REPROOF.

**A** PLANTER had a favourite domestic negro, who always stood opposite to him when waiting at the table. His master being a profane character, often took the name of God in vain, when the servant immediately made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied, “that he never heard that great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with awe and reverence.” The master never more took the name of God in vain. Thus, without offence, he he was cured of a sinful habit, in which too many thoughtlessly indulge.



**HUMMING BIRDS.**



## HUMMING BIRDS

**A**RE of various kinds, some are very much smaller than others. Our engraving represents one of the larger species, the size of life : the smaller species are not bigger than a bee, and weigh no more than 20 grains.

The RUBY-NECKED, is the most beautiful. It is about half the size of a common wren. The upper parts of the body are brown, with a mixture of green and gold, and the throat like the finest topaz. They are of almost all colours,—crimson, green, emerald, white-breasted, and spotted. Some with, and some without crest. The eyes of most of them are very small, and as black as jet.

What a beautiful sight it must be to see these exquisite little creatures sporting in the fields of America, in countless numbers, fluttering about the flowers, and as Mr. Buffon carefully observed “extracting their nectar as if with a kiss ; while the rapid motion of their wings produces a humming sound,” on which account they are called humming birds. And when we reflect that each little bird is perfect in every part, and has all the instincts of life, how great does the Almighty appear even in the minutest of his works !

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### MUTUAL HELP.

“**T**WO are better than one,” says Solomon ; “because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow : but woe to him that is alone when he falleth ; for he hath not another to help him up.”

The cobbler could not paint the picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoe-latchet was not quite right, and the painter thought it well to take the hint. Two neighbours, one blind, and the other lame, were called to a place

at a great distance. What was to be done ? The blind man could not see, and the lame man could not walk ! Why, the blind man carried the lame one ; the former assisted by his legs,—the other by his eyes. Do not say to any one, then, “ I can do without you ; ” but, be ready to help those who ask your aid, and then, when it is needed, you may ask theirs.—*Smith.*

*D. P. S. S., Lee, S. E.*

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### THE BRAZEN EAGLE.

**N**EAR Sherwood Forest stands a fine old mansion, known as Newstead Abbey. It was originally a priory, and was founded by Henry II. in the twelfth century. When convents, and all such so-called religious houses, were abolished in the time of Henry VIII., Newstead Abbey was given away to a Sir John Byron. He converted it into a mansion, and it was the residence of his family, until Lord Byron, the poet, sold it to a certain Colonel Wildman ; and now comes our story of the Brazen Eagle, and it is but fair to mention here, that we are indebted for the anecdote to the account given of the Abbey by a well-known American author.

“ Before the Abbey lies a beautiful lake made by the monks, and on one occasion there was fished up from the deepest part of this lake a great eagle of molten brass with out-spread wings, standing on a perch. It appeared to have been used as a reading-desk to lay some heavy book upon. This eagle was sent to a brazier to be cleaned from the rust and dirt with which it was covered. In cleaning it, he found the perch, or pedestal was hollow, and would unscrew. When he opened it, he found that it contained a number of parchment deeds and grants, which had been thus hidden by the friars or monks, when they were forced to leave the abbey,—no doubt

in the hope that at some future time they would be able to return and claim their property.

One of these papers—an “indulgence”—shows but too plainly what kind of men these monks were. An “indulgence,” as it was called, was a permission granted by the pope to indulge in some of the grossest sins, such as drunkenness, &c. In this paper several shocking vices are mentioned. What kind of a church must that be, which not only permits, but encourages such sinful practices in its professed servants!

This little incident shows that things, however carefully concealed, may be brought to light. These monks thought, no doubt, they had securely hidden the evidence of their wicked practices; but after the lapse of centuries it rises up to condemn them. And remember, dear young reader, that sin, although concealed from mortal eyes, is ever open to the eyes of God. And if it would be an “indulgence” to you to commit sin, be assured that your heart is not right. Let your prayer be that of the Psalmist—“Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the way everlasting.”

Z. C. S. S.

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### PRECIOUS STONES.

**F**ROM the earliest period of civilization, precious stones have been highly valued, and eagerly sought after; and their great worth is often figuratively used by the inspired writers to convey important truths. Job says, “The price of wisdom is above rubies.” Solomon also says, “For wisdom is better than rubies:” Prov. viii. 11: while the book of the Revelation abounds with illustrations in which precious stones are frequently spoken of. In the twenty-first chapter and nineteenth verse, we read, concerning the New

Jerusalem) "And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones : the first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcedony, the fourth an emerald." And if you take the pains to search for yourselves, you will find abundant illustrations, proving the worth of precious stones.

Time has not diminished their value ; and to be the fortunate possessor of the most costly gems, has long been the object of rivalry among the higher classes of society.

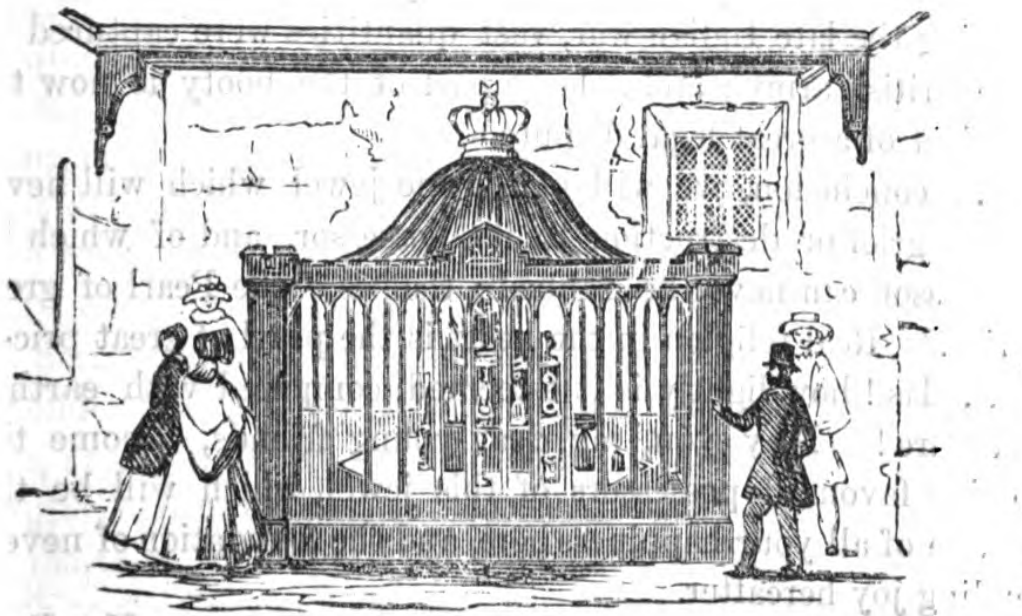
Of all precious stones, the ruby is the rarest. It is of a most beautiful red or carmine colour. Some are found of a pale pink ; but the most valuable are those deepest in colour.

The sapphire is another precious stone, also highly esteemed ; it is a most beautiful blue. The emerald is of a brilliant green, the amethyst a soft violet, and the topaz a bright yellow. There are many varieties found, differing in shades of colour ; but those most highly esteemed are of the strongest hues.

The country which has most largely supplied the modern world with precious stones is Brazil, in America, where some of the most valuable diamonds have been found ; but the celebrated Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, now in Her Majesty's collection, was found by some miners in Golconda, 300 years ago. This large diamond of the purest water was on view at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and formed one of the chief attractions of the place. It was deposited in a strong iron cage, like that in our engraving, and was constantly surrounded by crowds of anxious gazers, many of whom no doubt wished they were the fortunate owners of it. A brief history of this precious gem may be interesting to our readers. After it was found by the miners we have mentioned (who of course could not conceal a treasure of such great value) it became the property of the reigning Prince, afterwards of a Mogul Prince of Delhi. It was seized last



century by the Persian Nadir Shah, who invaded his neighbour's territory. He did not, however, long retain possession of it, for he was assassinated by his own subjects, on account of his cruelty ; when it became the property of Ahmed Shah, his successor ; afterwards of Temaun Shah, who was imprisoned by his brother. Temaun Shah, however, managed to conceal his treasure for a time within the walls of his prison ; but his brother eventually found it, and kept it in custody, until he was expelled from Cabul by the British, when he sought the protection of Runjeet Singh (a Sikh Ruler), who demanded the gem as the price of his hospitality ; rather an exorbitant sum, but which he was compelled to pay. It was taken possession of by the English during the Sikh war, and has ever since been the property of Her Majesty. Its original size has been somewhat diminished by cutting and polishing ; but it is still considered the most beautiful diamond in the world. Its value cannot be estimated, for no money would purchase it.



At the courts of royalty, sovereigns and their attendants, especially in Eastern countries, are said to be in a blaze of splendour with precious gems. But the most costly piece of

workmanship, decked with precious stones, ever worn by one individual, was the turban of the Nepaulese ambassador, who some years since caused such a sensation at the court of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Its estimated value was a quarter of a million sovereigns. It was composed of diamonds of the first water, and pearls of the richest quality. Its design was chaste and elegant, beautiful clusters of diamonds hanging as pendants at the sides. When this richly-attired personage went to bed, his costly head-cover was secured in a strong iron chest, and guarded by well-armed attendants. So his treasure must have been a source of great care and anxiety after all.

We need scarcely tell our young readers, that all the crowns of royalty are decked with precious stones, most of them rare and beautiful ; and that a visit to the Tower of London will amply repay those who are curious to see the crowns and jewels of the late sovereigns of England.

The largest collection of precious gems are, perhaps, in the possession of the princes and great personages of India ; but during the late Indian war, vast quantities were captured by the British army ; and a large part of the booty is now the subject of a great legal dispute.

In conclusion, we will notice one jewel which will never bring grief or destruction to its possessor, and of which its possessor can never be robbed ; that is, "the Pearl of great price." Real religion in the heart is the pearl of great price ; but, alas ! how lightly is it esteemed, compared with earthly treasure ! May you, my dear young friends, become the highly favoured possessors of this jewel, which will be the source of all your happiness here, and the foundation of never-ending joy hereafter.

HY. B.

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## ENIGMAS.

A fellow-labourer with Paul.

A king of Israel.

The father of Moses.

A town near Joppa.

The vessel used in the temple for washing the offerings for burnt sacrifice.

The father of Bezaleel, who made the brazen altar for the tabernacle.

A place in Europe visited by Paul.

The initials will give the name of a King of Israel, the finals the town where he died.

DAISY.

A Bound Volume of the "Pearls" will be given for the best answer to the following. Address to the Editor, care of Mr. Briscoe, Printer, 28, Banner Street, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

**M**Y origin is prior to Adam, and I expect to continue as long as the world shall last. I am seen in all countries, yet abide in none. I am seen best in the dark, and nobody thinks of looking for me in the light. I need not the sun, or moon, or a candle, to discover me. I am hailed mostly with great delight, though sometimes I am the object of terror. I have been worshipped and revered by many, supposing that I determined the fates of men. I am used as a figure in the Scriptures, to characterize both good and bad men. I am a wonder unto all; for nobody can tell what I am, although seen, and well known by every one. I am found in the first chapter, and in the last, in the Bible. I have been of great use to mariners, although I never was in a ship. I have led some to the Saviour. My name in Greek is a common garden-flower, and my name spelt backwards describes a very common animal.

O. O.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the first enigma in our last number is as follows :

E lkanah  
 Zechariah (or Zephaniah)  
 E xodus (or Esther, Ezra, Ecclesiastes, or Ezekiel)  
 K eilah  
 I shbosheth (or Ishui)  
 E phes-dammin (or Elah)  
 L ydia

The answer to the second Enigma is HOPE.

The Editor presents his thanks to the following young friends who have correctly answered the first Enigma. Those marked thus \* have answered both.

|                                 |                                     |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss Susannah Allsop, Mile-end  | Miss *J. G. Randall                 |
| „ Julia Pearce, East-rd. London | „ *Ann Dilrew, Gravesend            |
| „ C. Leager, Hackney-road       | „ *Alice E. Hunt, London            |
| „ Alice Brett, Homerton         | Master Robert Mason, Staplehurst    |
| „ Jane Peacock, London          | „ William J. Watson, Swaffham-Prior |
| „ Shuff, Upper Tooting          | „ W. Copley, Stretham-Ferry         |
| „ E. Parmenter, Swaffham-Prior  | „ J. Sparrow, Great Baddow          |
| „ Lizzie Hurry, Chatteris       | „ S. G. Lovatt, Bilston             |
| „ Elizabeth Paxton, Carshalton  | „ *A. C. Adams, Bradford-on-Avon    |
| „ Emma Batho, Knoddishall       | „ *Henry E. Philps, London          |
| „ M. E. Commander, London       | „ *W. G. Scott, Merton, Surrey      |
| „ Emma Lingard, Rotherhithe     | „ *Henry C. Dingay, Lee, Kent       |
| „ S. Clayton, Swaffham-Prior    |                                     |
| „ *Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk   |                                     |

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*A. Moth*,—Good in sentiment, but wanting in poetic merit.

*Z. C. S. S.* and *Daisy* have our repeated thanks. Their communications are always acceptable.

*J. Watson*.—The volume was sent with the only direction given,—“Master William J. Watson, Swaffham. We have enquired at the Post Office, but cannot learn any tidings of the book.

*Esperance*.—Reluctantly postponed till next month.



"The flowers appear on the earth."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

MAY, 1866.

No. 56.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

LONDON :

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"Thou renewest the face of the earth."

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man."

"Thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof."

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

**B**EAUTEOUS cresset of the west,  
Lovely meteor of the sky ;  
Thou dost only rise to set,—  
Only bloom to fade and die.  
But the Star of Bethlehem  
Suns and planets shall outshine :  
Sparkle on, eternal gem,  
In the everlasting mine.  
When the world is wreathed in fire,  
With incomparable ray,  
To the throne of God aspire,  
Burst into celestial day !

ESPERANCE.

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## A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

*Written on the Blank Leaf of a Bible.*

**M**AY this blest word of sacred truth,  
Be the directory of thy youth—  
Thy solace, counsellor, and stay,  
Along life's rough and trackless way :  
Its promises thy heart engage,  
Amid the cares of riper age ;  
Shed radiance round the bed of death,  
And dwell upon thy falt'ring breath,  
When the glad spirit takes her flight,  
To bask in uncreated light.

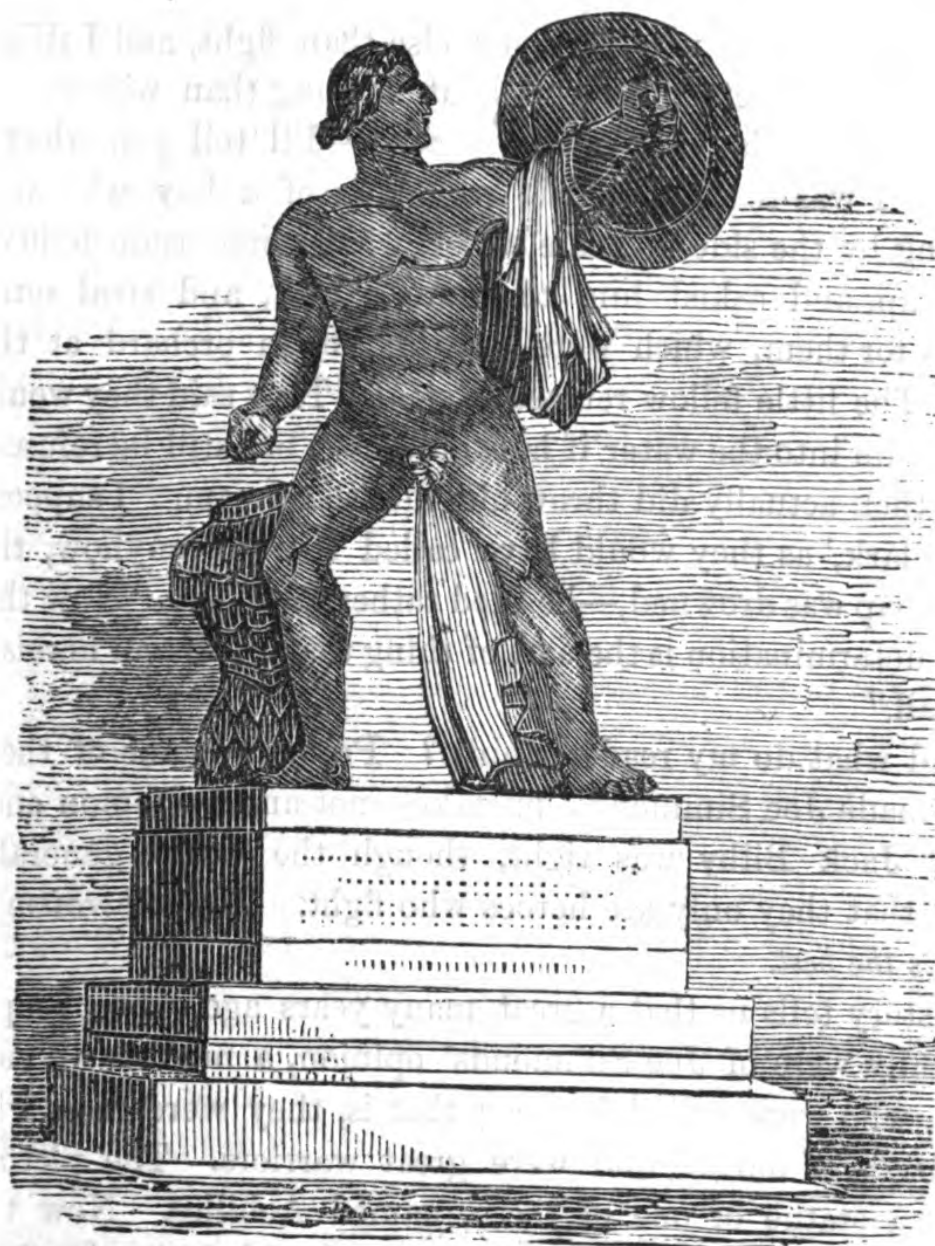
ESPERANCE.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Felix* has our renewed thanks, and shall appear in our next. Several other pieces are also unavoidably postponed.

*Answers to the Enigmas* should be forwarded on or before the 10th of the month. Several have arrived too late for acknowledgment.



ACHILLES.

### WHAT IS A HERO?

**A**H, what? "Well now," said Joe Simmonds the other day to a young playmate—"I'll tell you who I call a hero! I call such fellows as the Duke of Wellington, or Nelson, heroes—fellows who were not afraid of anybody or anything, and who used to say they'd 'conquer or die.' They are my sort of heroes."

“ I don't quite see that,” said Jack Bilby his friend ; “ for, after all, they did not do much else than fight, and I think you may be a better hero without fighting than with it. I think father calls that ‘ *moral heroism*.’—I'll tell you what I mean. I was reading a little while ago of a boy who was walking by the side of some water, when some rude fellows came up, and asked him to climb a wall, and steal some apples for them, which were growing in an orchard at the side. The little fellow refused to steal. They said they would throw him into the water if he would not ; but still he refused. They then actually did throw him into the stream. I suppose for a ‘ lark,’ as they would have called it ; but anyhow, the little chap was drowned,—he died rather than steal. Now this boy's determination is the sort of thing that I call real heroism after all.”

And what do my readers think ? Probably some of them have made Joe Simmonds' mistake—not an uncommon one ;—but Jack Bilby was right, though the world generally think that they only are heroes who fight. *Moral heroism is always the best.*

History tells us that a great many years ago, when people generally were of Joe Simmonds' opinion, a number of men lived, who were called heroes ; that is, they were men who did deeds of daring, and were great warriors. The picture shows a statue of one of these, named Achilles. Now the history of these heroes is so much mixed with fable, that it is very difficult to know what is true, and what is false. It is very likely that there once lived a man named Achilles, and that he was a Grecian warrior ; but we know not how much more of the tale of his life is true. However, I will tell you what the old story says about him :—

His mother—so the people believed—was a goddess, named Thetis. His father was named Peleus. When a baby, his mother plunged him into a river called the Styx,



which made every part of his body invulnerable, except his heel, because that was the part by which she held him. He received his education under the centaur Chiron, who was said to have had a horse's body and legs, and a man's head and shoulders—rather a funny schoolmaster! When Achilles grew up, a quarrel arose among the Greeks, and he fought at the seige of Troy. Vulcan, who was supposed to be a god, made him armour, which could not be pierced, and a famous shield. During the seige of Troy, Achilles slew Hector, the protector of Troy, tied the dead body to his chariot, and dragged it round the city three times; but after this, when in the temple of Minerva, some say that Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, shot an arrow at his vulnerable heel, and killed him.

I do not for a moment suppose that even one of my readers believes all this foolish story of Achilles, or I would not have told it. Yet such falsehoods were once received as truth by those who were ignorant of God. Let us be thankful that we live in better times, when every Sunday-scholar hears of the only true God, and Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

Yet perhaps the story of Achilles may remind us of some truths. My readers will remember that Adam had only one vulnerable place, that is, there was only one command which Satan could tempt him to disobey; but yet he fell, and made us all sinners. This teaches us the mischief one sin will do. Never talk about *little sins*, my young friends. And if you would tremble to become great sinners, pray for grace to avoid indulging even one sin. One traitor may betray his country,—one leak may sink a ship,—and one sin may ruin a sinner. Oh remember that the blood of Jesus Christ, and that only, will cleanse from all sin.

J. T. B.

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## COMMON STONES.

**I**N our last number, we gave a brief description of precious stones, which, we hope, proved interesting to our young readers. But as we wish to make them acquainted with the useful, as well as the ornamental, we have thought it might prove instructive to give them some account of common stones, which, though not so costly or beautiful, are by no means destitute of interest.

Stone is either of an igneous (or fiery) origin, or it is of a depository nature, that is, the organic remains of dead fishes and fossil shells, by countless myriads, which were deposited at the bottom of the sea ages ago. The sea having, in process of time, changed places with the land, they became petrified or hardened, and now form the solid rocks from which our stone is obtained ; so that we can say that all the rocks, except granite and slate, have once been alive.

Granite is the hardest of all stones ; and, being the first of our rock formations, it has been very properly called "the foundations of the earth." It was once a boiling liquid, until it cooled down into a compact, solid mass. It is very valuable for building and other purposes, most of our bridges being constructed of this material. The greyish granite is found at Aberdeen, in Scotland ; while the red is found at Peterhead ; but the largest granite rocks are those of the Alps in Switzerland, which are also red. The foundations of the great Mont Blanc are composed of granite ; and the outside of the great Pyramids of Egypt are of the same substance.

Next to granite, the most valuable stones are the marbles, the finest of which are found at Carrara, in Italy, and are much prized by sculptors and architects. The cathedral of Milan, in Austria (the handsomest building in the world), is composed of white marble ; and seen from a distance, when the sun is shining upon it, the effect is extremely beautiful.

In the building of cathedrals and churches, marbles are very largely employed ; and they are also extensively used for the building of tombs and mausoleums, while most of our modern houses are internally decorated with them, in the form of mantel-pieces. Marbles, varying in colour and hardness, are found in every part of the world, the most extensive range being in the United States of America : it is of a pure white, and of excellent quality and hardness. Blocks of more than forty feet long, and six feet thick, have been quarried from this extensive range.

In England, marbles are found in the counties of Derby, Devon, and Anglesea, the most common being the whitish grey, intersected with veins, which painters try hard to imitate, in some instances almost successfully. Green marbles are also found, but not so plentifully ; while the black is obtained from Kilkenny, in Ireland, and when polished is very beautiful ; and being rather scarce, is of course valuable.

But the most common stone in the world, and that found in the largest quantities, is limestone. It is of this we make our pavements in London, and other chief cities in England. It is inexhaustible, and is found running through the earth for many miles in extent. Nearly all the decorative parts of our buildings are composed of limestone, and our window-sills, our door-steps, and thousands of other useful and ornamental objects ; and it is owing to the prevalence of this common, though valuable stone in this country, that our roads and footways are, considering their extent, the finest in the world.

Another variety of stone, which (more than all the others put together) has added to the welfare and prosperity of our country is iron-stone ; and though, strictly speaking, this belongs rather to the metals than stones, as it is termed stone, we will give it a place in our description. It is a dull looking object, of a reddish black colour, and when first obtained is really so much like stone, that an inexperienced observer

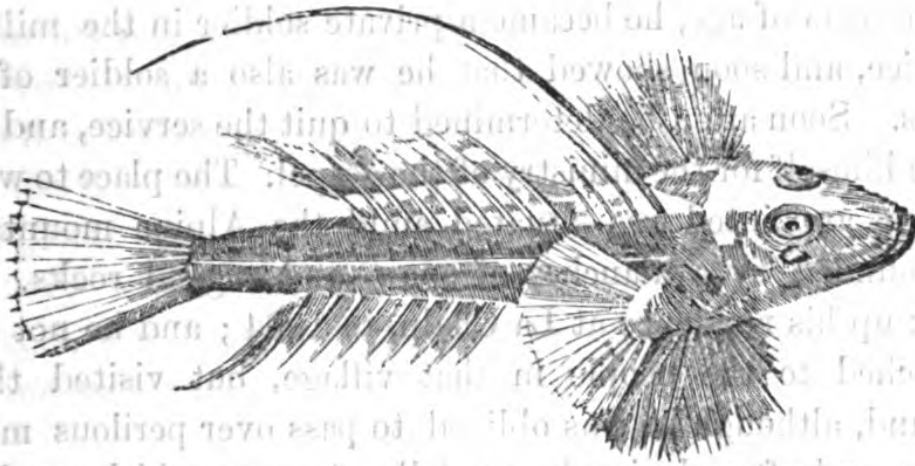
could not tell the difference. This being smelted, the pure ore is obtained ; and you know how extensively it is employed, and to what a vast number of purposes it is applied. Iron ! iron ! iron ! Why it is almost everywhere ! There are our hundreds of thousands of miles of railways, with their iron limbs continually lengthening, and crying out, More room ! more room ! Then the locomotives which run upon them, and all the vast amount of machinery connected with them, are composed of iron. Our vessels of war, and our vessels of commerce, are also being built of iron ; and thousands of hands are daily wielding thousands of hammers upon this most common, yet indispensable substance, which has contributed more than any other object to the civilization and welfare of mankind.

The rocks, which are dumb teachers of the past, tell us of the goodness of God, who long before man would need to use them, had wisely stored them up, and age after age accumulated so abundant a supply ; and that, as the surface of the earth was being gradually exhausted (for wood in this country, and in many others, is getting very scarce), man might go into the bowels of the earth, and there find a reward for his labours, which would compensate for the materials he had diminished on its surface.

The rocks also teach us that God has made nothing in vain ; and that, whether we descend to their foundations, or rise to their uppermost strata, we find even the deaths of his creatures are made useful to the living ; and evidences of his power and wisdom are written upon them in testimony more enduring than man could ever write. And in contemplating these perpetual monuments of almighty greatness, let them remind us of our Saviour's parable of the two houses, the safest of which was built upon a rock ; and may we be led to place our hopes of safety in Him who is "the tried and sure foundation-stone."

HY. B——.





### THE GEMMEOUS DRAGONET

**B**ELONGS to the class called jugular fishes, the aperture of the gills being at the hinder part of the neck. The formation of its spine is very curious, and it has eight fins. Its colours are very beautiful, and vary in different places. The back is brown, the sides are yellow, ornamented with two blue broken lines. Sometimes they have blue spots, and sometimes red ones. They abound in the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean, and have been caught on the English coast. They are generally about a foot long, and never exceed fifteen inches. What an endless variety the works of God display! Not only the fruitful earth, but the teeming ocean abounds with evidences of his wisdom and skill: for "the sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land."

### FELIX NEFF, THE ALPINE PASTOR.

**F**ELIX NEFF was born in the year 1799, in the town of Geneva, in Switzerland. We are told that a good mother early instructed him in right principles, and that her

teachings were never forgotten by him. When only seventeen years of age, he became a private soldier in the military service, and soon showed that he was also a soldier of the cross. Soon after, he determined to quit the service, and prepare himself for the ministry of the gospel. The place to which he was appointed was situated amid the Alpine mountains, surrounded by avalanches of snow and rugged rocks. He took up his residence at La Chalp, in 1824 ; and he not only preached to the people in that village, but visited those around, although he was obliged to pass over perilous mountains, and often during heavy falls of snow, which rendered the road almost impassable. Neff had many escapes from death during these dangerous journeys. Yet he never failed to reach his destination, deeming no personal suffering too great to be endured, that he might spread the gospel of Christ, and visit the poor villagers, who, but for him, might never hear of the good Shepherd, who giveth his life for his sheep. Felix Neff not only preached to the people, and visited them as their pastor, but he taught them many useful things. He not only preached to them that labour was honourable and right, but he laboured among them, teaching them how to cultivate their ground, himself using the pickaxe and the spade. When he became their pastor, they had no school ; but he obtained a number of men, and himself leading them, and bearing the heaviest stone, directed them to bring them from the torrent up the steep acclivity, to a site which he chose ; and so in a short time a strong and commodious building was erected. It is believed that in consequence of the severity of the weather, and the many laborious duties he performed, Neff's health began to fail, and he became aware that his end was drawing near. Calling all his friends together, he bade them a last farewell at Vars, bestowing many little presents upon them ; and bidding them think of that time, when he hoped to meet them again, he descended to the

warmer and healthier districts. He died soon after, having spent his short life in hard and useful labour, regretted and beloved by all the Alpine villagers. Felix Neff believed that it is better to wear out, than to rust out, and strove to use the talents God had given him for his Maker's honour and glory. And although he passed away from earth, his memory was cherished by the inhabitants of those snowy villages, who loved to tell the story of the great and good Alpine pastor.

DAISY.

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#### REWARD OF DILIGENCE.

**W**E read in history of one Furius Cresinus, a Roman who was accused of witchcraft, in drawing away the fat of other men's land into his own ; for that every year he had great crops, and his neighbours small or none. This, they thought, came by enchantment, and thereof he was questioned in judgment. The poor man brought with him all his tools of husbandry, heavy mattocks, weighty ploughshares, full-fed oxen, all his irons, much bigger and stronger than his neighbours, and lastly his daughter, a strong and big maid who was his helper in his business ; and setting all these before his judge and his accusers, cried out, "This daughter, these oxen, these tools, are the instruments of my witchcraft, and besides these I use none, and these with diligence I apply."

This is the way to have good and great crops of grain and of grace, if thou lay thy hand with diligence to the plough, and have fitting instruments. But withal, ever with the ploughman, be looking upon the sun ; and with the pilot, who, as he holdeth his hand upon the stern, hath his eye upon the star. For it is good ground, a good husbandman, and God's blessing, that bring good crops, whether for soul or body.—*N. Rogers.*



### WHAT SHALL I LEARN FROM THE FLOWERS?

“**W**HAT shall I learn from the flowers, mamma?”

“What shall I learn from the flowers?”

“You say there’s a lesson in everything,—

“In the sunshine and the showers.

“And shall not the sweet blossoms teach me?”

“I love so their delicate hue;

“If they have a lesson for me, mamma,

“None can tell it so well as you.”

Then the violet, my child, shall teach you

Humility is of more worth,

Than the lustre of the diamond,

Or the purest gold of the earth.

And the daisy growing so lowly,

On the barrenest spot of ground,

Shall point out that happy contentment,

In your heart should ever be found.



And this delicate, fragile lily,  
 Which will fade ere the close of day,  
 May tell you that all earthly pleasure,  
 As certainly withers away.

And the sunflower turning upwards,  
 May teach you to lift up your eyes ;  
 And think of the flower's Creator,  
 And the heaven beyond the skies.

DAISY.

---

### THE CAPTIVE SET FREE.

**W**HILE sitting in my office the other day, I heard a number of boys disputing in the street ; and on going to the door, I found that one of them had a sparrow tied with a string, and every time it tried to fly he pulled it back. This was a source of amusement to a dozen or twenty boys. Fie upon them ! They seemed to have forgotten that the poor bird had feeling, and that God would call them to account for their cruelty. "How much will you take for that bird?" I asked of the boy who held the string. "A half-penny, sir," he replied. I took the bird, and gave him the money. He seemed to think I did not want the sparrow, and stared with astonishment when I paid him. The crowd dispersed, and the sparrow was soon on the wing above their heads. I bought him but to set him free.

What a picture does this present of our state as sinners ! thought I, as the bird flew out at the window ! We are all "bound with the chain of our sins"—"led captive by the devil at his will ;" and what I did for that poor bird is a faint illustration of the Saviour's compassion. He saved his people by paying the price of their redemption, and oh ! what a price was that—"the precious blood of Christ !"

If I had taken the bird away from the boy *without paying* for it, I should have *saved* it, but *not justly*. And so, unless Jesus Christ had suffered what his people deserved, and thus paid what divine justice demanded, they could not have been saved justly.

But after I had bought the bird, something more was necessary. I had to *cut the string*—to “loose him, and let him go.” This is like what the Holy Spirit does. He first gives “a new heart” that feels the bondage of sin—then he reveals Christ as the Redeemer; and introduces the soul to “the glorious liberty of the sons of God.”

Dear young friends,—have *you* ever felt the bondage of sin? Has the Holy Spirit set *you* free? Or are you Satan’s *willing captives*? If you are *not willing slaves of Satan*,  
CHRIST IS WILLING TO RECEIVE YOU.

JOSIAH.

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### TALKATIVENESS.

**M**EN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say: but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye; for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything who have seen into nothing.—*Colton*.

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### ENIGMAS.

**M**Y Maker is God, although I am not noted in the creation, neither am I spoken of till after the flood. I am mentioned in both the Old and New Testament Scriptures many times. I am to be seen every day. I have caused many to fall, and yet I am the foundation of many.

I am alive and grow. I have been very near the heads of the best of men, and yet I am often trodden under foot. I am the name of one of the apostles, and yet have been the instrument of their destruction. I am often unnoticed, yet all believers are named after me. I am composed of five letters; and my first initial is the first letter of a hard substance; my second is what some old ladies are very fond of; my third is a circle; my fourth stands for nothing; and my last has to do with the solemn word eternity.

~~~~~

THE captain of the Syrian host, who was a leper.
One whom Paul addressed as his "son." Prefix a word describing his age.

A king of Israel.

One of the seven deacons appointed by the apostles.

A prophetess in the reign of one of the youngest and best of Judah's kings.

A Jewish tentmaker.

A fellow-preacher of the gospel with Paul.

The Initials and Finals of the above, give the name of one who had a church in his house.

D. P. S. S., Lee, S. E.

T. G. C. A.

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### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the first Enigma in the April number is as follows:—

S ila S  
 H oshe A  
 A mra M  
 L ydd A  
 L ave R  
 U r I  
 M acedoni A

(See 2 Kings xv. 13, 14.)

The Editor is much pleased with the correct answers, forwarded by the following young friends :

|                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Miss Emily Lingard, Rotherhithe | Miss Sophia A. Woods, Deptford   |
| „ Florence Armstrong, Deptford  | „ Mary J. Commander, Fann-st.    |
| „ Sarah Ince, Clare Suffolk     | Master J. Masters, New Kent-road |
| „ A. E. Freeman, East-road      | „ Charles W. Lloyd, Deptford     |

The answer to the second Enigma is a STAR. The Prize for the best answer has been awarded to

Master John Masters, 210, New Kent-road, London.

The answers from the following were likewise so excellent, that the Editor could not refrain from presenting them with a similar reward, viz.,

Miss Emily Lingard, Union-road, Rotherhithe.

„ Florence J. Armstrong, Dacre-street, Lee.

„ A. E. Freeman, East-road, London.

„ Sarah Ince, Clare, Suffolk.

Master C. William Lloyd, High-street, Deptford.

Correct answers have also been received from the following :

|                                    |                               |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Miss E. Parnell, Streatham, Cambs* | Master J. Pulpher, Raunds     |
| „ Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk*      | „ Albert Rush, Dunstable      |
| „ Lizzie Hurry, Chatteris*         | „ Albert Stevens, Dunstable   |
| „ J. G. Randall, Greenwich*        | „ Fred Mead, Eaton Bray       |
| „ E. Paxton, Carshalton, Surrey*   | „ J. S. Commander, Fann-st.   |
| „ H. Curtis, Charles-st., City-rd. | „ William Byrant, Clerkenwell |
| „ A. Brett, High-st., Homerton     | „ John Meredith, Blaenavon    |
| „ J. Turvey, Dunstable, Beds       | „ John Reeve, Trinity-square* |
| „ A. Green, Withyham, Sussex       | „ J. Broome, Victoria Docks   |
| „ M. J. Williams, Deptford         | „ B. L. Northcott, Camberwell |
| „ A. Cornwall, Bottisham Lode      | „ Adams, Bradford-on-Avon     |
| „ Alice Hunt, Manchester-sq.       | „ George Rose, Richmond       |
| „ Elizabeth C. Short, Deptford     | „ Joseph P. Woods, Deptford   |
| „ M. A. Warren, Stockwell          | „ R. Mason, Staplehurst, Kent |
| „ A. Chettle, Northamptonshire*    | „ Wm. Morgan, Govilon         |
| „ Bessie Lobb, New Cross           | „ Robert Bell, Trinity-square |
| „ Clara Larnier, Islington         | „ Henry Porter, Deptford      |
| „ E. M. L., Paddington             | „ S. Webb, Bethnal-green      |
| „ M. Elizabeth Cox, Hertford       | „ G. Penn, St. Pancras-road*  |
| „ Rebecca Holden, Croydon          | „ Wm. Skinner, Lee, Kent*     |
| „ L. S. Plowman, Potton, Beds      | „ J. Anderson, Woolwich*      |
| „ Jane E. Luke, New Cross          | „ J. Lovatt, Bilston*         |
| „ Mary Luke, Deptford              | „ S. G. Lovatt, Bilston*      |
| „ Susan Clayton, Swaffham Prior    | „ C. Wright, Stretham Ferry*  |
| „ Julia Pearce, East-road          | „ W. Cropley, Stretham Ferry* |
| „ Hannah Bates, Dunstable          | „ J. R. Stamp, Blackheath*    |
| Mr. Daniel Janes, Edlesborough     | „ Edwin Odd, Deptford*        |
| Master John Radley, Southwark      |                               |

\* Those marked thus (\*) have answered both Enigmas.



"I am that Bread of Life."

# PEARLS

FROM THE  
**GOLDEN STREAM.**

Vol. V.

JUNE, 1866.

No. 57.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

LONDON :  
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"I am the Rose of Sharon."

"I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

"I am the Root and Offspring of David: the Bright and Morning Star."

## THE SPIRIT.

**T**HOU breath of the almighty God !  
When thou dost quit this earthly clod,  
Where fliest thou ? Before thy glance  
Oh is there spread a vast expanse ?—  
Dark seems the lone, the untrodden way,  
When reason's eye would it survey.

Thou spark of immortality !  
Though earth dissolves, thou ne'er canst die—  
Those aspirations high of thine  
Must first proceed from life divine :  
They seek to soar beyond the earth,  
Deathless as He who gave them birth.

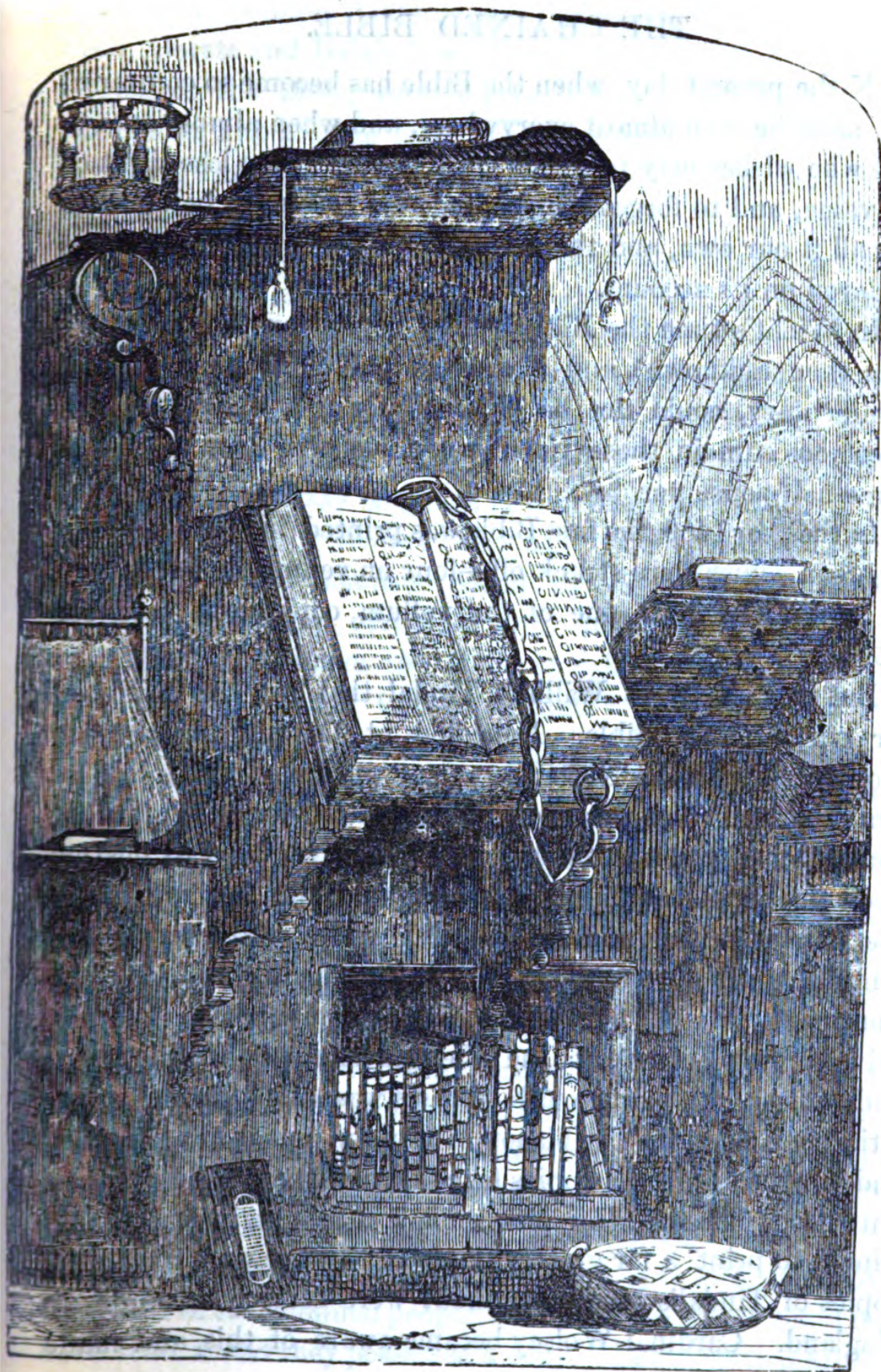
Oh in that future home of thine  
Dost thou forget the joys that twine  
Around thee here ? In that far clime  
Dissevered are the joys of time ?  
Or is all swallowed up in thee—  
Thou boundless, long eternity ?

The sun ne'er quits his destined road,  
Thy path the eagle never trod,  
The stars within their orbits play ;  
But thine's an unknown, viewless way—  
Darkness o'erwhelms me while I try  
To peer into futurity.

But darkness and confusion flee,  
Redeemer, when I look to thee !  
Faith sees thee die, oh then its power  
The monster shall possess no more—  
Thou didst for all their sins atone,  
Who trust and cling to thee alone.

Trusting in thee we are secure,  
Thy promise ever must endure ;  
Death is the gate to endless bliss  
Teeming with joy and happiness,—  
Then death is welcome, viewed in thee ;  
For 'tis deprived of victory.





THE CHAINED BIBLE



## THE CHAINED BIBLE.

**I**N the present day, when the Bible has become so common, as to be seen almost everywhere, and when almost everyone who wishes may possess a copy, we are apt to lose sight of its value, and to forget the privilege we possess in being able to call it our own, and the persecutions which our forefathers endured on its account.

In Wiclif's time the Bible had to be written (for printing was then unknown), and a copy of the Scriptures, with a commentary, could not be obtained for less than £30—an enormous sum in those times, when working men had but three-half-pence per day!

In the year 1450, the first Bible was printed (in Latin). Only eighteen copies were struck off—four on vellum, and fourteen on paper. In 1827, one of the vellum copies was sold for £500.

But it is chiefly to William Tindal that we are indebted for our English Bible. Educated at Oxford, he became acquainted with the New Testament published in Greek by Erasmus, and what was more, he began to love it; and what Erasmus had given to the learned, Tindal resolved to bestow upon the people at large. This aroused the indignation of the Romish priests, and Tindal vainly endeavoured to conceal himself, until at length, in 1523, he left England for the Continent, where, notwithstanding he was persecuted and driven from place to place, he at length accomplished his task; and copies of the pernicious book, as it was called, gained circulation in England. The bishop of London preached against it, and bought up all the copies he could get, but in doing this he outwitted himself; for the money thus obtained enabled Tindal to print a far greater number. In the year 1527, 500 copies of Tindal's New Testament were secretly brought to England. Cardinal Wolsey became aware of this, and made



search in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Two worthy men, Garrett and Dalaber, who had received and distributed copies of the Bible, were imprisoned, and compelled to cast the books into a large fire. The remainder were burnt on Sunday, 11th Feb., 1526, after a sermon by the Bishop of Rochester in old St. Paul's Cathedral, in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey, who was most gorgeously dressed in robes of purple, golden shoes and scarlet gloves, and sat beneath a canopy of cloth of gold.

On the 4th May, 1530, Wolsey again presided over a similar scene of burning Bibles. But on the 29th of November of the same year, he was called to his last account. He died in disgrace, with the language of a persecutor on his lips.

After the fall of Wolsey (who had been a kind of pope in England), the Romanists began to lose power. Cranmer became archbishop of Canterbury, and used his influence with the king to have the Bible translated, to which he at length assented, and "Cranmer's Bible" (which in reality was Tindal's translation, revised by Coverdale, and afterwards examined by Cranmer), was published in 1539 or 1540, and by order of the king, a copy was required to be placed in every parish church in the kingdom. The Bible was usually chained to a large desk as represented in our picture, and multitudes flocked to read it or hear it read by others. Six copies were placed in old St. Paul's. A reader was appointed, and a great number of people flocked to listen to the word of God, which indeed was "precious in those days." So numerous were the listeners that the poor man was accused of making tumults, and sent to Newgate, where he was laid in the lowest dungeon, and fastened by the neck to the wall; and though a strong young man, he died in eight days.

The Bible, though partially unfettered, was still far above the reach of the common people, multitudes of whom could not have read it had they possessed a copy. Let us be thankful to

God that times have altered. The progress of education, which Sunday-schools have greatly assisted, has enabled almost every child to read ; while the noble British and Foreign Bible Society has enabled him to possess a copy of "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

[The following lines, which were recently sung at a Sunday-school entertainment, while the word "WELCOME" was exhibited by magic lantern, are given as being appropriate to the preceding paper.]



**W**ELCOME ! welcome ! happy children !  
Welcome to the Sunday-school !

Welcome where your loving teachers  
By the law of kindness rule !

Welcome there to read the Bible  
Popes and priests could ne'er destroy ;  
Welcome to possess a copy,  
Every little girl and boy.

Welcome to the arms of Jesus,  
All who hear his gracious voice :  
*All who feel their sins a burden  
Are the objects of his choice.*

Welcome at the open fountain,  
 Which can cleanse from every sin ;  
 Welcome at the door of mercy ;  
 Jesus Christ invites you in.

Welcome, then, at last in heaven ;  
 When the Saviour calls us home,  
 Heavenly hosts shall shout us welcome,  
 And rejoice that we are come.

JOSIAH.

---

“ 12 FOR 5s.”

**P**ASSING along a road in the outskirts of London, I saw the above announcement painted in large letters on the side of a house. “ 12 for 5s.,” thought I, what can it mean ? I had not long to wait for an answer, for below the advertisement I saw a glass-house, and I knew at once that there portraits were taken by the aid of the sun-light, called by another word “ Photography.”

I thought, what a large variety of portraits were constantly being taken !—portraits of young persons and of elder ones ; portraits of amiable people, and of disagreeable ones ; portraits of pleasing countenances, and of plain ones ; portraits of little boys and girls with cross tempers, and of those with smiling and loving faces ! Now what is your portrait, my young reader ? To which of these classes does it belong ? But whatever your outward appearance may be, let me advise you to have your inward likeness taken. This can easily be done by that blessed sun-light—God’s holy Word, called by the Psalmist “ A light unto our feet.” If you examine yourselves by this, I am certain that you will there have your portrait correctly drawn. Depend upon it, that, however outward portraits may differ or be incorrectly

sketched, this gracious light will be sure to give you "a correct likeness" of yourself. Go to it, then, at once, and ask for the assistance of God the Holy Spirit to view yourself aright.

The other day I read in one of the morning papers, that the French people were busily collecting all the portraits they could get of their greatest criminals and murderers. Now let me urge you to act the reverse of this wretched taste, and to "search the Scriptures," for all the portraits of the great and the good, that you may be imitators of them in their spiritual life. Especially study the portrait given of the Lord Jesus Christ in his dignity, love, condescension, tenderness, obedience, and forgiveness ; for of him it is written that he was "meek and lowly in heart," that he "went about doing good," that "when he was reviled, he reviled not again," and that when he was about to die for his people's sins, he prayed for his murderers with all the tenderness and pity of his heart, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !"

FELIX.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF BIBLE TRUTH.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."

#### A HINDOO'S CONFESSION.

**W**HEN one of the converted Hindoos came to be baptized, he made this confession. He said he had been for years searching for a way of happiness in Poojahs (holy places in the river &c.), but all in vain ; but when he heard the word of Christ, he could not rest. He sat up a whole night in distress of mind. He had great fear about his sins. When asked how he lost them, he said, "They went away in thinking of Christ." Thus we shall never get rid of our fear in any other way than by thinking of Christ—his atoning sacrifice, his finished righteousness, his great love, his free promise, his willingness to save.—*Bib. Treasury.*





### THE PELICAN

**I**S a native of Africa and America. It is about twice as large as a goose. Its bill is about 15 inches long, under which is a large pouch capable of containing as many fish as would furnish a dinner for six people. Out of this pouch she feeds herself and her young ; hence the common mistake that she feeds her young with her own blood.

The pelican (like the owl, and the bittern) delights in solitary places ; hence the allusion in Psa. cii. 6. The Christian is often alone, because he cannot associate with the wicked. And yet he is never alone, for Christ is always with him ; and though he sometimes sighs, yet he often sings.

A wicked young man once said, when admonished of the end of his sinful course, " Well, if I do go to hell, I shall have

plenty of company !” This remark is as solemn as it is profane ; for, methinks, its hellish *company* must tend to make hell the more dreadful ; and the thought of having been the means of leading others there, could scarcely give satisfaction even to a lost soul.

“ Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrower path,  
With here and there a traveller.”

### THE FRUIT OF DILIGENCE.

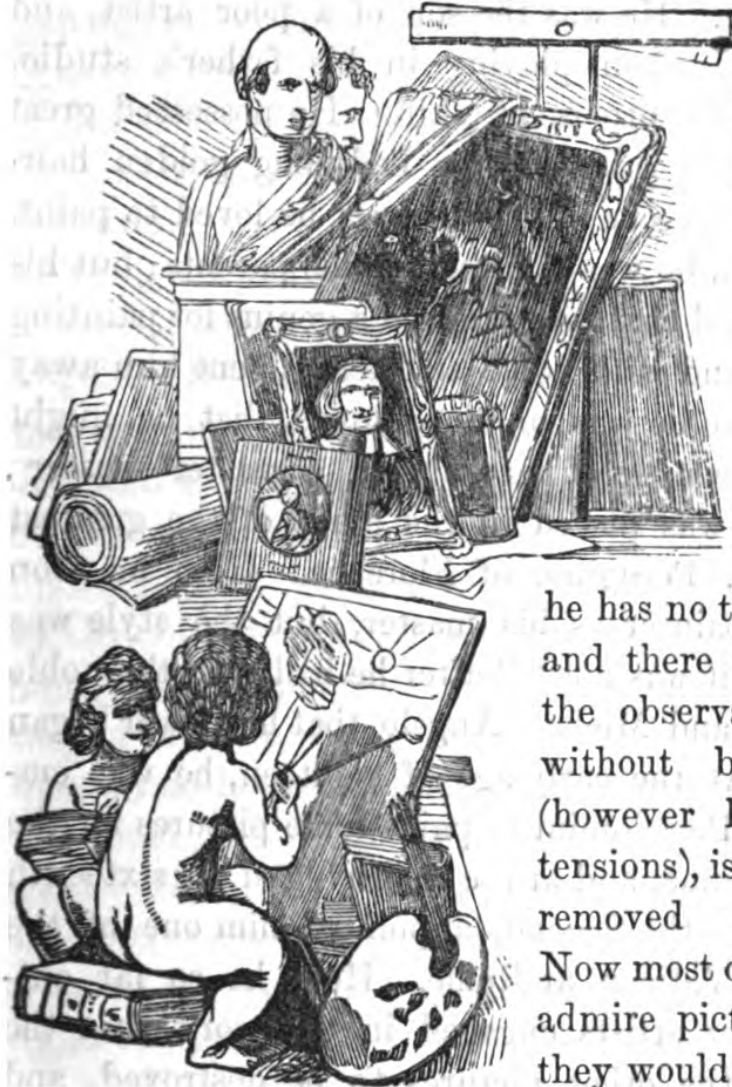
**L**ONG ago, a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master reproved him for his dulness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place in the class. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these ; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long before he shot ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy in St. Paul's Cathedral ; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar in modern Europe. It was Sir William Jones.

*D. P. S. S. Lee, S. E.*

### TO A FRIEND, WITH A PIECE OF FORGET-ME-NOT.

**A**CCEPT, my dear, this little spray  
(A present for the first of May),  
Though 'tis a small and lowly flower,  
'Twas cherished in affection's bower ;  
And brings with it a sweet perfume—  
So give it in your bosom room.      **ESPERANCE**

## PICTURES AND PAINTERS.



THE following remark was once made by a learned divine: "Show me a man's books and pictures, and I will tell you what his tastes are." "But suppose," said a questioner, "he has no books or pictures?" "Why then

he has no taste," was the reply, and there was much truth in the observation; for a home without books or pictures (however humble their pretensions), is only a few degrees removed from barbarism. Now most of our young friends admire pictures, and perhaps they would like to know some-

thing about painters; for when we admire a beautiful picture, we naturally like to know something about the artist whose skill gives us so much pleasure.

Some of our young friends have no doubt visited the National Gallery, in which are contained some of the finest gems of ancient and modern art. I have spent many pleasant hours there, admiring the pictures of English and foreign artists; but the painter whose genius I most admire is Raphael, the sublimity of whose pictures far exceeds that of any other artist, and who ennobled his art by choosing as the object of his study, Scripture scenes and incidents.

Raphael was born at Urbino in Italy, in the latter part of the fifteenth century. He was the son of a poor artist, and at a very early age when playing in his father's studio, exhibited remarkable proofs of skill. He possessed great personal beauty, and is said to have had long golden hair and a face as fair as one of the angels he loved to paint. Being an only child, he was idolized by his parents; but his father soon discovered that he possessed a genius for painting far above his own, and with noble self-denial, sent him away from the home where he was so much loved, that he might obtain a higher knowledge of his art with a greater master; and accordingly he was placed in the study of the greatest painter of the age, Perugino, of Florence. Here he soon became as great a painter as his master, but the style was hard and cold, and it was not till after he had seen the noble works of Da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, that his power began to exhibit itself. At the early age of eighteen, he was employed by cardinal Piccolomini to paint some pictures for the pope's library at Sienna, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century, pope Julius the Second, appointed him one of the artists to paint the Vatican at Rome. Here he so far out-rivalled all the other artists engaged in the work, that the pope ordered all the other pictures to be destroyed, and among those condemned was one by his former master Perugino, but Raphael, with a generosity which did him credit, pleaded so hard in its favour, that his request was granted, and it remains to this day.

Among other pictures which are monuments of Raphael's genius, are the twelve cartoons, so called from being painted on card-board, and originally intended as designs for tapestry. Some of them were purchased at great expense for his late Majesty King George the Third, and were for a long time exhibited at Hampton-court, but are now, I believe, in the Kensington Museum. They are on New Testament subjects, and very beautifully executed.



But the finest of Raphael's pictures was his last, "The transfiguration of Christ." On this grand painting he is said to have exercised all the powers of his matchless genius, but he did not live to finish it; he was taken ill of a fever, and died at the age of thirty-seven. His body was laid in his own studio, and above it was suspended the last triumph of his skill, the picture of the transfiguration.

Among other celebrated Italian painters was Michael Angelo. He was also a great sculptor. He was observed one day in his old age, contemplating the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, and on being asked the reason, replied "I am still a scholar, and not too old to learn."

The poorest boys have sometimes become great artists. As Ciambue the painter was one day travelling in Italy, he perceived a shepherd boy, sketching on a stone, and upon looking at it found it was one of his own sheep so skilfully drawn, that he was astonished at his untutored genius, and asked him if he would like to become a painter.

Little Giotto, for such was his name, was delighted with the offer, and showing the stranger the way to his abode, he obtained his father's consent to accompany his future master to Florence, where his progress was rapid. Ciambue, on going one morning into his study, found (upon the face of an unfinished picture on which he was engaged), *a fly*, and took his handkerchief to brush it off, when to his surprise he found it was only painted. "Who has done this?" he exclaimed, half in anger and half in pleasure. When Giotto tremblingly approached, and acknowledged himself the delinquent, his master readily forgave him, and predicted that he would some day become a great man; and the prediction was verified, for the poor shepherd boy became the most renowned artist of his time.

England has also produced some great painters, among whom the name of Benjamin West holds an exalted position.

From an early age, West learned to paint pictures, and one of his first attempts at drawing was his infant brother in the cradle,—his great masterpiece being “Christ healing the sick.” I have often admired this beautiful picture. The upturned and anxious looks, and emaciated forms (worn by sickness and disease), are depicted with marvellous fidelity, while the calm and gentle demeanour of Christ, the generous pity of his eyes, and the sublime dignity of his bearing, are rendered by the painter with the skill of real genius.

Among the justly celebrated artists of our own day, may be mentioned Sir E. Landseer, who paints animals so beautifully that they only seem to want life, to render them perfect, and Lance paints fruit so true to nature, that it makes your mouth water to look at his pictures. Our Houses of Parliament too, are decorated with frescoes by artists, whose celebrity proves that England is not the least among the nations which has contributed to the elevation of art, and rendered it a noble study. But alas! art is often made subservient to idolatry, and people often worship where they should only admire. The images and pictures of the Virgin Mary and the Roman Catholic saints, so venerated by the professors of that faith, cannot intercede for them. You, my young friends, are better taught than to worship images or pictures, and are instructed that there is but one Intercessor, even Christ. May you be led to worship him, and him alone on earth, and eventually adore him in heaven.

H—Y B.

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“RIGHT BLESSED” AND “WRONG BLESSED.”

THE following amusing anecdote is related of Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, the friend of Cowper and Newton. When very young, he went to hear a rustic preacher, who took for his text “Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,” and divided his subject thus: “We shall consider

who are *right* blessed, and who are *wrong* blessed." The little boy, tickled by this absurdity, burst into a loud laugh, and the minister ordered him to be turned out. Fifty years afterwards, a whiteheaded old man came to Mr. Bull after preaching, and said, "You don't know me, but I thank you heartily for your good gospel sermon." "Yes, I do know you," said Mr. Bull, "I heard you preach fifty years ago, at Irthlingborough, when I was a very little boy. I behaved ill during the service, and you ordered me to be turned out." It was the good man who had so strangely divided his text.

ENIGMAS.

- O**NE who stood by the Saviour's cross.
 A judge of Israel.
 A mountain mentioned in Holy Writ.
 A noted scribe.
 A sect of the Jews.

The initials and finals will give the names of two of the greatest men mentioned in the Old Testament. **DAISY.**

A Bound Volume of the "Pearls" will be given for the best answer to the following, which will be inserted at length in our next. Address (before the 10th of June) to the Editor, care of Mr. Briscoe, Printer, 28, Banner Street, Bunhill Row, London, E. C.

A PERSON mentioned in the Scriptures, but whose name is not known ; who died such a death as no one else ever died, and had such a funeral as no one else ever had ; who was not embalmed, and yet the body never was subject to putrefaction or decomposition ; and whose shroud was a very uncommon one, yet is to be found in every house.

Many important lessons may be learned from the history of this person : give some of them. **O. O.**

THE answer to the first enigma in our last is **STONE**.
 The answer to the second enigma is as follows :—

N aama N (2 Kings v. 1.)

Y oung Timoth Y

M enahe M (2 Kings xv. 14)

P hili P (Acts vi. 5.)

H ulda H (2 Chron. xxxiv. 22).

A quil A (Acts xviii. 2.)

S osthene S (1 Cor. i. 1.)

NYMPHAS : see Col. iv. 15.

The Editor with much pleasure acknowledges the receipt
 of correct answers from the following young friends, viz :—

FIRST ENIGMA.

Miss F. Armstrong, Lee, Kent.

„ A. Cornwell, Bottisham Lode.

„ H. Curtis, Charles-st. City-rd.

„ E. Dungey, Lee, Kent.

„ M. A. Every, Govilon, Mon.

„ E. Giles, Deptford.

„ A. Green, Withyham, Sussex.

„ K. Hinton, South Hackney.

„ R. Holden, Croydon, Surrey.

„ A. How, Bideford.

„ Emma Lingard, Rotherhithe.

„ E. Parnell, Stretham Ferry.

„ E. Paxton, Carshalton, Surrey

„ J. Pearce, East-rd., London.

„ S. A. Purnell, Lee, Kent.

Master C. Adams, Bradford-on-
 Avon.

„ W. Fiddament, Trinity-sq.

„ T. Fuller, Raunds.

„ H. M. Jones, New Church-
 street, S. E.

„ G. Lyon, Poplar.

„ W. Puryer, Holloway.

„ A. W. Rush, Dunstable.

„ A. Stevens, Dunstable.

„ F. J. Thompson, Raunds.

„ R. Thompson, Raunds.

„ J. Westover, Lewisham.

„ J. P. Woods, Deptford.

SECOND ENIGMA.

Miss Sophia A. Woods, Deptford.

The following have answered BOTH THE ENIGMAS :

Miss Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk

„ A. Chettle, Raunds, Norths.

„ H. Horn, Tring, Herts.

„ Lizzie Hurry, Chatteris.

„ S. Ince, Clare, Suffolk.

„ A. A. Lyon, New-cross.

Master W. Cropley, Stretham-
 Ferry.

„ S. G. Lovatt, Bilston.

„ J. Meredith, Blaenavon.

„ F. Nash, Langham, Oakham

„ A. Woollard, Bildeston.

[Answers should be forwarded before the 10th of the month. Several
 were rewarded last month too late for acknowledgement.—ED.]

"To obey is better than sacrifice."

PEARLS

FROM THE

GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

JULY, 1866.

No. 58.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

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HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.

"Remember Lot's Wife."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

IN the palaces of Shinar, where the king Belshazzar reigned,
O'er Babylon's vast empire, which unnumbered souls
contained, [were there,
There were kings and princes feasting, yea, a thousand lords
And before them were the tables spread with viands rich and
rare. [quaffed,
The wine-cup passed from hand to hand ; and, as Belshazzar
He called his servants to him, while with sinful mirth he
laughed ;
" Bring, bring the golden vessels, and the silver vessels use,
Which my noble father captured from the temple of the Jews."
Then they brought the sacred vessels, which in Babylon were
stored,
Which once were consecrated to the service of the Lord ;
And as they filled them each with wine as full as they could
hold, [gold.
They praised their gods of wood and stone, of silver and of
In the same hour, upon the wall, appeared a human hand,
And wrote in flaming characters, which none could under-
stand ; [smote,
But the king's thoughts were troubled, and his knees together
For MENE, TEKEL, PERES, those mystic fingers wrote.
He called his wise men round him, a learned host they came,
And asked them to interpret the meaning of the same ;
But as they could not tell him, they Belteshazzar sought,
Whose other name was Daniel : him to the king they brought,
Who thus interpreted the words which on the wall were
writ,—
" Thy kingdom God hath numbered, and he hath finished it ;
Hath weighed thee in the balances, and thou art wanting
found ;
Thy kingdom is divided, and falleth to the ground."



THE MADIAT RETURNING THANKS FOR DELIVERANCE.

THE PRISONERS OF TUSCANY.

OF course all my readers think that the best side of a prison is the *outside* ; and they are right. We always think of a prison as a place of crime and misery, and to have been confined in a prison generally gives a man a bad character for life.

Yet it has sometimes happened that men have counted it a great honour to be prisoners. Paul calls himself “the prisoner of the Lord.” Silas, his companion, once was confined with him ; and Peter, too, suffered imprisonment. In later times also, men have been imprisoned—not because they were murderers or thieves, but simply because they made God’s word their rule in religion. A sad case occurred some years ago in Tuscany. A man and his wife, named Madai, were accused of reading the Scriptures. Francesco Madai, after his conversion to God, read the Bible at family worship. When this became known, the police, after searching the house, found a Bible in it ; and for the crime of possessing a copy of God’s word, and circulating (as it was stated) Protestant books, both Francesco and Rosa his wife were condemned to five years’ imprisonment.

Their case excited much interest in England ; and the most earnest efforts were put forth to effect their release, which were at length successful ; and our picture represents them in the act of thanking God for his goodness in delivering them from their persecutors.

If God’s word has been given us for our instruction, it cannot be wrong to read it. Jesus himself said, “Search the Scriptures ; and we may be sure that that religion is a false one, which forbids them. Of course, you can guess the reason why the Church of Rome endeavours to conceal scripture truth. Those who believe the Bible cease to trust in the Romish Church. A pleasing instance of this occurred in

Ireland. A poor fellow named Mike Healy had been a strict Roman Catholic for fifty years, when one day he by accident found a Bible. He soon became convinced how little the Roman Catholic religion resembled that of the Scriptures ; for he found no authority for the pope, or for mass, or for praying to saints and angels, or for confessing sins to the priest, or for baptizing or sprinkling babes. Poor Mike felt that the Bible was God's word, and resolved at all hazards to obey it ; so he neglected the Roman Catholic service. The priest, observing this, visited him ; reminding him that it was long since he had been to confession. Mike with simple earnestness held out his Bible, saying—" Will your riverence please to show it to me in the Book ?"

After this, Mike began to attend Protestant worship and the Sunday-schol. The children sometimes asked him questions. " Well, Mike," they would say, why don't you pray to the Virgin Mary ? " Because it's not in the Book," Mike would reply. " Must everything in religion be proved by the Book ?" they would again ask. " Yes," he would say, " whatever is not so is only moonshine."

Try, my young friends, like the Madai, to make the Bible your daily companion ; and, like Mike, to believe nothing in religion but what the Bible reveals. Roman Catholics are using every effort to gain converts ; but if any persuade you to believe their falsehoods, let Mike's answer be yours—" Will you please to show it to me in the Book ?" And think of that memorable saying—" The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of the Protestants."

But remember also, that if you desire to be saved from the wrath to come—and can you live without desiring it ?—you must not only believe the truths of the Bible, but trust in the Saviour it reveals. Let this promise, then, encourage you to seek him—" They that seek me early shall find me."



THE TWO MASTERS.

WE are each serving one of two masters—Satan or Jesus. Consider what sort of a master Satan is. You know how he tempts people to sin. Drunkenness, swearing, lying, Sabbath-breaking, disobedience to parents, and all other sins are through Satan. He delights to see you sin and rebel against God your Creator. Satan is a very hard taskmaster: “the wages of sin is death.” Let me warn you to beware of this bad master; for you cannot serve Satan and Jesus. If you are his servants, may the Holy Spirit cause you to consider your awful state and to fly at once from the service of such a cruel master.

“There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains;
 Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.”

Let us now consider for a moment that blessed Master, Jesus Christ. How different is the service of Jesus! His service is peaceful and happy; his yoke is easy, and his burden is light. Sweet service! The peace which he gives is not like that of the world—it is a “peace which passeth all understanding.” Only he can take away our sins, and make us fit for heaven. The wages, or rather the gift, that this glorious Master gives, is eternal life. Oh how different from the wages of Satan!

“There is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love;
 And holy children when they die,
 Go to that world above.”

Dear young friends, trifle not with so important a matter. Examine your hearts, and see whom you are serving. May the Holy Spirit lead you to the Saviour; for Jesus says he will “in no wise cast out” those that come to him. None

of you are too young to come to Christ ; for his language is,
 " Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them
 not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

WHEN the busy day was over,
 And the eve grew dim and grey,
 By their mother's side all kneeling,
 They the simple words would say ;
 And her voice was sweet and softened,
 When she taught them how to pray.
 When their eyes were closed in slumber,
 Then she knelt and prayed alone ;
 That the great and mighty Saviour,
 Who did once for sin atone,
 Would be pleased to grant his blessing
 On the seed which she had sown.
 Well she knew she could do nothing,
 And her life would soon be o'er,—
 Long she prayed that they might enter,
 By the true and living Door ;
 That she might with these her children,
 Dwell with Christ for evermore.
 When the autumn changed to winter,
 And the days were cold and drear,
 Then she felt the summons for her—
 Felt the time was drawing near ;
 And that she must leave for ever
 All that she on earth held dear.
 Years had parted all the children,
 Who had shared that mother's care ;

Leaving home, they had forgotten
 All that she had taught them there,—
 Careless through their life they journeyed,
 And unanswered seemed her prayer.

One became a man of learning—
 Every talent God had lent,
 In obtaining earthly greatness,
 Most unweariedly he spent ;
 Thinking of no higher wisdom,
 With the present life content.

When becoming old and feeble,
 And his locks were turning grey ;
 Then he felt that he must shortly,
 Like all others pass away :
 As his long life passed before him,
 'Twas a short unfinished day.

Long forgotten days of childhood,
 Now before him seemed to stand ;
 And the home where he had made one
 Of that simple childish band,
 And the mother who had told them
 Of the glorious heavenly land.

And a mighty change came o'er him,
 All the sorrow and the care ;
 Since he left his home forgotten,
 All that she had taught him there
 Passed before him, and he murmured
 In his heart his mother's prayer.

All his wisdom and his learning,
 All his pride and love of fame ;
 All the hopes that he had centered
 In his great and honoured name,—
 Passed away, and he in spirit
 As a little child became.



THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

ARABIAN horses have always been noted for their speed and beauty, while their powers of endurance are truly wonderful. They will sometimes travel fifty miles without stopping, and have even been known to exceed this distance ; but the greatest journey ever performed, was by an Arab mare which travelled 400 miles in the course of four successive days, without exhibiting signs of more than ordinary fatigue. Of course they are much prized by their possessors, and the warmest attachment exists between them and their masters.

A story is related of a Bedouin Arab, who through poverty was induced (by the offer of a very large sum) to part with

his steed ; but no sooner had the horse left his tent, than he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and hastening after the purchaser, fell upon his knees, and with the most earnest entreaties offered the money back again. His grief was respected, and the horse was returned to him ; which he had no sooner regained, than he flung himself upon it ; and addressing it in terms of the fondest affection, and throwing his arms around its neck, he vowed they should not part till death.

Nor is the horse less affectionate than his master ; for when kindly treated (as most Arab horses are) they will undergo any hardship, even unto death, for those they love.

Lamartine, in his book of travels in Syria, tells the following affecting story.—“ An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert an Eastern caravan, and were victorious ; but after having secured their plunder, they were attacked in their turn by the Turkish cavalry and most of them made prisoners : the leader of the expedition, being wounded, was fastened upon a camel, and his horse taken possession of. The night before they were to enter Acre, the Arab prisoners were encamped in the mountains, while the wounded man had his legs tied together with a thong of leather. The pain of his wound kept him awake, while the others were sleeping ; and he heard the neighing of his own horse, which according to Oriental custom was shackled round the tents, and dragging himself painfully along the ground, he at last managed to reach his courser. “ My poor friend,” said he, “ if I am to live in slavery, you shall at least be free ; and having knawed with his teeth the goat’s hair rope with which it was fastened—the animal was free ; but on beholding his master bound and wounded, the faithful and sagacious creature seemed to understand what no language would have been able to explain to him. He lowered his head, snorted over his master, and then seizing with his teeth the leather girdle

which encircled his waist, he started off at full gallop, and carried him as far as his own tent. The moment after the noble horse had arrived, and had deposited his master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, he expired from fatigue. The whole tribe bewailed him, the poets sung his praise, and his name is constantly uttered by the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho."

How beautiful does this instance of affection read! but how sad is the reflection that such noble creatures are employed in plundering expeditions! Let us hope that the light of the gospel will one day illumine the tents of the desert, and the poor Bedouin, "whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him," be brought under its peaceful and sacred influence

H—Y B.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

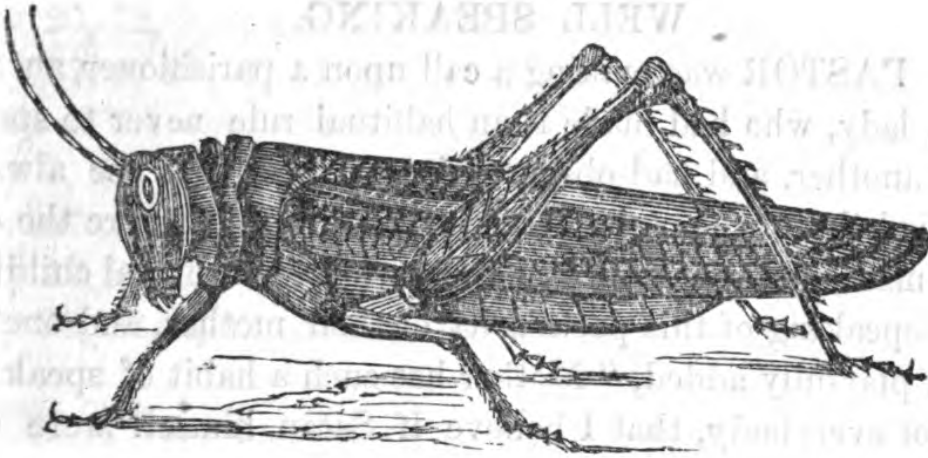
SOME years since, a minister of the gospel in London, having resigned his charge, was brought into very straitened circumstances. He was a widower with eight children; the eldest sixteen years of age, the youngest an infant in arms. One Saturday morning, he gave his eldest daughter a sovereign, saying, "My dear, that is the last." She replied, "The Lord will provide." Before night, nearly, if not all the money was spent, and the faith of the father was much tried. He was often seen with tears in his eyes. It was his custom to assemble his children for family worship early in the evening, that the younger ones might be present. He had done so that evening, and two of the little ones had noticed how sad he appeared, and spoke of it to each other. Scarcely, however, had they gone to bed, and fallen asleep, before they were awoke, and told to dress themselves, as their father wanted them in his study. They obeyed. On

entering the room, they saw their father sitting in his chair weeping like a child, and so overcome with gratitude, that, for some minutes, he could not utter a word. In the middle of the room stood an open box, containing a new suit of clothes for himself, and a complete outfit of linen, and other articles for all the children, also a set of shirts for himself, and a ten pound note enclosed with these words, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." Neither name nor address were given, and from that day to this it has never been known who was the kind donor.

After a pause of some minutes the father beckoned to his family to kneel down. He then returned thanks to the God of all his mercies and made use of this expression, which made an indelible impression on at least one of his children's minds who was then not ten years of age, that, in after years "when his head was laid low in the dust, if his children were brought into straitened circumstances, they might remember the faithfulness of their father's God." Many years has that precious father's head been laid low in the dust, and deep and pungent have been the sorrows through which some of his children have been called to pass, but some of them are living witnesses to the faithfulness and loving-kindness of their God. Not aught has failed that the Lord has promised.

CHRIST THE WAY.

IT is said that the ancient city of Troy had but one way of entrance—in whatever direction the traveller went he would find no way to go into the city but the one which was legally appointed, and the only one which was used by those who went in and out. There is only one right way to the favour of God,—to the family of God, to the presence of God in prayer; and finally, to the city of God in eternity,—and that one way is Christ. "I am the way," he declares, 'and no man cometh unto the Father but by me.'—BATE.



THE LOCUST

IS very similar in appearance to the grasshopper, with which our young friends in the country are so familiar at this time of the year. There are several species of them. The large brown locust, which is most frequently referred to in the Bible, is about three inches in length. It was allowed for food to the Israelites, and is still eaten in some parts of Asia and Africa.

In Palestine and the surrounding countries they frequently appear in large flocks, forming compact swarms of several hundred yards square, and actually darkening the air by their approach.

Wherever they settle they devour the entire produce of the land, and even the leaves and the bark of the trees. "The noise they make in browsing on the leaves and herbage may be heard at a great distance, and resembles that of an army foraging in secret." So utterly destructive are they, that "one would imagine that fire had followed their progress."

These remarks will enable our young friends to form some idea of the terribleness of the plague of locusts in Egypt, and assist them to understand such chapters as Joel i. and ii.



WELL SPEAKING.

A PASTOR was making a call upon a parishioner, an old lady, who had made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she heard spoken ill of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlour, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added, "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course, this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which, the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied,—“Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan’s *industry and perseverance.*”

GOD’S KINDNESS IN DISAPPOINTING US.

SARAH’S father found a pretty little penknife. “Oh, do give it to me,” said she. “I’m afraid you will cut your fingers with it,” he replied. At length, however, he yielded to her entreaties. Shortly after, as she was getting off her father’s lap, she dropped it into the fire, and it could not be found until it was completely spoiled. Her father sympathized with her under her disappointment, yet told her that he believed that her fingers had thereby been saved from being cut.

 ENIGMAS.

MY whole is a short sentence of 28 letters, embodying a command which every reader of the “Pearls” should try to obey.

My 7, 16, 12, 9, 23, 4, 26, a city mentioned in Holy Writ.

My 15, 22, 19, 11, 2, 7, 27, 22, one of the seven churches Asia.

My 20, 22, 3, 8, 22 14, 22, 13, 10, an apostle.

My 23, 9, 20, 6, 17, 27, 8, a city whose inhabitants repented at the word of the Lord.

My 1, 22, 7, 18, and my 5, 2, 14, 21, 23, two articles of dress belonging to the Jewish priest.

My 22, 28, 2, 13, 10, a prophetic name for Jerusalem.

My 25, 24, 1, 22, a Judge of Israel. T. G. C. A.

~~~~~

**I** AM of very ancient date, for I was in existence ere Adam was formed, and was also in the garden of Eden. I dwell both in the palaces of the great and mighty, and in the humble abodes of the poor. I am loved by most, yet hated exceedingly by many. I am bold and courageous, yet fearful and timid. I have great power, and have done many great and mighty works. I have been repeatedly conquered, yet I am still slaying my thousands. The Lord of life and glory suffered much because of me, although I was a constant companion of the disciples. The children of Israel tarried several days at a place called by my name. I have great numbers in my employment, and pay those employed according to their merits. I have certain laws laid down of my own making, and bid all others defiance. W. O.

~~~~~

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

THE answer to the first Enigma contained in the last Number is as follows :—

M agdalen E
O thnie L
S ina I
E zr A
Sadducee S

The following is the best answer to the second Enigma, for which the prize has been awarded :—

“Dear Sir,—The answer to the second Enigma in the ‘Pearls’ for June, I think is Lot’s wife, as she is the only person that agrees with the Enigma. Through her not obeying God’s command not to look behind at the burning cities they were leaving, she was turned into a pillar of salt. Such an instance is spoken of but this once in the Bible; and there is no doubt but it is put there to warn us of disobedience against God, and also to teach us to put more faith in God. In Luke xvii. 32, in speaking to his disciples, Christ said, ‘Remember Lot’s wife’—most likely to warn the disciples against turning away from Christ when days of trial came. She could not have had much faith in God, or not so much as her husband, or she would not have turned back; but perhaps the thought of the friends left in the city overcame her faith, and she was turned into a pillar of salt for a lasting monument of God’s wrath against her disobedience and love for the world—also her unbelief.

High-street, Homerton, N. E.

ALICE BRETT.”

Correct answers have also been received from

Anonymous (Ely)*	Master W. Copley, Stretham-Ferry.*
Miss F. Armstrong, Lee, Kent*	„ B. Geer, Hailsham, Sussex.
„ H. Horn, West End, Tring*	„ F. Nash, Langham, Oakham*
„ J. Pearce, East Road, London	„ A. W. Rush, Dunstable*
„ E. C. Short, Blackheath-hill*	„ C. Wright, Stretham Ferry*
„ Annie Shuff, Upper Tooting	
Master R. Chinnick, Lee, Kent	

Those marked thus * have answered both Enigmas.

[Answers should be forwarded before the 10th of the month.—Ed.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Tyro.—You are quite correct. We had not observed the error to which we presume you refer. *Stone* is mentioned before the flood. Thanks for your Enigma, which shall appear shortly. There is one omission (the letter T), which we will supply.

Daisy has our renewed thanks for her acceptable enclosure.

"Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom."

PEARLS

FROM THE
GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

AUGUST, 1866.

No. 59.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON:
HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.

"The Lord giveth wisdom."

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

THE DYING CHILD'S PRAYER.

THE shades of eve were deepening within the little room,
The night was swiftly coming on, with all November's
gloom,

A little child lay watching the lingering rays of light,
Helpless and sick, he there had lain through many a weary
night.

And now he clasped his little hands and raised them in his
bed, [said :—
And gently closed his eyelids while these simple words he

“ Dear, merciful Lord Jesus, I've heard the Bible tell,
How they brought to thee sick people, that thou shouldst
make them well.

And I have thought, Lord Jesus, that thou would'st come
some day,

And put thy loving hands on me, and take my pain away.

I know I'm very sinful, but oh I wish that I

Had been amongst those little ones who to thy feet drew
nigh.

“ But thou who art so great and good must surely be the
same, [came ;

Who from the far bright heaven once, to heal poor people.

And though some waited very long, at last thou camest nigh,

And every one was healèd when the Saviour passèd by.

And so I wait, Lord Jesus, and try to bear my pain,

For I think that thou canst see me, and perhaps will come
again.”

And when they looked upon the child, they thought he
soundly slept, [kept.

And through the silent autumn night, a watch beside him

But when the darkness of the night to early morn gave place,

They saw the little child lay dead, with smiles upon his face :

For the merciful Lord Jesus, an answer swift had given,

And taken the pure spirit to dwell with him in heaven.

DAISY



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,*

BUILT on the Eddystone rocks, about fourteen miles from the port of Plymouth, stands exposed to the heavy seas from the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic Ocean, and all the south-western points of the compass. To erect a lighthouse in such a place required no ordinary amount of courage, skill, and industry. The gentleman who first accomplished this great task, was Henry Winstanly, Esq., who completed the first Eddystone Lighthouse in the year 1700. So confident was he of the strength of his structure, that he said he wished he might be in it "during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." His wish, however,

[* Our Correspondent will excuse the liberty we have taken in adding to the descriptive part of his paper. Facts are instructive as well as the spiritual truths of which they remind us.—ED.]

was but too sadly gratified. Being there with his workmen, during a most dreadful storm, the entire building was washed away, and all its inhabitants perished. Alas! how many in another sense are trusting to their own works, which will not stand the storm of death! To what are you trusting, young friends? Christ alone is the solid rock.

In 1709, another lighthouse was built by Mr. Rudyerd. This ingenious structure was burnt to the ground in 1755.

The present substantial building, which our picture represents, was erected by Mr. Smeaton, in 1759. It is built of strong Portland stone and granite. From the foundation, thirty-five feet upwards, is a solid mass of stones, most strongly united together. The building has four rooms, one over another, with a gallery and lantern at the top. It is nearly 80 feet high, and has stood the fury of the waves for more than 100 years. During that period, how many storms has it encountered! how many ships has it directed! and how many lives has it been the means of saving! Those who have seen it cannot but have admired so noble a structure, and surely all should be grateful to God for the skill given to its architect. See Exod. xxxi. 3—5.

Many of my readers, however, have not seen the Eddystone Lighthouse; but there is another lighthouse, far more important, which all have seen, and unto which we shall "do well to take heed as unto a light shining in a dark place." The Bible may be compared to a great lighthouse, for it warns us to escape from hell, and directs us to heaven. It warns us against Sabbath-breaking, swearing, lying, stealing, disobedience to parents. It warns us against anger, and pride, and bad companions, and admonishes us to love the Lord our God with all our hearts. But above all it exhibits the Saviour, who is in fact the light of this lighthouse; for having broken God's commandments, God's wrath, like the angry storm, must overwhelm us, and we should sink in

despair, but for the hope which this light affords. Oh, dear young friends, what a chart is the Bible ! you need not be afraid to trust it ; for its author can never make a mistake : he is “ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” I hope you are very fond of reading your Bible, for it is the best of books, and the most important. Try to be “ mighty in the Scriptures.” The Bible is the true lighthouse, whose heavenly light warns us from the rocks and quicksands of this life, and directs us to the port of everlasting bliss. Let your mind be well fortified with the truths of the Bible.

“ May this blest word of sacred truth,
Be the directory of your youth ;
Your solace, counsellor and stay,
Along life’s rough and trackless way.”

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

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“ IS YOUR FAITH AS STRONG AS THAT,  
MOTHER ? ”

**I**N a small cottage on the southern shores of the Baltic lived a pious widow, named Bertha Schmidt ; in a little dwelling, peering out from the embowering vines and flowers. Now and then it happened one could get a glimpse of the good old dame herself, sitting in her high-backed chair and with her Bible in her lap : the whole picture was one of quiet happiness. But it was not the aged widow herself who had gathered all the pleasant things about her cottage-home. This was the work of Karl, her only son and child, who lived with her, and supported her by working at the trade of a carpenter. Karl had a heart as tender as it was strong ; yet he was now twenty-eight, and was not married. He had long been engaged to a worthy maiden, but he would not marry until he felt he could do so without lessening the comforts which the infirmities of his mother made necessary.

But Karl had prospered under the blessing of Heaven, and he was about to add a third person to their little cottage home. It was now winter, but all was bright within; the narrow windows being full of Karl's choice flowers, transferred to neat boxes of his own handicraft. A kind heart must have felt warm sympathy, while looking upon that happy circle. But fearful was the change which morning brought. A hostile army was approaching, and might be looked for at any hour. In every house there was gloom,—in every heart fear and trembling. As night deepened, there came a terrific storm of snow and wind, which made the scene still more desolate and fearful. Karl sank down into gloomy silence, while his young wife sat by him pale and trembling; but the aged widow sat with her eyes fastened upon her book. At length a bright smile beamed upon her countenance as she repeated these lines:—

“Round us a wall our God shall rear,  
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!”

“What! dear mother,” replied Karl, “is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall round our poor hut?” “Has not my son read,” replied the mother, “that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father—that faith has stopped the mouths of lions, and turned aside the edge of the sword?” Karl made no reply; the little family drew closer together, and the aged mother again repeated:—

“Round us a wall our God shall rear,  
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!”

Soon shrieks were heard, but no hostile foot invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamped round it. At length a death-like silence fell upon the scene. After waiting several hours, Karl ventured to uncloset a shutter; but huge drifts of

snow had completely encircled the cottage, and made it in appearance a mere mound of snow, with no sign that a human habitation lay hid beneath it. They had, indeed, dwelt safely in the pavilion of the Most High. Karl led his aged mother out to behold her "wall of faith." The pious woman wept as she looked up to heaven, and softly exclaimed, "Faithful is he who hath promised, he also hath done it." Readers, have you such faith as this when danger is near?

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"REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE."

"REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE," said Jesus; so that he believed the writings of Moses, and the miracles recorded in the Old Testament, whatever modern sceptics may say respecting them.

"Remember Lot's wife," who "became a pillar of salt" because she disobeyed God. God's commands cannot be slighted with impunity. "The long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah," yet at length the "flood came and destroyed them all." And although God had sworn that the waters of Noah should no more cover the earth, yet when the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah became "very grievous," the same almighty power destroyed those cities with a flood of fire. But in connection therewith "Remember Lot's wife." All that is said against her is, that she "looked back." Does this appear a *little sin*? Nay; was it a *little sin* for Adam to taste the forbidden fruit? Was it a *little sin* for Uzzah to put forth his hand to steady the ark? Or for Ananias and Sapphira to tell the truth but in part only? No; there are no little sins. God is great; and every sin against the great God, must be great likewise. "Remember Lot's wife," and never talk of *little sins*.

"Remember Lot's wife," who, although her dearest friends were saved, was herself destroyed. True religion must be

*personal.* "Every one of us must give account of himself before God." Parents and friends, brothers and sisters cannot save us. The wise virgins had no oil to spare for those who were foolish. The question is, "Dost *thou* believe on the Son of God?"

"Remember *Lot's wife*," who was *almost saved*. She was led by the angels from the doomed city, yet her heart was there. Many profess to follow the Saviour whose hearts are still in the world; and, like those who received the "seed in stony places," when persecutions arise, "by and by they are offended." King Agrippa said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," and there are many like him in the present day: yet, as good John Bunyan says, "There is a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven." The Lord preserve us from hypocrisy.

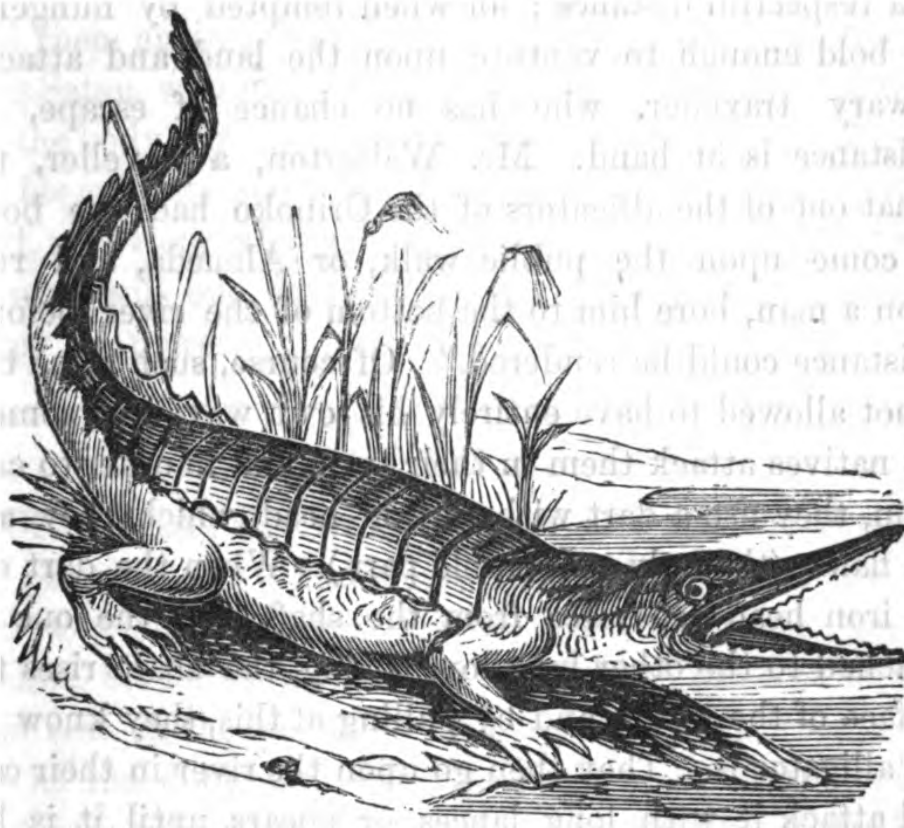
Youthful Christian, "*Remember Lot's wife*," who "looked back." Has God led thee from the world, and made its pursuits distasteful to thee? let thy gratitude abound. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity." Take warning by the Israelites who wished to go back to Egypt again. "Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God," and remember that "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." JOSIAH.

#### ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE TRUTH.

"If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness;" Rom. viii. 10.

**T**HE above passage was explained by an excellent minister in the following beautifully simple manner. The grace of God in the Christian, is like a living plant in a dead garden-pot. When death comes, it is but to break the garden-pot, and to transplant the flower to the heavenly paradise.





### THE ALLIGATOR.

**T**HE alligator is a four-limbed reptile, inhabiting the rivers of the hottest regions of the earth, such as the Nile in Africa, the Ganges in Asia, and the Amazon in America. It is similar in appearance and habits to the crocodile, only its head is not so long; but as a foe to man and beast, it is equally formidable. It is furnished with a large number of strong and sharp teeth, and is protected on its back by strong bony plates, fitting into each other like armour. Its principal food is fish, but alligators are by no means particular in their eating, and if a pig, a deer, or a dog should be tempted to quench its thirst at the edge of the river, the ferocious reptile will dart upon the back, and seizing the helpless creature, will drown it, and then devour it. So you may be sure that little children are not safe from their voracity, while the strongest man is glad to keep them

at a respectful distance ; for when tempted by hunger, they are bold enough to venture upon the land and attack the unwary traveller, who has no chance of escape, unless assistance is at hand. Mr. Walterton, a traveller, relates "that one of the alligators of the Orinoko had the boldness to come upon the public walk, or Almæda, and rushing upon a man, bore him to the bottom of the river before any assistance could be rendered." Of course, such a foe to man is not allowed to have entirely his own way, and sometimes the natives attack them in their turn, and in order to capture them, they use a dart with an iron head, which they aim at the flank, (the only vulnerable part.) When the dart enters, the iron head separates from the shaft, and the one being attached to the other by a long string, the shaft rises to the surface of the water, and by pulling at this, they know where the alligator is. They then go upon the river in their canoes, and attack it with long lances or spears, until it is killed. The alligator is as cunning as he is strong, and what he cannot achieve by force, he accomplishes by stratagem. Concealing himself among the tall grass and reeds on the margin of the river, (which most resemble himself in colour,) he will lie in wait for hours, and sometimes days, till a victim approaches near enough to be seized ; for though the alligator moves swiftly in the water, his legs are too short to enable him to move fast upon the land, and it is easy to escape from Mr. Alligator if you can see him before he attacks, but concealed in the manner mentioned, escape is not so easy ; and if once the poor victim comes within reach of his powerful jaws, destruction is inevitable.

After reading this brief account of so terrible a creature, I am sure none of my young friends would care to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, and I hope they are thankful that their lot is cast in a land where such terrible monsters do not exist. But there is in their own land one foe I would

guard them against, who is more powerful and cunning, and that is Satan, who seeks to ensnare what is of more importance than the body, viz. the immortal soul. May you be protected from his subtlety and power by your more wise and powerful friend, a Saviour who is ever ready to help the distressed, and who will one day bind Satan in chains, and utterly destroy his power.

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### CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

**L**ORD CRAVEN lived in London when the last great plague raged. His house was in that part of the town called Craven-buildings. On that sad calamity growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach-and-six were accordingly at the door, and baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through his hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and, putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as a postilion) saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his god lives in the country, and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. "My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country: I'll e'en stay where I am." The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand." He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London; was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.



### THE FADING ROSE.

**W**HO has not seen the fading rose? A few weeks ago it looked so beautiful in the bud; then we looked at it again a little later, and we saw the little bud had opened into a flower; and as we admired it, and inhaled its sweet and reviving odours, we wished it might always continue. But, alas! before long, we discerned that some of its outer leaves had changed colour, and at length the once full-blown and beautiful rose became scattered in faded leaves at our feet. Again, while we looked at the rose-tree and saw other buds, some nearly full-blown, others in a less forward state, we thought what a picture is this of human life! It reminded us of those texts, "*One generation passeth away, and another cometh.*" "*Instead of the fathers shall come up the children.*" "*We all do fade as a leaf.*" Yes, all those pretty roses remind us that "*childhood and youth are vanity;*" for children, like the budding, blooming, withering rose, soon pass into manhood and womanhood, and decay in old age, and drop into the grave.

" Our life's a narrow span,  
 A short uncertain day;  
 And if we reach the age of man,  
 It soon will pass away."



But remember, there is this difference between you and the *rose*. The rose has no *soul*,—you have. - Our bodies, like the rose-blossom, will “fade away and die,” but our *souls must live for ever*. They will be either flowers “in the paradise of God,” or “tares bound in bundles to be burned.” Mothers are often very proud of their children, and admire their sweet smiling faces, but they are only like the rose-buds : *they must all fade and die*. Yet, *if we love Jesus*, and are *saved by faith in him*, we need not fear, for our souls will be taken to heaven, and our bodies will be raised up again at the last day. Do you think this strange? Look at the root of that dahlia. It is an ugly thing ; yet *it will yield beautiful green leaves and fine, tall, handsome flowers*. So if you love Jesus, he will raise your bodies up at the last day, and they will be more beautiful than the rose or the dahlia. Children, look to Jesus.

*Bexley Heath.*

W. FRITH.

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#### OUT-DOING THE PARABLE.

“NEVER mind, it’s only a four-penny-piece,” said Mr. J., who had accidentally dropped it in his counting-house. “That does not agree with the parable,” said his son : “don’t you remember that it says of the woman who had lost a piece of silver, that she took a candle and swept the house, and searched diligently till she *found* it? I will get a light and look for it.” A candle was brought, and the lost piece of silver was soon discovered. “And here is a shilling besides!” said the son ; “I’ll look again, and perhaps I may find something more.” Presently a three-penny-piece turned up, and last and least, a farthing : in all 1s. 7¼d. was found through looking for a four-penny-piece ! “Why I have out-done the parable !” said the young man. “Yet can that be possible ?” thought he. Ah ! no. For the parable represents the woman as looking for *one* piece of silver she had lost.

She did not say "It's of no consequence," and let it remain until she had lost another. She would not lose even *one* piece. Neither is it "the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of his little ones should perish."

SEEKER.

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"THE SAINTS IN LIGHT."

SEE before Jehovah's throne,  
 Clothed in bright array,  
 Spirits who from earth have flown,  
 To realms of endless day.  
 Hark, to harps of gold they sing,  
 Warbling hymns in accents sweet ;  
 While their glittering crowns they fling  
 Low before Immanuel's feet.

Once this lower world they trod,  
 Oft despised and poor ;  
 But they loved their Saviour God,  
 And could well endure  
 Suffering, penury, and woe,  
 For laid up for them in store,  
 (Unlike riches here below,)  
 Treasures fadeless evermore.

Now the treasures they enjoy,  
 See their Saviour's face ;  
 And their happy tongues employ,  
 To proclaim his grace.  
 They delight to think how he,  
 In his free, his sovereign love,  
 Rescued them from misery,  
 Brought them to the realms above.

Little children too; are there,  
 Who in early days,  
 Learned his holy name to fear,  
 And to love his ways.  
 Drawn from earth, when years but few  
 Of this sinful life were o'er,  
 To the courts of bliss they flew,  
 Him to serve for evermore.

All their ransomed voices swell,  
 Joined to seraphs' notes,  
 Jesus' matchless love to tell,  
 While through heaven floats  
 Sweetest music, loud and clear,  
 In his praise who lives and reigns,  
 Breaking on his listening ear  
 In melodious, heavenly strains.

*D. P. S. S., Lee, S. E.*

*T. G. C. A.*

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### ENIGMAS.

**A** KING of Jerusalem whose mother was his evil counsellor.

A brook where 200 of David's men rested.

A kingdom which one of the prophets foretold should be the basest of the kingdoms.

A city from which great multitudes followed Jesus.

A god which an Assyrian king was worshipping when his sons smote him with a sword.

The prophet who foretold the kingdom should be the basest.

A bird the children of Israel were not to eat.

Also a bird forbidden by Moses.

The initials will the name reveal,  
 Of one who would not, did not kneel  
 To images of gold or stone,  
 Jehovah only would he own.

*J. W.*

**A** PERSON who was a priest and a prophet at once.  
 The captain of Saul's army.  
 A land where Moses took refuge.  
 A person who fought against Nehemiah.  
 One of the minor prophets.  
 One of the tribes of Israel.  
 The initials will give the name of one of the Judges of Israel.

ANNIE SHUFF,  
*Aged nine years.*

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the first enigma given in our last is as follows :

“LITTLE CHILDREN LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”  
 1 2 3 4 5 6    7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14    15 16 17 18    19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

My 7, 16, 12, 9, 23, 4, 26, is *Corinth*.

My 15, 22, 19, 11, 2, 7, 27, 22, is *Laodicea*.

My 20, 22, 3, 8, 22, 14, 22, 13, 10, is *Nathanael*.

My 1, 22, 7, 18, is *Lace*.

My 5, 2, 14, 21, 23, is *Linen*.

My 22, 28, 2, 18, 10, is *Ariel*.

My 25, 24, 1, 22, is *Tola*.

The Editor presents his thanks to the following young friends who have given correct answers to both enigmas ; viz :—

Miss A. Crow, Clara, Suffolk  
 „ Annie Shuff, Upper Tooting  
 Master R. Chinnick, Lee, Kent

Master E. Ensor, Leicester  
 „ J. Pulpher, Raunds, Norths.

The correct answer to the second enigma, viz. SIN, has been given by

Miss C. A. Arnold, Hitchin  
 „ R. Baxter, Stretham, Cambs.  
 „ Larner, Linton-st., Islington  
 „ E. Lingard, Rotherhithe  
 „ R. Sandland, Hoxton

Miss M. J. Williams, Deptford  
 Master Andrew Fuller, Raunds  
 „ F. Fuller, ditto  
 „ F. J. Thompson, ditto



"What is your life? it is even as a vapour."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

No. 60.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—Watts.

LONDON :

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PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

"As for man, his days are as grass."

## FLOWERS.

**T**HERE'S not a moor, however bleak,  
But hath some little flowers ;  
There's scarce a life, however lone,  
But knows some pleasant hours.

The flowers of the wilderness  
Are fresh, and fair, and green,  
Upon the mountain's craggy heights,  
By human eye unseen.

E'en in the crowded city, too,  
The hardy daisies spring,  
Raising their silver-crested heads,  
Some pleasant thoughts to bring.

And in the meadows and the vales,  
The little flowers grow,  
On every side, on every hand,  
God's love and care to show.

How desolate would be the earth  
Without the flowers fair,  
To cheer the gloomy solitude,  
And scent the evening air !

And drear indeed would be this life  
Without a friendly tone,  
Without the simplest words of love,  
Like tiny seedlings sown.

Kindness and love, like flowers, cheer  
And gladden life's rough way,  
Diffusing peace and happiness,  
Betide whatever may.

Then let kind words, like little flowers,  
Round all our pathway spread,  
That, young or old, where'er we go,  
Some fragrance we may shed.

DAISY.



### RUTH, THE YOUNG GLEANER.

**I**T was at the beginning of the month Nisan (which answers to our April) that a Jewish widow and her young companion entered the little town of Bethlehem. The country of Judah was clothed with the beauty of spring: the palm-trees with their feathery leaves were in blossom,—the “first-ripe figs” were hanging from the trees, and the yellow barley was ready for the sickle. What were that widow’s thoughts as she returned to her native place after ten years’ absence—remembering her former happiness, and thinking of her present adversity! How many faces with which she had been familiar were missing!—and how many new faces looked sharply upon her, and still more strangely upon her young companion—Ruth! We can imagine how the mother and daughter

talked of their plans for the future—how they should get bread to supply their wants, and can almost see the earnest expression on the youthful countenance of the damsel from Moab as she asks, “Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace.”

We can follow her in thought as she walks through the fruitful land, hesitating which field she should enter, and then humbly walking into that of Boaz ; and can learn some lessons from her conduct as well.

*Notice how diligently Ruth worked.* Watch her as she follows the reapers, carefully marking every step. Though she soon grows weary of work to which she was not accustomed, she still perseveres all the day, and by the evening gathered sufficient to fill an ephah,—about three pecks three pints of our measure.

See, too, how carefully she gathers every ear which the reapers drop. *Ruth does not despise little things*, and the only way to succeed in life is to take care of fragments. You know there is a proverb which says “Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.” Ah ! and take care of the farthings too. Do not waste fragments of time either. We may well employ spare moments in reading some useful book or doing some kind office for another. Moments are more precious than gold. He who wastes moments in reality wastes hours ; for moments added soon make hours. Though Jesus satisfied five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, he commanded his disciples to gather up the fragments.—God has made nothing to be wasted. “Waste not want not:”—this is the way to be useful as well as happy.

But notice how large Ruth’s lapful of corn is growing. There is surely more than she needs for herself. So there is :—but she has a mother-in-law at home whom she is helping to support. Don’t you think Ruth, like many selfish people,



might have said, "Every one for herself: I shall look after myself; let mother do the same." But she did not. Ah, no: and her dutiful spirit should be a pattern to us. Although Naomi was but her mother-in-law and not her own mother, still she provided for her. You can tell where our duty to parents is taught,—you remember the command, "*Honour thy father and thy mother.*"

Let us watch Ruth more narrowly. Many of you have seen the poor gleaners in the country; you know that it is but tedious work to gather corn an ear or two at a time. But Ruth gathers a handful at once. How was this? Did you not see the rich land-owner yonder speaking to her kindly, and did you not notice how he charged the reapers, and said: "Let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her." Ah! that was the reason her stock increased so rapidly. *Ruth was kind to her mother-in-law, and God recompensed her kindness.* We never lose by showing kindness to others. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

At meal-time, too, Ruth sits with the reapers and shares with them, and day after day, enjoys the same privileges until the end of barley-harvest. You remember the rest of her history—how she made herself known to Boaz—how he at last married her, and especially how she thus became *one of the ancestors of the Saviour*. Yes, in tracing the pedigree of Jesus, we find the names of Gentiles. How beautifully does this suggest that Jesus died for sinners of every nation, and teach the meaning of such passages as John iii. 16. Let it remind you, too, dear readers, of the tender care of Jesus, especially for the young; and encourage you to "ask for a share of his love." Remember the encouraging promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

J. T. B.

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A LETTER TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE  
"PEARLS."

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have known your little magazine but a short time: the first number I ever saw was the number for May, 1866. And how do you think I first became acquainted with it? Why, I saw a list of magazines in my bookseller's shop, and among the rest, one entitled, "Pearls from the Golden Stream." I ordered one, and I am so much pleased with it, that I shall introduce it to the children belonging to my Sunday-school, and try to get them to take it in. I always try to circulate good periodicals; I have circulated great numbers, and I think the "Pearls" ought not to be forgotten. Great credit is due both to the editor and printer; and now I am a subscriber to it myself, if our kind editor will insert some little papers that I may write, I shall be most happy to do it, for I always feel interested in writing for the young.

And now, my dear young friends, let me ask you what you have done towards extending the circulation of the "Pearls." Many of you, I have no doubt, have taken it in for a long time: may I ask, have you spoken a word in favour for it? have you received good by reading it month after month, and in some cases, year after year? Beware how you treat these messages and warnings which you hear time after time. Do you love God? if so, then happy is your lot, for Jesus smiles on you, and will guide you through all your troubles in this world, and finally give you one of the "many mansions" which he is gone to prepare for all who are washed and forgiven. But I fear some do not love Jesus, but have put off all thoughts of religion time after time, and are farther than ever from the kingdom of God. Oh remember that

"Religion is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below."

We soon may be called away to give account of the deeds done in the body. May you hear the voice of God saying to you, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Listen to the voice of heavenly Wisdom : "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me : for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

*Plymouth.*

T. HEATH, JUN.

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#### ANSWERING AN ATHEIST.

**D**URING the month of November, 1843, a clergyman and an Atheist were in one of the night-trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The Atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister. In answer to an inquiry of the latter, as to what would be man's condition after death, the Atheist replied, "Man is like a pig : when he dies, that is the end of him." As the minister was about to reply, a red-faced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up,—the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it,—and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassionate tone, and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed, "Arrah, now ; will ye not let the baste alone ? Has he not said he was a pig ? And the more you pull his tail the louder he'll squale !" The effect upon all was electric : the clergyman apologised for his forgetfulness in attempting to make any reply to such an assertion, and the Atheist was mute the remainder of the journey.—

*American Messenger.*





## THE TIGER.

**T**HE tiger, which is one of the most formidable beasts of prey, is found only in Asia ; and in the Indies where the jungle is most dense, he attains the largest size. He is of a bright tawny colour, with beautiful black stripes, looking like velvet, running vertically down his graceful body. He is much dreaded, for a full-grown tiger is almost as powerful as a lion, though he is not so cruel or blood-thirsty as some natural historians have represented him. No doubt when hungry he is ferocious, and when hunted he does not exhibit the most peaceful intentions ; but he does not, in this respect, differ from other beasts of prey. It has been said that the tiger will wantonly destroy what he does not require for food ; but this is untrue, as those who have had the best opportunity of studying his habits, come to a different conclusion.

The tiger is not so brave as the lion ; for he will seldom attack a full-grown man, especially if he be armed : although it is said he prefers human flesh for eating. But he is no contemptible enemy when wounded or driven to bay ; while the tigress in defence of her young has been known to exhibit the most fearless bravery, and to protect them when her body was full of wounds, and to manifest signs of deepest distress when they were injured or taken from her.

A story is related of some English officers in India who came upon the lair of a tiger, where lay bones and fragments of cloth, scattered about in various directions, and, blinking in the sunshine, they perceived a tiny cub tiger, not more than a fortnight old, which they carried to their tent, and provided with a small dog-collar and chain, and fastened it to the tent pole, around which it playfully gambolled, to the great amusement of the bystanders. But soon after dusk, their sport came to rather an abrupt termination ; for they heard a

a sharp roar outside the tent, to which the little cub inside responded with a loud wail, and immediately there leaped into the tent a fine tigress, who, regardless of the occupants whom she disdained to notice, caught her stolen infant by the nape of its neck, and with a jerk, snapped the chain asunder, and trotted off to the jungle as fast as she could with her maternal treasure.

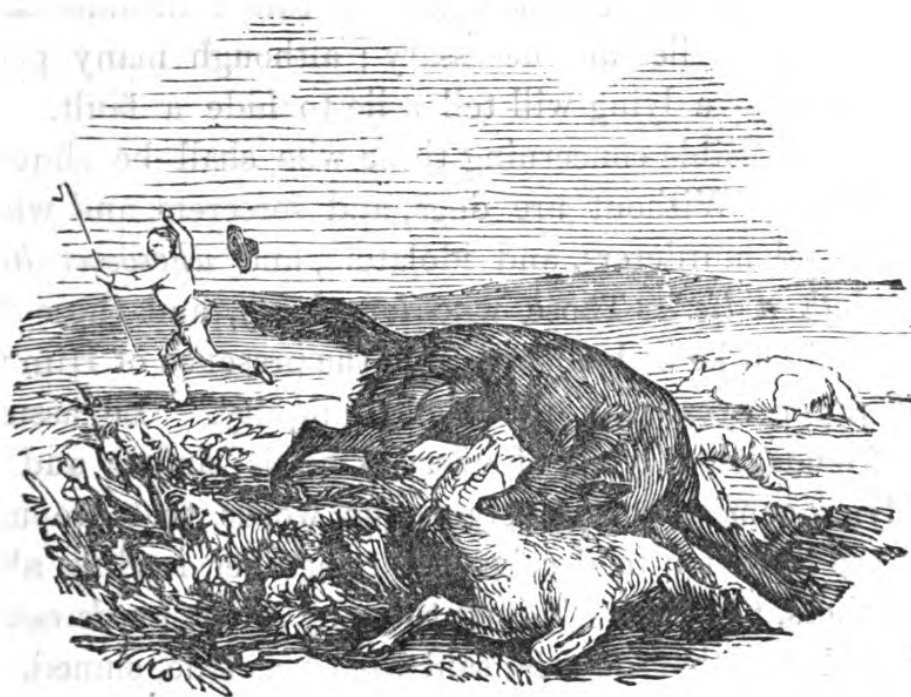
The tiger is more easily tamed than the lion, and has been known to exhibit signs of great affection for its keeper. At the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, I observed the keeper stroke and fondle a large tiger with the same familiarity and fearlessness that we would handle a cat ; while the huge beast seemed delighted to be caressed, and was as playful as a kitten.

Still even with these amiable propensities, I dare say my young readers would not care to arrive at a greater intimacy with the tiger than may be obtained by looking through the bars of the strong iron cage in which he is confined, and while they admire his beauty and dread his power, may they reflect on the great power and wisdom of his Creator who has made nothing in vain, and say with the Psalmist, " All thy works praise thee." H—Y B.

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#### SAFETY IN CHRIST.

“ I WISH there were some place where the cholera couldn't come,” said a little girl to her mother, who had been reading some of the alarming accounts of the recent ravages of this fell disease. When danger is seen, how natural it is, each for himself, to seek a place of safety ! But where in this fallen world can we hope to find immunity from disease and death ? Die we must ; but when and how God only knows. The great personal question is—Am I prepared ?—prepared for death as Noah was for the flood ? Christ is the ark. Am I in Christ ?



### NEW THOUGHTS ON AN OLD FABLE.

**I** KNEW a little boy who was very fond of reading Æsop's Fables. Not having a copy of his own, he used to borrow one of a friend, who always made him promise to read the "*morals*" as well as the *Fables*. The little boy considered this a kind of penance, and read them very hurriedly, merely for the sake of *keeping his word*. So far, so good ; I motive like boys who keep their word, though this was a poor for reading Æsop's "*morals*."

But I am inclined to think that many young folks are too much like this little boy. I will not reprove them for it ; but try to some extent to accommodate myself to their taste.

You all know the fable illustrated by the picture. The shepherd-boy told lies "in fun," as you say. When he cried "The wolf ! the wolf !" people believed him for a time or two, and kindly ran to his assistance. But he only did it to "make fools" of them as we say. Yet who was the greatest fool ? Let the Bible pronounce the verdict : "Fools make a mock at sin."

This was what may emphatically be called an *unnecessary lie*—not that any lies are necessary ; although many people who do not love lying will tell a lie to hide a fault. But what says the Bible concerning those who shall be shut out of heaven ? “Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and *whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.*” Those who *love lying*, and those who *make lies* will alike be banished from the presence of Him who is “of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.” Be assured, young friends, that lying of every kind is sinful ; and the sin of lying consists not merely in the words that are used, but in the intention to deceive. I remember reading about two brothers, who, if we judged them by their *words merely*, we should say that he who said what was true, sinned, and he who said what was false did right. The circumstance was this : It was half-holiday, and the boys wanted “a bit of fun.” “Where shall we go ?” said Tom. “Let’s have a game in the hayloft,” said Bill ; and away they ran towards the scene of their proposed merriment. As they ran off they met their father, who, on learning whither they were going, told them to be sure and shut the stable-door, as the pony was not tied up. “Yes, father,” they said ; but before they had reached the stable, they had forgotten all about the caution they had received. Away they clambered up to the hayloft, and fine fun they had in tossing about the hay and straw. At last they were tired, and came down : and now they thought of their father’s instructions ; but the door had been left open, and the pony was nowhere to be seen. “Let’s shut the door,” said Tom ; “and if father asks about the pony, we can say he’s all right.” “No, no !” said Bill ; “I can’t do that : we’ll go and hunt for him ; and if we can’t find him, we must tell father, and get him to help search for him.” Which of these boys did right, dear readers ? You will all say, “Why, Bill, of course.” You are quite correct ; yet the sequel proved



that the pony was *not lost*. He had hidden himself behind some straw, and was still in the stable. So you see that the essence of a lie is the deception which is sought to be practised. The words which Ananias and Sapphira used were *strictly true*, though not the *whole truth*, and God requireth "truth in the inward parts."

But lying is *foolish* as well as sinful ; for

" A liar ne'er can be believed,  
By those whom he has once deceived."

When the wolf came in reality, the shepherd boy, though he cried loudly and long, could get nobody to help him. And how many people are in the habit of speaking so extravagantly and loosely that we cannot depend upon what they say—we take off a good per-centage from every statement they make. Oh boys and girls, aim to be the reverse of this !

" For liars we can never trust,  
Though they should speak the thing that's true ;  
And he who does one fault at first,  
Then lies to hide it, makes it two."

I knew a little boy whose companions frequently laughed at him for being "religious," yet when any disputes arose, they would appeal to him in preference to others, because, as they said, "I know he won't tell a lie."

Tell the truth, even if you think it will tell against you : for " he that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not,.....shall never be moved."

VERITAS.

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### APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

**P**RESIDENT Adams, the elder, was once within twenty miles from home when overtaken by the Sabbath. He had been delayed by impassable snow-banks. A sickly family at home required his presence. His clerical friend, with

whom he lodged, told him he thought the circumstances of his case would justify his travelling on the Sabbath. His reply was, that to those who witnessed it, it would have the *appearance* of evil, as they would be ignorant of the justifying circumstances. The friends of the Sabbath would be grieved to see him apparently disregard the sacredness of the day ; and those who wished to be freed from its restraints, would rejoice to have him to sanction their indulgence by his example.

Christian reader, are you as careful of the sacredness of God's holy day ? Are you ready to make a similar personal sacrifice merely to avoid the appearance of evil ? Are you on all occasions willing to prefer the advancement of God's cause,—the spiritual good of others, before your own personal benefit ? If you are not, you have reason to fear that your profession of religion is nothing but hypocrisy, or self-deception. The very spirit of the religion of Christ requires us to sacrifice everything personal for the general good ; to suffer all things for the elect's sake ; to do or suffer anything rather than hinder the gospel of Christ.—*Religious Telescope*.

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### ENIGMAS.

**I** AM the emblem of beauty, innocence, peace, and affection ; yet likewise of penitence, and folly. My character is highly spoken of in the Bible. Even David envied me, and the apostles were exhorted to be like me : yet, so little am I esteemed, that I have frequently been bought and sold as a slave ; and, like Jezebel, have been pushed out of window,—(not once only, but twice ;) I have been imprisoned, and even put to death. And though I was honoured to be present when Simeon took the infant Saviour in his arms, and also at the Saviour's baptism in the river Jordan, yet afterwards I was turned out of the temple in a very unceremonious

manner, though I gave no provocation and never did any harm. I love retirement and am seldom seen, yet, if you try, perhaps you will find me out.

JOSIAH.

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**A** PLACE where the Saviour wrought a miracle.

A city in Greece.

A feast of the Jews.

A prophet's name reversed.

One who broke a commandment given to the Israelites, and suffered death in consequence.

The mother of two eminent apostles.

The initials will give the name of one who sinned and repented. The finals, the interpretation thereof.

DAISY.

---

**T**HE husband of an Ethiopian woman.

One that judged Israel ten years.

A priest of On.

One of the books of the New Testament.

The son of an Egyptian woman.

One who prophesied that there should come a Star out of Jacob.

A king of Israel.

A Jewish place of worship.

A king of Judea.

One of the books of the Old Testament.

The father of a patriarch.

And one that was in the ark made of gopher wood.

The first letters of the above will spell the name of a young man who had been afflicted from the age of five years, but who was kindly provided for by a good king, to whom his grandfather had been a great enemy.

H. T.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answers to the Enigmas given last month are as follows :—

THE FIRST ENIGMA,  
ABEDNEGO.

A HAZIAH  
B ESOR  
E GYPT  
D ECAPOLIS  
N ISROCH  
E ZEKIEL  
G LEDE  
O SPRAY

THE SECOND ENIGMA,  
SAMSON.

S AMUEL  
A BNER  
M IDIAN  
S ANBALLAT  
O BADIAH  
N APHTALI

The Editor again thanks his young readers who have answered these Enigmas : the following have answered *both* :—

|                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Miss F. Armstrong, Lee, Kent    | Master E. Ensor, Leicester  |
| „ C. Lerner, Islington          | „ E. A. Iles, Banstead      |
| „ E. Paxton, Carshalton, Surrey | „ H. Nash, Langham, Butland |

The *first* only has been answered by

Miss Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk.

The *second* only has also been answered correctly by

|                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Miss A. Chittle, Raunds, Norths. | Master Penn, Watford-st., King's- |
| Master John Meredith, Blaenavon. | cross.                            |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**F**AVOURS have been received from T. G. C. A.,—F. J. Thompson,—John Humphreyson,—Elizabeth Proctor,—Thomas Heath, Jun.,—and O. O.

*Katie's Treasure* is not quite to our taste, and the poetry is defective. It is therefore declined with thanks.

*John Meredith*.—See the number for May, 1864, p. 80.

We shall be happy to supply handbills to any young friends who can use them to advantage in endeavouring to obtain new subscribers.—See page 134.



“O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!”

# PEARLS

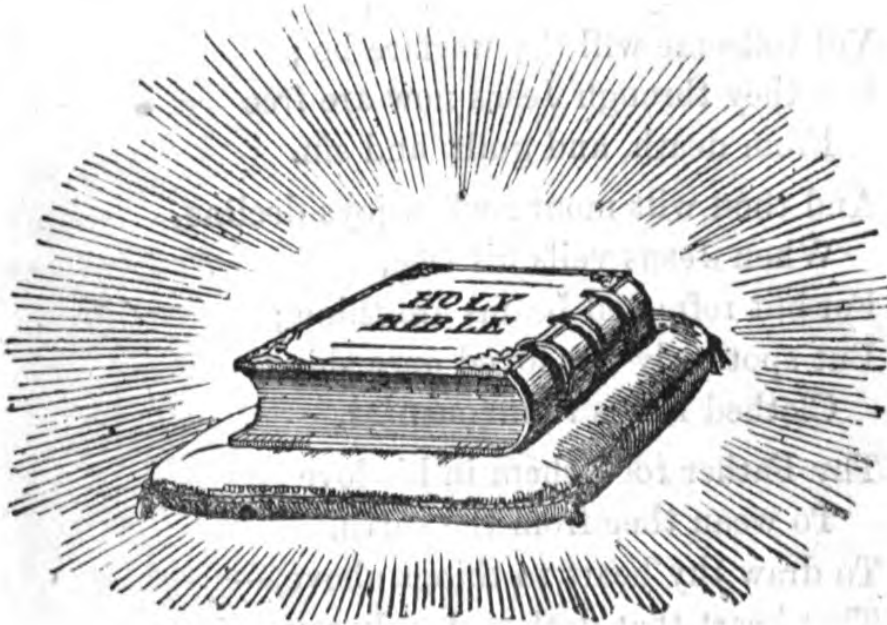
FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 61.



“That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls.”—*Watts.*

LONDON :

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

“Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.”

“The Lord sent a pestilence.....and there died of the people seventy thousand men.”

“The Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel.....It is enough: stay now thine hand.”

## THE EARLY DEAD.

**W**HY weep ye for the early dead ?  
Why heave the bitter sigh ?

Have they for ever from ye fled ?  
No, mourner ; lift thy drooping head  
To that bright world on high.

Behold them there, in Jesus blest,  
Far from earth's toil and care.  
Sin never more can them molest ;  
'Tis an unruffled, changeless rest—  
Grief cannot enter there.

Though, clothed in heaven's panoply,  
The victory thou shalt win,  
Yet toilsome will thy warfare be ;  
But they through Jesus now are free  
From death, and guilt, and sin.

And thou wilt mourn when joys decline,  
When Jesus veils his face,  
For but refracted beams are thine ;  
But spotlessly thy loved ones shine,  
Clothed in his righteousness.

Thy Father took them in his love  
To wean thee from the earth,  
To draw thy heart to things above,—  
That heart that doth so basely rove  
From things of heavenly worth.

They stand around Jehovah's throne,  
A crown upon their brow :  
The victor's palm through him they've won,  
Their work of pain and suffering done,—  
Doubt ne'er assails them now.

Mourner, then weep no more for them ;  
Thou soon shalt reach that shore ;  
For in the new Jerusalem  
Thou'lt rest, and Christ will be thy theme  
Of praise for evermore.



**“HE HEARD A VOICE ADDRESSING HIM IN FRIENDLY TONES; AND, TURNING ROUND, HE PERCEIVED THE OLD FARMER.”—See p. 150.**

GEORGE, THE FARMER'S BOY ;  
OR, THE IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER.

**I**N the North of England, some years ago, a youth of poor circumstances and no education was cast upon the world, to fight the battle of life, and earn a livelihood at the early age of thirteen. Both his parents were dead, and his few friends had not the means, if the desire, to assist him. Under these circumstances, friendless, and with no certain prospect of employment, he left his native village for a large town many miles distant, where he hoped to obtain a situation. He asked for employment at every farm-house he passed ; but, without a character, no one cared to engage him. At last, after trudging for three days, with aching feet and a heavy heart, half-starved and destitute, he represented his case to a farmer, who out of pity took him into his employ.

But as the opening bud reveals the colour of the future flower, so the actions of youth reveal the character that is forming. For the first month or two, George behaved very well ; but he soon began to show a propensity for pilfering. It was part of his duty, morning and evening, to search about the farm for the nests of hens, and to take the eggs to the dairy : some of these he would detain, hiding them in his cap, until opportunity offered to sell them in the village. Before long, however, the dairy-maid noticed that George did not bring in so many eggs as formerly, although the fowls had increased in number. Accordingly she mentioned this circumstance to the farmer, who did not, however, accuse the boy of theft, but contrived to meet him when on his way to the village to sell the eggs, and patting him on the head, asked him where he was going. The farmer's heavy hand caused the eggs to break, and, much to George's discomfiture, their contents ran down his face. The farmer afterwards spoke to him seriously about his conduct—he hoped, with good effect ; for the eggs were now brought in greater numbers.



But as chronic disease, though checked, will appear again ; so a bad habit, though suppressed for a time, will show itself afresh, unless conquered by the grace of God.

One day, George and two men were sent to market to sell some apples. After they had been sold, when George thought no one was looking, he filled his pockets to such an extent that, on returning, he occupied more room in the cart ; and the men, judging the cause, squeezed him so tightly between them, that he heartily wished he had not stolen the apples.

Had I space I might mention other petty thefts of which George was guilty. In fact, he had got quite a bad name in the village. Oh the evil of *little sins* as they are called !

The progress of sin, like that of the straw on the current, or the ship that is nearing the whirlpool,—though at first slow, increases in proportion as it is indulged in, until ruin is inevitable. If, therefore, you have one darling sin, let me beseech you to struggle against it, and ask God to enable you to conquer it : for the spark, if not subdued, will soon burn the house down ; the seeds of evil, if allowed to grow, will quickly multiply ; and as you sow, so you will reap.

Such had been the case with George's character, when a circumstance occurred, the influence of which upon his future life we shall presently see.

Early one morning, a cry of "Fire !" was heard. The villagers were soon aroused, and great excitement prevailed. The scene of the disaster proved to be a barn belonging to an aged farmer, which before the flames could be extinguished, was burnt nearly to the ground. The cause of the calamity remained a mystery. It evidently was not the result of accident : some one had purposely set fire to the barn. Suspicions fell upon George, who, as it was said, had been seen near the barn on the previous night. George denied this ; but who could believe a lad, whose general character fully justified the suspicion ! He was now looked upon everywhere

as a villain, though the evidence was not sufficient to establish his guilt.

After this he did not care to remain in the village, and his master was glad to dismiss him, to seek employment among strangers, with whom he might have another opportunity of retrieving his character, which I am glad to say he did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Passing over a year or two of George's life, we see him (as represented in our picture) sitting on the ruins of the barn which it was said he had destroyed. It was in November, cold and wet, and the bleak east wind made him long for shelter. While musing with regret upon his past life, he heard a voice addressing him in friendly tones, and, turning round, he perceived the old farmer to whom the barn had belonged. George was startled at the voice, yet surprised at the kindness of the tone. The old man took him home, and told him how his accuser had fled, not however without confessing the two-fold crime of firing the barn that he might accuse George therewith.

George had now become an altered person. God had changed his heart, and thus had changed his life. His sinful habits had been abandoned, and now by God's grace, he was honourable, useful, and happy.

Let us learn from this narrative—

1. *The inestimable value of a good character ; and*
2. *That the guilty are often punished even in this world, while the innocent are justified.*

T. F. H.

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### THE MISER'S MISERY.

“**W**HAT an unfortunate wretch am I!” complained a miser to his neighbour. “Some one last night has taken away the treasure which I buried in the garden, and laid a cursed stone in its place.” “And yet you have

never used your treasure ;” answered his neighbour. “ Only bring yourself to believe that the stone is still your treasure, and you are none the poorer.” “ If I am none the poorer,” returned the miser, “ is not some one else the richer? The thought is enough to drive me mad !” *Lessing.*

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A WALK IN SUMMER, DURING THE INTERVAL  
OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

**I** WANDERED on a neighbouring hill,  
And balmy was the air,  
A thousand odorous sweets distilled,  
And all was bright and fair ;  
While nature, hushed, appeared to pay  
Her homage on that sacred day.

The wild bee murmured on the breeze,  
And closed its silken wing,  
Reposing on an humble flower  
That bore a sharpened sting,  
Yet it extracted sweetness there,  
And bore it through the yielding air.

Ah, thus I thought the Christian does,  
In sorrow's trying hour ;  
And many a hidden sweet derives  
From grief's envenomed flower.  
The Balm of Gilead oft imparts  
Its sweetness to the troubled heart.

A fragrant rose the air perfumed,  
Concealed in mossy green ;  
And so the saint would ever bloom,  
Retiring and unseen ;  
Desiring to his Master's praise  
To spend the remnant of his days.

A group of lilies clustering nigh,  
 Rose meekly to the view,  
 Unconscious that a stranger's eye  
 Admired their lovely hue.  
 And such, their beauty seemed to say,  
 Is what the Christian should display.

Their slender height and fragile form,  
 Require the welcome shade ;  
 For if exposed to mountain storm,  
 Their beauty soon would fade ;  
 The pelting rain and driving snow  
 Would lay their spotless petals low.

Just so the Christian needs an arm  
 Superior to his own,  
 Unable to oppose the storm,  
 Defenceless and alone.  
 Christ is his shelter from the blast,  
 His portion and his home at last.

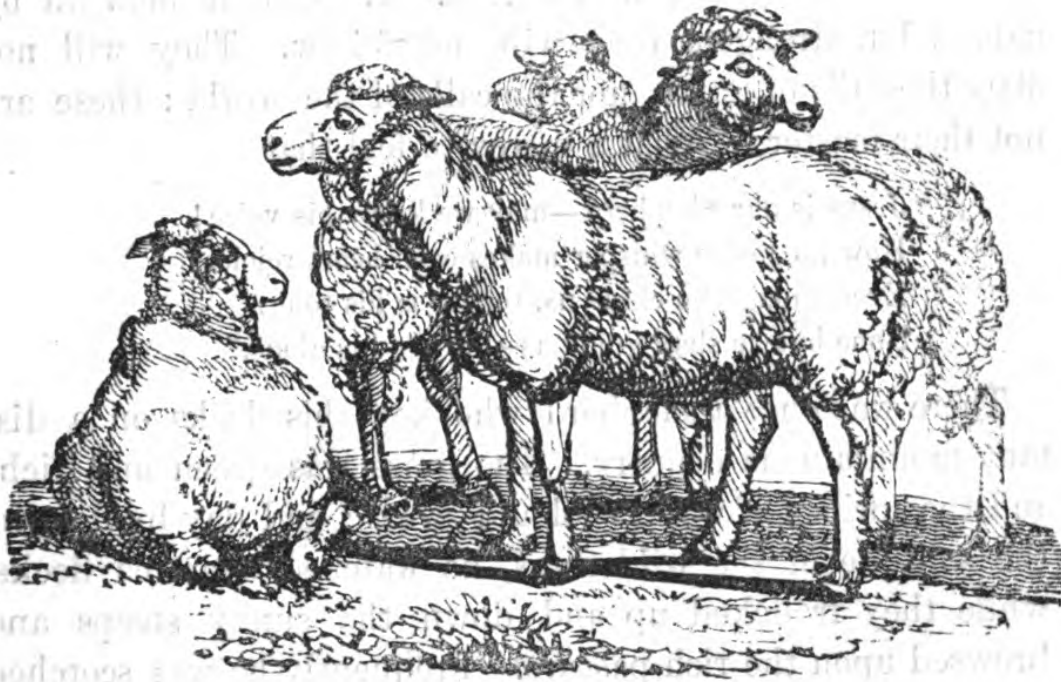
ESPERANCE.

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### TAKE WARNING.

“ I TOOK the pledge,” said an old man, “ at the foot of the gallows, when I saw a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, ‘ If you have anything to say, speak now ; for you have only five minutes to live.’ The young man burst into tears, and said, ‘ I have to die ! I had only one little brother ; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, and coming home, found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. Drink has done it—it has ruined me ! I have but one word more to say—*never ! NEVER ! NEVER !* touch anything that can intoxicate !’ ”—*From the Independent.*





### THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

**F**ROM the sacred writings we find that sheep were frequently a man's chief wealth in patriarchal times ; and hence with the Jews the care of sheep was among the earliest and most respectable employments. (Gen. iv. 2 ; Ex. iii. 1 ; 1 Sam. xvi. 11.) Rebekah and Rachel, and the daughters of Jethro, scrupled not to engage in this occupation ; the patriarch Jacob fed the flocks of Laban ; and Moses did not disdain this employment. Even the king of Moab was a sheep-master : 2 Kings iii. 4. The occupation of shepherd, therefore, was no mean thing.

Mr. John Hartley, a missionary in Greece, informs us that he was once passing by a flock of sheep ; and having heard it said that they would obey the voice of their shepherd, he asked the shepherd to call one of his sheep, and it directly left the others and approached the hand of the shepherd with a prompt obedience, which he never saw in any other animal. —“ But a stranger will they not follow ; for they know not the voice of strangers.” In like manner Jesus knows all his

sheep,—his followers, his children. He calleth them all by name ; but strangers they will not follow. They will not obey the calls of Satan, nor the calls of the world : these are not their master. What a mercy to feel that

“ Jesus is our Shepherd—may we know his voice !  
 How its gentle whisper makes each heart rejoice !  
 Even though he chide us, tender is his tone :  
 None but he shall guide us—we are his alone.”

There was once a shepherd who kept his flocks on a distant mountainous country. The grass was green and rich, and the springs of water cool and sweet ; and day by day, in the solitude of the wilderness, he watched over his flocks, while they frolicked up and down the sunny steeps and browsed upon the rich pasture. Frequently he was scorched by the hot sun, or drenched with the sudden showers that came over the hills ; yet this good shepherd never for a single hour deserted his charge, but followed them from place to place, keeping a watchful eye over every one. At night he gathered them all together, and led them into a safe and sheltered fold, where the cold wind could not reach them, nor prowling beasts molest them. Once a lamb (a little heedless thing) lost itself among the hills. It had scampered far away from its mother, and went bounding merrily from rock to rock, cropping off the clover heads here and there, and searching for the brightest buttercups and daisies, hiding itself in sport in the mountain hollows and never heeding where the rest of the flock had gone. At last it discovered that it was quite lost. It ran this way, then that, until through pain and fright it fell down upon the ground, unable to rise. Meanwhile the watchful shepherd discovered that a lamb was missing. Immediately he called his faithful dog and set him to guard the flock, while he himself started off alone to search for the little stray lamb. It was a long ourney and a weary one in the heat of summer ; but the

kind shepherd never rested until he found the silly little lamb ; and as it was so weak and faint, he took it up in his arms, and carried it tenderly back to the fold.

Now this is a faint illustration of the love of Jesus, who left his crown of glory to die for poor sinners, and as the good Shepherd to bring back to the sheepfold all the wandering sheep. He not only came from heaven, but he laid down his life for the sheep.

“ See the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands  
With all-engaging charms :  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.”

Jesus Christ does not drive away any that come to him in faith with an humble spirit. He is like the shepherd I have told you about. He binds up the wounds of sin and takes care of us while in the wilderness of this world, and leads us safely through every rough and thorny place.

“ The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd’s care ;  
While folded in the Saviour’s arms,  
We’re safe from every snare.”

The good Shepherd supplies every need : Psa. xxiii. 1, 2. He gives peace and joy : Ezek. xxxiv. 14. He supports even in the prospect of death, Psa. xxiii. 4 ; and he preserves unto eternal life : John x. 28 ; 1 Pet. i. 5. O dear young friends, can we serve any one better ? Jesus can do everything for us in this world, and in that which is to come ; and remember that Jesus loves little children. He said, when on earth, “ Suffer little children to come unto me.”

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



### THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER.

**M**ANY years ago, books had to be written ; and as writing was very laborious work, they could only be obtained by the rich. To possess one of the books of the New Testament was a rare thing in those days. Let us be thankful we live in different times. But what, under God's blessing, has made the difference ? The Printing Press.



William Caxton, the first English printer, was born in Kent, about the year 1413, and educated in London. His father is supposed to have been a gentleman ; for it is certain he gave his son an education which in those days only the wealthy could obtain. When Caxton was a boy he was apprenticed to a mercer of London ; but on the death of his master, he left England for the Netherlands. It was just at this time that the doctrines preached by John Huss were enlightening the European people, and at this period the art of printing was discovered.

The first printing firm ever established in Europe, was that of Faust and Guttemberg, at Mayence, in Germany. The fame of their wonderful invention spread throughout Europe, and amongst those who heard of it was William Caxton. Ascertaining that this was indeed a most valuable discovery, Caxton devoted himself to the study of printing for nearly 30 years,—residing during that time in Brabant, Flanders, and Holland. He made several experiments, and then came back to England to teach the art to his countrymen. The first printing press ever set up in England was in Westminster Abbey, about the year 1471. The first printed books were very different from those we have now. They were printed in what we call Old English, and had neither title-pages, stops, nor capital letters. Caxton adorned his books with rough woodcuts, which are the earliest known specimens of wood engraving. Some of the Catholic bishops feared that the invention of printing would enlighten the people, and cause them to embrace the doctrine of the Reformers ; but men of genius and learning, from all parts of the country, greatly encouraged Caxton.

The number of books printed by Caxton is estimated at above 60—a large number considering that his printing press was very different from those now used, and the work was very slowly done.

Caxton died about the year 1492, at the age of 80 years. The last book he ever printed was "The Lives of the Fathers," and this he is said to have finished on the last day of his life. He was buried at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. William Caxton is worthy of remembrance for his honourable and useful life.

DAISY.

---

A LITTLE CHILD'S FAITH.

**I** ONCE beheld a little child,  
 Whose years scarce numbered three,  
 Upon a shaky table placed,  
 To test his bravery.

Such clear and pretty eyes he had,  
 And lips so soft and sweet,  
 And chubby feet of fairy mould,  
 Encased in shoes so neat.

With dimpled hands extended wide,  
 Kind succour to implore,  
 He ask'd his pa with prattling tongue,  
 To help him to the floor.

The father stood a pace away,  
 And gazed upon his boy,  
 With eyes full beaming with that love  
 Which seldom knows alloy.

Then holding out his brawny arms,  
 To tempt the pleading child ;  
 He bent on him a coaxing glance,  
 And thus his fears beguiled.

"Come, jump, my pet ; be not afraid ;  
 I will not let you fall :  
 Come, jump at once, and spring up high,  
 Just like your little ball."

The pretty one a moment paused,  
 And bowed his curly head,  
 When, quick as lightning, o'er his face  
 A flash of faith there spread.  
 He drew erect his little form,  
 And stifled his alarms ;  
 Then sprang from where he trembling stood,  
 And gained his father's arms.  
 So Christ the Saviour now displays  
 His arms of sovereign love ;  
 And he who flies to him by faith,  
 Shall dwell with him above.  
 O Saviour, who dost intercede  
 For fallen men below,  
 Upon us with a bounteous hand  
 This "precious faith" bestow.

*Aug. 23, 1866.*

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

---

### ENIGMAS.

**I** AM composed of 19 letters ; and my whole is a command given by Jesus to the Jews, but which all should follow out.

My 2, 12, 3, 19, 7, 16, 10, a Christian chamberlain of a heathen city.

My 1, 8, 2, 19, 6, 3, 13, one of the children of Anak.

My 15, 13, 7, 16, 1, a bishop ordained by Paul.

My 18, 14, 3, 14, 8, 17, 3, 10, a fellow prisoner with Paul.

My 3, 8, 3, 19, 16, 2, 4, 16, 1, a powerful Eastern king.

My 9, 10, 15, 8, 18, 4, his wife who was a Jewess.

My 5, 18, 1, 3, 17, a name common to Roman Emperors.

My 11, 6, 4, 13, 19, 15, one of the names of the Lord Jesus.

T. G. C. A.

Several other Enigmas are unavoidably omitted for want of space.—ED.

## ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE answer to the first Enigma given last month is—  
THE DOVE.

THE SECOND ENIGMA,  
CEPHAS—A STONE.

C A N A  
E P H E S U S  
P E N T E C O S T  
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X  
.  
.  
O B A D I A H  
.  
.  
X  
.  
.  
A C H A N  
S A L O M E

THE THIRD ENIGMA,  
MEPHIBOSHETH.

M O S E S  
E L O N  
P O T I P H E R A H  
H E B R E W S  
I S H M A E L  
B A L A A M  
O M R I  
S Y N A G O G U E  
H E Z E K I A H  
E X O D U S  
T E R A H  
H A M

Correct Answers have been received from the following young friends, some of which are very excellent and exceedingly creditable to the writers. (The figures indicate the numbers of the Enigmas answered.)

|                                    |                                     |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Miss A. Chettle, Raunds. 1, 2 & 3. | Master E. E. Cobb, Islington. 1 & 3 |
| " Annie Crow, Clare. 1 & 3.        | " W. Cropley, Stretham. 1 & 3       |
| " Sarah Ince, Clare. 1 & 3         | " E. Ensor, Leicester. 1 & 3        |
| " E. Paxton, Carshalton. 1 & 3     | " George Geer, Hailsham. 1          |
| " J. Peacock, London. 1 2 & 3      | " J. Meredith, Blaenavon 1 & 3      |
| " M. M. Wills, London. 1 & 3       | " W. Nash, Crewe, Cheshire 1        |
| " E. Cook, Islington. 1 & 3        | " J. Pulpher, Raunds. 1, 2 & 3      |
| Master J. Bennett, Clapham. 1 & 3  | " F. J. Thompson, Raunds. 1         |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. G. C. A. has our renewed thanks. We regret the postponement of his contributions, owing to pressure of matter.

M. C. J. B.—Not sufficiently original. Your answer to the Enigma arrived too late for acknowledgment last month.

The Editor presents his best thanks to those young friends who have kindly volunteered to distribute the handbills, with a view of obtaining new Subscribers. Who else will assist?



"I have fed you with milk."

# PEARLS

FROM THE

## GOLDEN STREAM.

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

No. 62.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

LONDON :

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"The pure milk of the word."

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

## THE BEST FRIEND.

**U**PON its mother's knee her darling sat,  
And while the mother read the sacred story,  
She oft engaged in simple, homely chat,  
Speaking of Him who reigns on high in glory.

Yes, she would tell of Jesus and his love,  
And how he trod this earth so poor and lowly,  
Who left his throne as King of kings above,  
Where angels stood around all bright and holy.

And how he died his chosen ones to save,  
For, loving them, he loved them to the end ;  
And how he conquered death, and left the grave,  
To reign on high, her best, her only Friend.

But when that humble dwelling death had entered,  
And left the widowed mother weeping sore,  
That he in whom her earthly joys had centered,  
Her only stay, was now, alas ! no more,—

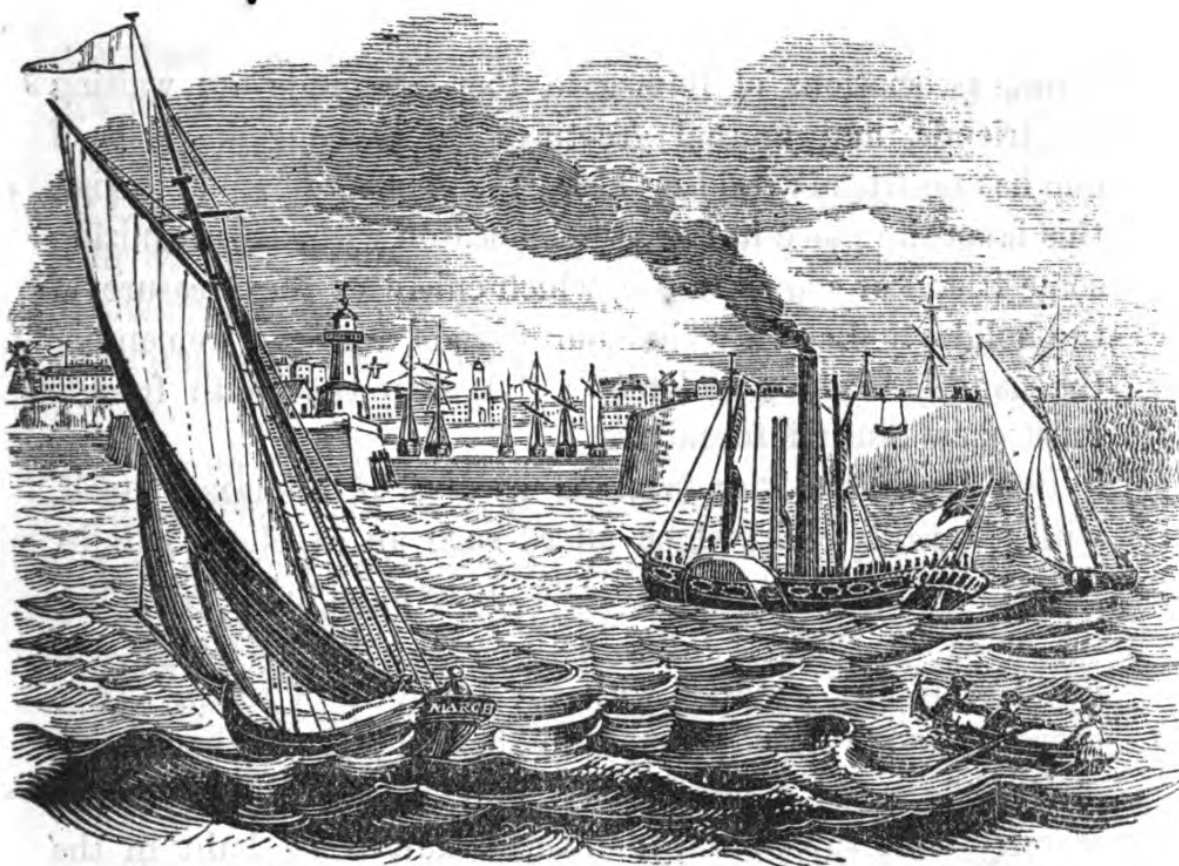
The little boy in simple accents said,  
“ Why are you weeping 'so, my mother dear ?”  
“ Because my best, my dearest friend is dead,”  
Replied the mother, “ and I'm lonely here.”

“ Is *Jesus* dead ?” the little child replied ;  
“ You said *He* was your best and dearest Friend,  
And that although he once was crucified,  
He rose again, and did to heaven ascend.”

“ No, no ! my boy ; dear Jesus ever lives ;  
“ I hear him gently whisper, ‘ Peace, be still :’  
“ In love he takes away—in love he gives,  
“ And I will bow submissive to his will.”

*Lee, August 6, 1866.*

T. G. C. A.



### RAMSGATE PIER.

**W**HY here is Ramsgate Pier, so fresh in the memory of many of our youthful readers, who, perhaps, have recently been enjoying themselves at this famous watering-place! Before, however, we revive old recollections, let us tell you a little about Ramsgate Pier. This magnificent structure is built chiefly of Portland and Purbeck stone, and extends about 800 feet into the sea before it forms an angle. It is 26 feet broad at the top. The harbour contains an area of 46 acres, and is capable of sheltering 300 ships. The entrance to it measures about 200 feet. The head of the pier was repaired about fifty years since, by means of the diving-bell—a novel invention in those days; and the circumstance is recorded at the head of the pier in a brass plate. What would our forefathers have said to the Atlantic Telegraph!

But let us look again at our picture, and recall the inter-

esting associations of Ramsgate Pier. Friends are waiting for friends, and mutual greetings are exchanged. Even if one has no friends residing here, it is scarcely possible to visit this favourite place in the summer season without recognizing some friend or acquaintance, which enhances the pleasure of the holiday. Let us value our friends, and ever remember the counsel of king Solomon: "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly."

But Ramsgate Pier reminds us also of Ramsgate itself, with its chalky cliffs, which afford such an excellent parade,—its old-fashioned town, with its modern suburbs,—its fruitful fields so lately waving with corn,—combining all the beauties of the country with the comforts of town. Then there is the sea which so many bathers enjoy, and the smooth sands where the children play, building their little castles, scarcely more substantial than those said to be built in the air. Here you may perform at least half the old proverb which advises you to "Write injuries in sand—kindnesses in marble." Here you may gather beautiful specimens of seaweed ;—

"Nay, call them not *weeds*, they are *flowers* of the sea,"

and afford as rich displays of the skill and wisdom of our heavenly Father as the flowers of earth. Here you may also find beautiful shells, every one of which was or is inhabited. Here are the limpets that cling so tightly to the rocks—the star-fish so beautifully formed, and a host of other wonderful objects. And when the heart is in proper tune, we can say with good Newton,—

"In every object here I see  
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee:  
 Firmer than rocks thy promise stands,—  
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,—  
 Thy grace an ever-flowing tide,—  
 Thy love a sea immensely wide."



All these, and many other pleasurable associations, are fresh in our recollection when we look at Ramsgate Pier.

But Ramsgate Pier reminds us of our *farewell* to Ramsgate : for the longest holiday must have an end. Some of the little folks dropped a tear when "the last day at Ramsgate" came. We reminded them that all earthly pleasures come to an end, and directed them—as we would direct all our young readers—to that happier and brighter world, where are both "fulness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore."

In bidding adieu to Ramsgate Harbour our minds cannot but reflect upon the security it has afforded to thousands who who otherwise would have perished at sea. However violent the storm without, within the harbour is rest and safety. The lighthouse directs the mariner, and the harbour receives him in peace. How strikingly does this remind us of that harbour of everlasting rest to which the Bible, as "a light shining in a dark place," directs the tempest-tossed mariner on life's troubled sea !

"Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
When the storms of life are o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast our anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?"

What a meeting will that be ! What a Saviour will receive us ! What friends will greet us ! What pleasures await us !—pleasures without limit, world without end.

THE EDITOR.

---

### WHERE ARE THE BUTTERFLIES GONE ?

**A** SHORT time ago, how pleasant it was to see those pretty creatures flying about in the sunshine ! They seemed to rejoice in the summer hours. Where are they gone ? Now that the skies have become cloudy, and the rain is often falling, and the long, dark nights are coming on, and

the wind howls, and the leaves are falling off the trees,— where are our gay companions the butterflies, which looked so pretty in July and August? They are all gone; not one stays to cheer us in the dark, dull hours of winter. How much they resemble some friends, who remain with us only while the sun of prosperity shines! So long as we are rich, and prosperous, and live in a fine house, and wear gay clothing, we retain their friendship; but should we become poor, they would forsake us, like the butterflies in the winter.

But there is *one Friend* who has said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” He stays with those who love him, whether it be dark or light, summer or winter. I hope, dear children, you know him. If so, you need not complain of the departure of the butterflies. They are like fickle, treacherous friends; but HE is always “near at hand, and not afar off.”

W. FRITH.

---

### HOPE.

**T**HERE is a spot of mem'ries old,  
 An episode of which is told;  
 A spot from whose moss-covered height  
 The mighty ocean greets the sight.

And there at eve, as daylight dies,  
 A crazy maiden slowly hies,  
 And there reclines upon the sward,  
 While gazing out the sea toward.

It recks not whether storms be rife,  
 And wind and thunder roar in strife,  
 Or drenching rains the mountains sweep,  
 Or lightnings in dense blackness leap,—

She hies, nor slacks her gentle pace,  
 Until she gains the well-known place;

And out beyond, with vacant stare,  
She turns her gaze,—but none know where.

'Tis said her father, years before,  
Had left her happy, to explore  
The regions near the frigid zone,  
But died before the task was done.

The news was more than she could bear ;  
Hope would have yielded to despair,  
But reason reeled, and thus deranged  
Her mind, and all its powers estranged.

Yet, buoyed with hope, at each day's wane,  
She still resumes her watching vain ;  
Though long ere this her life had ceased,  
If hope had not its strength increased.

Oh balmy Hope ! thy savour sweet  
Expectant Christians ever greet,  
In prospect of that glorious day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Lord, teach us how to watch and wait,  
Till thou shalt come in regal state ;  
Prepare us for that unknown hour,  
With hope, the soul's sustaining power.

Sept. 26, 1866.

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF A BABY.

**T**HE baby wept ;  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,  
And baby slept.

Again it weeps ;  
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,  
From present pain, and future unknown harms,  
And baby sleeps.

*Hinds.*



### THE PIGEON.

**I** WONDER whether any of my young readers are pigeon-fanciers. I fancy some of them are: if not, in the ordinary sense of the term, yet they will not object to hear a little about this interesting bird.

You all know that the pigeon is a kind of *dove*. Now there are several sorts of doves,—such as the *ring-dove*, the *stock-dove*, the *rock-dove*, and the *turtle-dove*.

The *ring-dove* (commonly called the wood-pigeon) has a circle of white feathers round its neck. It builds its nest in the thick woods, and cannot be domesticated.

The *stock-dove* is smaller and less numerous than the ring-dove. It builds in hollow trees and in holes in the ground. It is a roaming bird, and migrates in large flocks.

The *rock-dove* is the species from which our domestic pigeon is descended. They never perch on trees, but build on high cliffs and rocks. Their principal food is grain and seeds. The instinct of these creatures is wonderful; for notwithstanding the height at which they fly, and their passing over the sea, where there are no marks to guide them, they always return to the place whence they set out.



The *turtle-dove* is the smallest British species. Its note is peculiarly plaintive. Hence the allusion in such passages as Isa. xxxviii. 14. Turtle-doves are also proverbial for their attachment and constancy : see Sol. Song i. 15, ii. 14, &c.

In tropical countries doves are not only more numerous, but more beautiful than with us : see the allusion in Psa. lxviii. 13.

Of *domestic pigeons* there are an almost endless variety, of which perhaps the "carrier" is the most interesting. Numerous anecdotes are on record, which illustrate the power and speed of this remarkable bird. An ancient historian speaks of them as having been employed in conveying intelligence upwards of two thousand years ago. But let the following suffice as a modern illustration of their wonderful utility as, I had almost said,—*postmen*.

At the time of the Crimean war, a "pigeon express" carried the news of the capture of Sebastopol to Colombo, the capital of Ceylon. The distance from the port of Galle (at which the steamers touch) to the seat of Government is seventy-two miles, which these birds (well laden with manuscript, etc.) usually accomplish in from one to two hours. As soon as they arrive, a special flag is hoisted, and people flock to the office to hear the overland news.

The mode in which the despatch is fastened to the bird is this :—the paper is rolled up tightly, then doubled and tied with a thread—a loop being left through which a piece of soft cord is run. The cord is then tied round the bird's leg, just above the claw. The instant the bird is let go, both leg and despatch are drawn up under the plumage ; and thus the document is protected even from the heaviest rains.

UNCLE JOE.

---

MODESTY promotes worth, but conceals it ; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

## THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

LUKE XIII. 6--9.

**I**N preaching to the people, Jesus often taught great lessons by parables. This is a parable—a sort of story.

Now a vineyard is a place where vines are planted. It was not common to plant fig-trees in them ; but Jesus represents this as having been sometimes done. The owner, we are told, came and found no fruit for three successive years. He thought this was long enough to prove that the tree was barren, and would yield no fruit, and therefore should be cut down, nor cumber the earth any longer by obstructing the growth of other trees. Now, my dear children, we may learn a great lesson from the barren fig-tree with regard to ourselves. Let me ask, what fruit have you borne? Some of you have produced little or no real fruit. Beware, lest the sentence go forth to some of you—"Cut it down ; why cumbereth it the earth !" Do you say, What fruit can I bear? You can "search the Scriptures," be attentive at the Sunday school, loving and obedient at home, kind to your little brothers and sisters ; you can visit your sick school-fellows ; and you may do something for the advancement of the cause of Christ at home and abroad. (See John xv. 8 ; Prov. xx. 11 ; Psa. cxvi. 12.) But let me ask you, Have you received the engrafted word? for as the husbandman engrafts the trees under his care, so the Lord engrafts his word in the heart : otherwise our best deeds will be but wild fruit. The day of judgment will reveal what fruit we have produced while on earth ; and according to what we now sow, so shall we then reap.

"Dearest Saviour, make us thine;  
Bid thy Spirit on us shine."

*Plymouth.*

THOS. HEATH, JUN.





### EGYPT AND ITS GODS.

**E**VERYONE who has read the sacred history of the deliverance of Israel from Egypt must have observed the fact that Pharaoh and his people neither knew nor obeyed God. A hint of their idolatry is supplied in the threat given through Moses—"Against all the gods of Egypt will I execute judgment (Exod. xii. 12), though the names of these gods and the manner of their worship are not mentioned. But the persevering labours of travellers have brought to light much that is interesting concerning the religious belief of the ancient Egyptians—false though it was. It would take far too long to tell all that has been discovered; yet, perhaps, a short sketch of the Egyptian worship may not be unacceptable.



The old Egyptians believed that there was a Great First Cause of all things, and herein they were more consistent than Atheists, who deny the existence of God as the Creator. Why, even my youngest reader knows that every house must have had a builder, and so the great world in which we live, and the beautiful heavens above us, must have had a Creator. . The sun was a principal object of worship, and in Egypt the people are used to cloudless skies and burning hot summer days. The god called Osiris was no doubt intended to represent the sun, and worshipped as such. The moon, which in Egypt shines so brilliantly, was also worshipped. Our moonlight nights can scarcely convey an idea of the beauty of the night within the tropics, where the brilliance of the moon is very great, and the stars look like burning lamps, standing out from the sky. The moon, then, was worshipped under the name Isis, and was supposed to be the wife of the sun. During her monthly changes, she was thought to be pursuing her lord ; while the sun (or Osiris,) as the producer of fruitfulness and beauty on earth, was regarded as the great Fountain of good.

But the Egyptians believed that another power existed, called Typhon, which they worshipped only from fear. They believed that he and Osiris were at perpetual war,—that when summer came round Osiris was triumphant, and that when winter returned, Typhon had the mastery. The crocodile was worshipped as representing this malignant deity, and many have been found embalmed in the ancient caverns of Egypt.

Another god named Horus, was regarded with great reverence, and supposed to be the son of Osiris and Isis ; and Osiris, Typhon, and Horus, formed a principal triad in the Egyptian creed. Are we not thus reminded of our own true belief in the “ Three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost ?” Perhaps the faith of



Egypt, corrupted though it was, might have been formed from the remaining ideas of the true God which man at first possessed ; and may bear testimony to the truth of the Bible, which I hope my young readers will learn to love and obey.

Other supposed deities were worshipped by the Egyptians, which it would take too long to mention, and images were sometimes made to represent their gods. It will be enough to refer to their worship of birds, beasts, insects, and even the river Nile in remembrance of them. The bull was sacred to Osiris—the cow to Isis ; and cats, dogs, crocodiles, and snakes, all came in for a share of adoration. And now if my readers will take their Bibles, and refer to the plagues of Egypt (Exod. vii.—xii.), they will find that most, if not all those visitations were directed against the idols. The water was turned into blood—for the river was worshipped. Frogs were sent—for reptiles were adored. Lice were sent—for the priests of Egypt were most scrupulously clean—having their bodies shaved every third day, lest any dirt should be contracted. This plague, as also that of boils and blains, would prevent the discharge of their office. Flies and locusts were sent, probably to rebuke the insect worship. The murrain of beasts seemed to condemn the adoration of the sacred bull, —the darkness, to show the folly of the worship of Osiris ; while the hail, and the death of the firstborn were a more general condemnation of the whole system of Egyptian idolatry. Thus the very powers to which the Egyptians looked for help were made the means of their ruin. How strikingly are we taught that it is “ a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God !” Yet the gospel, of which the Egyptians were ignorant, teaches us that this God is nevertheless the Friend of sinners, when, through grace, they come to Jesus, who died for sin. Let it be yours, dear readers, to seek his favour thus ; for,

“ Though we are sinners every one,  
 Jesus died;  
 And though our crown of peace is gone,  
 Jesus died.”

The loving message of mercy to all of you is—“ He that believeth in Him is not condemned, while the solemn declaration is equally true—“ He that believeth not is condemned already.”

J. T. B.

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### ENIGMAS.

**F**IND me a name that well applies  
 To Jesus as a sacrifice,  
 Whose letters, when transposed, will prove  
 The nature of His dying love. JOSIAH.

[After some hesitation as to the propriety of an Enigma on so solemn a subject, the Editor ventures to insert the above, with the view of impressing his young readers with the sacred truth it contains. A Bound Volume of the “ Pearls” will be given for the best answer, which will appear in the December number. Answers should be addressed to the Editor, care of the Printer, Mr. Briscoe, 28, Banner Street, Finsbury, not later than the 8th of November, and should contain, not merely the word which answers the Enigma, but a brief explanation of its application and uses. The age of the writer should also be stated.]

---

**I** AM a sentence of twenty-seven letters, embodying a command which every youthful reader should obey.

- My 3, 11, 13, 5, 22, is a name of a prophet.
- My 3, 23, 11, 25, a person whom God saved.
- My 15, 11, 22, an animal used as a sacrifice.
- My 3, 16, 25, 4, 27, a patriarch’s brother.
- My 16, 11, 15, 4, 17, an eminent high-priest.
- My 6, 5, 12, 8, a young gleaner.
- My 1, 11, 3, 17, 16, 25, the mother of a celebrated judge.

FRANCIS JAMES THOMPSON,  
*aged 11 years.*

**A** WELL which Isaac dug.

A minor prophet.

A judge of Israel.

An idol mentioned in the New Testament.

The name of a patriarch.

One of David's mighty men.

The province in which the city of Tarsus was situated.

A noted high-priest.

The initials and finals give the names of a servant of God.

DAISY.

**T**HE name of him who wished to die like the righteous.

The name of a scribe.

A city of Galilee.

A minor prophet.

A distinguished city of ancient Greece

A very ancient city long the capital of Syria.

The name of a bird distinguished for its innocence.

The name of a prophetess.

The initials will spell the name of a king of Syria, the finals  
the name of a king of Judah.

*Plymouth.*

THOMAS HEATH, Jun.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

THE answer to the Enigma given last month is—

“SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.”

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19

My 2, 12, 3, 19, 7, 16, 10—Erastus.

My 1, 8, 2, 19, 6, 3, 13—Sheshai.

My 15, 13, 7, 16, 1—Titus.

My 18, 14, 3, 14, 8, 17, 3, 10—Epaphras.

My 3, 8, 3, 19, 16, 2, 4, 16, 1—Ahasuerus.

My 9, 10, 15, 8, 18, 4—Esther.

My 5, 18, 1, 3, 17—Cesar.

My 11, 6, 4, 13, 19, 15—Christ.

The Editor has great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of correct answers from—

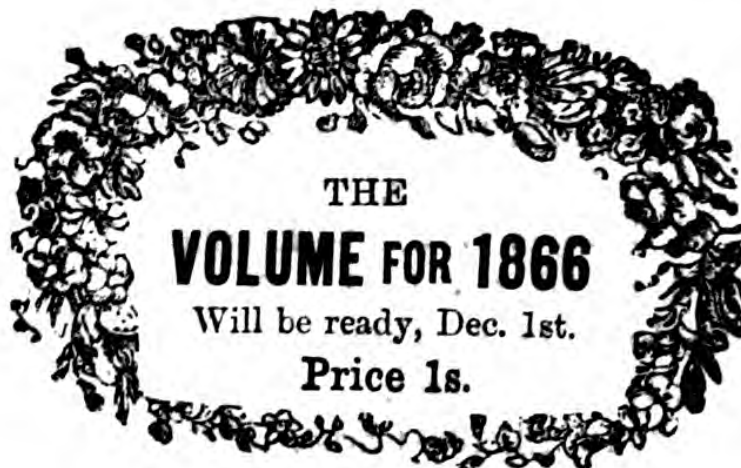
|                                  |                             |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Miss Annie Crow, Clare, Suffolk. | Master W. Copley, Stretham. |
| „ Sarah Ince, ditto              | „ E. Ensor, Leicester.      |
| „ E. Paxton, Carshalton, Surrey  | „ John Meredith, Blaenavon. |
| „ Lingard, Rotherhithe, London   | „ G. Nash, Oakham, Rutland  |
| „ Annie Shuff, Upper Tooting     | „ H. Nash, Langham, do.     |
| „ E. A. Westover, Blackheath     | „ F. Nash, Leicester.       |
| Mr. Janes, Eddlesborough, Beds.  | „ W. Nash, Crewe, Cheshire. |
| „ T. Heath, Jun., Plymouth.      | „ J. Pulpher, Raunds.       |
| Master Brown, Tadworth, Surrey.  | „ F. J. Thompson, Raunds.   |
| „ R. Chinneck, Lee, Kent.        | „ R. Webster, Leicester.    |
| „ Edward E. Cobb, Islington.     | „ J. Westover, Lewisham.    |

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Enigmas are unavoidably postponed. Will our kind friends in future let the *finals* spell some word as well as the initials?

Our best thanks are due to those young friends who are pushing our circulation by means of the handbills and specimen copies. Let them continue their labours, and our circulation next year, will, we hope, be greatly increased.

*Daisy* has our renewed thanks for her repeated kindness. Some of her contributions shall appear in our next.





"Unto us a child is born."

**PEARLS**  
FROM THE  
**GOLDEN STREAM.**

Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1866.

No. 63.



"That sacred stream thy holy word,  
Which all our raging fear controls."—*Watts.*

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*Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Printer.*

"When He bringeth in the First-begotten.....he saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."

"The holy child JESUS."

# WHO IS THAT LITTLE STRANGER?

A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

**W**HO is that little stranger?  
He must be poor indeed,  
To sleep in yonder manger,  
Where mules and camels feed!  
That star so bright, and shining  
With such peculiar ray,  
Shows who is there reclining  
Upon that bed of hay.

The shepherds' simple story  
Will tell you why they came;  
They saw the heavenly glory,  
And trembled at the same;  
Until the angels holy  
Proclaimed that Christ was born  
In Bethlehem so lowly,  
Where horses eat their corn.

Who is that little stranger?—  
Let haughty Herod say:  
He fears his throne's in danger,  
And vainly seeks to slay.

Who is that little stranger?—  
Let hoary wise men show;  
For they have sought the manger,  
Their presents to bestow.

It is the LORD our Saviour—  
What offering do you bring?  
Though humble in behaviour,  
He is our God and King.  
Oh what have I to offer?—  
I'd freely with it part:  
No gold is in my coffer—  
Then take my willing heart.

*Islington.*

JOSIAH.



## NEW THOUGHTS ON AN OLD FABLE.

### No. 2.

**O**UR picture represents the well-known fable of "the wolf and the lamb." And what a contrast is here! How meek and harmless was the lamb! Every answer she returned to the wolf was *just "like a lamb."* And every complaint the wolf made against her was *just like a wolf.* Two greater opposites can scarcely be imagined; and yet the Bible refers to a time in connection with the peaceful kingdom of Christ, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb," &c. (see Isa. xi. 6.) And how repeatedly has this prophecy been fulfilled! How many wicked men, who "inwardly" were "ravening wolves," have been changed by the grace of God into harmless lambs, and folded in the fold of Christ! Take, for example, the apostle Paul, that ravening wolf of the tribe of Benjamin (see Gen. xlix. 27.) The nature of the wolf and the lamb are not more opposite than the character of Paul before and after his conversion. Behold him "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," and then witness him breathing

out his earnest supplications at a throne of grace (for “ behold, he prayeth,”) and say, was not the wolf transformed into a lamb.

Take another illustration from Peter’s vision of the “ great sheet, ” which contained creatures whose natures were totally different, which, nevertheless, were all in harmony with each other—teaching that “ God is no respecter of persons ; but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. ”

How powerful is God’s grace to soften the hardest heart, and impart the lamb-like nature of Christ ! Have your spirits been thus renewed, dear young friends ? for though you may be naturally gentle and amiable, yet you need God’s grace as much as the most depraved. The same Divine power was needed to open the heart of Lydia, as to break the stony heart of the Philippian jailor. The means were different, yet the result was the same. And unless your hearts be renewed by the Holy Spirit, however moral you may be, you are not fit for heaven, nor would you be happy were you there. But Christ has said that the Father will “ give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. ” Let your cry therefore be, “ Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. ”

EDITOR.

---

### DO WHAT YOU CAN.

**S**OME years ago, a missionary left England to carry the gospel tidings to the natives of far distant lands. He laboured for many years amidst the heathen darkness and superstition of the people, but God had bestowed upon him great talents, which fitted him for the work in which he was engaged, and for the many difficulties he encountered. With the Holy Spirit’s blessing, he laboured for many years ; the people looked upon him as a friend, and not a few declared



their belief in the doctrines he taught, and their hope of salvation through the Saviour of whom he spake. The missionary died as he had lived, in the service of his Lord, and the people, who deeply mourned his loss and cherished the memory of his kindly teaching, knew that he had entered into rest, and that the Saviour would say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

\* \* \* \* \*

In a large and crowded city there lived a little girl who enjoyed but few of the pleasures of childhood ; for, poor little girl, she was lame. Yet her face, though pale and sickly, was brightened by her contented mind. Her home was poor, and, as many would have thought, comfortless. She was the eldest child of a large family : her brothers and sisters were all healthy and strong ; yet this lame child was not unhappy, for God, in his great love and wisdom, had given her a contented spirit and a loving heart. All the children loved lame Annie : the little ones would stand at her side, and learn verses from the Bible, or listen to her stories of the loving Saviour, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and who still hears the little ones when they pray to him. Many were the useful services the lame girl rendered to those around : her mother would sadly have missed those nimble fingers which were always ready to help in the little things within her power.

But there came a time when the lame child could no longer move about with her little crutch. Her face grew paler, and her fingers were no longer able to perform their wonted tasks. God took little Annie home to the bright heaven prepared for those who love him, to dwell with him for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear children, the good man who spread the gospel among the heathen was known by many who witnessed his useful-

ness : the little child lived her brief life comparatively unknown. Yet we cannot tell which was the nobler in the sight of Him who "seeth not as man seeth." They are not the only great who do noble deeds in the sight of men. There are many actions unseen and unthought of by men, which are noble in the sight of God. The Saviour said of one whom the disciples rebuked, "She hath done what she could ;" and this should be the endeavour of us all. God has bestowed various talents ; some have powers which fit them for the great battle of life, and which enable them to accomplish great things ; but they who seem to us to have little power of doing good, may be as useful in the sight of God. Christ has said, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward."

DAISY.

---

### CHARITY.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Psa. xli. 1.

**B**EFORE a mansion tall and grand  
 An aged beggar craved for bread ;  
 His voice was weak, his cheek was pale,  
 And care had bowed his hoary head.

His shaded eyes, that once were bright  
 With happy thoughts in times long past,  
 Were now bedimmed by years of woe ;  
 And, as he begged, the tears fell fast.

He looked upon the tattered rags  
 That covered his poor shrunken frame,  
 And thought how many, like himself,  
 Were clad in garments just the same.

While meditating thus he stood,  
 He noticed not a little child,  
 Who toddled up with eager haste,  
 And with a look of pity smiled.

Awakened by the gentle touch,  
 The man received with strange delight  
 The silver coin the child bestowed, —  
 To him indeed no common sight !

The mother from the window gazed  
 With silent joy, well pleased to see  
 That in her little son there dwelt  
 The germs of true philanthropy.

She watched the old man's feeble steps,  
 As slowly on he urged his way,  
 And prayed that God would condescend  
 In love his sorrows to allay.

Some distance on the beggar paused,  
 And raised his sunken eyes to heaven,  
 And clasped his trembling hands, in thanks  
 For sustenance that God had given.

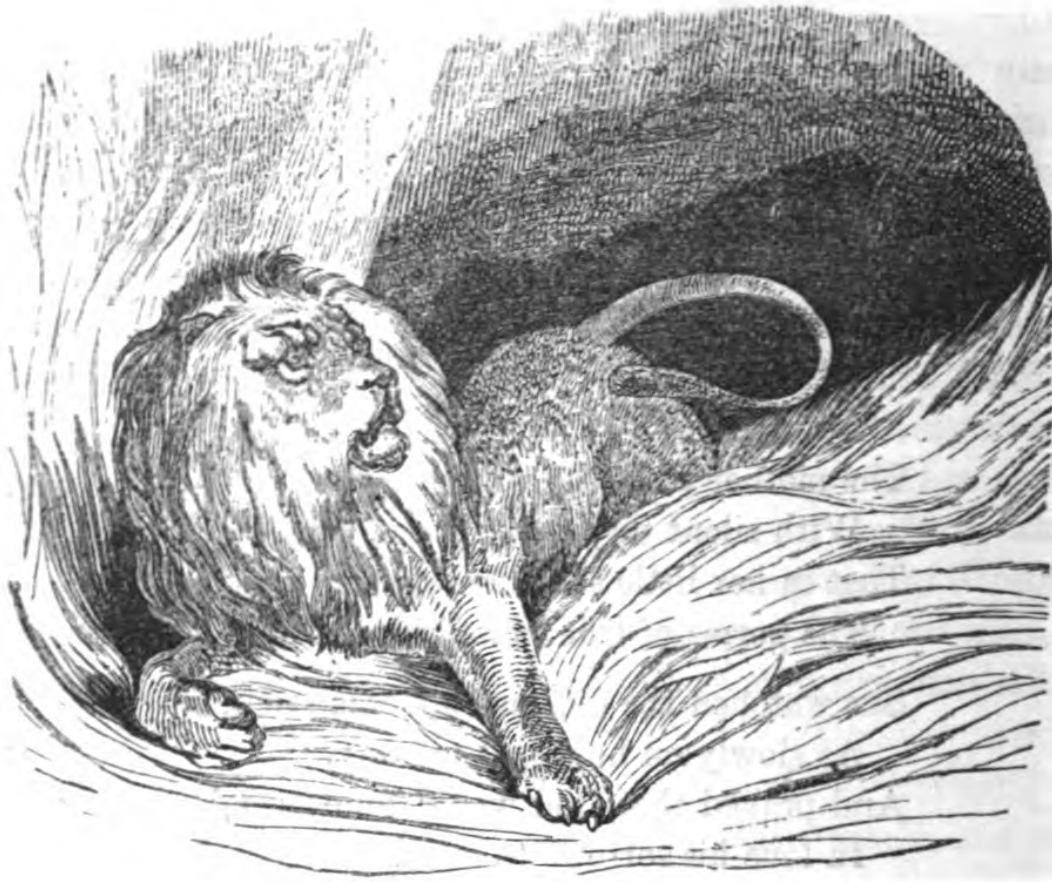
Creator Lord, whose Spirit breathed  
 Those priceless gifts—the blessed three,  
 Sow deep within us, by thy grace,  
 That bond of love, kind charity.

*Nov. 5, 1866.*

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

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PREACHING TO THE BISHOPS.—The late Duke of Wellington, in a speech in the House of Lords, happened to introduce a Scripture story ; when a reverend bishop, who sat at his elbow, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, “ When will your Grace have done preaching ? ” To which the Duke replied, “ When I am made a Bishop, my Lord.”



### THE LION.

**F**ROM time immemorial, the Lion has been called "the King of Beasts:" his great strength, majestic appearance, and terrible voice being, no doubt, the principal reasons for so high a dignity being conferred upon him; although in sagacity he is far inferior to the horse, the dog, the elephant, and many other animals; and we think (if the truth be told) his courage has been somewhat overrated. Still, he is a noble brute, requiring great boldness to encounter, and whose courage we should not care to put to the test, unless urgent necessity arose for it.

The lion is found all over Africa, and in many parts of Asia: a remarkable variety is found in India, having no mane. The prevailing colour is tawny (or dull yellow), but some species are grey, and others black, the latter being most rare.



Like the tiger, he is nocturnal in his habits, seeking his prey only at night ; he lives in the thick woods, the jungle, or among old ruins, and only roams abroad to appease his hunger or assuage his thirst. Though wonderfully active and strong, his paw is as soft as velvet ; thus he noiselessly approaches his prey, and his strong talons enable him to hold it securely. The centre of his tongue is covered with horny spines, with which he licks the flesh from the bones of his victim as cleanly as a knife would cut it, while his massive jaws and powerful teeth enable him to crush the smaller bones into powder. His roar has been compared to thunder : this is no doubt an exaggeration, yet still the sound is terrible ; and in the Zoological Gardens we have seen timid ladies put their hands to their ears when Master Leo has thought proper to salute his visitors.

The lion is a terrible enemy to flocks and herds, in which he makes much havoc, especially in the winter, if great precautions be not taken to secure them. Deep pits are frequently dug, and fences erected, to protect the poor cattle, which are as powerless before him as a mouse before a cat ; yet notwithstanding all this care, they frequently fall victims to the hungry brute ; and great losses are yearly sustained by the poor herdsmen in Africa, although the deadly rifle, in the hands of ambitious lion-hunters, is fast thinning their ranks.

Dr. Livingstone, during his travels in Africa, nearly fell a victim to his temerity in lion-hunting. The villagers of Mabotoa, having suffered severely from the depredations of a troop of lions, sought his aid, when the Dr., knowing that if one of a troop of lions were killed, the rest would take the hint and leave the locality, advised them to have a hunt, and put himself at their head. They soon came in sight of their dreaded foes on a hill covered with trees. Having fired at one and missed, he espied another, and let fly both barrels at him. He was proceeding to re-load his rifle, when a great

shout caused him to raise his head, and he saw the wounded lion springing at him. In a moment he was seized by the shoulder, and he and the ferocious brute were rolling on the ground together. He thus describes his feelings on this terrible occasion :—

“Growling terribly in my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat, while the shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat : it caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process—the shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast.”

This singular feeling might not be experienced by all in the Dr.'s position, and while we congratulate him on his escape, we may add that we have certainly no wish to try the experiment.

The Lion is frequently mentioned in Holy Scripture, and most of our young readers are familiar with the wonderful history of Daniel in the den of lions, and his marvellous protection by the hand of God ; while the Psalmist (in Psa. xxxiv. 10) says, “The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.” May you, then, in childhood, be led to seek him, and realize the sweetness of his promise, “I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.”

HY. B——.

---

**THE SAFETY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.**—Those that are faithful in well-doing need not fear those that are spiteful in evil-doing ; for they have a God to trust to who has well-doers under the hand of his protection, and evil-doers under the hand of his restraint.



### THE ESQUIMAUX.

**I**N the northern regions of North America, there lies a vast territory, the shores of which are washed by the Arctic Ocean, and various bays and gulfs. The climate is extreme ; for during the winter season, which continues nine months, the seas are thickly covered with ice, so that ships are often frozen in ; while, during the three months of summer, the sun is so oppressive that it produces blisters on man and beast, unless protected from its powerful rays.

The country is very desolate ; for corn will not ripen, and none but the most hardy vegetables will grow. The interior is woody, and somewhat hilly.

Perhaps some of my readers are surprised that people live in such a climate ; but God, who made the burning deserts of Africa, and the frozen regions of the north, has adapted the constitutions of the Esquimaux to the country they inhabit. They are by no means an intelligent race ; and though not very barbarous or cruel, yet their habits are very filthy, and quite disgusting to a civilized mind. The interior of their summer tents or winter ice-huts reminds one of those filthy bog-houses on the morasses of Ireland, where parents and

children—pig and all—live together. One of their huts is represented in the picture. Sometimes, however, they build them of square blocks of frozen snow. Notice also the large and awkward kind of shoes which they wear, to prevent them from sinking in the snow.

As corn will not ripen and vegetables will not grow to any extent, they have to fish and hunt for their food, which in the winter consists principally of the flesh of the seal and the whale. The former are very plentiful ; for as many as from 16,000 to 18,000 have been taken in one season ; and their skins not only furnish the natives with clothing, but are imported to England, and made into cloaks, muffs, chest protectors, &c., &c. The flesh of the whale is much relished by the Esquimaux. They sometimes capture a whale, cut it up, boil and eat it the same day ; and their gluttony is disgusting

One of their most favorite sports is the hunting of the polar bear : this they do single-handed, with the help of a dog. The Esquimaux dog is large and strong, but not very sagacious.

The walrus also abounds here, whose ivory tusks are imported to England by the Americans. In the beginning of the summer the cod, salmon, and herring fishery commences, and as many as 20,000 British subjects are engaged in this fishery every season. The Esquimaux then go inland to hunt the rein-deer. There they remain in their summer tents, composed of poles and seal-skin, until winter again drives them from their inland homes to their ice huts on the shores of the ocean.

The Arctic heavens are particularly beautiful at night. Here the Aurora Borealis is seen in all its brilliancy, and “ the Milky Way ” almost covers the heavens with its snow white beauty.

I am sorry I cannot speak favourably of the religion of the Esquimaux. The Moravian missionaries have lately been labouring very diligently amongst them, and with some good



results, but their ignorance and superstition are still very great. They believe in a goddess named Ayr Manyoo, and the idea they have formed of her is, that she is unusually tall, with but one eye, and wears a very long pig-tail, and that she is wonderful magician. Her father, they say, is a giant with but one arm. O may the time soon come when the Esquimaux may be enabled, when watching the wonders of nature, to

“Lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,  
And say, ‘My Father made them all.’”

T. F. H.

### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

**T**HE following is the best answer to the First Enigma given last month, and for which the Prize has been awarded, viz. :

“*Chapel Cottage, Withyham, Sussex, Nov. 6, 1866.*”

“DEAR SIR,—The answer to the Enigma by “Josiah” is a LAMB, which very well applies to Jesus as a sacrifice. Spoken of in Isa. liii. 7 ; John i. 29, 36 ; also in Rev. v. 6—13 ; vi. 16 ; vii. 17 ; xii. 11 ; xiii. 8 ; xiv. 1, 4, 10 ; xxi. 23 ; xxii. 1, 3.

“Lamb when transposed is BALM, which will prove the nature of Jesus’ dying love. In the 8th chapter of Jeremiah we read : “Is there no Balm in Gilead ?” &c. Balm—a sort of gum in very great use and esteem in physic, liquefied by means of spirits of wine or oil, is found a sovereign remedy in the cure of wounds and several distempers. That of Gilead, of the Levant, and of Peru, are esteemed the most valuable. After undergoing chemical preparation, it is of such a preserving nature, that the most corruptible things, steeped in it, are said to be preserved time without end. It is by this means, they report, that the dead bodies of the ancients were preserved without being reduced to mummies.

“Hoping this will be an acceptable answer, I am, Sir,  
yours respectfully,

AMY GREEN,  
*Aged Fourteen years.*”

A Prize has also been given to Miss Annie Shuff, Highclere Lodge, Upper Tooting, whose answer to the First Enigma is

very excellent, especially from one so young ; and who has answered all the other Enigmas likewise.

SECOND ENIGMA : "HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER." The letters give the names, Nahum—Noah—Ram—Nahor—Aaron—Ruth—Hannah.

THIRD ENIGMA : SHADRACH—HANANIAH. (SitnaH Hose A—A bdo N—Dian A—ReubeN—AbishaI—Cilici A—Hilkia H.

FOURTH ENIGMA : BENHADAD—MANASSEH. (Balaa M—Ezr A—N ai N—H ose A—A thenS—DamascuS—Dov E—Debora H.

Correct answers have also been received from the following young friends. The figures indicate the number of the Enigma answered.

|                                    |                                    |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Miss A. Crow, Clare, Suffolk 1 & 2 | Master E. E. Cobb, Islington 2 & 4 |
| " Amy Green, Withyham. 2           | " Cropley, Stretham Ferry          |
| " Annie How, Bideford. 1           | " J. Dickins, Islington. 2         |
| " S. Ince, Clare, Suffolk. 1 & 2   | " A. Fuller, Raunds. 1 & 2         |
| " Eliza Lilley, Stanwick. 2        | " T. Fuller, do. 1 & 2             |
| " E. Paxton, Carshalton. 1, 2, 4   | " John H. How, Bideford. 1         |
| " J. Peacock, 5, Hanover mews      | " Lewis, Maesy-felin. 1 & 2        |
| " Regent's-pk., London. 2 & 4      | " F. Nash, Leicester. 2.           |
| " A. L. Taylor, Hadleigh. 1 & 2    | " G. Nash, Oakham. 1               |
| " E. A. Westover, Blackheath. 2    | " H. Nash, Langham. 2              |
| Master G. Bashan, Banstead. 2      | " W. Nash, Crewe. 1                |
| " J. Bennett, Clapham 1, 2, 4      | " F. J. Thompson, Raunds 1         |

### ENIGMA.

**A** BROOK where the Israelitish spies stopped.

**A** An ordained servant of the tabernacle.

**O**ne of David's sons.

**A** wilderness through which the Israelites passed.

**O**ne of the Books of the Old Testament.

**A**n ancient order of priesthood.

The initials of the above, read downwards, give the name of a prophet, and the finals, read upwards, give the name of a place, where one of his greatest miracles was performed.

JOHN HUMPHREYSON, aged 14 years.

Several Articles, and a host of Enigmas, are unavoidably postponed. E.D.



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## Editorial Note.

WITH the preparation of the Index, the labours of another year are at an end; and the Editor has much pleasure in introducing the Fifth Volume to the notice of his readers.

In reviewing the past, the Editor cannot refrain from expressing his gratitude to his numerous correspondents who have so kindly sustained his hands, and to the young friends who by means of the Handbills and Specimen Copies, have sought to make the magazine better known. Yet, nevertheless, there remains the discouraging fact that the circulation of the "Pearls"—the best criterion of its general appreciation—is *not so good as formerly*; and while it never yielded a profit, this year it has been a *positive loss* to the Editor.

Will our young friends,—aye, and their teachers too—suffer this state of things to continue? Will they not rather each endeavour to obtain *one* new subscriber, and thus double our circulation for the year 1867?

THE EDITOR.



