

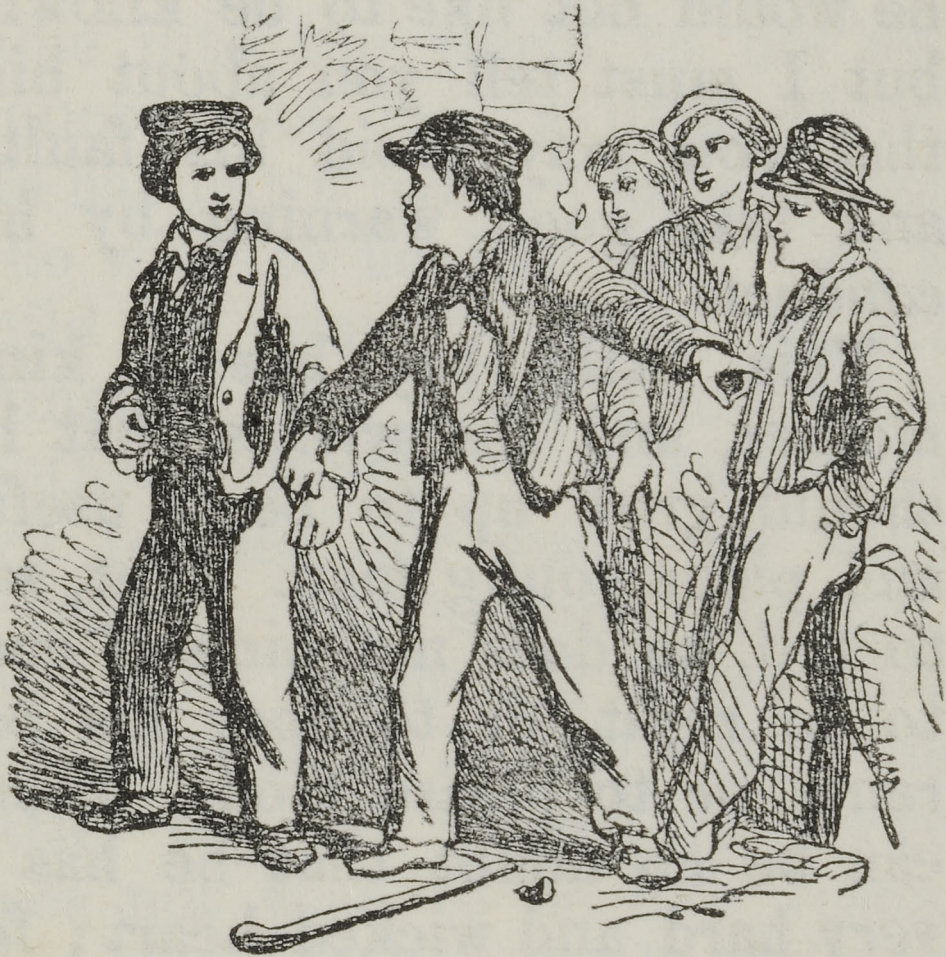


THE
TWO PICTURES.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly,
LONDON.



THE TWO PICTURES.



WILL you look at two pictures,
and see if either one belongs to
you?

The first is of a little boy. I

will not tell you his name, nor his age, nor where he lives, nor who are his parents. I am sure he would not like to be known; but I must tell you about him that you may avoid his faults, and take good warning by his conduct.

This little boy has a kind mother, and she wishes that he should grow up to be a useful and pious young man. Yet, sad to tell, he does not himself care to do right, or to obey his parents, or to please God. There can be no doubt that he has a very hard and wicked heart; for when he is naughty and grieves his mother, he does not care for her tears. And when he is told of a fault, he is stubborn, and

will not ask to be forgiven, nor show any desire to amend.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to die for sinners, was once a little child. He has left a pattern for children who wish to be like him. As a child he was "subject in all things." He never grieved his mother's heart by a sullen or evil temper, nor made her shed a tear by any unkind conduct. Oh! how much did Mary love the holy child Jesus! But the little boy of whom we write does not wish to be like Jesus. He does not love to hear about him as a kind Saviour. I do not think he ever truly prays to God to change his hard heart, and to give him the grace of his Holy

Spirit, that he may be a better child. He may say his prayers, but he does not really pray, for he does not mean what he says, but is looking about him all the time he is on his knees, or is thinking of something else.

What is to become of this little boy, if he does not seek for grace to turn from his evil ways? He will certainly grow worse. He will walk in the path of the wicked all the days he lives on earth; and then, when he dies, how sad will his end be! And what is the end of every sinner, who will not forsake his sins, and look to Jesus Christ for pardon through his precious blood? He will be cast into the place of woe, along with the devil and the

wicked angels. The wrath of God will abide upon him. Never, no never, will he dwell with God, or taste the joys of heaven.

Now, let us look at another picture. It is that of a little boy who obeys his parents because it is right, because they love him, and because God has said, "Honour thy father and thy mother." One who is as careful to obey them when out of sight, as when under their eyes. There were several lads seen standing at the corner of a street. One proposed to the rest that they should all go and see the people on their way to the flower show. "Oh yes! capital! so we will!" they all cried. "But see, here is William Hall coming;

let us ask him to go with us." Then they said, "Come with us, William, and see the gentlemen and ladies at the flower show." "Yes," said William, "if my mother will give me leave: I will run and ask her." "Oh! oh! the baby!" they shouted aloud; "so you must run and ask your mother!" "I did not ask my mother," said one boy. "Nor I," said two or three more. "Come along with us," they still said, "if you do not want to be called a coward as long as you live. Do you not see we are all waiting?"

William stood with one foot forward, and a flush on his face. Tears came into his eyes as he heard the word "coward." Now

was the time to see if he was brave enough to be called a coward, rather than do wrong. "I *will not* go without I first ask my mother," said he firmly, "and I am no coward either. I promised that I would not go out of the street without she gave me leave; and I *should* be a coward if I were to tell a wicked lie." The rest now ran away mocking and shouting; and William went quietly to his home. In the evening William was seen, with a happy face, taking a pleasant walk along with his dear mother.

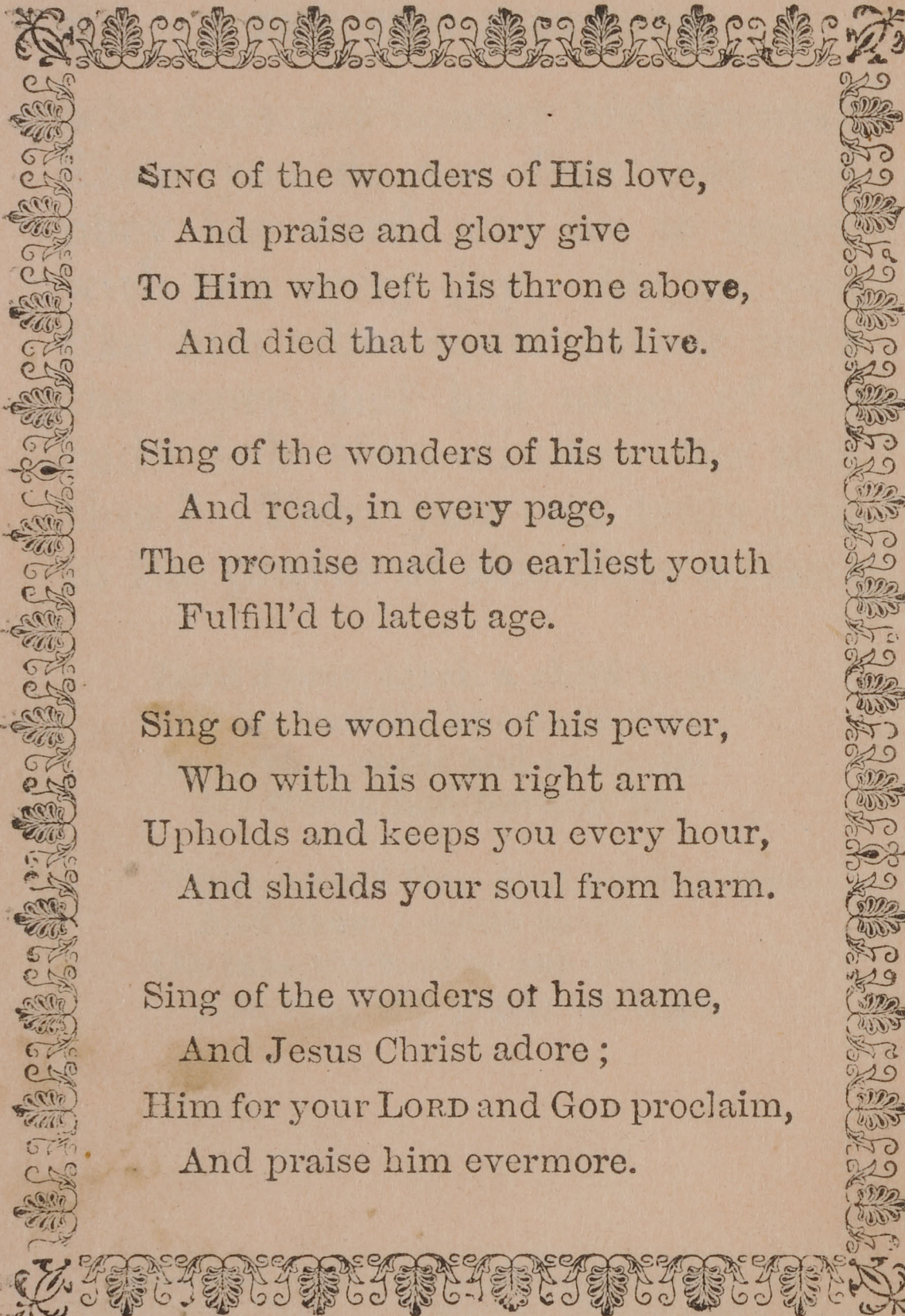
Will you look at these two pictures, and see if you can find your own likeness in either? Are you like the boy

who does not honour his parents? Then you do not fear God nor obey his word, and he is angry with you every day. Or, are you like him who would rather have the scorn and bad name of the rude lads than disobey his mother? Then you can truly join in the prayer of this little hymn:

Lord Jesus, teach a child to pray,
Who humbly kneels to thee;
And every night and every day
My friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, give me thy grace;
And when I come to die,
Oh take my soul to see thy face,
And sing thy praise on high.

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A decorative border with repeating floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text.

SING of the wonders of His love,
And praise and glory give
To Him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read, in every page,
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfill'd to latest age.

Sing of the wonders of his pewel,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you every hour,
And shields your soul from harm.

Sing of the wonders of his name,
And Jesus Christ adore ;
Him for your LORD and GOD proclaim,
And praise him evermore.