
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



RB.23

a.17512

The
HOMEWARD JOURNEY,
OR
FIVE "ONE THINGS"



Digitized by Google

Frank Goodall







“ Do you Love JESUS ? ”

Page 21.

THE
HOMeward JOURNEY;
OR,
FIVE "ONE THINGS."

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.

By A. T. S.

AUTHOR OF "THE NARROW PATHWAY TO THE GOLDEN GATE,"
ETC.



LONDON:
ALFRED HOLNESS, 21 PATERNOSTER ROW.
GLASGOW:
THE GLASGOW BIBLE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY,
R. L. ALLAN, 143 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

All Rights Reserved.

RB.23.a.17512



CONTENTS.



CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	7
I. "ONE THING THOU LACKEST,"	11
II. "ONE THING THOU LACKEST"— <i>continued</i> ,	26
III. "ONE THING I KNOW,"	43
IV. "ONE THING IS NEEDFUL,"	55
V. "ONE THING I DO,"	71
VI. "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED," &c.,	80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

"DO YOU LOVE JESUS?"	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
"ONE DAY SHE ASKED HER TEACHER TO REPEAT A FAVOURITE HYMN,"	PAGE 13
"HE FELL ON HIS KNEES,"	23
"SO THE LITTLE GIRL WENT TO THE TICKET OFFICE,"	37
"SEEKING THEIR LOST SHEEP,"	47
"SITTING AT THE MOTHER'S OR ELDER SISTER'S SIDE,"	61
"LOOK, YACHEL,' SHE EXCLAIMED,"	87





THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY;

OR,

FIVE "ONE THINGS."

INTRODUCTION.

ONE THING

thou lackest. *Mark ch..v..*
I know. *John ch..v..*
is needful. *Luke ch..v..*
I do. *Phil. ch..v..*
have I desired. *Ps... ..v....*

THE five "*one things*" that form the title of this little book are thus grouped together because they present a brief and concise epitome of a Christian's history, and thus form a complete outline of "The Homeward Journey."

"One thing thou lackest" is the first word that arrests the sinner, and tells him of *his need*.

“One thing I know” shows the assurance of salvation that he next enjoys.

“One thing is needful” points out the Christian’s position at the feet of Jesus.

“One thing I do” is the expression of the believer’s energy and purpose.

“One thing have I desired” completes the five, by giving the true Christian’s wish for time and eternity.

And how beautiful to see that the real answer to each of these five things is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. For—

Who is it that the sinner lacks? . . . CHRIST.

Who is it that the Christian sees? . . . CHRIST.

Who is it that the Christian needs? . . . CHRIST.

Who is it that the Christian pursues? . . . CHRIST.

Who is it that the Christian desires? . . . CHRIST.

CHRIST, from first to last, meets every need—satisfies every desire—fills the whole heart.

I trust that these pages may be used thus to show forth Christ as supplying every want both of the saved and the unsaved.

I would earnestly request my young friends to read and re-read the first and second chapters that speak of the "one thing" lacking, until they know that *that* is true of them no longer, and can truly fill up the blanks at the close of the second chapter, and then they can happily read and understand what follows.

I feel, on pondering the subjects on which these pages speak, how imperfectly they are treated; but if they are the means of leading any of my dear young friends to a clearer apprehension of the Christian's life, they will not have been written in vain.

The plan begun in "The Narrow Pathway" has been continued here, of leaving

10. THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

the chapters and verses of the numerous Scripture references blank, to be filled in by hand; and I earnestly request all my young readers not to consider the book finished as long as there is one reference left blank; and then, by fulfilling the Lord's command, "Search the Scriptures" (John ch.....v.....), they will find out the truth of this verse—

"The soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Prov. ch.....v.....

I shall be glad to have a line from any of my young friends, if there is anything in which I can help them along "The Homeward Journey," by the fuller understanding of these five "One Things."

A. T. S.

TWICKENHAM PARK.



CHAPTER I.

“ONE THING THOU LACKEST.” *Mark ch....v....*

SOME time ago a young lady was returning from the Sunday School where she taught, and on arriving at home found a message awaiting her from an invalid who wished to see her at once. The little note recalled to her mind—a girl of fourteen, whom she had long known as a most attentive scholar and a regular attendant, but whom she had missed from her accustomed place for some Sundays.

In a short time she reached the house and was soon invited into the sick room, where all was hushed, the blinds drawn

down, and, but for an occasional moan of pain, one would have thought it a chamber of death.

The sick girl's mother came forward and asked the young lady to come to the bedside. She had scarcely sat down, and found how ill her scholar was, when the sick girl, turning round and looking at her teacher, said in a slow but painfully distinct whisper,

“Teacher—I—am—lost. I have been a regular scholar at the school, and I have often heard you speak of Jesus and His love. I know many of our hymns by heart, but I have neglected Him. I am *not* saved. Teacher,” she repeated, “I—am—lost.”

“Oh, do not say such awful words, my child,” said her mother. “I know you have been a good girl; you have never given me any trouble like other children.”

“Mother,” said the dying girl, “I am



**“ONE DAY SHE ASKED HER TEACHER TO REPEAT 'A
FAVOURITE HYMN.”**

Page 15.



worse than other girls, for I have had a kind teacher, a good school—I have had Jesus often offered to me; but I have neglected all, and now I—am—lost."

The poor young teacher, deeply distressed at hearing such words from one who had always been outwardly one of her best scholars, slowly repeated that blessed text, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. ch.....v.....

"Ah, Miss ——," said the girl, "whosoever does *not* mean me."

After a few more words the teacher left. Many times she called, but still the girl lay in the same hopeless condition. One day she asked her teacher to repeat a favourite hymn—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest."

When it had been sung she said—

“ Oh ! I wish I could believe that is *for me.*”

That night she grew rapidly worse, and in the grey of the early morning her mother noticed a change come over the young face. Just then the dying girl raised herself right up in her bed, and crying out with a strong voice, “ Lord, save me, I am perishing,” she breathed her last.

It is written, “ Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved” (Rom. ch.....v.....), and it may be the Lord heard that agonizing cry, and washed her sin-stained soul in His precious blood ; but this we must leave with Him.

Her true story remains a solemn warning to all my dear young readers of whom it can still be said,

“ ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

My dear young friend, you doubtless are

kind, amiable, loving, and beloved ; a favourite in your family and among your friends. You may be also a regular attendant at the Sunday school, a reader of your Bible, and a singer of those sweet hymns so well known and loved by children ; and yet it may be said of you as of the subject of this story, and of the young man to whom the Saviour addressed the solemn words,

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

I am sure if you turn for a moment to Mark ch.....v..... you will see that he was a thoroughly upright young man. The Lord Jesus looked on him and loved him ; but, reading the very secret of his heart, found *there* the love of money, but alas ! not the love of God. The young man had to some extent kept the second of the two great commands, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself ;" but the first and greatest, "Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," he had entirely neglected. Therefore Jesus said to him sadly but solemnly,

“ ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

Have these four words no voice to my young reader? Do they awaken no answering echo in your heart? Or are you yet asleep, and only reading these pages because some kind friend gave you the book, or because it is Sunday and you may not read other books?

God often uses little words like these to rouse us up; and I should like you every night just to think over these four words,

“ ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

Sometimes God arouses us by very simple means.

The other day a dear little girl, Fanny, a great pet of mine, not three years old, earnestly begged to be taken down to the

Sunday school. When I saw her come into the room I gave out a sweet little hymn that I knew she delighted in—

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,"

and she stood up on the form and sang with all her heart; and when I said, "Now we will sing the chorus softly, 'Jesus loves me,'" she still sang as loudly as ever, and her clear childish voice could be heard all over the school—

"Jesus loves me, even me."

One girl in the senior class, an old scholar and regular attendant, while listening to that sweet voice, felt it piercing all the while as an arrow to her heart.

"I cannot sing those words, I dare not sing those words," she kept thinking; and then she looked at the dear little child, unconsciously singing away, and burst into tears.

After a few words of prayer, that each might know and believe the love of God in Christ, I went up and led her sobbing into a side-room. I saw that an arrow had pierced her soul. No words of mine could comfort her.

“ I am such a sinner,” she said ; “ I am such a sinner.” This was her answer to all I could say, but before night she was rejoicing in Christ her Saviour ; and that evening she joined with us in singing the very words that had touched her heart in the afternoon. Oh ! may God use some simple little messenger thus to carry home to your heart these four words—

“ ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

I have no doubt God has often been saying this to you in one way or another. Perhaps you may have a dear Christian friend, and whenever you are with her and

hear her speaking about Jesus, "a still small voice" inside you keeps saying—

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

Or it may be you have lost a favourite brother or sister, and while at their bedside hearing them speak of the love of Christ, the same voice whispered—

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

Or you may have attended some children's meeting in a hall or drawing-room, or on the sands at the sea-side, and the same little voice has said—

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

Or you may have some brother or sister or little friend that knows "Jesus and His love," and who, while playing or talking with you, may have asked you, as I was once asked when a boy, "Do you love Jesus?" and

a voice within said, as you sat and *answered* nothing—

“ONE THING THOU LACKEST.”

“Well, but,” you say, “what is it that I lack? Tell me really what it is. I know I lack something, but I cannot tell what it is. I see others happy at the thought of death, though it makes me shudder. I see others love the Bible, though I dislike it. They talk of Christ as their Saviour, which I cannot. Tell me what I lack.”

I will just close this with a little story that may give you the answer in one word of one syllable.

A gentleman I heard of was in great distress about his soul. He had discovered that he lacked “one thing.” So he set to work to make himself happy. He began by praying every day in his own room. This did not make him happy. Then he



"HE FELL ON HIS KNEES."



tried family worship. But no; still he lacked "one thing." He attended many meetings, but without avail. As a last resource he determined to invite all his friends to his house for a Bible reading, and thus make a public profession of religion. As he sat in his study with a friend talking over the coming meeting, and thinking in his own mind—Surely *this will do*, a still small voice said to him, "This will *not* do—but—Christ—will." The veil dropped from his eyes, and, to his friend's astonishment, he fell on his knees and accepted God's gift to lost sinners—CHRIST.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST!

WHAT P

C H R I S T .

"What has stript the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?
Not the sense of right or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth."



CHAPTER II.

“ONE THING THOU LACKEST” —*continued.*

“For 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 ch.....v.....*

WE saw in the last chapter that, however amiable, kind, upright, and self-denying we may be, yet “one thing” is lacking if we have not received the gift of God—His only begotten Son.

I would now ask you to notice the four words in the verse that heads this chapter: God “loved;” God “gave;” I “believe,” and have eternal “life.” *Loved, gave, believe, live.*

Now, my dear young readers, I want

your hearts to receive the simple truth from this verse. God loves *you*, and has a gift for *you*.

A friend of mine, who died while nursing the sick soldiers at Sedan, was travelling from London to Folkestone shortly before his death. He was a tall, fine-looking man, from the West Indies, and, though his skin was as black as a negro's, he could speak the purest English. Many of my readers may remember Dr. Davis, "the good black doctor," or "le bon docteur noir," as he was generally called on the Continent.

Being very tired, he fell into a dose after the train started, but soon overheard a lady opposite to him making remarks about him to her husband beside her.

"Oh, how I wish," said she, "that I

could speak to that poor black gentleman opposite. I am afraid he is a heathen, and is now leaving this Christian country perhaps for ever. What a pity he doesn't know our language."

Many speculations were indulged in about the sleeping traveller, but at last the subject dropped. Passing the Crystal Palace shortly after, the lady made some remarks about morality in the present day, as compared with the time when she was young. At this the doctor opened his eyes, and, leaning forward, said to her :

"Morality, madam, is well enough for this world, but is there not another?"

As soon as the good lady recovered from her surprise and astonishment at hearing her native tongue so unexpectedly issuing from the lips of the supposed heathen, she replied :

"Oh, dear, yes, Sir; there are two other worlds."

"Indeed, ma'am!"

"Yes, Sir; one is heaven, and the other is—hell. Heaven, you know, Sir, is where the good people go, but all the bad people go to hell."

"And can you tell me, ma'am," continued the doctor, "how I may get to heaven?"

"Oh, dear, yes, Sir," said the lady, delighted at last at having an opportunity of converting a heathen. "You must pray, and read your Bible, and repent, and do as much good as you can, and attend a place of worship, and—that is the way to heaven, Sir."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am; and how do you know all this?"

"The Bible says so, Sir."

“ Can you show it me, ma’am ?”

“ Oh, dear, yes, Sir, if we’ve got one.”

But inquiries all round the carriage failed to produce a Bible.

“ I am sorry we haven’t one, Sir, but I know it says so.”

“ I wish I could have seen it, ma’am,” replied the doctor ; “ do you think you can find it in this ?” producing a pocket Testament.

The lady, though evidently beginning to wonder who the heathen was, took the book, saying :

“ Oh, yes, Sir, I can find it for you.”

After she had been turning over the pages for some time without success, Dr. Davis took the book, and said :

“ Allow me, ma’am,” and turning to John ch.....v....., read the verse that heads this chapter, and said, “ Is that it ?”

"Oh, dear, yes, Sir, the very one."

"Now, madam," replied the doctor, "here I am, by the grace of God, a Christian, not, as you thought, a poor, ignorant heathen; and on inquiring the way of salvation in this Christian country, you tell me *I* am to do this, that, and the other, but not a word, not a single syllable, of what God *has done for me*. Do you call it good news to tell a poor heathen he is to pray, and to read, and to do, do, do, when here I read that 'God so loved the world that *he gave his only Son,*' and it is all *done, done, done*, and the poor sinner has just to believe it because God says it."

My dear reader, does this not speak to your heart? Do not you see that the one thing lacking is the acceptance for yourself of God's gift, "Christ the Saviour?" John ch.....v.....

The lady, who had been sitting silently next the doctor in the train, came up to him on the pier at Folkestone, and said :

“ Sir, you have opened my eyes this day to see that it is what *God has done* that is my salvation, and not what *I am to do.*”

Oh, that you, my dear reader, may say the same, and rest your soul on the finished work of the Lord^o Jesus Christ. Nothing else can put your sins away. All our prayers, all our tears, are of no avail. Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.

A dear Christian was once walking with a young friend along the sea shore. They were talking about the “one thing,” the young man evidently thinking that he could, by leading a better life and

becoming "religious," wipe out the stain of sin.

"Look back," said the Christian, "along the sands; do you see all our footsteps? Those are like your sins. Now, try and wipe one of them out."

The young man stooped down and endeavoured, but in vain, to restore the even smoothness of the sand.

"Step back a minute," said his friend.

They had hardly done so when a large green wave broke on the strand and came rolling up to where they stood, over all the footprints. When it receded, not a mark was left.

"That," said the Christian, "is what the blood of Christ does in one moment for all who believe in Him; it washes every stain away, when all our efforts could not remove one."

Now, the more carefully we have been brought up, and kept from all the wickedness that is around us, the more necessary it is for us to see that this will not help to save us or wash away our sins. Some of us trust in our prayers, in our attendance at church, chapel, or Sunday school; in what we give to the poor, and many other things, but all these cannot save us; and if we put them in the place of Christ, "our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Isaiah ch.....v.....

Paul had the most complete robe of *self-righteousness* that was ever made, but he cast it all aside the moment he received Christ.

It may impress the subject on my young readers' minds if they fill up the seven parts of Paul's robe, left blank on next page, from Phil. ch.....v.....

PAUL'S ROBE OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS,
MADE OF SEVEN PIECES.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

“What things were *gain* to me, those I counted loss for Christ . . . that I may . . . be found in him, not having *mine own* righteousness, which is of the law, but . . . the righteousness *which is of God* by faith.”

Well, now, I think I hear you say, “I

see all that, and I believe it, but how am I to know it is for me? I know it is for my dear father, or mother, or sister, or brother who believes in Jesus; but, oh, how I wish I knew it was for me."

"If I could prove that it is *for you*, would *you* believe it?"

"Indeed I would."

"Well, our verse says '*Whosoever*,' and that clearly includes you, being without any limit; but, more, you are a sinner?"

"Yes."

"Ungodly?"

"Well, yes."

"Have you strength to save yourself?"

"No; I am without strength."

"Well, then, you are not only *included* in John iii., but you are *specified* in Rom. v. For '*When we were yet without strength* (that's you), in due time Christ died for



"SO THE LITTLE GIRL WENT TO THE TICKET OFFICE."
Page 39.



the *ungodly* (that's you). While we were yet *sinner*s (that's you), Christ died for us.'"

My dear young reader, I beseech you to close with the offer of mercy *now*. Do you not see it is *for* you and *to* you. May the following little story make it clear:—

A little girl was at the railway station with her father the other day, and he read a placard saying, "All children under twelve, half-price."

"Father," she said, "it says I may go half-price."

"No," said her father, "it does not say *you* may go."

"Oh, but I am only ten, father; it must mean me."

"Well," said her father, "go and try."

So the little girl went to the ticket office and asked for a ticket. She was not

asked her name or character, but only her age, and she received her half-ticket, and, showing it to her father, she said triumphantly, "There, father, I told you it meant me."

Now, is there any reason why you should not take Christ for your Saviour, and rest in His finished work for you? It is not more plainly placarded in any station that children can go half-price than it is written in God's word that Christ died for *sinner*s, and that **WHOSOEVER** cometh unto Him He will **IN NO WISE** cast out. Come, then, just as you are, and just now. Go down on your knees and thank God that He has shown you the "one thing" you lacked, and that you believe Christ died for you, and that you have life through His name. It is not a question of feeling; it is *believing*—taking God at His word. Now, do not

go away—like the poor young man—grieved, but settle this great question at once. Will you, or will you not, accept God's gift to you—eternal life in Christ? "Ah, but," you say, "perhaps I believe only in my head."

Listen, my dear young friend, and do not let Satan throw dust in your eyes. Those who believe in the head can say, "Jesus died for all," but only those who believe in the heart can say, "Jesus died *for me*;" and this is the faith that saves. That each of my dear young readers may be able to say this is my earnest prayer.

And now, in closing the subject, let me ask you, as soon as you can do so in simple faith, to fill up the following blanks from Rom. ch.....v....., putting "I" or "me" instead of "we" or "us."

“God commendeth his love toward _____ ,
 in that, while _____ was yet (a) sinner, Christ
 died for _____ .”

Filled in by _____ , on
 the _____ day of _____ , 18

“’Tis that look that melted Peter ;
 ’Tis that face that Stephen saw ;
 ’Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
 Can alone from idols draw.”





CHAPTER III.

“ONE THING I KNOW.”

“*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*”—

John ch.....v.....

IF you, my dear young reader, have, as I sincerely trust, received the Lord Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, you can now use the words at the head of this chapter, the precious privilege of every child of God. “One thing I *know*.”

Mark it was God spoke to your heart *first*. “One thing *thou* lackest.” You heard Him ; you received the Lord Jesus, and now it is your turn to speak. “One thing *I* know.” Not “one thing I feel, or hope, or pray for.” No. “One thing I

know, that whereas I *was* blind, *now* I see." Oh, how blind we were before God opened our eyes !

We thought He hated us when He loved us. " God so loved the world." John ch.....v.....

We thought we had something to do when it was all done. " It is finished." John ch.....v.....

We thought we could please Him when we could not. " They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Rom. ch.....v.....

We thought we could never have eternal life before we died. " He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." John ch.....v.....

We thought present assurance presumptuous, which it is not. " These things have I written unto you, . . . that ye may know that ye have eternal life." 1 John ch.....v.....

We thought it humble to doubt, when it is great presumption. "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar." 1 John ch.....v.....

We thought we had to feel, when we had to believe. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts ch.....v.....

Now all is changed. We have passed from darkness into marvellous light. Whereas we were blind, now we see.

Let me tell you how an old soldier had his eyes opened.

Many years ago a poor widow was crossing a wild moor in the Highlands in the month of May, with her babe in her arms, on her way to the neighbouring town to pay her rent. A tremendous snow-storm soon overtook her, long known afterwards as the great May storm. Encumbered with her

child, the mother made but slow progress against the howling wind and fast-drifting snow. At last she sat down from sheer exhaustion. Seeing a small cleft high up in the rock behind her, she soon resolved what to do. Wrapping up her darling babe in the warm Highland plaid which she had on her own shoulders, she clambered up and laid the baby in the cleft of the rock, fast asleep. Then, in her thin dress, she turned to face the howling storm and to reach the town, whence she could soon bring help for her child. But she never saw her "bairn" again.

Next morning, three shepherds out in the mountains seeking their lost sheep spied a bright red speck on the snow. They went to see what it was, and imagine their surprise to find a Highland plaid in a hole in the rock, now nearly buried in the snow,



“SEEKING THEIR LOST SHEEP.”



and in the plaid a little infant still slumbering peacefully. A mother's love had preserved its little life, but alas, as a few steps soon showed, at the cost of her own. There, imbedded in the snow, her arms outstretched as if to help her on, they found the poor mother, frozen to death.

Years rolled on, the babe grew into a boy and the boy into a man, and often and often the story of his mother's love was told him. At length he entered the army and went abroad.

Forty years passed by, when one evening, a minister, preaching to a congregation of Highlanders, told the affecting story of a mother's love, and of the babe saved in the cleft of the rock, as an illustration of the love of Jesus to the lost. An old soldier, recently returned from the Peninsular wars, listened with marked

attention, while the tears coursed down his weather-beaten cheeks.

Soon after the service the minister was sent for to see a dying man. It was the old soldier, who had been taken very ill on his return home.

“Ah, sir,” he said to the minister, “that tale you told went to my heart.”

“Yes, my friend,” said the minister, “it is a touching story.”

“It has touched me,” said the dying man, “for *I was that babe*. It was *my* mother that gave her life for mine. And, oh, how blind I have been all these years, and have never seen the picture of my Saviour’s love who died for me. But, thank God ! I see it all now, and I can bless and praise His name. I am now safe *in Christ*; He is my rock and my salvation. How blind I have

been ; but God in His mercy has opened my eyes, and now I see."

The old soldier soon breathed his last, safe in the cleft of the Rock of Ages. Surely he could say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Knowledge is one of the great cries of the day, but all other knowledge is useless unless we know "one thing."

It makes me very happy when I think how many dear children I shall meet in Heaven who can say, "One thing I know." And, oh, how happy I have been at many a death-bed to hear the young sufferer say, "*I know* I am going to Heaven," "*I know* Jesus loves me and has died for me."

I am so fond of this word "know," that I should like each of my young friends to find out for me what chapter in the Bible tells of six things we know.

Chapter.....

1st. "Ye know," describes our hopeless condition by nature, v.....

2nd. "Ye know," describes God's remedy, v.....

3rd. "We know," describes certainty of salvation, v.....

4th. "We know," describes our new state, v.....

5th. "We know," describes the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, v.....

6th. "We know," tells us what will happen when the Lord Jesus comes, v.....

And now that I have set you this to find out, I will tell you of a boy who set his father a puzzle. This little fellow was converted at school, and could say "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see," and what delighted him was that the Lord Jesus had washed all his sins away and

made him "whiter than snow." When he came home for the holidays he said to his father, who was an English nobleman,

"Father, I want to ask you a riddle. Can you tell me what is whiter than snow?"

"No," said his father, "I give it up."

Just then the Prince of Wales came in, with whom the little boy was a great favourite, so he jumped off his father's knee, and ran to the Prince.

"Prince, I want to ask you a riddle."

"Oh, don't trouble the Prince," said his father.

"Yes, let the little fellow ask his riddle," said the Prince.

"Well, Prince, can you tell me what is whiter than snow?"

"No, I will give it up," said the Prince.

"Well," said the boy, "it is the sinner that is washed in the blood of Jesus."

I have heard many riddles, and some of them very foolish ones, but I think this dear little boy's was the best of all.

And now, in closing this chapter, let us just remember how far we have got. First, we heard the voice of God saying in solemn accents, "One thing thou lackest." He opened our ears. "Faith cometh by hearing." We heard and we believed the gospel, and now our voice is heard saying, in the sweet assurance of faith, "One thing I know." Now, in the next chapter we shall again hear the Lord's voice to us. Oh! that we may say, like Samuel of old, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam ch.....
v.....





CHAPTER IV.

“ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.”

“But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.”—Luke ch.....v.....

THE same voice that said, “One thing thou lackest,” to the young man of old, and to every unconverted man, woman, or child since, now says to every Christian heart, as to Martha of Bethany, “One thing is needful.” It is the voice of the Good Shepherd speaking to every lamb and sheep of His flock. “My sheep hear my voice.”

Do you hear His voice speaking to you, my dear young reader, in the little sentence

that heads this chapter? I dare say you are wondering what the one thing is that the Lord thought so needful.

Is it preaching or speaking for Him?
No.

Is it visiting the sick or dying? No.

Is it distributing tracts or teaching in the Sunday school? No.

Is it going to lectures and meetings?
No.

Is it giving money for charitable purposes (by many considered the "one thing needful" now-a-days)? No.

It is none of these. All cannot speak or preach. Many of my readers may be too young to visit, or teach in the Sunday School, and some may be too poor to have much to give. Now the "one thing needful" is needful for every Christian, however young or however poor, and therefore must be

within the reach of all, for we find through out the Word of God that all the best blessings spoken of there, belong even to the babes in Christ.

No, the "one thing needful" requires neither gift nor money.

What is it, then, if it is not speaking, visiting, teaching, preaching, or giving?

It is sitting at the feet of Jesus and hearing His Word. It is not giving, it is *getting*. We cannot give out of an empty vessel anything more substantial than sound, and, oh, how much sound there is in the present day and how little substance! How much running hither and thither, and how little sitting at the feet of Jesus!

Let us now look a little at Mary at Jesus' feet. We find her there on three occasions; perhaps my young friends can fill up the passages—

MARY AT JESUS' FEET

HEARING HIS WORD AS A DISCIPLE. LUKE CH.....V.....
 WEeping IN DISTRESS. JOHN CH.....V.....
 ORSHIPPING IN DEVOTION. JOHN CH.....V.....

In the first instance she received from Him and in the last she gave to Him, and this must always be the true order.

Have you ever sat at the feet of Jesus, and learned of Him ?

“Take my yoke upon you and learn of me,” said Jesus. “It is good that a man should bear the yoke in his youth,” said the prophet Jeremiah (Lam. ch.....v.....), and it is a blessed thing to see a young disciple learning of Christ and bearing His yoke in his youth. “I am meek and lowly in heart.” Matt. ch.....v..... No meekness is worth anything that does not spring from a lowly heart.

These lessons in themselves are not easy :

it is not easy to be lowly in heart, to go right down to the lowest place in one's own estimation. But everything depends upon where we try to learn these lessons. If away from Christ it is hard work, but if in the right place, at His feet, watching the steps which they have already marked out for us to follow, oh! is it not easy to follow such a Master? If some of my readers are lamenting how little like Christ they are in their spirits, let them take Mary's seat awhile.

Everything depends upon *where* we sit. If we turn to 2 Sam. ch..... we find in theverse David sitting in *his* house and thinking *his* thoughts about what *he* would do for God, which, though well meant, were all wrong; but in verse..... David takes Mary's seat "before the Lord," and then see how his inmost soul was laid bare and

how his heart ascended in praise to the Lord.

Learning is made very easy when, like Mary, we are at the feet of one we love. Do not my young readers know the relief, after poring in vain over some hard lesson in the school-room, to have the same lesson lovingly and patiently explained while sitting at the mother's or elder sister's side ?

But perhaps my young reader is saying all this time, "Well, but I don't understand what you mean. What is 'sitting at the feet of Jesus' ? Tell me simply what you mean and how am I to get the blessing to my soul that Mary and David got."

"Do you ever read your Bible ?"

"Oh yes, a chapter every day."

Well, I am delighted to hear it and I trust all my readers can say the same, but



“SITTING AT THE MOTHER’S OR ELDER SISTER’S SIDE.”



still you may not be sitting at the feet of Jesus. Two things are necessary now that He is present only to faith, not to sight. *You require to be alone and you require time.* It may be in your little room in the early morning when your spirit and heart are fresh, or in the midday on a seat at the bottom of a little garden, or perhaps in a corner of the empty school-room, or better still, if in the summer time, on the rocks by the sea shore, or high up on the smooth turf on the mountain side. Anywhere, everywhere you can be alone with God and His Word. There you may take out your little pocket Bible and with Samuel's prayer, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," open its blessed pages.

Perhaps in some well-known words such as "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," or some less known but

exquisitely lovely portion in the Psalms or the Prophets, you hear the very voice of the Lord to your *own* soul and in His own presence, you “sit at His feet and hear His Word.” If thus you have known what it is to sit at Jesus’ feet as a disciple, you will know as Mary did where to go when in distress.

“No sorrow-bowed head, but may sweetly find rest,
No tears, but may dry them on Jesus’ kind breast.”

“When thou passeth through the waters
I will be with thee . . . For I am thy
Saviour . . . and I have loved thee.”
Isa. ch.....v..... And when this Friend
that sticketh closer than a brother (Prov.
ch.....v.....), is thus known through sorrow
and trouble, we get a step further than
“one *thing* I know”—blessed though *that*
is—and can say “*One* I know;” for, as has
been so sweetly said—

"We know *Him*, as we could not know
Through heaven's golden years,
We then shall see His glorious face,
But Mary saw His tears.

"The touch that heals a broken heart
Is never felt above ;
His angels know His blessedness
His wayworn saints His love."

And even while young we may know a great deal of this, for many a child already knows what sorrow means.

Once again we find Mary at Jesus' feet. Just as we may have seen in a chamber of sickness, where perhaps the beloved mother is lying upon a bed of suffering, the eldest daughter—one who has sat at her mother's knee from earliest childhood, and knowing her every wish and taste—eagerly anticipating every whispered word, and rightly interpreting every look ; now a little more air, now a pillow moved under the aching head, now a little food prepared by loving hands,

E

and now a draught of medicine. It is wonderful to see how intuitively the girl seems to know every wish—every thought of her darling mother.

So with Mary. When the Lord Jesus sat at the feast, she alone, who had long sat at His feet, knew His inmost thoughts and could read them aright, and before all that assembly she broke her precious box upon His feet in the devotion of her heart, as she anointed Him for His burial. The murmurs rose around her ; but, above all, *that voice* was heard that in the chapter before had called her brother from the grave—“ Let her alone ; against the day of my burying hath she kept this.” John ch.....v.....

If we thus would know what service would be most acceptable to our Lord and Master, it is at His own feet we must learn His tastes and wishes, so that we may

know instinctively where He would have us be, and what He would have us do.

I dare say my readers are familiar with the beautiful simile of the little pool of water in the street, which, when unruffled by the wind, reflects the moon shining above it. So Mary, sitting calmly at the feet of Christ and drinking in His thoughts, was able to reflect His mind on the day of the feast.

How beautiful through the dark night to mirror as in a glass, like a little tiny pool of water, the glories of the heavens until "the morning comes and the sun arises!" Ah, where is our little pool gone now? All dried up. Is it lost? No! Look up—up at that fleecy cloud, all gold and glorious; that is what the little pool has become, caught up by the powerful rays of the sun. So on that bright morning many—indeed, I

trust all my young readers—will be sought for in vain on earth.

Where will they be? Caught up in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—to meet the Lord in the air. Ah! all *that* is certain; all *that* is sure. Alas! what is *not* sure—what is *not* certain—is, whether the little pools will be so contented to gaze calmly and constantly at the heavens and their Saviour who is there, as, like Mary of old, to reflect His thoughts and His wishes in their lives.

Part of this may be a little too hard for my young readers, but they will understand it some day; but now we will just notice one little fact that all can understand in this beautiful scene—Mary's worship was costly, but it was all lavished on Christ.

Now whether, like Mary, we have three hundred pence to spend, or, like the widow,

we have but two mites, if Jesus is the object "it is accepted according to that a man *hath*, and not according to that he *hath not*." 2 Cor. ch.....v.....

A friend of mine that had a boys' school, where many were Christians, used to pass a missionary box round once a month, and a good deal was put in, partly from shame, partly from emulation, and partly from love to Christ. After a time he caused the box to be placed on a shelf in the schoolroom, and after a month opened it in the presence of the school. Not half the amount was in it that was usually collected. "But, boys," said he, "that half is worth double to the Lord, for those that gave it gave simply out of love to Him."

As some of my young readers may not have much to lay at the feet of Jesus, let this closing verse cheer them: "And who-

soever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward." Matt. ch.....v.....

**"Hast thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him?
Is not thine a captured heart?
'Chief among ten thousand' own Him,
Joyful choose the better part."**





CHAPTER V.

“ONE THING I DO.”

WHO speaks now? It is not the voice of the Master; it is not the voice of the Good Shepherd. It is the voice that a little time ago said, “One thing I know;” and now, having sat at the feet of Jesus and heard His word (“the one thing needful”), rises up with a fixed determination—with a steady purpose, saying, “One thing I do.”

We have often heard of men of one idea, and how successful they have been. We all know the case of one who early in life set the idea before him to be Prime Minister of England; and that object he attained.

Through many difficulties and disadvantages he always kept the one thought before his mind ; and the result was that, having overcome all, he reached the summit of his ambition.

We see, for example, how a man becomes a great painter. It is not enough that he has talent and energy. That talent and energy need guidance. He must go to Italy, and there study, it may be for years, the pictures of the great masters ; he must seek to grasp their style and realize their thoughts ; he must get imbued with their spirit, if he would in his turn become at all like what they were, or follow worthily in their steps.

And is it not the same in the things of God ? Where does the apostle take the Philippians in the second chapter of the epistle ? He takes them by the hand, as it

were, and seats them at the feet of a full-length portrait of the Lord Jesus Christ in His humiliation, and also in His glory, and says, "Master this, or rather let this master you; this is the one thing needful." And then in the third chapter leaving, so to speak, the studio, he steps forth into the world as their example with one purpose—with one idea for the remainder of his life—"One thing I do." I always think Paul's three years in Arabia was the time when he was taken aside to study the Master.

I remember a story of the conversion of the writer of that lovely hymn, "Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness." He was on a visit to a friend of his, a German clergyman, and on going into his friend's study he saw on the wall a large picture of Christ upon the cross, and beneath it this remarkable inscription—"This I did for thee. What

hast thou done for me ?” This spoke to his very soul, and was used by God not only to his conversion, but to stamp the character of his after life.

And this is what we want, my dear young friends. Not pictures of Christ on the cross, other than those drawn by the pencil of the evangelists in the pages of the Word of God, but to have a graver, deeper sense of what the Lord suffered for our sakes—a better appreciation of such a chapter as Phil. ii., in order that our lives may be more the expression of this noble utterance of the apostle—“ One thing I do.”

We often see young converts, who perhaps a few weeks or months ago were running at a rapid pace along the broad road, wholly absorbed with pleasures and worldly pursuits, having suddenly been turned aside by God’s grace into the narrow path, halting—

their former occupation gone, hardly knowing what to do, they drift aimlessly along on the upper current of religious life.

Such was not the effect of conversion on the apostle Paul. He, too, had been hurrying along, sinning against God with a high hand. When struck down to the earth he cries out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Not yet, however, was Paul's time for *doing* come. "One thing thou lackest" could yet truly be said to him, and he was led away blind in body, and doubtless too in soul, until at last he is brought to the point—"One thing I know; whereas I was blind, now I see."

Now, mark the next step. No doing yet; not to preach, not to teach, but to sit at the feet of the Lord Jesus—"One thing is needful." And so the apostle departs

and buries himself three years alone in Arabia; and he returns—his object clear before his gaze, and steadily to be pursued along his eventful and devoted life—“ One thing I do.”

Well may he say, as none but he could say, “ Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ.” ch.....v.....

It would be well if each of my readers would ask himself, in the light of this passage, “ Have I a distinct object before me, and what is it ?”

Christ and His glory either are, or are not, the real objects of our lives. Many young friends of mine, instantly on conversion, would ask, “ What can I do for Christ ?” It is beautiful to see this spontaneous action of the new life; but surely the doing becomes more and more single-hearted—Christ becomes more truly our individual

object—when, like Mary of old, we have learnt something more of Him than that He has saved us from hell. The "doing" spoken of in Phil. iii. is not so much effort put forth for special objects, blessed as these are, and is certainly no running without being sent, or any other form of natural activity, but is a going out of the soul and of the whole life after Christ Himself.

Perhaps some of my young readers are getting impatient, and beginning to think this all too high and dry, and cannot quite see their way how, in their quiet little lives, they can live these four words—"One thing I do." And yet it is not really above the capacity of even a true Christian child. If on every occasion you just ask yourself not *merely*, "Is this wrong or right?" but, "Is this to please Christ or not?" then you will have got hold of the principle.

And always remember the carrying out of this involves true self-denial at every step, for Christ and the old nature always pull contrary ways. So, count the cost, and make up your minds whether Christ be worth following or no. And if you are still in doubt as to the answer, a little time in Mary's old seat will soon settle that question.

But before I close this chapter let us connect it more closely with the two that precede it. In "one thing I know" we have Christ filling the eye; in "one thing is needful" we have Christ filling the heart; and in "one thing I do" we have Christ moving the feet. So that our eyes gaze on, our heart is filled with, and our feet follow—CHRIST. And my young readers will be interested in noticing this is not only the order here, but throughout

Scripture. The eye, the heart, the feet. Eve saw with her eye, desired with her heart, and then took the first step in the path of sin and of disobedience to God. So with Lot in Gen. ch.....v..... he saw with his eyes, he chose with his heart, and he went with his feet. Oh that our eye, heart, and feet may be fully occupied with Christ down here. If not, oh, how we shall wonder when we see His face that we could ever have had any other object but Himself!





CHAPTER VI.

“One thing have I desired, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple.”
Psalm.....v.....

WE have listened to two utterances of the Lord, one addressed to the unsaved and the other to the saved, and we have heard the two responses. We will just repeat them once again :—

The Lord says to the unsaved : } *“One thing thou lackest.”*

Response of the one who has heard His voice : } *“One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.”*

The Lord says to the saved : } *“One thing is needful.”*

Response from the
 one who has sat at
 His feet : } "One thing I do."

But in this last wish, "One thing have I desired," whose voice speaks? Why, I can hear my reader answering, "That is David's voice in the Psalm," and surely also the voice of every one who has looked for a heavenly home since, or who has desired to see the King in His beauty.

This is true; but on listening to these words more attentively, I think I hear another voice, even the voice of that One who has already spoken twice, blending with the voice of the one who utters these words.

Can my readers recall no desire on the part of the Lord of exactly the same character as the one that heads these pages. How often have we read those blessed

words, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." Ch.....v..... And is not this the very substance of the Psalmist's wish ?

Hitherto the voices of the Master and His follower have alternated, *now* they both blend in one common prayer, and are united in one desire.

Is not this communion with Christ, that we upon earth should be desiring as our "one desire" the very thing for which He prayed to His Father, and for which He now waits ? And I feel sure that there is not one Christian heart (it may be of a child who has only just learned the value of that name which is above every name) but will throb responsively to this "one desire" of the homeward journey.

Let us seek to contemplate the blessedness of those courts above, about which the saints of God have sung their sweetest strains for the last 1800 years, of which of old it was written: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." 1 Cor. ch.....v..... And the blessed fact, on which the heart can rest with perfect satisfaction, and which we can in a measure understand, is that, amidst all this array of glory, we shall be with Himself. "Where I am there shall also my servant be." John ch.....v..... "And where I am, there ye may be also." John ch.....v.....

When such a theme is before us it

becomes necessary to hold the hand and check the pen, thought flows so rapidly as the mind contemplates all the glories that we shall there behold. But we must pause to examine a little more closely this one desire that in measure must fill every Christian heart.

It seems to consist of two distinct parts, one to be with the Lord, the other to behold His beauty. In the former also the thought is more connected with the place, "the house of the Lord." New Testament revelation throws a fuller light upon this house, calling it in John ch.....v..... "the Father's house" in which are many mansions, and where the Lord Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us.

Nothing makes us feel our strangeness and pilgrim character here like a contemplation of our home there. The schoolroom

never looks so bare and desolate as when the eye has just been gazing on a picture of the old home, or has been reading a letter from a father's hand. When the "one desire" is not only at the bottom of our heart, but ever before us, there does not seem to be much down here to attract us. The glory of *that*, even in anticipation, so eclipses all the attractions of *this*, that things, once a snare to our heart, are no longer so, the things that are above having taken their place. Happy, indeed, the reader of these pages to whom heaven is ever a bright reality, and who is really waiting for the Lord to take him there.

I know a dear little child, only two and a half years old, who is always speaking of heaven; and the other day, when in the fields with her mother and her sister

Rachel gathering flowers, she saw a lark suddenly rise close beside and fly right away up until it was lost to sight in the blue sky.

“Look, Yachel,” she exclaimed, raising her little hand full of flowers, “that’s the way, that’s the way, we shall all go straight up to Jesus, no stairs, no banists.”

But there is more than this. As the glory of Solomon himself outshone all the splendour of his palace, as the radiance of the jewel dims the lustre of the golden casket, so does Christ Himself outshine Heaven.

A poor old man was dying of cancer in the hospital the other day, and a Christian friend came in to see him shortly before his death, and read to him about the many mansions and the place being prepared by Christ.



“ ‘ LOOK, YACHEL, ’ SHE EXCLAIMED. ”

Page 86.



"Ah," said the dying man, "that is sweet, but the next verse is far sweeter,— 'I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.'"

So David, in his "one desire," did not stop at "the house of the Lord," but added "that I may behold the beauty of the Lord."

It is a wonderful desire, and more wonderful still, it will be granted. Nothing is more absolutely certain than that the eye of every saved one that reads these pages will surely see the King in His beauty. You and I, my dear Christian reader, may never meet, but our eyes shall gaze on Jesus. It is a wonderful thing to know that the highest desire a Christian heart can know will assuredly be gratified.

In taking a backward glance over the

five "one things" that we have thus talked over for a little while together, it is very striking to see how each one was fulfilled in the history of the apostle Paul. It will afford profit to my readers if they endeavour to fill up the blanks in the following outline :—

SAUL OF TARSUS.

"Circumcised the eighth day.....stock of Israel.....tribe of Benjamin.....persecuting the church.....blameless." Phil. ch.....v.....

"One thing *thou* lackest."

SAUL (AFTERWARDS CALLED PAUL).

"He saw no man.....and was three days without sight.....and he received sight forthwith.....and straightway he preached Christ that he is the Son of God." Acts ch.....v.....

"One thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see." John ch.....v.....

PAUL THE SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST.

"Neither went I up to Jerusalem..... but I went into Arabia.....and after three years I went up to Jerusalem." Ch..... v.....

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high priest of our profession Christ Jesus." Ch.....v.....

"One thing is needful." Ch.....v.....

PAUL THE APOSTLE.

"I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." Ch.....v.....

"One thing I do." Ch.....v.....

PAUL THE PRISONER.

"For I am in a strait betwixt two,

having a desire to depart and be with
Christ, which is far better." Phil. ch.....
v.....

"One thing have I desired of the Lord."
Ps.....v.....

**"What have we to do with idols
Who have companied with Him?"**



A SELECTION OF
BOOKS & TRACTS FOR THE YOUNG.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SUITABLE WOODCUTS.

Well adapted for Gifts and Prizes for the Young, and as Reward
Books for Sunday-school Children.

“These little Books are admirably adapted to train the youthful mind in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and are well fitted to add to the stock of Sunday Books for our little ones.”

Supplied for Sunday-School Libraries, and for Free Distribution amongst the Young, at a Considerable Reduction.

BEN AND KIT.

A Story about Two Poor Children in London. Third Edition. Illustrated. By the Author of “Picture Stories for Children.”

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1 Good-Bye | 7 How Ben and Kit told the Good News |
| 2 In the Hospital | 8 Little Kit and Dick Rogers |
| 3 How Ben and Kit heard the Good News | 9 Nearly Lost. |
| 4 The Dinner Party | 10 The Wall Flowers, and Blind Tommy's Prayer |
| 5 A Night in the Wood Shed | 11 The Children's Treat |
| 6 Kit's Mourning | 12 Home at Last |

Price 1s. in cloth boards; gilt edges, antique, 1s. 6d.

ROSE, ROBIN, AND LITTLE MAY.

A Story of Country Life. By the Author of "Picture Stories for Children," &c.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 The Children of Cherry Cottage | 10 Mr. Rowland meets the Children |
| 2 The Mother's Farewell | 11 Rose, Robin, and May at School |
| 3 The Drive to the Farm | 12 A Battle Begins |
| 4 The First Night at the Farm | 13 A Disappointment |
| 5 The Children find a Friend | 14 A Visit to Sick Tommy |
| 6 Jack and his Cousins | 15 Tommy finds Kind Friends |
| 7 Jack's Revenge on Robin | 16 Miss Marian's Visit |
| 8 Susan tells the Children about the Lord Jesus | 17 Gathering Blackberries |
| 9 Robin in Trouble | 18 Little May's Illness and a Refuge from the Storm |

Price *1s.* in cloth boards; gilt edges, antique, *1s. 6d.*
Postage free.

THE NARROW PATHWAY TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

A Book for Young Pilgrims. New and revised Edition,
with several Full-paged Illustrations.

CONTENTS.

- | | | |
|-------------|------------|--------------|
| My Birthday | My Home | My Lessons |
| My Father | My Family | My Character |
| My Food | My Friends | My Pursuits |
| My Clothes | My School | My Sorrows |
| My Life | My Teacher | My Joys |
| My Growth | | |

Price *1s.* in cloth limp; in cloth boards, *1s. 6d.* ;
gilt edges, antique, *2s.*

The Publisher is desirous of making this new and improved edition of the above valuable book widely known, and, to encourage the circulation, will supply it in quantities for distribution at a considerable reduction.

OLIVE LEAVES.

By the Author of "Letters to my Young Friends."
A Series of Narratives for the Young, illustrative of
Gospel Truth. Illustrated with Six Woodcuts.

Price *1s.*; in cloth boards, gilt edges, antique, *1s. 6d.*;
post free.

SIXPENNY VOLUMES.

NARRATIVES FOR THE YOUNG.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Series. Each containing Four Gospel Stories, and illustrated with Four Woodcuts, and a *Coloured Frontispiece.* New and Superior Editions.

Price *6d.* each, cloth boards, antique; One each of the Four little Volumes, post free, *2s.*

PICTURE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

First, Second, and Third Series. Each containing Four Gospel Narratives, and illustrated with Four Woodcuts. By the Author of "Ben and Kit," &c.

In cloth limp, *6d.* each; the Three little Volumes, free by post, for *1s. 6d.*

FOURPENNY VOLUMES.

HELPS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

First, Second, and Third Series. Each little Volume contains a Series of Six Gospel Stories for the Young, with Six Woodcuts.

In cloth limp, price *4d.* each; the Three little Volumes, post free for *1s.*

THREEPENNY VOLUMES.

LITTLE PEARLS FOR BOYS & GIRLS.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Series. Each little Volume contains a Series of Three Gospel Stories for the Little Ones, with Three suitable Woodcuts.

Bound in cloth limp, antique, price *3d.* A Sample Copy of each of the Four little Volumes, free by post, for *1s.*

Complete Lists of Books and Tracts for Old and Young on application.

LONDON: ALFRED HOLNESS, 21 PATERNOSTER ROW.

GLASGOW: R. L. ALLAN, 143 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Edinburgh: J. S. ROBERTSON, 52 Cockburn Street.

North Shields: W. H. Brown, 88 Tyne Street.

New York: M. Cathcart, 15 Bible House.

Toronto: S. W. Hallows, 864½ Yonge Street.

Melbourne: H. Seelenmeyer, 110 Swanston Street.

And may be ordered of any Bookseller.



