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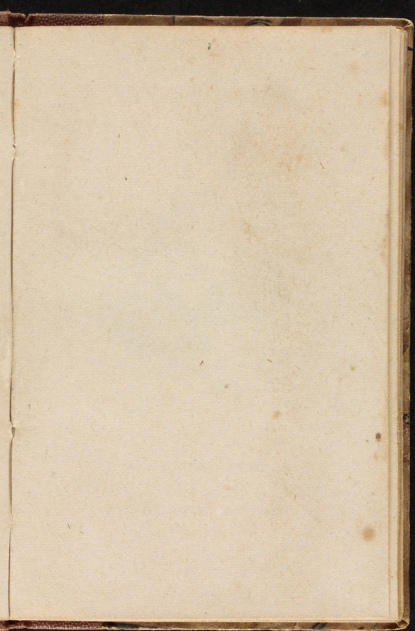
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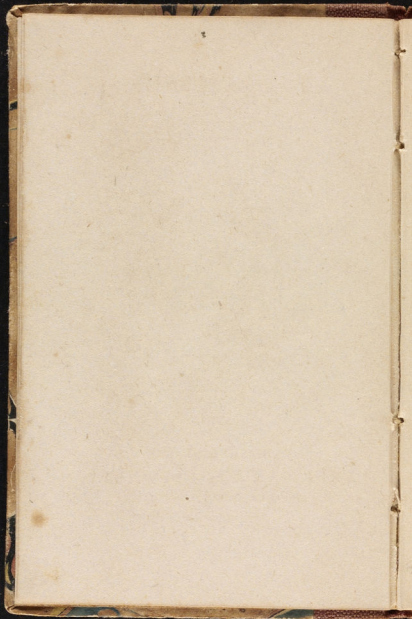
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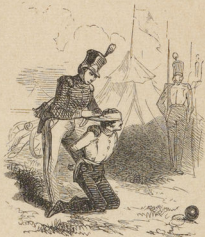


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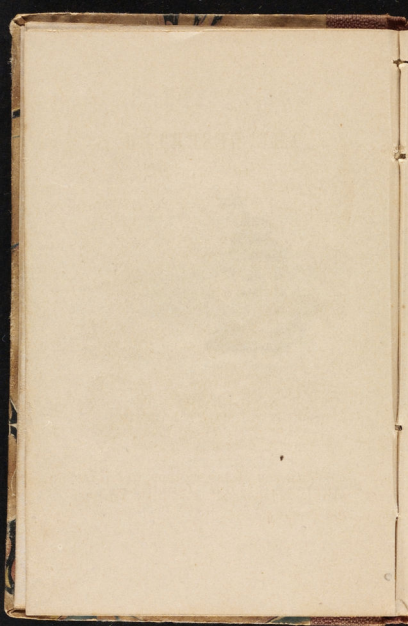


THE DESERTER.



—73—

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THE DESERTER.



“WILL you please, mother, to tell me what ‘*sake*’ means?” said little Walter, one evening.

"Tell me what you are thinking about," said his mother, "and then I will explain what you wish to know."

"Well, mother, you know that when our minister prays, he often finishes his prayer with these words, '*for Jesus Christ's sake,*' and so does father, and so you have taught me to say; but I do not quite understand why we say so."

"I am very glad," said Walter's mother, "that you ask me to explain those things which you do not understand; and particularly am I glad to find you do not wish to use words in prayer, the meaning of which you do not know."

"I will now tell you a story which will help you to understand this word and its meaning, when used in prayer in connection with the name of our Saviour."

"You have heard a great deal said, of late, about the Mexican war. I am not at this time going to speak of the sinful-

ness of war, but only allude to this subject to narrate to you an incident which occurred in our army a short time ago.

“It is, as you know, the duty of all soldiers to be faithful to their country; but a few months past, a large number from among our troops deserted, and went over to the Mexican army, and fought against their own country, and shed the blood of their own countrymen.

“In our army were a man and his son, by the name of McHenry. They belonged to the fourth artillery, company G. The elder of these two, Edward McHenry, turned traitor to his country, and joined the deserters.

“Not long after this event our troops were successful in an engagement with the Mexicans, and took a great number of prisoners, seventy of whom were deserters from our army, and among them *was Edward McHenry.*



“This large number of deserters were tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be executed, and Edward McHenry and his fellow-deserters were put in irons to await the dreadful execution of this sentence of the court.

“All this time young McHenry had remained faithful to his country. He was but a common soldier, or private, as

the term is; but he had distinguished himself by attention to duty, as well as by his courage and bravery.

“A statement to this effect being made to the commander-in-chief, he relieved the father from the dreadful doom to which he had been sentenced, in the following words: ‘*A remission from hanging is made in the case of Edward McHenry, company G, out of consideration for his son, a private in the same company, who has remained faithful to his colors.*’ In other words, Edward McHenry was pardoned FOR THE SAKE OF HIS SON.

“Now listen, my son,” said Walter’s mother, “to what I have further to say. As the government had a right to the service of this soldier, so God has a right to the service of all mankind; and as he deserted from his country’s service, so have all mankind deserted from the service of God; and as he entered into the service of an enemy, so have all mankind

entered into the service of the enemy of God and man, the devil.

“For this departure from God the whole race of man deserved death, and not only the death of the body, but the death, or eternal punishment of the soul; and accordingly the sentence of ‘death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.’

“But a perfectly holy being, even the Lord Jesus Christ, offered to die in man’s stead. And God so loved the world, and so desired the salvation of man, that he accepted the sacrifice.

“This was love beyond comparison. The son of Edward McHenry did not offer to die for his father. The apostle Paul says, the greatest love a man can show for his *friend* is to die for him; but Christ died for us when we were his *enemies*.

“In consequence of this wonderful act of love on the part of the Lord Jesus

Christ, God, who is not willing that any should perish, has in his great mercy proclaimed to the whole world, that all who are truly sorry for their sins, for their desertion from his service, and will return to him and forsake him no more—trusting for acceptance with God in the merits of this Saviour, who has thus redeemed them from eternal death—that all who thus do, he will pardon, *for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ.*

“But, my dear son,” continued Walter’s mother, “I wish you to bear in mind, that sorrow for sin, and promises of future obedience, would avail nothing for the sinner, unless God was pleased, for the sake of Christ, to pardon him.

“Suppose Edward McHenry had shown great penitence, and been truly sorry for his crime of desertion; suppose he had wept over this guilty act, and promised never again to desert; and that he entreated for pardon; do you think

the officers composing that court would have said, 'In consideration of his deep penitence, and his fair promises of future good conduct, we will not sentence him to death?'

"No; if they made any reply to his appeal, it would have been to this effect: 'You are to be punished because you have been a traitor to your country. You are to suffer death in the presence of the whole army, that by your fate they may be warned against the commission of the crime for which you suffer.'

"In the case of Edward McHenry, the pardon was bestowed on the grounds of the merit, or, in other words, for the sake of young McHenry.

"This is the sum of the whole matter. Edward McHenry had broken the laws of his country, and was justly condemned to die. On account of the goodwill which the commander-in-chief bore

to the son for his fidelity, the guilty father was pardoned.

“Men have broken the law of God, and are justly condemned to eternal death. Christ, in his infinite compassion and love for man, was willing to make the only sacrifice by which God could still be just, while he pardoned the guilty; and that the sufferings and efforts of Christ in man’s behalf might not be in vain, God has given to him all those who truly repent and trust him for salvation. God pardons *such for the sake of Christ*.

“Remember this, my son,” said Walter’s mother, “whenever you pray for forgiveness. Good-night.”

LITTLE EMILIA.

THIS little girl had dear good parents, who instructed her what a blessed thing it is to be a Christian. Emilia thought a great deal about religion, and longed to be a Christian while she was very young. One morning, when she was six years old, her anxiety became so great that she went to her kind mother in deep distress, to talk about her soul. She wept, and said over and over, "I want to come to Christ. I'm sorry I ever sinned against him, he has been so good to me. I repent that I've sometimes quarrelled with my little sister."

Her mother told her about the blessed Saviour, who is able and willing to save all who repent of their sins, and give themselves to him. But Emilia's distress of mind continued. Day after day she would come to her mother in tears

on account of her sins. Sometimes she said, "What a wicked little sinner I am. I want to be a Christian. Christ sees me, and knows I want to be his child." Another day she said, "The anger of God is terrible. I long to be in Jesus' arms, and my heart is full of sorrow, because I am not a Christian." She then knelt and prayed with her mother, and afterwards said, "What shall I do, I feel so dreadfully? My crying will do me no good."

She would pray very often in the course of a day; for she said she wanted to tell God how she felt. She felt that she was a *very great sinner*: it seemed almost as if Christ could not forgive her, because she was so wicked. Yet she had been a conscientious child, afraid to tell falsehoods or disobey her parents; but she felt that her heart was dreadfully guilty, because she had not loved God. That was her burden.

Emilia kept thinking that if she had come to Christ a good while before, he would have received her; but now she had lived to be *six years old*, and not given her heart to Jesus all that time, when he would have been so ready to love her and forgive her. O, it seemed to her that such great ingratitude might never be forgiven. In her prayers she would repeat many of the Bible promises, such as, "Suffer little children to come." Day after day, while talking so, she would sob and weep. She liked to go alone by herself to pray. She would often, while praying, say, "May I not listen to Satan, who would destroy my soul; but may I mind all that Christ says. Thou hast promised, that those that seek thee early shall find thee. Fill my heart with love." She said she felt so unworthy that she wanted to lie lower than the footstool of Christ, and that she was willing to give up every

thing to him ; and mentioned an article that she greatly valued, saying, "I am willing to give *that* to Christ."

Emilia felt great pity for some that she feared would be lost. She was afflicted about some who died in the neighborhood, for fear they were not prepared. If any one called at the house, or was conversed about in the family, she would almost immediately inquire if they were Christians, so deeply did she feel that religion was the all-important thing.

She was alone praying by herself one day, when she gave her heart, as it was hoped, to the Lord Jesus Christ. Such light and comfort came into her mind as she could not describe. She bounded around the room, clapping her little hands for joy.

Emilia remembers still the very spot in the parlor where she was kneeling. It seems to her now, that nothing is so

dreadful as not to be a Christian. She has found more and more what a dear precious Saviour and loving friend Christ is. He has always been very kind to her. She knows that she never thought herself as great a sinner as God who knows the heart, saw her to be; and yet he is never weary of blessing her, and doing her good. If she had given herself to him sooner, it would have been greatly better. After she gave her heart to Christ, she was not, for some years, at all afraid to die. She longed to die, and used to wish that God would take her out of this world home to himself, while she was yet very young.

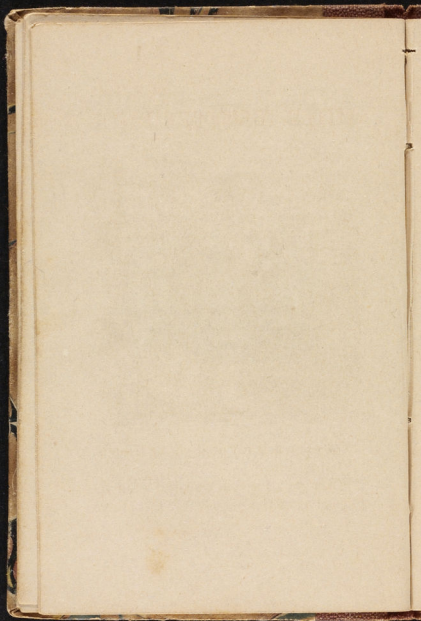
Dear child, do you yet love the precious Saviour? If you do not, let me beg of you to remain in such great guilt and danger no longer.

LITTLE THEODORE'S FAITH.



—74—

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LITTLE THEODORE'S FAITH.



You often ask, my dear young friends,
“What is *faith*?”

When you are told that the chief requirement of the gospel is, “to believe

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on the Lord Jesus Christ," and that to do so, is to have *faith* in him, you ask, How and what shall we believe?

The reply is, "Believe just what Jesus Christ has told you of himself: that he died that you might be saved; and that if you are truly sorry that you have ever displeased and disobeyed him, and turn from your sins and trust in his mercy, he will forgive you, and take you to heaven at last."

You perhaps think, that to exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a difficult matter; when, in fact, it is so simple, that you overlook it in striving to reach after some *hard thing*, just as Naaman did, when he was told to dip in Jordan.

Let me illustrate the simple act of faith by the story of little Theodore.

He was a very small boy, but a trusting, simple-minded child. His parents had always been very particular to per-

form all their promises to him, and he felt a *confidence* in them which may properly be called *faith*.



This little boy had for several days had some cents in his pocket; and one day when his father took out his pocketbook to pay a man some money, he said, "Father, I wish I had a pocketbook to put my cents in."

His father replied, "My son, I am going to buy a new pocketbook for myself, and then you shall have my old one."

This promise made little Theodore very happy, and he often talked about it, and once or twice he said, "Father, have you bought your new pocketbook yet?"

One morning he asked his father this question at the breakfast-table, adding, "Father, *I know* that when you *do* buy a new one, I shall have the old one."

"I shall be very busy at my office all day," replied his father; "but this evening, when I go to buy some other things, I will buy my new pocketbook, and you shall have the old one."

This satisfied the dear little boy, and he said nothing more on the subject during the day, though no doubt he often thought of the promise. After tea, his father went out, and as Theodore was

occupied with looking at pictures, he did not notice his absence.

When the clock struck, his sister said, "Come, Theodore, kiss mother; it is time for you to go to bed now." So he shut his book and went with his sister to his mother's room; for he was so young, that he still slept in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed.

He kneeled down and offered his simple evening prayer; and when he was ready for bed, he said, "Sister, will you please to hang one of my stockings at the foot of mother's bed?"

"Why shall I do so?" inquired his sister.

"Oh," said he, "because to-morrow will be a kind of a Christmas-day for me; for father is going to buy a new pocketbook for himself this evening, and then he will give me his old one, and I want you to ask him to put it in my stocking."

"Why, my dear little boy," said his sister, "you have not spoken to father about it since this morning, and he has so much to do, and so many things to think about, that I am afraid he may forget it this evening."

"*Do you think my father would tell a lie?*" was his reply to his sister's remark. "Oh, sister, hang my stocking up, and *I am sure* the pocketbook will be there when I awake."

His sister did as he requested, and this little boy went to bed happy and contented.

The first question his mother asked of Theodore's father on his return, was, "Have you bought your pocket-book?"

"Yes," was his reply, "and my little son must have the old one;" and when he heard about the stocking that was prepared for the expected gift, he felt himself more than rewarded for having

charged his mind not to forget his promise.

Little Theodore was asleep, but the pocketbook was carefully put in the stocking.

In the night this little boy's mother was awaked, by hearing a nestling in his crib; and looking up, she saw by the light of the night taper, that little Theodore was climbing over the railing at the foot of his crib.

"Where are you going, Theodore?" she inquired.

"Only to get my pocketbook that father put in my stocking when he came home last evening," was his confident answer.

There was not the slightest doubt in this dear child's mind, that when he put his hand in his stocking, he should find there the promised gift. And he was rewarded.

How is it with you? Are you one of

those blessed ones "who *see not*, yet *believe?*" Your heavenly Father is "not a man, that he should lie." He has never deceived you, and yet how often you doubt his word, how often disbelieve his promises. Without *faith* it is impossible to please him, but he is "the rewarder of those who diligently seek him" in faith; for he has never said, "Seek ye me in vain."





A CHILD'S FAITH.

A BELOVED minister of the gospel was one day speaking of that active living faith which should at all times cheer the

heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, and related to me a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only three years old was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was *dark, dark*, and she called, "Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I *can't* come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I should fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after, she again discovered the cellar-door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said, "I *knew*, dear papa, I should not fall."

And now, my dear children, the Lord Jesus is calling you to come to himself. Many of you, I trust, have already obeyed his call, and chosen him for your portion; but he is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them

not ;" and " they that seek me early shall find me." Though, like little Mary, you cannot *see* him visibly present, yet he assures you he is willing and waiting to receive you, and you have only to drop yourselves into the arms of his sovereign mercy, and he will as surely receive you now, as when, while on earth, he " took little children in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them."



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end :
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed their blood ?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God :
 This was boundless love indeed ;
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

Men, when raised to lofty stations,
 Often know their friends no more ;
 Slight and scorn their poor relations,
 Though they valued them before :
 But our Saviour always owns
 Those whom he redeemed with groans.

When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

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Could we bear from one another
 What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us though we treat him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften,
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.



