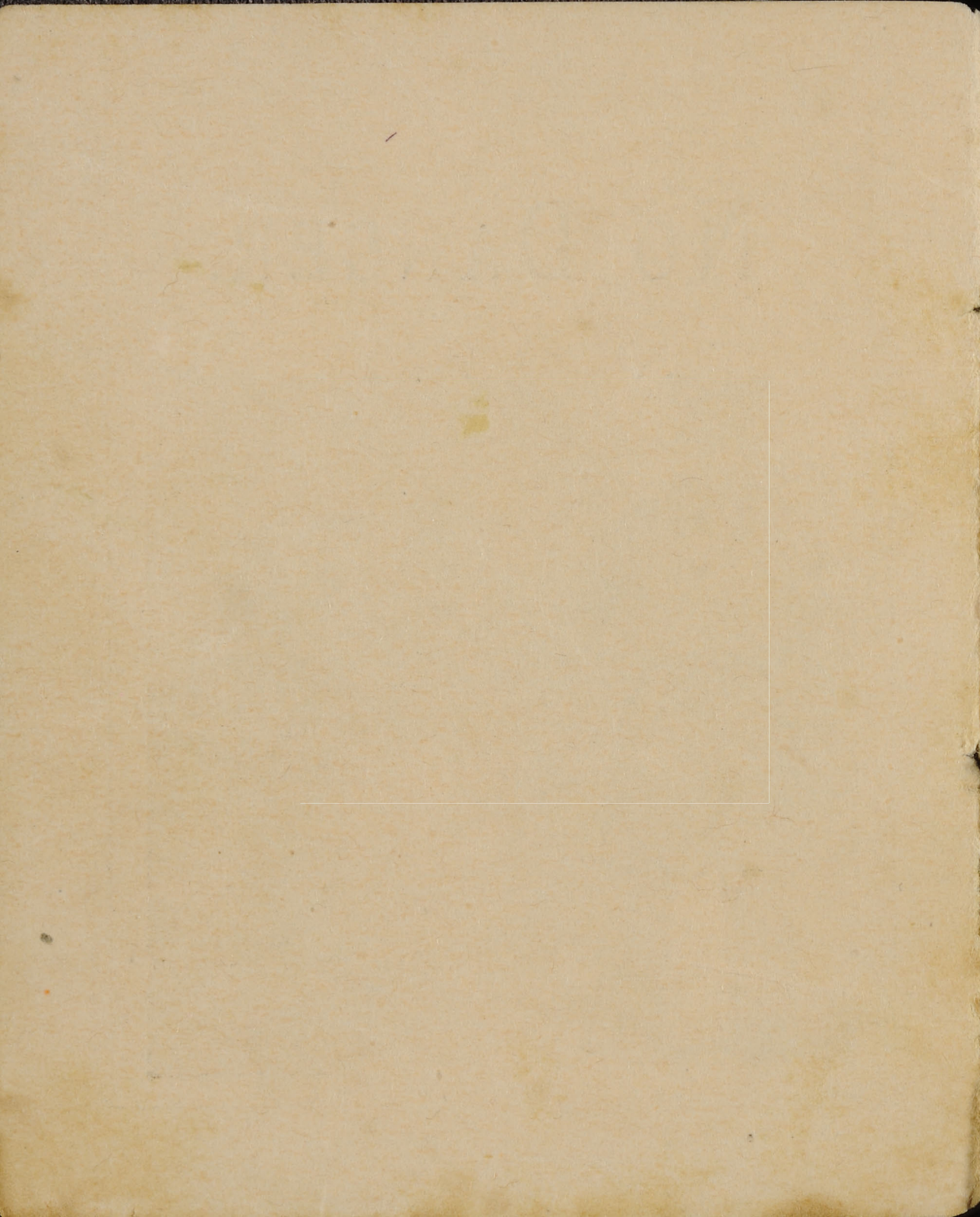


NO DANGER.



No. 2.



NO DANGER;
OR,
"THE WHITE FLAG."



WHEN I was a very
little girl, I was
travelling one day to Man-
chester with my mamma.
We had to go a long railway

journey, in order to reach the place to which we were going, but all was new to me, and I liked to watch the people getting in and out of the carriages.

Mamma gave little books to all our fellow-passengers; and I was very much interested in watching the different ways in which

the little books were received.

At last at one station—
I think it was Crewe—
an old man got into the
carriage. He had a nice
face, and looked both happy
and sad, and I wondered
what made him have that
look upon his face.

When mamma gave him

a little book, and spoke to him of Jesus, the sad look quite went away from his face, and he smiled and said, "Ah, yes! I too love the Lord Jesus."

I think mamma had noticed the sad look on his face, for she said something to him about the "Comforter," and about

God being “the God of all comfort and consolation.”

Then I saw the old man bend forward and tell her that only the week before his wife had died ; “fallen asleep in Jesus,” I think he said.

“I should like to tell you something about her, if you would let me,” the old man

said ; and mamma told him she would like very much to hear about her.

“ I am a station-master, at a small station on the line,” he said ; “ and my wife used often to sit in the little window of our parlour, and watch me waving the different coloured flags as the trains came in. We

both loved the Lord Jesus, and used often to speak together of Him we loved so dearly, and of His great salvation. She was an invalid, and at last she began to droop rapidly.

“ One evening she called me to her, and said, ‘ John, there will be a flag held out to-night—a flag in the

hand of Jesus. It will not be a red flag, for there is no danger ; and it will not be a green flag, for, thank God, there is no doubt ; but it will be a pure white flag, for all is perfect safety and peace, and I am very nearly at my journey's end.' And that night my wife died."

I cannot remember any more of the old man's story. dear children ; but whenever I see the white flag waved, I think of the evening at the little way-side station, when the sick woman's earthly journey was ended, and in perfect safety she went home to God.

Would there be a white flag, or a red flag held out to-night, if you were called to your journey's end, dear child?

Dear little reader, what do you see in the bleeding hand of Jesus? a white flag assuring you of peace and safety through His precious blood. Or do you

see Him wave the red flag
warning you of your danger?
If the latter, won't you trust
Him now while He offers
you salvation?

HYMN.

Oh, happy child ! whose every sin
Is put away by Jesus' blood ;
All spotless, clean, and pure within—
Made fit to meet a Holy God.

Oh, happy child ! to whom the Lord
Will not impute a guilty stain,
Because his sins were all transferred
To Christ, the Lamb who once was
slain.

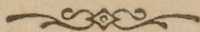
He knows himself a wretch undone,
Unworthy of a Saviour's love ;
Yet rests on Jesus' blood alone,
And knows he'll reign with Him
above.

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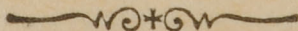
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