

think we have any good about us, we are not the objects of His mercy. "He came not call the (self) righteous, but sinners to repentance;" "to seek and to save them that are lost." And "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The greater the amount of guilt we have contracted, the stronger may be our plea for forgiveness. David's prayer was, "pardon mine iniquity, for it is very great." Many delay coming unto Jesus under the impression that it needs a certain degree of preparation. They are not ready, they say; perhaps in a month, in a year, or two, or three, they may be in a *fitter state* for approaching Him to ask His pardon. Ah, what folly! What ignorance of the plan of salvation by Christ!

"If we tarry till we're ready,  
We will never come at all."

Convinced of our sin and danger, and that nothing we can do can atone for past guilt, or render our best services acceptable to God, our wisdom is at once to go to the Saviour with the cry, "Lord, have mercy upon us! Lord, save us, or we perish!" "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The door of mercy stands open now, and Jesus stands beckoning us to enter. Shall you, or I, or any who hears the gracious invitation, put from us the great salvation, and refuse to enter and be safe? Shall we prefer earth to Heaven? death to life? the perishing things of time to the ever-during realities of eternity? For a few years' indulgence in this world's guilty pleasures, which can afford no satisfaction, or true joy, shall we incur everlasting woe and perdition? Shut out from the presence of God, and His holy angels, and "the spirits of just men made perfect," and such delights as we are told in His Word, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of men to conceive."

Perhaps you say these things are beyond your comprehension, that you are yet too young to think of them, and that you might not get on in this world if you thought or acted differently from most other people whom you see around you. On these three points let me assure you from the true Word of God:—

*First*.—That, if you read that Word with a humble desire to learn, and pray to God to teach you by His Holy Spirit, you will soon be as wise in these things as the greatest saint that ever lived. Other knowledge is taught by *man*, the knowledge of eternal things can only be communicated to our souls by *God Himself*, the maker of both soul and body, and this is what multitudes fail to discover. If it were only the grown-up people who could believe, how could any of those who die in youth be saved? Put it to the proof, my dear boy. Every day go on your knees and ask God for Christ's sake to teach you, seeing you are but a child, and I can promise you on the faith of a faithful God, that He will make you as wise as all your teachers; that He will fill your soul with peace (which otherwise cannot enter), and cause you to go on your way rejoicing as if you had found a treasure. "They that seek Me early, shall find Me."—(Prov. viii. 17.)

*Secondly*.—You may think you are too young to think of these things. There never was a greater mistake. No one ever regretted having gone too soon to Christ; but thousands, after He has blessed them, have mourned that they were so ignorant of Him. He takes peculiar delight in young disciples, although He casts none out who "come" to Him, be they ever so aged. You remember, how, on earth He took little children in His arms and blessed them, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and His gracious language is still the same. I was reading lately an interesting account of the labours of a missionary, named Roger Miller, in the district of Lambeth, amid courts and lanes inhabited by some of the lowest characters in London. He did a great deal of good amongst them; bringing many to a

knowledge of salvation by Christ Jesus, who were sunk in the lowest profligacy; but was cut off in the midst of his usefulness, being killed in a railway carriage in a moment one evening when returning from the burial of his mother at Manchester. A surviving fellow-passenger afterwards stated that, when the collision occurred, they were engaged in singing the "evening hymn" commencing,

"Teach me to live that I may dread  
My grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgement-day."

Well, what I was going to tell you was an incident that is detailed in the little volume. Roger Miller had got a school established in the district, which was soon attended by upwards of 150 scholars; and his heart was gladdened, when going his rounds, to hear the children at play singing some of their school hymns or pieces, who, but for this instruction, would, in all probability, have been singing profane or lascivious songs instead. Two of these children, named John and Mary, fell victims to scarlet fever. Calling upon their mourning mother shortly after, the missionary received the following statement:—As they lay together in their last affliction, John began to sing,

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;  
I should like to have been with Him then.  
I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me;  
And that I might have seen His kind look  
when he said,"—

Here he stopped, being interrupted by his little sister, who, after repeatedly trying to join him, but finding herself unable through weakness, gave it up, and wished her brother to do so too. "But," said he "sister, I must sing," and so proceeded with the words—

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

In less than an hour after, they both slept in death, and their spirits ascended to the Saviour they loved and praised.

As to the *third* objection a young person may have to close with the Saviour's offer, namely, that it might interfere with his worldly prospects, I can only repeat to you God's own assurances—"Them that honour Me I will honour." "They, that wait upon the Lord, shall not want any good thing." "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

What we all want is *Faith*, the belief of things that are real, though invisible to the eye of sense. If we went to God and told Him all our cares and asked Him for direction in all our difficulties, instead of consulting our poor fellow-creatures, we should oftener have cause to cry out, "See what the Lord hath done for me!" One thing I am fully persuaded of, that, if a person be once anxious about his or her soul, and intreat God to reveal His Son Christ Jesus to him or her, and to impart peace, such will not be disappointed. *He never sent any empty away.* He never said to any, "Seek you My face in vain." They serve a good master, who serve the Lord Jesus. His promises are stable as the everlasting hills. Nay, what is his language to us? "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Shall we doubt any more after this? Shall we believe the word of a fellow-creature, and treat with contempt the word of the Great Jehovah, the Maker of Heaven and of earth? What infatuation if we do! "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation.

I was much pleased with your description of

the Crystal Palace and its contents. I should have been much pleased if I had seen it; but God did not permit me to visit London by reason of sore sickness, so I am perfectly contented, feeling assured that He knows what is best for me. And I know there is something I shall see, far more wonderful, by-and-by. I shall see the *great white throne*, and Him that shall sit on it, "from whose face the heavens and the earth shall flee away, and no place be found for them." I shall see the judgement set, and the books opened. I shall see, not a limited number of spectators, say, 50,000 or 100,000, but "a great multitude, whom no man can number," all the dead, "small and great" who ever lived, or shall live, and all who are now alive, gathered into an awful and imposing group, awaiting the irrevocable sentence which shall consign them to never-ending weal or woe. The Judge on the Throne at that great day is the same Saviour who now offers to be our friend, to obtain our reconciliation with an offended God, and to present us to His Father with exceeding joy. Shall He recognise us *then* as His own and welcome us to sit down beside Him? (such honour have all the saints!) or shall we be among those on His left hand, who, then beyond the reach of mercy, and quivering with despair, shall hear the dreadful doom pronounced,— "Because I called and ye refused, I stretched out My hands and no man regarded; Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

Dear Charlie, I warn you thus tenderly and affectionately, because I know you will soon be going out into the world, and will be beset with temptations on every side, *within* and *without*. You used to look to me for protection, when any rude boy assaulted you in the street; and I well remember how your eye glistened when on such an occasion you found I was by to defend and avenge you, when you least expected it. I would have you, in like manner, put your unwavering trust in Jesus, and believe that He is near to guard you although you cannot see Him. He is "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I might have proved untrue, or been unable to contend against a powerful enemy; but He has promised "I will never, never leave thee; I will never never never forsake thee," and the strength of His mighty arm is irresistible. "The angel of the Lord encamps around them that fear Him and delivereth them."—(Ps. xxxiv. 7.)

I intended to have written more about the things you describe in the Exhibition, but have already occupied too much space. I was glad to see that you noticed the *Bible* printed in so many languages. It shows a great deal for your acuteness (I intend no flattery), for several of my grown-up acquaintances, who visited the Palace, failed to discover, "the whereabouts" of the case containing them, although some of them had the aid of the police in the search. Ah, if that precious volume were more generally circulated, and read, and acted on, this world would present a far different scene from what it does present! Wars should cease unto the ends of the earth; the sword should be bent into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks; and there would be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. Such a period is coming, although there may be as yet little sign of it—"the zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform even this." If we look over the world just now, we shall see that in every country, where the Word of God is not circulated, *anarchy* and *infidelity* are rampant, and the people live in constant danger of their lives. How happy ought we to be who enjoy so many privileges? Oh, that we had wisdom to improve them as we ought. They may soon be taken from us, or we *from them*. Throughout Italy and a great part of the Continent, if any one looks into a Bible, he is thrown into prison or compelled to quit the country by the emissaries of the Pope. And such would likewise be the case if we allowed him to get a footing *here*. You and I may yet live to see a great battle between the powers of light and darkness. The opposing forces are ev-