

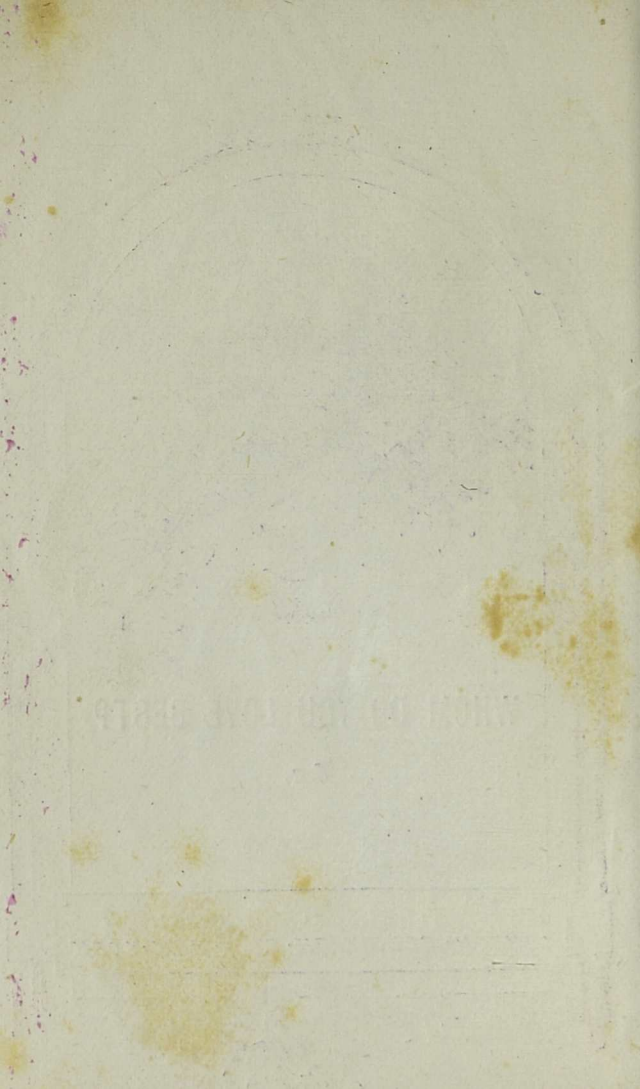


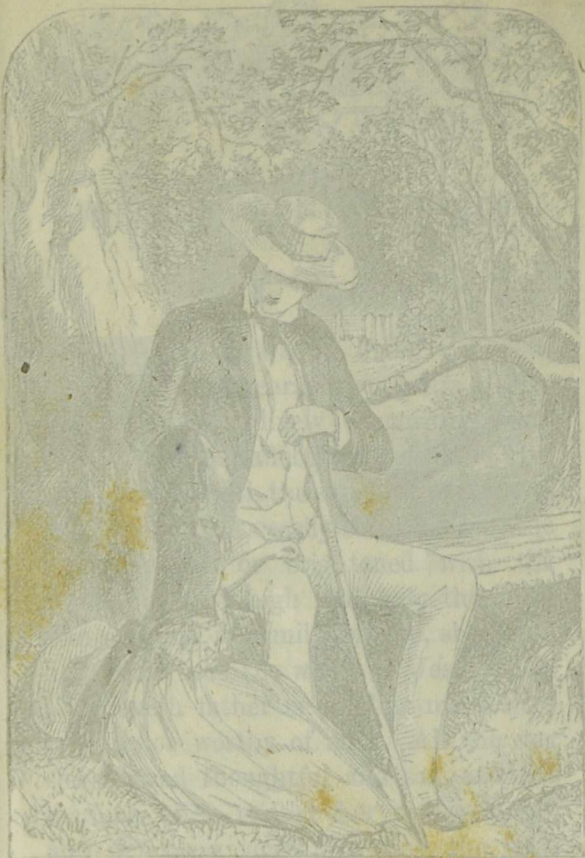
WHOM DO YOU LOVE BEST?

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LIZZIE AND HER FATHER.



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## WHOM DO YOU LOVE BEST?

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IZZIE was a little Canadian girl, nearly seven years of age, of a lively disposition, and most affectionate heart. Her face gleamed with the sunshine of a young and happy spirit, easily softened into the gentlest pity, or brightened with the sacred light of high and holy thoughts. One morning, at family worship, she heard her father read the words of Jesus, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." All the day she seemed thoughtful and sad, and her mamma often missed her merry laugh, and her clear voice warbling the little songs and hymns of which she was so

fond. After her father came home in the evening, she went as usual to take a stroll with him in the woods. When they had reached the seat which often formed a resting-place in their strolls, she sat down beside him, and bursting into tears, she said,—

“Oh, papa ! I do love mamma and you the best.”

Her father pressed her to his breast, and said, “And we love our little Lizzie, too ! But why do you cry ?”

“Because, papa, I cannot love Jesus more than mamma and you !”

Her father at once understood her trouble, and taking her on his knee, he instructed her thus :—

“Let me speak to you, Lizzie, about Jesus. You know that Jesus was God. He was from everlasting. He loved sinners—he loved us—for us he became a man. He was born in Bethlehem—he was nursed, a little child, by his mother Mary—but he did not cease to be God. When he was a little child on Mary’s

knee, he was still God. He grew up to boyhood—a holy boy, without sin. He became a full-grown man, a holy man; and all the while he was both God and man. He was all his life a man of sorrows; and when he was thirty-three years of age he died the painful and shameful death of the cross. He died to save the lost. There was no other way of saving them. Nothing but love constrained him to die. His love was wonderful. How willing he was to lay down his life for sinners! How we should love him, Lizzie!”

Here Lizzie, with many tears, replied, “Yes, yes, dear papa, I think I do love Jesus.”

Her father continued, “Jesus, after being three days in the grave, rose again. He stayed forty days on earth with his disciples, and then ascended in a cloud to heaven, where he is now at the right hand of God. He lives now, though you see him not—he loves little children, though you hear him not. It is he who gives you

your papa and mamma, and kind friends, and all your blessings. If you come to him, he will fold his gracious arms around you, and carry you like a lamb in his bosom. Now, Lizzie, should you not love him with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind ?”

Lizzie was very earnest that evening in her prayers, that Jesus would take her as a lamb to his arms, and teach her to love him. One morning, some weeks after this, she said to her mother,—

“Dear, dear mamma, I think I love God and Jesus Christ best now ; but I love papa and you more than ever !”

Dear children, if you don't feel the love of Jesus Christ, think of his love to you till your heart give way, and you begin to feel it. When you learn the love of Jesus, you will love him more than all,—but this will not make you love father and mother, brother and sister, less. No, you will love them more, and better than before.



## I WISH I WERE RICH.

"I wish I were rich, I would buy *everything*," cried Charlie.

"The sun, moon, and stars?" inquired William.

"No; everything that can be had for money."

"*That's not happiness*," said William.

"Get your hat, Charlie, and come with me to Mr. Morrison's," said his father.

"Oh! please not, papa, he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks, and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning."

"I think you would like to live with him!" said his father.

"I, papa? I would rather live down a coal-pit!"

"With him you would have *all that can be bought with money*."

"I recant; I see it won't do," said Charlie. "Health cannot be bought with money."

"Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life," said William.

"Above all," added their papa, "the favour of God cannot be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives, and seek to use it aright."

The fear of God and sweet content,  
Yield riches that will ne'er be spent.



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