

ground that will only produce weeds if left to itself, Jesus tells us in this simple parable, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." The word of God is the seed that He scatters everywhere among men. And thus, instead of God expecting good things from you, He comes to you, *giving* you by His Word—Jesus—eternal life, through believing in Him.

You must receive, then, God's Word. He is the sower. Let the seed fall into your heart. It is His Word. It will tell you what you are. It will not flatter or praise you. It will not say, "You are a good, kind boy, and if you do your best you shall get to heaven;" but it will tell you "your heart is bad, your sins deserve punishment, you are not good, you never can do good;" and when you believe that, how glad you will be to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who, when we deserved to be punished, was punished for us, for He died on the cross! And trusting Him, Christ is yours, and then you will be able to bring forth good fruit pleasing to Him.

If you were watching a man sowing you would see how the birds follow him, and as the seed falls they drop down where it is and pick up all they can?

Jesus tells us about these birds in the parable, and He explains to us that they are a picture of the "evil one" that is Satan. And when your heart seems to be opening to take in God's Word, Satan tries to pick it away, and make you forget it, or he tries to make you think of other things; and thus hinder you from thinking about your precious soul, and heaven and hell.

Remember, we can only bring forth weeds, that is, do evil, if left to ourselves; and thus we must receive from God, before we can do good. Have you received His gift—Jesus, and with Him the forgiveness of all your sins? If not, receive Him now. "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1:12).

[FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.]

Safe.

TO be saved means to be snatched from some danger; to be safe is to be protected or kept from harm. This beautiful verse is in the Bible: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, *and is safe.*"

The hen sees a hawk swooping down through the air; and with loud cries she calls all her little brood together, and hides them under her wings and they are safe. The little child is frightened at something it sees or hears, and runs at once to its mother's arms, and it is safe. The sailor sees a storm coming, and hastens to get his vessel into a snug harbour, and he is safe. So we may run to God whenever we are afraid, or have sorrow, or are tempted to sin; and there we shall be safe. This strong tower is always open. Its gates are not shut night or day. It has different

doors,—Fear, and Faith, and Love. I think the easiest one for a little child to get in by is Love. The next time you are in danger, try it, and especially if you want to escape Satan, for he is the little child's worst enemy. But when you see or hear him near, remember your "strong tower," and run into it, and you will be safe.

Never stand outside this strong tower weeping and fearing that God would not have you come in, that you will not be welcome. He wants you, He invites you, He has made all ready for you. He would like to have you stay there all the time,—to *abide* there, as the Bible calls it,—and then you would be always peaceful and happy.

Oh! how I wish every one knew, in this dark world of sin and sorrow, of this quiet refuge; for it is large enough to hold every soul, and every one is welcome within it. Do not keep this pleasant knowledge to yourself, dear children. Tell of it. When you see any one in sorrow, do tell them of the "strong tower," where they can be safe from all harm, and sin, and where God keeps His dear children in perfect peace for ever.

H. E. B.

[In our last issue we published a beautiful poem entitled, "A Little Light." We forgot at the time to give credit to the Christian lady who wrote it expressly for "OUR YOUNG PEOPLE." Mrs. Brown, of New York, was the writer, and she has also kindly sent us several other nice pieces, both of prose and poetry. The one entitled "Safe," which you have just read, is one of the articles, and we know our little readers will be pleased with it; but we know the lady wishes you to be more than pleased; in other words, she wishes you to be benefited—to know you are "safe," and living as "*a little light.*"—Ed.]

The Judas Tree.



HAVE you ever heard that in a far-away tropical country there is a beautiful tree, to which travellers have given a strange name. They call it the Judas tree. I will tell you why.

It has several features. First it blossoms early in the season, before its leaves have begun to open.

Then its flowers are wonderfully lovely, of such a rare crimson that they attract countless insects, especially bees, which alight on them in great numbers. Scarcely however have they settled when one by one they drop dead to