

The Little Preacher.

VOL. I. WAVERLY, VAN BUREN COUNTY, MICH., OCTOBER, 1864. NO. 1

The following was selected for us as little 'WILLIE'S FAVORITE,' as he has committed them to memory, and loves to repeat them. Will not little Willie also learn the 'Ten Commanment's,' and not only love to REPEAT but also to OBEY them? And will not all the rest of our little readers do the same? But here's Willie's verses.

That THREE are ONE, and ONE is THREE,
Is an idea that puzzles me—
By many a learned saint 'tis said,
That there are THREE in the Godhead!
The Father then may be the Son,
For both together make but one;
The Son may likewise be the Father,
Without the smallest change of either!
Yea, and the blessed Spirit be
The Father, Son, and Trinity,
Of natures one, and persons three,
All of the same equality!
This is the creed of Christian folks,
Who style themselves true Orthodox;
All of which against plain common sense,
We must believe, or give offence!

"Signs."

A DOG HOWLING UNDER THE WINDOW.

Tom and Chloe had been members of our kitchen department for many years, and were faithful and trustworthy. Hannah was a new comer, quick and bright, but a firm believer in signs. She very confidently asserted that when a dog howled under the window it was a sure sign that there would soon be a death in the family. Tom and Chloe combatted the idea, but little sister and myself thought that Hannah knew, and we believed she was right.

"Ask your mother," said Tom, "she knows all about it."

But we were ashamed to ask her, when only Hannah believed, and so we went to bed without an answer to the important question. Alas! for our sleep. That very night a dog came under our window and commenced a dismal howling. Sometimes it was a low moaning sound; then a long, loud howl, then a quick, sudden bark, and then again the low moaning sound.

It was terrible! Who was to die? Perhaps our darling father, and then we would be fatherless; or mother—oh no we could not live if mother should die. Perhaps one of us we

clung closely to each other; for there was a love in our hearts that grew stronger and brighter for nearly forty years and then death came and bore the eldest of the loved ones to the silent tomb.*

Healthy children rarely lie awake long, and after a time we grew very sleepy. So we concluded to say "Now I lay me" over again, and tomorrow ask mother about the sign.

School hours occupied most of the next day, and at evening came the question, "Mother, do you believe in signs?"

"I believe in one sign. When my little daughters come to me with such eager looks, it is a sign that they have some important question to ask.

Oh, no, mother! We don't mean such signs, but Hannah says that when a dog howls under a window, it is a sure sign that there is to be a death in the family."

Mother looked sad, and for a few moments was silent. Doubtless there was a prayer heard in heaven for wisdom to guide her right.

"Now, children, mark well what I say. When a dog howls under a window, I do believe there is a sign connected with it."

We almost held our breath. Mother believed the sign and it was true.

"Now listen. When a dog howls under a window, I believe as a general rule, it is a sign that he has lost his master."

A bright smile illumined mother's face, and then came a merry shout and great dancing about the room. Our fears were as effectually destroyed as if shattered into a thousand pieces.

With mother's permission we ran to tell her sign in the kitchen. Tom shouted "Hurrah! I knew misses would straighten it all out." Chloe, with a serious air, said, "Children, you should be very thankful to God that he has given you such a good mother," while Hannah exclaimed, "I don't care, it says so in the sign book." Hannah and her sign book soon found a new home.

More than fifty years have passed since that evening, and many a dog has howled under my window, exciting my sympathy, but no fear. The only thought has been, "Poor fellow, he's lost his master."

*The words 'spirit land,' in the above, we have changed to 'silent tomb,' because the Bible teaches that "the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth." (Prov. 11: 31,) and not in 'spirit land.' And it also teaches that "the dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." Ps. 125: 17.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

"Feed my Lambs."—Jesus.

To places where we have several patrons of the Home, we shall send packages of the Little Preacher, to one person, requesting all who receive it to act as agents and help extend its circulation.

Look here! Look here!

To the good little boy or girl who will send us the greatest number of subscribers for the 'Little Preacher' between this and the first day of January next, we will send a new and beautiful pocket Bible! Who wants it? Go to work, now, in good earnest, and see who will get it. Send cash with each order.

The Little Preacher's First Visit.

Well, children, this is your 'Little Preacher's' first visit. You see he is neatly dressed in black, and looks as smiling as a May morning. And now, if it be God's will, he is going to visit you every month; and tell you pretty stories about good little children, about apostles, prophets, and martyrs, and other good people of ancient and modern times. He will also tell you about Jesus, and what he has done for you; and about the beautiful kingdom he is preparing for you. And more than that, he will tell you what you must do to be good and happy, and have eternal life, in that delightful country, when Jesus comes to reign.

But, we know some little folks don't like preachers. And why is it so? Will you allow your 'Little Preacher' to guess? If you will, he will try; and you see if he doesn't guess right.

It is because many ministers act as though they did not like little children. They don't take them in their arms, and tell them pretty stories. But when they do talk to them, they talk about things the little folks can not understand. And sometimes when mother sees one coming to the house, she will say, 'Come children, come in quick! There now, sit down, and fold up your hands and keep still. The minister is coming.' This the little folks don't always like, and they dislike the minister, because they cannot enjoy themselves when he is in the house.

And then, some preachers are cross. That is very naughty in a preacher, or any body else,

and we don't wonder the little ones don't like it. We once read about a minister who was cross to his little grandchildren. One day the old man found them in his study, and scolded them severely. They ran to their mother, and one little fellow, sobbing as though his little heart would break, said,

"Ma, is Grandpa going to heaven?"

"I hope so, my child," replied the mother.

"But, why do you ask?"

"Because I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpa is going there."

"Why not? my son."

"Because, when he sees us at play, he will come stamping along, and say, 'Whew! Whew! Whew! What are all these children here for? Ma, I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there!'"

Now, the best preacher that ever lived, loved little children. He was not a bit like this cross old grandpa. The good, kind preacher once folded little children, like you lovingly in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Suffer little children to come into me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Do our little readers know who the good preacher was? If you do we want you to love him! And your 'Little Preacher' wants to visit you at least twelve times in a year, and tell you more about the good preacher who blessed little children. Will he be welcome?

SABBATH SCHOOLS—Is there a Sabbath School in your neighborhood? If not tell your parents you want one. And after you get it started keep it a going, and do your part to make it interesting. When we say Sabbath School, remember we don't mean Sunday school. But we mean a school for teaching Bible lessons on God's own holy Sabbath of rest, the seventh day of the week.

GOOD ADVENT CHILDREN—We know two little girls who truly love the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. One is thirteen, and the other only eleven years old. And yet, for more than two years they have both been able to testify to the goodness of God. And what is more, their daily walk corresponds with their profession. This makes them love God, and love to do his will. It also makes them love every body, and hate nobody. Does not such a character seem lovely to you? And do you not want to be like them? If so, come right to Jesus, and learn of him. It is he who

says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Original.

I CANNOT FIND IT IN THE BOOK.

Most people say, that the first day, Is the true Sabbath of the Lord; But I have looked in his own Book, And I can't find it in the word.

The Bible says, that in six days, The Lord made earth and heaven; That he began, on number one, And rested on number seven.

And Jehovah blessed his day of rest, (The seventh, as we children count.) And the command, with his own hand, He wrote on Sinai's sacred mount.

But now they say, God's changed the day, From the seventh-day to the first; But of all lies, that I despise, I do believe this is the worst!

The reason why, I know't a lie, Is that when through his word I look, With careful eye, the change to spy, I CANNOT FIND IT IN THE BOOK.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY—In visiting the poor families in a retired part of the town, to find the scholars for a Sabbath-school, a gentleman found a little girl only six years old, trying to read her New Testament. She was a member of the school and very fond of it; and though quite young, was a good scholar. She wanted a hymnbook, and the gentleman promised to give her one, if she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of the gospel by Matthew. She did so; and when she read the first few verses of the fifth chapter, where it is said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' &c., the gentleman asked her which of the blessings here pronounced, she would like to have for herself. She paused a little, and then replied, "I would rather be pure in heart." The gentleman asked, "why she preferred this." The little girl said, if she was good, she would have all the rest.

Could you have made a better answer than this? And have you a pure heart? (Sol)

From the Crisis.

CHILD'S PRAYER CORRECTED.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray, O Lord, my soul to keep;
Preserve my life till I awake,
And evermore, for Jesus' sake.

WILLIAM HOBBS.

Frank's Shilling.

"Why my dear Frank, where have you been? Your face is red, and your hands are quite black with coal dust. From your appearance I should think you had been shovelling coal."

"Well, dear mother, I have," answered Frank, smiling; "Mrs Bliss was disappointed in getting her coal put in. The man did not come as he promised. She told Eddie Wells and me that she would give us each a shilling, if we would shovel it in." So we went to work, and, for the first time, dear mother, I have earned some money."

"I dare say you think more of that shilling than of two or three that I might give you. What do you intend to do with it?"

At this question Frank blushed, and held down his head, and was silent. Frank had already disposed of the shilling. His mother looked surprised and troubled, as he did not answer, and said,

"My son, I hope you are not ashamed to tell me how you have disposed of your earnings. You of course were at liberty to lay them out as you pleased; but I trust you did nothing wrong."

The blushing boy jumped from his seat, and hiding his head on her shoulder, said in a low tone,

"I bought with the money eleven cents' worth of oranges, and gave them to poor old Mrs. Moore. You know," exclaimed he more eagerly, "she never gets any nice things; and I thought they would taste so good to her. And with the other penny I bought a corn-ball for myself."

Tears were in the mother's eyes, as she clasped her boy closely to her bosom, and she thought surely if my son thus early remembers the poor, God will remember him.

It is indeed a beautiful thing to witness this forgetting of self in a young child; and I trust there are many young children who take pity on their needy neighbors.—Children's Magazine.

I am the way, the truth, and the life.—Jesus.

THE LAW OF GOD, as contained in the Ten Commandments, has been thus tersely and quaintly rendered into rhyme, and in this shape would be a good exercise for the memories of young children.

1. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me—
2. Before no idols bow thy impious knee;
3. Use not my name in trifles or in jest;
4. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest;
5. Ever to parents due obedience pay;
6. Thy fellow-creature, man, thou shalt not slay;
7. In no adulterous commerce bear a part;
8. From stealing keep with care thy hand & heart;
9. All false reports against thy neighbor hate;
10. And ne'er indulge a wish for his estate.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions; "For if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse than any thing else."

A boy, who grows up with such principles, will be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude, that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

Yes, and the 'Little Preacher' adds, this little anecdote gives us a beautiful example of obedience to the Fifth Commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

Gen. Lafayette once visited George Washington's mother, after her son became President of the United States, and spoke in rapturous terms of what Washington had accomplished during the Revolution, and afterward. The good old lady replied that she was not at all surprised at what George had done, because he was a good boy at home, and always kind and obedient to his mother.

Little friends, if you want to be great, good, and wise, remember that Solomon, the wise king, has said "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." And that the Apostle Paul says, "Honour thy father and mother; [which is the first commandment with promise."

—Never make your ear the grave of another's good name.

A little blind boy was asked what forgiveness was? He replied, "It is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon."

—"The paths of their way are turned aside: they go to nothing and perish"—Job 6: 18. If the wicked live in hell, they neither perish, nor go to nothing. —[Millennial Harbinger.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.—"Why are you so melancholy?" said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking," replied the man, "how much blood I have shed for sixpence."

A BRIEF ARGUMENT.—BAD men or DEVILS would not have written the Bible, for it condemns them and their works. GOOD men or ANGELS could not have written it, for in saying it was from God, when it was but their own invention, they would have been guilty of falsehood, and thus could not have been good. The only one who could have written it, is its real author, GOD HIMSELF.

REPENTANCE, is to leave
The sins I did before;
And show that I do truly grieve,
By doing so no more.

—"These six things doth the LORD hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."—SOLOMON,

Make time in time, while time doth last,
For time will be no time, when time is past.

A WISE SAYING.—They are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

Hold on to your feet, boys, when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

"The dead know not anything"—SOLOMON.

"God is love."—JOHN.

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The Little Preacher.

VOL. 1. WAVERLY, VAN BUREN COUNTY, MICH., JANUARY, 1865. NO. 3.

The Fortune Teller.

Aunt Tabby was a tawny, rough looking woman, who moved into Elmdale twenty years before my remembrance. Nobody knew who she was, nor where she came from. She was rather free with every one's affairs, but was careful that her own should be a secret.

When she first came to Elmdale she was a strong, healthy woman. She rented a small house in the outskirts of the village, and went out washing, and selling roots and herbs which she collected and dried in the summer months.

Aunt Tabby had a remarkable faculty for finding out everybody's business. She talked but little, asked but few questions, yet she so managed as to be the secret keeper and counselor of half the people in town. Every birth, wedding, death, in fact all events of note, were recorded in her book of remembrance.

After Aunt Tabby, (every body called her aunt,) had been in Elmdale long enough to know the heart-history in all the region, she told those she knew could not keep a secret, that she was born with the gift of fortune telling, and that she had kept herself in our quiet town that she might not be annoyed by people coming to have their fortunes told.

Aunt Tabby's fame spread like wildfire, and in less than no time, half Elmdale was seeking out her little shanty. Aunt Tabby always had a doleful story of her own to tell first—how sick and poor she was, and how much time it took her to run over the cards; so of course they all paid her well. She could tell every man in the town his age, occupation, and who he did or should marry. It seemed very wonderful for she did not remember of having seen many of the persons before.

The old lady became the town oracle; no one thought of getting married, of making a bargain, or going a journey, without first consulting her. Our good minister was often seen cutting across lots to her house though he told us she was another Witch of Endor.

When I was about fifteen I thought it was about time I was consulting Aunt Tabby about my future; so I collected all my pennies, and taking some half dozen girls into my confidence to help me keep my secret, I started with

them to the fortune teller's

We found the old woman on a bed in one corner of her smoky room. She looked up in surprise to see such a swarm of school girls, for her customers had been grown people, and they brought no listeners to their fate.

"What do you want, girls?" she said.
"Why," said I gingling my pennies, "I want my fortune told."

"Poor, foolish child," she replied, "your fortune will come of itself."

"But I want you to tell me what it is to be—will you?"

"I shall tell but one more fortune," she replied, "that is my own."

"Tell it to us," exclaimed a half dozen voices, "tell us your fortune!"

"Well give me a drink and I will" she said.

All rushed for the water, for her fate had been such a mystery to us that we were intent upon seeing the rail lifted.

Now be quiet girls," she said: and we all became breathless that we might not lose a single word.

Taking another drink of water, she commenced by saying, "Well girls, I remember when I was young and good looking as any of you—when I would have scorned the thought of ever being a fortune teller.

When I was a child my father died and left me a few hundred dollars in money. I afterward had a step father, but I did not love him, He was a good man, but stern and exacting. He did not love children, and but for my money he would have sent me away from home; but he wanted the money to use, so I was barely tolerated. When I was eighteen I wanted to get my money and get away from home; so I went to consult a gipsy fortune teller upon the best method of procedure. She pretended not to know any thing about me, but she told me all about my troubles, and what a bad father I had, and what a capital offer of marriage I was just agoing to have, and the old sybil advised me to accept the offer, as it was the only thing that would secure my happiness. Well sure enough, the very man she described, with the red hair, asked me to marry him. I, of course, thought I was the luckiest girl alive, and said "Yes."

Handwritten note:
O. B. ...
...
...

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

"Feed my Lambs."—Jesus.

H. S. DILLE, EDITOR.

We were married, and I gave him all my money, and less than a month he divided it with the gipsy and was missing. I then learned that he had a wife in England, but was destitute of money, so could not go to her. He and the fortune teller planned to get my money, and they got it, and left me to take care of myself. My step father hinted that he did not want me there any longer, and I did not care to stay where I was known. I came to Elmdale and resolved to learn, like the gipsy, to tell fortunes, that I might get back my lost money. It was wrong in me, but my misfortunes had soured my disposition, so I thought to get money as I had lost it.

You all know the rest. I went and found out the names and ages of every one who had lived here, so I could make believe to tell their history by cards. Now girls you can have just such fortunes as you chose. You can be good and kind and learn to get an honest living, or you can be sour, like me, and get a husband for a home, as I did, and then find yourself without money, a home, friends, or husband."

We went home with the best lesson we ever learned. Since then I have been telling my own fortune, and making it as I go along.—FROM FRANCES BROWN'S SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

THE RESURRECTION,

Some years ago a vase, closely sealed, was found in a mummy pit in Egypt, by the English traveler, Wilkenson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few peas—old, wrinkled and hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass, on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days, these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried, probably, about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that time apparently dead, yet still lying in the dust of the tomb.—GAUSSEN.

What this writer has told us about seeds should remind us that God is just as able to raise our dead bodies from the grave, and give them new life. For why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead.—EXCH.

We have just received a very neat little semi-monthly paper for little folks, entitled the "CHILDREN'S FRIEND," published by the United Brethren at Dayton Ohio. It is well filled with original and select stories, and useful lessons. S. VONIDA Editor. Terms 30 cts. Address, SOWERS & SHEWEY, Dayton, Ohio.

A happy, happy NEW YEAR to you little reader. But above all, we pray that many more cold dreary winters may not roll around before Jesus, the King of Glory, comes to give us eternal life in that new earth where—
"everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers."

Come Children, let us all make haste and get ready, and we may all meet and give one eternal holliday in the Kingdom of God! Amen.

—Little Reader can you send us a lot of new subscribers for your paper, THE LITTLE PREACHER? Will you each try to get at least one?

—H. PERKINS, Meredeth Village, N. H., sends for Little Preacher for self, and 25 cts. to send it to some boy or girl who is too poor to take it. How many others will help in the same way?

—The next Preacher will be out Feb. 1st.

The Lesson.

The story of 'The Fortune Teller,' on the first page of this paper, is said to be strictly true. It teaches a valuable lesson—one that we would all do well to remember. The world is full of people who pretend to tell fortunes. You can find their advertisements in almost all the city papers. If you want to get as badly fooled as Aunt Tabby did send one of these 'pretenders' a dollar in a letter. But before you thus throw away your money, allow us to whisper a few words in your ear.—
There are several classes of individuals who pretend to foretell future events. We will notice First—Prophets of God, like Moses, Daniel, and Elijah, who are guided by the Holy Spirit, and never tell a falsehood. They have told the world's fortune, and you can all read it in the bible.

Secondly—Impostors, or vile pretenders, like the Gipsy, and old Aunt Tabby. Aunt Tabby seems to have repented, and her story is a warning to all to beware of such as she.

Thirdly—Those who profess to foretell by what is called 'clairvoyance,' and also by consulting the spirits of the dead. These last in ancient times were said to have 'familiar spirits.'

This name seems to be appropriate, for they are familiar with every body and every thing; and now they are 'familiarly' visiting every town and hamlet, and every nook and corner of the earth. But God himself has warned us against these. He says, "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God." Lev 19:31. And again—"When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter: should not a people seek unto the Lord their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa 3:19, 20.

There was a certain king of Israel who lost his kingdom and his life for disobeying God, and going to a woman to have his fortune told! Can any of our little readers tell who that king was?

—Some of our readers in Michigan may think it beneath the calling of our 'Little Preacher' to treat on the use of Tobacco, but there is not an Advent paper that has not taken a decided stand against the use of the 'weed.' Our own brethren in Iowa, and at the East, stand in the same position. They express a deep regret, on learning that any in our little bands in Michigan are in the habit of using it. Those addicted to the habit we do not expect to cure; but our readers must remember the 'Little Preacher' talks to children, and he hopes by God's assisting grace, to benefit them.

Tobacco Sick.

Johny Jones, just in his teens,
Would be a man, and that's so,
And really thought a filthy weed
Would soon make him in fact so;
And resolved he would such become,
By using of tobacco!
He went straight to a grocery store,
Bought of 'the weed' a pack O;
Also a bran new earthen pipe,
He thought he must have that too;
And then marched home, as large as life,
To use up his tobacco.
First he filled, then lit his pipe,
Then in a chair he sat O
With both his feet upon the stove,
As demure as a cat O,
And proudly watched the rising smoke,
While burning his tobacco!

The fragrant weed, seemed sweet indeed;
He felt the man in fact O;
And strong for sure must be the one,
Who would him dare attack O,
For he felt large as any man
That ever used tobacco!
But look! he's pale as pale can be!
Something's the matter, that's so!
His stomach heaved, he dropped his pipe,
While in chair he sat O,
His head was all upon a whirl,
And down he fell co-whack O,
And there he lay as sick as death,
From smoking his tobacco!

He says now if 'fine cut' and 'plug,
He owned all ever pack'd O,
He'd hire all the loafers in the land,
To put it in a sack O,
And in the ocean he would sink
The last dust of tobacco!
John is now a self made man,
And preaches gospel fact O;
His breath is sweet, his person neat,
He uses no tobacco!

FIVE THINGS I REALLY WANT.

- I. The church redeemed.
 - II. The curse removed.
 - III. The Devil dead.
 - IV. The New Jerusalem to descend.
 - V. And Jesus crowned.
- MOLLY.
[Voice of the West.]

ANECDOTE OF BUNYAN.—A Quaker came to Bedford Jail, where Bunyan was confined on account of his religion, and thus addressed him "Friend Bunyan, the Lord sent me to seek for thee, and I have been through several counties in search of thee, and now I am glad I have found thee." To which Bunyan replied, "Friend, thou dost not speak the truth in saying the Lord sent thee to seek me; for the Lord well knows I have been in jail some years; and if he had sent thee, he would have sent thee here directly."

Every Christian nation is engaged in war!

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For the Little Preacher.

Is Man Mortal, or Immortal ?

BY E. S. SHEPHERD.

- A. Adam our father and our head,
A mortal man was made, 'tis said.
- B. But some do say this is not so,
But when they die, to glory go.
- C. Can both be true, and so remain?
Can yes and no be all the same?
- D. Do we intend the truth to find?
Or will investigation blind?
- E. Either another's say so take,
Else an investigation make.
- F. For one I say, I'll search to see,
And find out how this thing can be.
- G. Great is the theme we are reviewing,
Discussion on it's worth renewing.
- H. How shall we test it? What shall be
The standard? of this truth to see.
- I. I think the Bible on its face,
Gives the best history of our race.
- J. Just so then, we propose to know,
What is the history it doth show.
- K. Keep the creation in our mind,
And thus man's nature strive to find.
- L. Let us man's history now rehearse,
There is the chapter and the verse;
- M. Man first is formed a compact whole,
For breath makes him a living soul!
- N. Now let us learn his first position,
Thus we will find his true condition.
- O. Of all the creatures, man is blessed,
With the dominion o'er the rest.
- P. Placed in the Garden eastward fair,
To dress it, and in peace, live there.
- Q. Query—Shall he forever thus remain?
Or to the dust return again?
- R. Right here, we wish to introduce,
That God to man, gave the tree use,
- S. Some fruit found in this garden fair,
Yea, Life's fair fruit he there might share,
- T. Trees of the garden, all save one,
And they its fruit must let alone.
- U. Unless they chose to pass away,
From off the earth into decay!
- V. Vile teachings! that thus made them crave
The fruit that brought man to the grave!
- W. When touch that fruit if they forbear,
Eternal life they then might share.
- X. 'Xelent promise made to man,
Now he first he his career began.
- Y. Yielding unto the tempter's wiles,
The garden lost—his life likewise.
- Z. Zealous had they their hands kept free,

By touching neither fruit or tree,
Eternal life they then would have,
Instead of sinking in the grave.

Now we have seen man's true condition,
When he was in his first position;
A creature placed here on probation,
Obedience, test of his salvation;
Obey—eternal life then have,
Reverse—and pass into the grave!

His nature's MORTAL, thus we see,
Instead of immortality.
So thus we see Paul's teaching plain,
Eternal life, if we would gain,
Immortal natures we must have,
For mortals pass into the grave.
But Christ has promised to his children,
Immortal natures shall be given.
Eternal life is a gift free,
Which God has promised sure shall be;
All who do well, and patient keep,
Eternal life they sure shall reap;
So man has no immortal nature,
This he must seek from his Creator.

The Child's Missionary Money.

"It is too bad," said great-aunt Jones, "for that child to give all her money to poor people and missionaries."

"Too bad!" echoed the little girl; "why, no, aunty."

"It is," repeated aunt Jones.

"No, please, aunty," said the little girl, "my Savior gave up his beautiful home in his Father's house to come and help the poor people in this world, he pitied them so. And, aunty, he gave up himself on the cruel cross to die for me, and for all the people, and I am sure I ought to give up something for his sake. I love to, aunty, said the dear child with a sweet smile.

Aunt Jones was a GREAT-aunt, that is, she was aunt to the little girl's mother, and therefore was quite old. When she was a child, there were not so many children who followed Jesus as there are now. But when she heard the little girl's plea, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she could only say, "God bless you, my dear one; forget what I said. Your Savior has a right to all you have."

"And to me too," whispered the child, pressing up to aunt's side, and kissing her faded cheek.—Child at Home.

Love the BIBLE—sacred volume;
Good advice, that fills the column.

The Little Preacher.

VOL. I. WAVERLY, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1865.

NO. 4.

Hot Coals; or, How Fritz was Conquered.

Joe Denton lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat elegantly rigged, with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day, Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious," said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now I have just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lesson for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the CAPTAIN MUST BE UP TO THE TIME."

Away he went, scampering toward the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within, he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed: "I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I did not ask him to come to the launch; but I'll pay him for this caper, see if I don't." Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and hurrying on, some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid

* It seems that Joe and his mates, though living in a land of Bibles, and brought up under religious teaching, like hundreds of millions of others, did not know that "the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord." When will men learn to believe just what God says? Ans.—When Jesus comes, and the Sabbath is kept by the immortal saints in the New Jerusalem. —L. Pr.

himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying: "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Joe knew this was not a right feeling, and expected a sharp lecture from his cousin; but, to his surprise he only said, in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick; I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! BURN him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile, Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burnt much before he would have time to shake them off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There," said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's just no punishment at all!"

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be nothing in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now

in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly: "But you've told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would BURN, but they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I've known such coals to burn up malice, envy, ill feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave cold hearts feeling warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it." "That Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence, and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand, and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "what a grand smash it would have been, if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once with "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven my cows home and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I! may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe; and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said:

"Oh, Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well I rather thought you did it," said Joe solemnly.

"And yet you didn't!" Fritz could go no farther. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." Joe took two or three coppersets, and went home with a light heart to breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never was more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterwards, that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, cousin Herbert," said he with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I think I SHALL HAVE TO SET UP A COAL YARD."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a good supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness when he put that coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure which it yielded him. Pleasure is one part of the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.—DA. NEWTON.

A Song.

I am a little scholar,
I daily go to school,
To learn from Master Jesus,
The perfect holy rule.
The scholars all do love him,
The school is good and free;
Come all ye careless sinners,
And go to school with me.
I am a little Christian,
The Lord hath made me so,
A lovely little creature,
What wonders he can do!
I love the things I hated,
I love my Master's name;
And he is preparing me

With him on earth to reign.

I am a little preacher!

I preach the gospel free,

And what my Master gives me,

I give it all to thee.

And when my heart is empty

I go to Master's store,

And tell him I am needy;

He scales, and gives me more!

I am a little shepherd!

I feed my Master's sheep;

All on the hills of Zion,

'Tis them I love to keep.

The food my Master gives me,

With which I feed the flock,

It is the words of life divine,

And honey from the rock.

I am a little watchman!

I sit upon the wall;

When e'er the foe is coming,

I give a sudden call.

I blow the gospel trumpet,

To let the people know,

That all who will take warning,

May 'scape from every foe.

I am a little soldier!

I've lited in the war;

I've fought through many battles

And may as many more.

And when the war is ended

I'll lay my armour down,

And fly to meet my Jesus,

And wear the starry crown!

Selected by MARTHA STULLER.

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

"Feed my Lambs."—Jesus.

H. S. DILLE. EDITOR.

Story about Hard Words, and 'Lines to one Beloved,' in our next.

The following little gem we find in the Children's Friend—

"Another Sabbath school scholar has entered his rest, there to repose until the sound of God's trump. THOMAS N. VANMETER, aged eleven years and eleven months. He left the world, happy in the Lord. Sweet be his rest, and glorious his rising."

Yes truly, when God's children die, they 'sleep in Jesus,' and will wake to 'put on immortality' at the resurrection of the just!

The 'YOUTH'S MILLENNIAL BANNER,' is certainly one of the neatest, as well as one of the most ably conducted papers for children published. 8 pages, monthly, 25 cts a year. Long may it wave! Address, THOMAS G. MEWMA, Drawer 27, Detroit Mich.; or Windsor, C. W.

The Sabbath.

Little Reader, just as certain as God created the heavens and the earth,—just as certain as he created the seas and gave them their bounds, beyond which they might not pass,—just so sure is it that he rested from his labours ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE WEEK. 'And God blessed the SEVENTH DAY, AND SANCTIFIED IT: BECAUSE THAT IN IT HE HAD RESTED from all his work which he had created and made.' Gen. 2:3. Every hour of that first sabbath was holy time. And Jesus says, 'The sabbath WAS MADE FOR MAN.' Mark, 2:27. Why was it made for man? And how was man to use it? Ans.—Remember the sabbath day to keep it HOLY. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work: but the SEVENTH day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: FOR in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.' Exod., 20:9, 10, 11. The sabbath, then, was made as a holy rest-day for man. It was holy when God first sanctified it. It was holy time when the law of 'ten commandments' was given on Mt Sinai. And this commandment, like the other nine, is eternally binding upon man. And Isaiah testifies that the saints of God will keep the sabbath in the new earth. Hear him. "For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your your seed and your name remain. And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord."

O then, let you and I, with holy reverence and delight, ever "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

WANTED.—Proof that Sunday-keeping is any where sanctioned by the word of God. That the Bible anywhere says that man has an immortal soul.

Also, to know the number of square miles in 'the kingdom' beyond the bounds of time and space.

Watch Mother:

Mother! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall;
Bounding through the busy street;
Ranging cellar shed and hail
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand;
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prating eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you,
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed!
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

[Selected by Sister STOCKWELL:]

The Good Shepherd.

"Some years ago a friend of mine was in Greece, in the month of March. He was traveling in the country where the shepherds lived. He came to three shepherds with their flocks. One had about six hundred and fifty sheep, another had about seven hundred and fifty. They were out in the valleys where the grass grew. All the flocks were mingled together. Every sheep had its own name. It would not come nor go if called by any other name; nor would it come nor go, if called by any but its own shepherd. Every shepherd knew his own sheep. He knew their names also. If any one was about to go to a wrong place he called it and turned it back. If the way was narrow or steep, he would go before, and they would follow him.

This is just what the Bible says about Christ and his flock.—'The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out, and when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the good shepherd and know my sheep and am known of mine. I lay down my life for the sheep.'

"The day my friend saw the shepherds was a cold day. Some of the lambs were quite strong and full of play, but some of them were young and tender. The cold chilled them and they could not walk. The shepherds had on something like large cloaks tied around their necks, and girt about their waists. They took up the little lambs and put them in their bosoms. But they did not smother them. They left their heads out so they could breathe well.—But they kept them snug and warm. It was a pleasing sight to see an old shepherd with his long grey beard and his bosom full of lambs. Just so the Bible says of Christ. 'He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' He says, 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.'

Among the twenty-one hundred sheep were some old and feeble ones. They could not walk much. If the way was miry or steep, they could hardly go along. So the shepherds would come and put their crooks under their bodies, just behind their fore legs, and help them along.—They treated them with great gentleness and care. Just so 'the good Shepherd has pity on the weak, and gently helps them along.' He never leaves nor forsakes them. 'His rod and staff comfort them.' He leads all his sheep into his fold for safety. He leads them out that they may find pasture. If the youth are wise, they will desire above all things to belong to Christ's flock. I hope all of you will commit to memory the twenty-third Psalm. It is beautiful. 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'—DE PLUMER.

Cyrus when young, being asked what was the first thing which he learned, answered, "To speak the truth."

The Little Breacher:

Published Monthly, at

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J. H. Kramer

The Little Preacher.

VOL. I.

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NO. 5.

A Story About Hard Words.

BY J. H. KRAMER.

"I didn't touch your jack knife—I never saw it more than once," roared an angry voice in the midst of the street.

"You saw me buy it," replied another angry voice, "and you saw me have it to mend my kite, and John Wilson says you picked it up when I left it."

"John Wilson lies, and so do you."

"You tell ten lies to my one. You are a thief besides."

"I guess you don't recollect how you was thrashed last summer, for stealing Sarah Cramer's pencil."

"How long since your father was let out of jail?"

"How long since your father was found in a hen-roost?"

Mr. North hapened to be out near the road, and heard more of this shameful dialogue. Presently, he saw a couple of boys approaching engaged in earnest conversation. "Good morning, my lads," said he. The boys started, for until then they were not aware of his presence. "I judge from your books and baskets," continued he, "that you are on your way to school. I am convinced by what I have heard, that you have considerable learning already."

The boys looked at each other silently, and with evident confusion. In a moment however, William cried out,— "James stole my jack-knife."

"You tell a lie," said James.

They were waxing warm again, and would have said, in the very presence of the old gentleman, a great many other very foolish things, had he not exclaimed—"Stop, boys, stop! A thunder-storm on a bright morning, would be quite out of place."

The boys tried to smile. After a short pause, Mr. North went on: "I don't suppose you have to spell many words when you read at school."

"No," answered James,— "we read in next to the highest class, and we don't find many words too hard for us."

"I am glad to hear that. Boys appear pretty smart if they are not brought to a stand by such hard words as *KEFEMPSYCHOSIS*, *HELIOGABALUS*,

MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ. But there is nothing smart in rolling out hard words of another sort. The longer you stick on them the better. What do we gain by calling one another hard names? Does it make pot white to call kettle black?

"No charge of coward, thief, or knave,
Proves him who shouts it just or brave."

If we reproach others with their sins, very likely they will reproach us with ours. The best way is to mend our own faults first. Do as well as you can; and then if any mad-brain chooses to speak of you, keep cool, and he will soon stop—for no one can quarrel alone more than ten minutes. If you should begin to be stirred up, and feel disposed to answer him according to his folly, catch your words between your teeth, and bite it pretty hard, rather than retort a single word. The vulgar breath of a madman will not harm you. It will not make you rascals just to be called so."

When the boys had gone a little on their way, Mr. North heard one of them say, "The old man is about half right."

"I think he is all right," replied the other.

Before they reached the school house, James walked up to his companion, saying, here is your jack knife. I did pick it up where you laid it down, and I was wicked enough to lie about it, too."

"Well, James, I myself have sometimes done what was just as wicked. Now, instead of telling each other of our naughty deeds, let us see how well we can behave in time to come. We had better bite our tongues pretty hard, as the old gentleman said than use them so foolishly."

"I go for that," said James.

Selected by LEMUEL BRANCH.

From Katie.

DEAR BRO. DILLER:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Little Preacher. I love to read the little paper, because I love to hear from all good children who are striving for the kingdom. I am striving for a home in the kingdom too. I want to be ready to meet Jesus when he comes in the clouds of heaven.

From your sister,
KATIE L. WALLEN,
South Haven, Mich.

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

"Feed my Lambs."—Jesus.

H. S. DILLE. Editor.

Sunday.

The names of the days of the week are derived from the names of the deities of the ancient heathen nations in the north of Europe. The first day of the week was dedicated to the worship of the sun—the glorious orb of day—by those idolatrous nations. On that day sacrifices were offered up and various ceremonies were performed. Hence our first day of the week derived its name from the sun, and was called Sun-day because that day was consecrated to the worship of the sun by those ancient idolaters.

The Christian church, with but very few exceptions, very early began to observe the first day of the week in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, by which the great work of the redemption of mankind was completed. Hence it is often called the Lord's day. Christians at the present day have to a great extent discarded the heathen name—Sunday—and adopted the Jewish name—Sabbath * * *

A. C. RUSSELLE.
[Children's Friend.]

Our good friend, who wrote the above, does not claim that any inspired writer ever called Sunday the Sabbath. And most of our little readers know that none of the prophets, or Jesus or any of his apostles ever called the first day of the week the Sabbath. The apostles wrote many years after the resurrection of Christ, and yet not one of them gives us even a hint that we should keep holy the first day of the week.

The name Sabbath, or REST, was given to the seventh day. And do any of our little readers believe that anybody has a right to call the heathen 'Sun-day' 'the Sabbath of the Lord,' or 'the Lord's day?' God himself says, "THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD." Then let us ever remember God's own "Sabbath day" to keep it holy.

Come, Dear Children, to the Savior,
Such 'little ones' he ne'er denies;
Come and serve your Lord forever,
"Believe, repent and be baptized!"

What is Sin? The Two Laws.

LITTLE READER:—Do you know what sin is? If not I must try and tell you. The good Apostle John says, "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: FOR SIN IS A TRANSGRESSION OF THE LAW." Transgression means "offence, crime, fault;" and a transgressor is a "law breaker, or an offender." Then to sin is to break the law, and to break the law, is to offend the power that made the law.

Do you understand that? If not I will try and illustrate. We will suppose a school teacher, on the first day of school, should say, "Every scholar must come in immediately after the bell rings; and any boy or girl who stays out five minutes after the ringing of the bell shall be detained fifteen minutes after school is dismissed at night." Here the teacher makes a law, or "a rule of action." The law is, "Every scholar must come in immediately after the bell rings." The 'penalty,' or punishment for breaking that law, is to be kept in the school-house fifteen minutes after the rest of the children have been dismissed. To break this law, is sin against your teacher. In other words, you offend him, by transgressing, or breaking his law.

Just so, my little one, we are to understand the good Apostle John, when he says, "Sin is a transgression of the law."

WHOSE LAW?

I answer, God's law.

WHICH? In Ezekiel, 20th chapter we are told about two laws. God gave them both. Of one of these laws he says, "I gave them my statutes, [that is laws,] shewed them my judgements, which if a man do, he shall even live in them. Moreover I gave them my sabbaths to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." Ezek. 20: 11, 12. Now mark. These laws were good. One of these laws requires us to keep the Sabbath.

But, speaking of the other law, God says, "Because they had not executed my judgements, but had despised my statutes, [or laws,] and polluted my sabbaths, and their eyes were after their father's idols. Wherefore I gave them LAWS THAT WERE NOT GOOD, and judgements WHEREBY THEY SHOULD NOT LIVE." Ezek. 20: 24, 25. Now remember, the first laws of which God speaks in this chapter were good. The second were bad. The second or added law was given because they broke the first. Let me illustrate. Suppose the school

teacher, of whom I spoke a little while ago, had said, "Every scholar must come in immediately after the bell rings." He adds no more, but expects every good scholar to obey him.

Just so, God gave a law—even TEN COMMANDMENTS, and Moses rehearses them, and says, "He ADDED NO MORE!" Deut. 5: 22.

Now we will suppose the scholars break the law the school teacher makes, and he says, "Every one that don't come in as soon as the bell rings, shall be flogged till both hands are blistered." Why, say you, that would be a bad law. True. But the teacher has added this bad law, to keep his scholars from breaking the good one he first made. He could do away the last, and have the first still binding.

Just so with God's law. The Ten Commandments are the good law. "Sin is a transgression of" this good law.

But I am making this sermon too long, and I am afraid my little pets are getting tired. So I will stop. But next month I want to tell you what Jesus and Paul say about these two laws.

And, till your Little Preacher visits you again, I want you to remember that **A SINNER IS ONE WHO DOES NOT LOVE AND KEEP GOD'S LAW OF TEN COMMANDMENTS!**

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

A little boy who attended a temperance meeting was asked by his father when he returned home,—

"Have you learned any thing, my boy?"

"Yes, father, I HAVE. I have learned never to put strong drink to my lips; for it has killed fifty thousand persons annually, and how do I know that it will not kill me?" The father was so impressed with the decision of the child, that he went and enrolled his name on the temperance pledge.—Sci.

Two Good Boys.

Amos and Andrew were little boys, and Fanny sent two presents to them: one was a little soldier's cap, and the other a book; but she did not tell who was to have the soldier's cap and who the book. Their father showed the presents to Andrew and Amos. Both looked at the cap as if both wanted it. "Choose," said the father holding them up.

"I choose the book," said Amos; Andrew may have the cap."

"I choose the book," said Andrew; "Amos may have the cap."

"Do you both choose the book?" asked the father.

"No sir: we both choose the soldier's cap," said the little boys, "but we had both rather give up to the other."

Was not that a lovely spirit? What a happy home must that be where two such little boys live.

When Jesus Comes to Reign.

There's a rest for little children,
That Jesus has prepared
For all who love and serve him,
And trust his holy word.
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children,
When Jesus comes to reign:
Then we shall see his glory,
The Lamb who once was slain.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

There's a friend for little children
Whose love can never die:
A friend who never changeth,
On him we may rely.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.

There's a crown for little children
Laid up for you and I:
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will soon bestow,
On all who've found his favor,
And loved his name below.

There's a song for little children,
Of sweetest minstrelsy;
A song that will not tire,
Though sung continually.
A song which even angels,
Shall never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Savior,
But worship him as King.

There's a robe for little children,
Too bright for mortal eye;
And a harp of heavenly music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all, for us is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh come dear little children,
That ALL may be your own.

Selected for the 'Youth' Millennium Banner,' by
M. PARRY
* Mark 9: 3.

MINISTER. "My Son, do you not feel the importance of attending to the eternal interests of your immortal soul?"

BOY. "What is the immortal soul?"

M. "The immaterial part of man."

B. "Immateriality is nothing. And I am so busily engaged in seeking for glory, honor, and IMMORTALITY," (Rom. 2: 7,) that I find no time to meddle with immaterial subjects."

Lines to One Beloved.

~~Little one while reading,~~
In the Book of love,
How the blessed Savior
Left his throne above,
And for erring mortals,
Died on Calvary,
Leaving glory's portals
~~Open wide and free.~~

Do you, dear, remember
That thing orious Lord

Whose great power and goodness
Breathes in every word,
Unto YOU is speaking?
Hear that tender voice!
All that's wrong forsaking,
Make his love your choice.

Little one, when softly,
In the tranquil even,
On your knees you whisper
To the Lord of heaven,
He, the high and holy,
Sees you kneeling there,
And, though weak and lowly,
He will hear your prayer.

Oh, if one so lofty
Stoops to be your friend,
Can you choose but love him
Till your life shall end?
Trust him always praying
That when Jesus comes
You may hear him saying,
"Little one come home!"

[Selected by MORTIMER BRANCH.]

A Sermon

FOR THE READERS OF THE LITTLE PREACHER.

TEXT.—SELF DENIAL.

PROOF.—Matt., 16: 25. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it." And John, 12: 25. "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and it unto he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep life eternal."

EXPLANATION.—Prov., 21: 17. "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man," and I. Tim., 5: 6, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

Now, my little readers, I want you to understand that SELF DENIAL, means that you should avoid, abandon, or leave out, all pleasures or enjoyments that are injurious or sinful.—ALL that you think your parents disapprove, and ALL that you suppose God disap-

proves. You love your Father and mother; you think THEY love you—and so they do, but they FORBID your having and doing many things, which you think it would be VERY GOOD to have and to do. Your parents compel you to deny yourselves of many things, you would like to indulge in,—for instance sweetmeats, rich food, stimulating drinks, idleness, &c. &c. And it is because they LOVE you, that they forbid an over-indulgence in those hurtful pleasures. And God is also OUR FATHER and forbids us those pleasures which he knows to be hurtful; because he loves us, and wishes us to be good and happy. He loves us so well that he sent his Son Jesus Christ into the world to instruct us,—to set us a good example,—to be an Elder Brother to us, and] to DIE THAT WE MIGHT LIVE!

Now the "self denial" that Christ tells us to practice, is just to leave out all sinful pleasures; all animal gratifications, that will either damage our bodies or corrupt our minds; and instead of following these pleasures, to try all we can to do good to others, to help others to know how to be good and of course how to be happy. When Christ tells us, "He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto LIFE eternal," he means that we should JUST HATE that life which "worldlings" live for,—the life of animal gratifications,—the life which St Paul intimates to be a living death. ("She is dead while she liveth.") Now if we think our Father in Heaven is WISE and LOVES his children, and knows better than we do how we should live, and what we should live for to become happy and good; let us try to know his commands and do them. Let us study the life and character of our Elder Brother, and try to be like him, and we have the promise that we shall "receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Do we believe God? Then let us trust him, and no more seek LIFE in what he tells us IS DEATH. If we do not believe God, we are not his children for his children never accuse him of lying. "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (St John.)
* F.

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Little Martha: OR, THE WAY TO JESUS.

BY H. S. DILLE.

All nature was smiling in the beauty and loveliness of June. Not a sound was heard but that of the wind, which gently played with the boughs of the tall and majestic hemlocks. I was a traveling minister, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and heir to a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of God. I was on my way to preach in a log school house, away in the almost unbroken forest, in a newly settled part of western Michigan. I was following a foot-path, at some distance from any wagon road. My mind was occupied in thinking over the subject upon which I was to preach that evening. I had just taken my little Bible from my pocket, to look for a passage of scripture, when I thought I heard a sob, as from some one in distress. I paused. For a moment all was still. I started on; but had gone but few steps before I heard that same low mournful sound again. I turned aside from the path, and stealthily approached the spot from whence the sound seemed to come. With my hands I gently parted the boughs of a clump of hemlock under-brush, and saw a sight which I shall never forget, while blest with any memory of the past.

About a rod from me, in a bower of nature's own making, kneeled little Martha, a sweet child, only twelve years of age. Before her lay her Bible, opened at the 20th chapter of Exodus.

"O my God," I heard her murmur, "I am lost!"

She did not see me, but I watched her for several moments. She wrung her hands, and sobbed on again, "O yes, I am lost!"

"No, no lost," said I, approaching her, "You see I have found you."

She sprang to her feet, trembling like a poor startled fawn; but immediately recognizing me, she threw herself into my arms, while her tears started a-fresh, and sobbed in agony, "O yes, Elder, I am lost! I am lost!"

"No, no lost," said I, "but I found I am on my way to your father's house, and have but just left the path."

"I know the way to father's house down by the brook," she replied, "but I am lost because I don't know the way to Father's house in the kingdom of God."

I pointed to her Bible, saying, "Martha, there is your chart. Bring it to me, opened to the place where you were reading. Let me see by your chart where you are, and I will try, with God's help, to show you the path that leads to Jesus and eternal life."

She picked up her Bible, and pointing to the "Ten Commandments," she exclaimed, "I am dead! I am dead!"

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Glad to hear it? Glad to hear that I am dead!" and she looked at me as though her poor little heart would break.

I saw it must soon melt or break, and said,—

"I see where you are, Martha. You are slain by the law. I am glad you are dead to the world. What would you ask, just now, to take

"Oh!" she screamed, "I would not do it for the world."

"Perhaps I could hire you to tell a falsehood?"

"Never! No, never!"

"There is to be a children's party, one week from next Sabbath, at the house of one of your friends, a few miles away. Many of your young mates will be there; and some of them will have richer dresses and bonnets than you ever owned. Would you not like to be dressed as well as the best of them, and go to the party?"

As I said this I took my scanty purse from my pocket, as though tempting her with the offer of money to buy fine clothes to wear on that occasion.

"Oh," she said, while her face turned ashy pale; and she gazed at me as though with that look she would read the inmost thoughts and intents of my heart, "You are the most cruel man I ever saw. Why will you talk to me so?"

"Would your little mates say I was cruel to offer them money to buy fine clothes to wear to the party?"

"No sir. But you know I hate all these things. I could not endure the thought of going, especially upon the Sabbath."

"But you used to love to go to such places?"
"Yes, but such things give me no pleasure now; and O I am lost! I am lost!"

"Let me tell you, Martha, just how it is with you. You are 'dead to the world;' 'slain by the law.' Can you tell me what sin is?"

She pointed to the Ten Commandments, and answered "Yes. 'Sin is a transgression of the law.' The Apostle John says so."

"Then that is why I can't hire you to break that law?"

"Yes sir."

"Then tell me, Martha, how you learned all this."

"Elder F—preached here several weeks ago. He proved that God's law is good. That it is a sin to break one of these least commandments. And while he went on to speak of each one of these ten commandments, and show how good God's law is, I began to think—I do not love God as I should. I do not love to keep his Sabbath; and do not honor my parents as I ought. Once I was playing with my school teacher's knife, and accidentally broke it. I then hid it. This was stealing. The teacher accused another little girl of having it. For fear I should be found out and punished, I bore false witness against my school mate. Oh! Oh! lost! You are a minister, and yet you are glad I am a sinner!"

"No, not glad you are a sinner."

"But, you said you were glad I am dead."

"Yes; I am glad you KNOW you are a sinner. And, now that you are DEAD, I want Christ to make you alive."

"How?"

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." I read, pointing to 2d Corinthians, 5: 17. "Now you feel you are a bad creature. You are unhappy, because you are a sinner."

"Yes sir."

"Well, you are dead to the world. Can you tell me what wages one finally gets for sinning?"

"Elder F—said 'the wages of sin is death.'"

Yes, and the Bible says so too. And, 'By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned.' Now, can you tell me how many have sinned?"

"The Bible says ALL, that is, everybody."

"True. But do you suppose a lamb or a dove ever broke God's law?"

"No sir."

"Well, you know lambs and doves used to be offered for sin."

"Yes sir."

"Then the innocent lamb suffered for the sinner, man?"

"Yes sir."

"Then the man who gave the lamb to die, the same as said, 'I am a sinner, and deserve to die instead of this innocent creature, that never did any wrong. Can you tell me of any one who, in the Bible, is called a Lamb?"

"Yes, Jesus is called the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

"Yes, Martha, and the Bible says, 'He [that is God] hath made HIM TO BECOME SIN FOR US, who knew no sin, that WE MIGHT BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.' Now, can you tell me what it is to be A NEW CREATURE IN CHRIST?"

"I think it must mean to be good, like him."

"Yes. But we are taught first to PUT ON CHRIST, and then to WALK IN HIM. If you were to go to meeting to night with a calico dress on, and to-morrow dressed in silk, the people would see you WALKING IN a richer dress to-morrow, would't they?"

"Yes I see! I see! But how shall I put Christ on?"

"Wait, Martha. Don't be in too great a hurry. You suppose you would feel, walking in Christ?"

"As though I had got rid of my old clothing, sin."

"Sin looks bad to you now, does it not?"

"Yes, Yes."

"Well, Christ knew no sin. You cannot walk in Christ, and be a sinner."

"Ah! I see," said she, "I told you before, I am a sinner. I am lost! I am lost!"

"I opened the Bible to 1 John, 1: 24, and read, 'If we CONFESS our sins, he is faithful and just to FORGIVE us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

"I see! I see," again she cried, "I must go to my teacher, and confess my wrong in taking her knife."

"But that won't give her back her knife again."

"I did not think of that. O how I wish I had money to buy her a new knife. But father has been sick a long time, and mother has no money for me. What shall I do?"

I handed her a dollar. Her eyes fairly sparkled with delight. But it was only for a moment. Trembling, she laid her hand on my arm, and said, "I fear I do wrong to take this. You are poor, too."

"Never mind," I replied, "I feel richer for"

receiving a trifle to the Lord."

She placed her hand over her poor throbbing aching heart, and said while the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, "I thank you, O I thank you more than my poor tongue can tell. I am going to see my teacher, before I go home."

"You said because I offered you money a little while ago, and now you thank me you say more than your poor tongue can tell. What makes the difference?"

"When you tried to hire me to break God's law, you almost broke my heart. But now you give me money to help me undo a wrong done my teacher, I thank you."

"Now Martha," said I, "You are in the path of repentance. Remember"

Repentance is to leave,

The sins we loved before;

And show that we do truly grieve,

By doing so no more.

You are now beginning to follow the teachings of Christ. But you said, awhile ago, you were dead; and as you are indeed dead to the world, will you tell me what is done with people after they are dead?"

"Yes. The minister preaches a funeral sermon, and the dead are buried."

"Well, Martha, I am going to preach your funeral sermon to night. And before you go I want to read you one passage about being buried. 'How shall we that are DEAD TO SIN LIVE ANY LONGER THEREIN? Know ye not that as many of you as were baptized INTO CHRIST were baptized into his death? Therefore we are BURIED WITH HIM BY BAPTISM into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in NEWNESS OF LIFE.' Rom 6: 24."

Before we parted I took my little Concordance, and finding down a leaf, bade Martha take it and see if, by some of the references on that page, she could not find how to 'put on Christ.'

Martha went and saw her teacher, who freely forgave her, and not only refused to take the money for the knife, but gave her another dollar, for the benefit of the suffering ones at home. She also saw the little girl she had injured, and obtained her forgiveness.

That evening I preached from Rom 7: 9.—'For I was ALIVE without the LAW once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.' I proved that this law was the 'Ten Commandments. That to break one of these commandments is sin. That without these commandments we would not know what sin is. That, like little Martha, we must be slain by the law,

and dead to sin or die forever when Jesus comes to Judge the world."

The next morning Martha came to me with her Bible open, and with a faint smile, she said, "I found it."

"Found what?" I asked.

"What you told me to find; how to put on Christ. Here it is. 'For as many of you as have been BAPTIZED into Christ have PUT ON CHRIST. Col 3: 27. And now, sir, before the sun goes down I want to PUT ON CHRIST for you showed me, yesterday, that he that is IN CHRIST is a new creature.' I want eternal life, and want to live with all good people in the God's kingdom."

That morning I preached from these words,—"Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (Acts, 2: 37.) I gave my congregation Peter's answer (Acts, 2: 38, 39.) As soon as I closed, little Martha and her teacher said they wanted to put on Christ by baptism.

In solemn procession, like going to a funeral, we went to the water. After prayer, and while the brethren were singing the appropriate hymn,

Tis down into the water,

Where we believers go,

To serve our Lord and Master,

In righteous acts below,

little Martha gave me her hand, and trusting in God, she walked down into the watery grave, just as Jesus did into Jordan. She was buried like as Jesus was buried in the tomb; and just as Jesus rose from the dead, to die no more, so she rose 'to walk in newness of life.'

As she rose from the water, her face was radiant with the glow of 'the new born joy of sins forgiven;' and while walking to the shore, she sang,

Slain by the law, and dead to sin,

Buried with Christ my Lord,

I rose like him to life anew,

And thus fulfilled his word.

In Christ I'll walk from day to day,

So all the world may see;

And when he reigns in earth made new,

Immortal I shall be!

Little Martha still lives, and all who know her, know that she is walking in Jesus. She is looking forward to the coming of her Savior, when she expects to see this world bloom with the beauty of Eden, and there live with all the pure and the holy forever.

Little Reader, like little Martha, try and find the way to Jesus, that Martha's hope, and Martha's bliss may be yours. Amen.

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The Ten Commandments in Rhyme.

1. No other Gods shalt thou adore,
2. Nor graven image e'er implore.
3. My name in vain thou shalt not take,
4. Nor dare my Sabbath day to break.
5. Dishonor not thy parents dear;
6. A murderer's ways do not revere.
7. Adulterous ways thou shalt forsake,
8. Nor steal a thing for mercy's sake.
9. A false witness thou shalt not be
10. Nor covet what is not for thee. E E.

Good Bye.

Farewell, farewell, is a lonely word,

We hear it with a sigh;

Adieu, adieu, we speak it not,

But often say 'Good bye.'

Heart joins to heart in Christian love,

This is the strongest tie;

Even these must sometimes parted be,

And say the sad 'Good bye!'

Our nearest and our dearest friends

On this earth droop and die;

Although we do not speak the words

Our hearts feel the dear 'Good bye!'

But we look forward to a day,

With faith's discerning eye,

When we will never hear 'Farewell!'

Nor ever say 'Good bye.'

The Savior's promise precious is,

Children may come who try;

You too may in his kingdom dwell,

And never say 'Good bye!'

Oh, blessed day to those who gain

The glorious victory!

We'll always be united there,

And never say 'Good bye!'

The Chair Maker's Sign.

LITTLE CHILDREN:—You no doubt recollect hearing of the chair-maker's sign—which reads, "All kinds of twisting and turning done here." O, yes you answer; we have all heard of the chair-maker's sign, and we think the chair-maker is not the only one with this inscription over their door. We will examine popular theology, and I think we shall find the same sign floating in the breeze. Now to show you this is the case, it will only be necessary to refer to a few texts of Scripture as proof. Go with me now if

you please, to Gen. 3:19,—“The Lord says unto Adam, dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” Popular theology says the word thou, in this place, refers to the body. Now go with me to Luke 23:43—“And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee to day, shalt thou be with me in paradise.” Now we will again ask popular theology the meaning of this little word, thou. They say they this means the soul. Once more, Isa. 39:1.—“Set thy house in order for thou shalt die and not live.” What say these theologians? The word thou here means the body.

My dear children, you see very plain that there are “all kinds of twisting and turning done here,” and all this for the purpose of sustaining a favorite theory. We might refer to many more texts of Scripture to prove to you that this turning and twisting machine is yet running, but as the readers of the BANNER will keep out of this turning and twisting business, I will just say that the text in Genesis, and the one in Isaiah, referred to, prove conclusively that we are all MORTAL, and must die, unless our blessed Lord soon makes his advent into our world and removes the curse, and all that are worth it made immortal.

The text in Luke is proof conclusive that the dying thief will realize his request, not as a disembodied ghost on the day of crucifixion, but at the appearing of our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. That is the time the Savior promised to remember the penitent man Mark, he did not ask to be remembered when he died, but specifies the time, at the coming of Christ into his Kingdom, and for proof that this has not taken place see 2 Tim. 4:1. W. L. WINSLOW.

[Youth's Millennial Banner.]

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

During the Revolutionary war, when Newport was occupied by the British army, most of the meeting houses in the town were converted into barracks for the soldiers. The Seventh-day meeting house was also selected for this use, but when the officer sent to take possession of it opened the door, he discovered the Ten Commandments, which were written on two tables representing marble, and placed over the pulpit. Pausing a moment, he ordered his men to retire, remarking that he would not spoil a house in which were written the sacred laws of God. The meeting house was accordingly saved, although of but little use to the church during the captivity of the town.—Hist. of the Sab. Churches.