

other way, Christ is saving children. Death in a thousand forms is continually coming near to children. But by brave swimmers, by faithful nurses, by wise doctors, by loving mothers, by kind friends, and sometimes by the unseen angels, Christ brings deliverance. And He is the Saviour from a death more terrible than the death which threatened the boy of whom I told. It is He who saves from the death which comes by sin,—the death of everything good in the soul—the death of the soul itself. Every child born in a Christian home should be joyful in this Saviour. He has saved you from being heathen children; He has saved you from being slave children. He has come to save you from being dishonest and lying children, and idle and disobedient children. He has saved you from being ignorant of God's love. He has come to save you from spending lives without God. He has come to save you from dying without hope of going to God. He has saved you from the grave, for He has purchased resurrection for you. And He came to save you from what is worse than the grave,—from being shut out of heaven; for He has made a way, for every child who will walk in it, into the eternal family and home of God above.—*A. McLeod, D.D.*

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### WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now. You can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts, are written in the book of memory. Be careful. The record is lasting. You can't rub it out.

"My son," said his mother to a flaxen-haired boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper: "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."