

The Cities of Refuge.



THE six cities of refuge, of which we read in Numbers 35:15, were appointed by God for the children of Israel, the stranger and the foreigner dwelling with them, that every one who killed any person unawares might flee thither for safety.

They were to be easy of access and well supplied

with food and water. Along the roads leading to these cities were direction posts pointing out the way, so that no one might go astray who was really in earnest to escape from the avenger of blood. But there was no time to lose. Every moment was precious to the escaping one. Once inside the walls of the City of Refuge, the "stranger" found shelter, security, life, and peace.

The avenger was sure to reach those who did not flee, and they were slain.

So now, dear boys and girls, for whom this is written,—the Lord Jesus Christ is God's refuge for sinners fleeing from coming judgment.

Have you fled to Him for safety?

Everything your soul needs is provided in Jesus, and the way to be saved is easy, for Jesus has finished the work, and left you nothing to do but to believe in Him and be at peace.

"Oh escape to Christ the Saviour,
Now believe in Him to-day,"

You do not need to travel anywhere to find Jesus. You have not to wait till you see or feel something. You can come to Him now, where you are, and He will be sure to receive you. His arms are open wide to receive you, just as the gate of the City of Refuge was always open for the escaping Israelite to enter and find safety.

There's no time to lose. Death, judgment, and the lake of fire are coming upon you nearer and nearer every day.

Fly to Jesus now in simple faith; believe in Him as your own Saviour.

"Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you.
He will save you now."

**The name of the Lord is a strong tower:
the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.**

The Best For Jesus.

LITTLE Edith Crowell was not quite five years old, yet she listened attentively to the minister's account of the sufferings and privations endured by our missionaries in the Far West. She was particularly interested in the story of one family who had been shut up by the snow so long as to exhaust their entire stock of fuel and provisions—even baby's little chair and rude toys had been sacrificed for the sake of a little heat with which to warm the benumbed fingers.

Little Edith said nothing then, but the next day, when the ladies were filling a box for this destitute family, she brought her large wax doll and asked her mamma to put it in the box for the missionary's baby whose toys were burnt.

"But, darling, you want Pinkey yourself," her mother replied.

"But the baby has no dolls, and I have Jane and Rosie, besides ever so many tiny ones."

"Then," said mamma, "send some of them, and keep this beautiful one yourself."

"I would rather give this one because it is the best; and, don't you mind, you told me last night that Jesus wanted the best gifts we could bring? He will know I gave Pinkey because I do love Him so dearly."

Mamma said no more, and Pinkey has gone to make her home among the snows of the North West.—*Morning Star.*

AN unhappy temper often spoils our sweetest enjoyments; Jesus Christ is the only Physician that can cure a bad temper.

A Recitation.

HERE are a few easy sentences that will be sure to please. Let them be spoken in a firm voice and in a spirited manner, but not too quick. Give time for each sentence to have effect;—

THE GIRL (OR THE LAD) FOR ME.

"Can't-do-it," sticks in the mud; but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapt at him. The bees said "Try," and they turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and blossomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try," and the Spring soon threw "Jack Frost" out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try," and he found that his new wings soon took him over the hedges and ditches, and up to where his father was singing. The horse said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb; no field too wet for "Try" to drain; no hole too big for "Try" to mend. "Can't-do-it" is a lazy girl (or boy), but "Try" is the girl (or the boy) for me.