

THE Children's Presbyterian.

The Little Slave Girl.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PRESBYTERIAN.

Dear Children,

Those of us who are a little older than you are can remember when slavery existed in the Southern States. The negroes of these Southern States, nearly all belonged to the white people, and were bought and sold at pleasure just as we do sheep or oxen. Those of you who would like to know more about slavery could not do a better thing than to get your father to buy for you a little book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I am sure you will like it.

What I wish to do in this letter, is to tell you a story about a little slave girl. A gentleman from the North was visiting in a city of the South. One day in his walk he was passing a place where slaves were being sold at auction. He stopped. One after another was sold to the highest bidder. Soon a little girl was put up at auction. He took pity on the little slave girl. He wished to set her free. He asked the auctioneer what would be the price of her freedom. The gentleman paid the price and set her free. He *redeemed* her.

He took the little girl aside and told her what he had done. He told her she did not belong to her former master—that she now was free. "I have *redeemed* you," he said to her. The little girl could not at first understand what 'redeemed' meant, and what it was to be free. At last the fact seemed to dawn upon her mind that she was free. "Did you say, sir, that I was free—that I could go where I chose," she eagerly asked. "I did" was the reply, "Free then, allow me to go with you. You redeemed me, I want to serve you." The gentleman yielded to her request. He took her home with him. Friends who visited him in his home, often noticed the little girl who was always busy and cheerful. Sometimes the question was asked, "What makes you keep so busily at your work?" or, "how is it that you are so cheerful my little girl?" She had but one reply

to all such questions. "*He redeemed me.*" She gave this as her reason for all her work and labor of love.

And now, dear children, cannot we all say with deepest truth, "*He redeemed me,*" yes, Jesus Christ has redeemed us from the guilt and power of sin. He paid the ransom that we might be free. Christ "gave himself a ransom for all," (See Matthew, 20:28; Mark, 10:45; 1st, Timothy, 2:6.) He saved us from eternal death. He made it possible that we should love and serve him here, and that we should enter heaven at death. And now do we love Him? Do we obey Him? Do we obey Him willingly and cheerfully? Are we working for Him? The best way to do good is to be good. The best way to be good is to do good. Let the little slave girl furnish us with an ever-present motto—"He redeemed me." God grant that from this day we may strive more than ever before to *love* Jesus—to *obey* Him—and to *work* for Him. [But what can I do, says some little reader? Can I work for Jesus? Certainly, You remember the little maid, who waited on Naaman's wife? (If not read 2nd Kings, 6th chapter) She told her mistress where Naaman could be cured of his leprosy. She could not cure him, but she told him who could. Naaman did as she ordered him to do. He was cured. Now you can tell who can cure the disease of sin. Jesus is the only one who can. You can tell your companions of Jesus the great Physician. That is all then any of us can do.

Yours sincerely
Amherst.

Letter from a Pastor.

Dear Children—

I was reading the other day of a missionary society in the United States of which I thought I would like to tell you. It was formed eight years ago and consists wholly of little boys and girls all of whom are busy workers.

One year ago the children of this soci-