



ANGEL WHISPERS  
TO THE  
LITTLE ONES

MORNING



Lillian F. I. Howe-Miller

July 21<sup>st</sup> - 1885.

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to Ivy Mackenzie-Kennedy

Feb 6<sup>th</sup> - 1899.

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*By the Author of*  
BIBLE FORGET-ME-NOTS

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thing I see at night, and the first thing I see in the morning. It is a picture of Jacob asleep, with a stone for his pillow, and the bright stars shining in the sky above his head. There is a ladder stretching all the way from his pillow to heaven, and Angels are seen going up and down the ladder. They look as if

they were keeping watch over him, or were coming to whisper kind messages in his ear.

Dear Young Reader, I believe that the Angels of God specially love little children, and delight to keep watch over them too, as they did over Jacob, both when they are awake and when they are asleep. Jesus tells us they do. “*Their*

Angels," says He, "do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 10).

"Around their pillows golden ladders  
rise,  
And up and down the skies,  
With winged sandals shod,  
The Angels come and go, with mes-  
sages from God."

It is a pleasing thought that even Jesus Himself, when He

was a little Child, was loved and watched by Angels. They came down from heaven and sang His cradle-song of "Glory to God." There is another story told about Him and Angels while He was yet an Infant, and when His father and mother had to take Him through the desert to Egypt. You will not find what I now tell you in the Bible.

I only give it as a beautiful thought. The story is, that Angels and Cherubs—numbers of them—went along with Jesus and His parents during that journey. I remember seeing, some years ago, the church which is said to possess the most precious things in all Italy (the Certosa, near Pavia). I never can forget one of these

precious things. It is this very picture of Joseph with the Holy Babe and His mother in the desert. Lovely guardian Angels with golden wings are flying behind ; some near, some distant. Another painting I have heard of has perhaps a still more beautiful idea. It is that of winged Cherubs, radiant with the glory of the heaven from which

they come—dear little child-  
Angels, gathering round the  
spot where the Holy Family are  
resting for the night. The tiny  
worshippers gaze with wonder  
on the Heavenly Infant, as  
He lies on His mother's lap.  
They adore Him with their  
hands clasped together, and  
form a bright circle round, all  
night long      Kings and queens

on earth have their royal servants who go with them. Angels are seen in these pictures keeping guard over the King of Angels — the Saviour of the world !

Angels are spoken of in many parts of Scripture as taking care of God's children. Here are two such verses. "The Angel of the Lord encampeth

round about them that fear Him" (Psalm xxxiv. 7). "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" (Psalm xci. 11).\*

A well-known lady who lived

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\* Philo, a well-known and very learned Jew, who lived about the time of Christ, thus speaks of Angels—these are his very words :—" They carry the biddings of the Father to His children, and the wants of the children to their Father."

a long time since, and who wrote many nice books (Mrs. Opie), tells us that in her childhood, as she lay in bed one early morning in summer, she heard the church bells ringing a peal. The sound came in at her open window. She had always been told that Heaven was up in that blue sky, and that it was the home of the

Good. She thought that the sweet bells must be in Heaven, and that the Angels were ringing them. I like to think of these happy holy Beings thus taking charge, alike of children here, and up yonder in the glorious City where these glad bells are pealing, and where, in the words of one of your oldest and dearest hymns—

“Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Because their sins are all forgiven—  
A holy, happy band.  
Singing glory, glory, glory !”

Luther used to tell his little ones, on Sunday evenings, about horses in heaven with gold and silver bridles ; and about gold and silver chariots, with children seated in them, driven by Angels along the shining streets. There

was an equally fine thought of a devoted Sunday School teacher. As he lay on his deathbed, he hoped that he would have a great class of child-Angels when he got to the same happy place on high.

Wonderful was the saying of Jesus in speaking of "the children of God," that they shall one day be "equal unto the Angels!"

(Luke xx. 36). Yes ; and if you are good, and kind, and gentle, and loving—serving God with all your heart, and trying to please Him—you are even now Brothers and Sisters to the Seraphs before the Throne !

Try, all you can, to do these two things which the Angels try to do—more and more to know God, and more and more to love

God. Did you ever hear the story of Bishop Berkeley's little boy? He asked his father, one day, about Angels. "Father, what are Cherubim and Seraphim?" His father told him that the word *Cherubim* means "power" or "knowledge," and *Seraphim* means "burning" or "flame." He added, "It is thought, from this, that the

Cherubim are the Angels who are great in knowledge, and the Seraphim those who excel in love." "Then," said the young listener, "I would like to be a Seraph when I go to heaven, for I would rather love God than know all things."

I have seen, in the far East, a still finer church than the one I have already spoken of—one

of the largest and grandest churches that were ever built in the world. While it was building, it was quite believed that an Angel came down every morning, to strengthen the builder and his ten thousand men for their daily work. I should like each one of you to think that God sends a similar Angel every morning to your

little pillows or to your little  
bedsides. To some he sends  
an Angel of Love ; to some an  
Angel of Strength ; to some an  
Angel of Comfort : He knows  
the Angel and the Message best  
suited for you. And He will  
continue sending His Angels  
till they are no more needed  
on earth. The last bright  
picture we have of them in the

Bible is with golden sickles in their hands, gathering in the harvest to the heavenly granary (Matt. xiii. 39). Oh may each reader of this book know the happiness and joy of that "Harvest Home !"

I have told you of one scene in the life of Jacob. Shall I tell you of another? Yes, an Angel meets him by the side of a

rushing stream. The Angel remains there all night. At last, when the day begins to dawn and the sun rises, he says—‘I must leave you now. I must speed away and pay visits to others.’—“Let me go, for the day breaketh!” (Gen. xxxii. 26).

Doubtless it is the same at many a dear child’s morning couch still. The Angel of the

Morning comes to you ; and after telling you his message, he says—‘ I cannot stay longer. I must hasten to other little ones with my whisper of love from Jesus ! Let me go. Yonder is a child lying ill : let me go to smooth its pillow. Yonder is one who has lost its way in the street : let me go—I want to take it home. Yonder is a child

about to be tempted : let me go  
and keep it from doing wrong.  
Yonder is a little child crying—  
it has lost its mother : let me  
go—I want to wipe its tears.’—  
“*Let me go, for the day breaketh!*”

For all who read this Book,  
I can have no better wish than  
that you have *the Psalmist's two  
Morning and Evening Angels  
always with you!*

Do you ask, who are they ?

He speaks of them both, in the loveliest of his Psalms, and I think the one you know best. The names of what I call his "two Guardian Angels" are GOODNESS and MERCY (Psalm xxiii. 6). We see these two loving Sister-Spirits taking the Shepherd-boy by the hand ; whispering beautiful thoughts in

his ear about the trees, and the woods, and the streams, and the silvery moon and the stars—all that was lovely in the outer world ; telling him, too, of God's power, and love, and wisdom, and grace ; leading him by green pastures and still waters, through quiet valleys, and up, over everlasting hills,—on, still on, till they come to the very

Gates of Heaven. Then, when they see him safe within these Gates, they speed back again to take care of some other youthful pilgrim or pilgrims who need their aid.

Little Children ! may GOODNESS and MERCY follow *you* all the days of your lives, and may your dwelling be in the House of the Lord for ever !

I will finish with a story.

“I had a dream, mother, last night—O, such a bright dream!”

“What was it, my child?”

“I thought that an Angel came to me, just as the first ray of the early sun was coming in at my window. He gently waked me, and said to me,—  
‘Dear child, I want to whisper a message in your ear.’ He

stooped over me and said something. Then he seemed to have a tablet or scroll in his hand, with a text written upon it, to which he pointed. He gave a sweet smile and left me, but promised, at the same time, that he would return and do the same thing, day after day."

This little Book contains some of these texts and whispers of

THE MORNING ANGEL.\* “*And the Angel . . waked me . . and said unto me*” (Zech. iv. 1, 2).

Happy every young Reader who can say,—‘God has sent His Messenger and message to *me*.’ “He wakeneth *me*, MORNING BY MORNING.”

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\* Another tiny companion Volume contains similar texts and whispers of THE EVENING ANGEL.

AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM





NEVER was there so gracious an Angel-whisper as this. It is that God sent His own beloved Son to die on the cross, that you, dear child, might be saved. He "*so* loved!" If the riches of the whole world—its gold and jewels and precious stones, its lovely flowers and ocean-shells and blue skies and pink clouds, and all else that is beautiful—could be brought together in one heap, they would be nothing compared to God's greatest Gift—JESUS.

O what a Gift was this from Thee!  
Well may I love the Giver,  
Who sent His Son to die for me,  
That I might live for ever!



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The beloved  
of the Lord  
shall dwell  
in safety by  
Him.

DEUT. xxxiii. 12.



THIS was said of Benjamin—the child Jacob loved so much—“the child of his old age.” It is a sweet promise to all little children. What a beautiful meaning the name Benjamin has—“the son of my right hand !” Many people in the world like great names and great titles ; —to be called King or Queen, Prince or Ruler. Here is a title far grander. “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God !”

Lord, let my chiefest joy be this,  
That Thou art ever nigh me,—  
My name among Thine own ‘Belov’d  
Who “dwell in safety by Thee.”



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



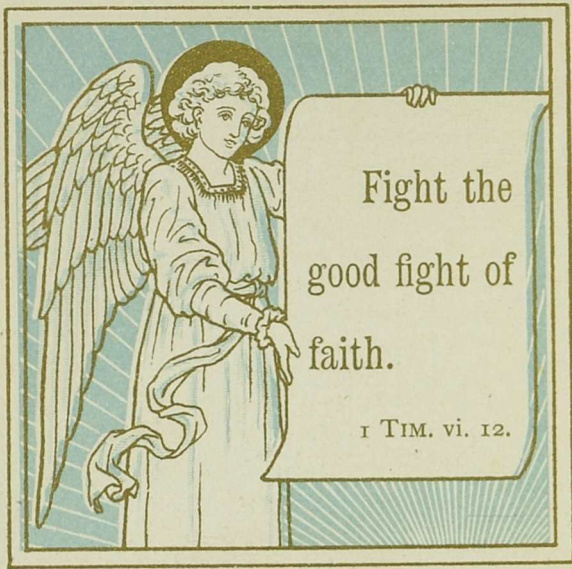


THE morning of each day is often a bright time, when the birds are singing, when the lark is seen twittering in the sky ; when the very grass looks like a pretty carpet, on which some Angel had stood at night and sown its green all over with pearls and rubies. Spring, too, may be called a bright morning-time—the early season of the year—when the trees are budding, and the seed is put into the ground for the coming harvest.

Make, Lord, my heart a little field,  
In which Thy Word is cast ;  
A blessèd harvest may it yield  
Of glory at the last.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM





FIGHT! It is not surely 'a good thing to fight! Kind brothers and sisters never fight. The holy Angels in heaven never fight. Yet here is an Angel's whisper—"Fight the good fight of faith." What does the verse mean? It bids you fight in your hearts against whatever is evil and naughty and selfish;—all sin against God. A lie: fight against *that*. Pride: fight against *that*. Evil temper: fight against *that*. Pray to God to help you.

Help me, dear Lord, in Thy great might,  
Against all sin to-day to fight;  
And then, when life on earth is done,  
I'll praise Thee for the battle won.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The heavens declare  
the glory of God.

PSA. xix. 1.

Praise the Lord from  
the earth. PSA. cxlviii. 7.



ALL the world is waking up from its night-sleep. What a lovely sky! Look at these clouds!—some, like gauze veils, so light and pretty; others tipped with crimson and ruby. Then see the sun's rays, as if gold and silver arrows were piercing through the branches; the green leaves and tiny flowers and blades of grass, each like a little king or queen wearing a diamond crown! Surely the name of God's world should be—"The Palace Beautiful."

The Heavens above seem to tell us  
Of glories no tongue can unfold;  
While the Earth is a beautiful palace,  
All gleaming with silver and gold.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



This is the  
way, walk ye  
in it.

ISA. xxx. 21.



WHAT 'way' is this the Morning Angel whispers about? It is the way of holiness, which is always the way of happiness. Whenever you are in doubt about the right path, meekly ask—"Shew me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths; lead me in Thy truth and teach me, for Thou art the God of my salvation; on Thee do I wait all the day." It is always safe walking, and sure walking, and glad walking, when, like Enoch, you "walk with God."

At times, O Lord, I fail to know  
The path where it is right to go;  
Teach me to shun the snares of sin,  
Thy way to choose, and walk therein.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



And there shall be  
no night there.

REV. xxii. 5.



PERHAPS, as you now wake up from a sweet sleep and listen to this Angel-whisper, you may be inclined to say, 'I should not care for a world where there is no night. When I go to bed tired, sleep refreshes me, and even makes me forget any little troubles of yesterday.' In Heaven there will be 'no night,' because there will be nothing there to make you weary or sad. Better still, sin will never be known any more in the Glory-land.

No night! no night!—a Heaven all bright!

I like to think of this:

No sin, no sorrow—a long to-morrow

Of never-ending bliss!



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The earth  
is full of the  
goodness of  
the Lord.

PSA. xxxiii. 5.



WHAT a joyous morning whisper! You surely love this beautiful earth, dear child, which God has given you as your home. No Book you ever saw is half so lovely as God's great Lesson-Book in Nature. It is full of pictures—grass, trees, flowers, blue skies, sparkling streams, dancing waves. And over every page is marked in big letters the one word GOODNESS. God's goodness is not seen here and there, as a rare flower. The earth is *full* of it.

God might have made this globe  
A dark and dismal thing;  
But He has clothed it in a robe  
All worthy of a King.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM





NOTHING grows that has no life in it.  
Bats and balls, dolls and cradles, do  
not grow, for they have no life in them.  
But trees and flowers, oaks and elms,  
ivy and roses ; your pet animals—the  
little bird in its cage, or the tiny dog  
and cat ; you yourselves, too, and your  
brothers and sisters, all grow ;—Why?  
because you have *life*. God's message  
to children is, "Grow in the life of  
grace ;" and try to become kinder and  
gentler and more loving every day.

Lord ! a little child am I,  
Teach me thus to grow in grace ;  
Till, in heaven, beyond the sky,  
I shall see Thee face to face !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



It is a good  
thing to give  
thanks unto  
the Lord.

PSA. xcii. 1.



EVERY little tiny warbler that sings in the morning so soon as it is light, is, in its own small bird-way, giving thanks unto the Lord who made it—who gave it that little throat and these little hymns of its own to sing! And then, it seems to wake up a whole chorus of other songsters perched on the branches around. One appears to sing to another; and that other answers back again, till the whole grove is alive with the strain—"Praise the Lord!"

If little birds sing Him  
Their sweet little lays,  
Much more should I bring Him  
My anthem of praise.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM.



The Lord thy God,  
He it is that doth  
go with thee.

DEUT. xxxi. 6.



WHAT a happy thing to have a kind friend ! How nice to have mother, or nurse, or sister, when you go walking through a wood to gather wild-flowers and daisies in your little baskets, or to pick up shells by the sea-shore ! You are here told that ONE kinder than the kindest and best of earthly friends is ever with you. The Great God who made the sun and the moon and the stars is not forgetful of His feeblest children.

Happy thought ! with God to guide me,  
I, to-day, need have no fear :  
Nothing wrong can e'er betide me,  
When I know that *He* is near.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



His children  
shall have a  
place of re-  
fuge.

PROV. xiv. 26.



A MAN is rushing along a road of the Holy Land, long ago, in great haste. He is on his way to one of the "Cities of Refuge." Once within its gates, he will be safe. But so long as he remains outside, he is in great danger. Children ! the Angel message this morning tells that God has specially provided a City of Refuge for you. That Refuge is Jesus. His Gate of Mercy is always open. Accept His offer of salvation, and you are safe for ever.

Safe in Jesus ! safe in Jesus !  
Refuge City ever nigh ;  
From all fears He will release us,  
If to Him we early fly.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



I write unto you, little  
children, because your  
sins are forgiven you  
for His name's sake.

I JOHN ii. 12.



ALL children like to get a letter of their very own. How they look out for the post, and how glad they are when they can say, 'Here it is at last—a letter for my own self!' What a precious letter your Angel has brought you this morning! We like letters best that have cheery news. What news can be more so than this—'My dear little children, I write to tell you that your sins are all forgiven you for the sake of Jesus.'

Most blessèd the thought which the Angel  
has brought,  
My sins are forgiven and taken away!  
O beautiful letter!—no news could be better,  
It will make me feel happy and joyous  
all day.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Them also  
which sleep  
in Jesus will  
God bring  
with Him.

I THESS. iv. 14.



THIS verse has been rendered "them also which are LAID ASLEEP by Jesus." You know well what it is to be laid asleep by your dear mother ;—when she draws your curtain, and smoothes your pillow, and kisses you and says—'Good night, my darling !' This is what God does to His own true people when they leave the world. He only kisses them asleep, and says—'Good night ! I will come and wake you, in the morning, out of your sleep.'

Oh happy morning this,  
When I shall wake to spend  
A Heaven of joy and bliss  
With Jesus without end.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The name of the Lord  
is a strong tower: the  
righteous runneth into  
it, and is safe.

PROV. xviii. 10.



WHO has not heard of the Great Tower of London, with its walls, and moat, and thick iron bars to keep out the enemy ; and then, inside, its swords and spears and guns and rows of armour ? "The name of the Lord" is such 'a Strong Tower.' Here are four of its bulwarks : Wisdom, Power, Faithfulness, Love ! Little children, happy for you if you can look up to the Great God, and say with King David--"The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress."

O Lord, enable me to flee  
To the Strong Tower I have in Thee.  
From this sure Refuge none can sever ;  
Within its gates I'm safe for ever !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Ye ought  
to say, if the  
Lord will, we  
shall live, and  
do this.

JAS. iv. 15.



You know what a 'wilful' child is? It takes its own way. It refuses to do what its mother or its nurse bids it. It is always saying those three naughty words—'No, I wont!' The good little child asks its parents to take it by the hand and lead it. Skipping with joy it follows them, and does nothing without asking their leave. That is what you should try to do: not your own will, but the will of your Father in Heaven.

Father! who hast loved me so,  
I would always wish to go  
Only where I surely know  
Thou Thy blessing wilt bestow.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM





DEAR child, your life is like a journey, and there are only two paths you can follow. The one is a very evil road, and gets more and more evil. The other gets brighter and brighter. It begins in peace and ends in glory. No one regrets taking it. Have you ever seen the rising sun make a gleaming path of gold across the ocean? That is like the Christian's path. It is "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

My footsteps shall follow  
That pathway of gold,  
Which leads up to Heaven  
And glory untold.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The peace of  
God, which pass-  
eth all under-  
standing, shall  
keep your hearts  
& minds through  
Christ Jesus.

PHIL. iv. 7.



PERHAPS the most peaceful scene in nature is a pretty lake in early morning, when not a breath is moving nor a leaf is stirring. How calm and perfect are these shadows in the water ! Here a fern ; there a mossy stone ; here a tree ; there a bit of rock with yellow lichen upon it. But no one could see any of these lovely things at night ; it is only when the sun is shining above in the bright blue sky that their quiet beauty is disclosed.

That lake is like this heart of mine,  
When it is calmed by love divine :  
The stormy waves of passion cease,  
For Jesus shines, and all is peace.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



The Lord make  
you to increase and  
abound in love one  
toward another.

i THESS. iii. 12.



You have seen a chain with strong links—each link holding up the one next to it? What a happy world this would be, if all the people that live in it were bound together with the beautiful golden chain of love! The aged Apostle John, when he was so old as to be unable to preach a long sermon, was carried up to the pulpit in order to preach a very short one. Here it is, in five words—"Little children, love one another."

You that are links in this great chain,  
Have Eden's bliss brought back again;  
The golden chain of heavenly love  
Unites you with the saints above.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Praise our  
God, all ye  
His servants,  
... both small  
and great.

REV. xix. 5.



WE are told that this "voice came out of the throne." It was an 'Angel's whisper.' The sweetest part of that whisper is its reference, dear children, to you: for the voice speaks of "the small," even before "the great!" And what is this Angel's message to the little ones? It is three words—*"Praise our God."* Praise Him for food, and health, and friends, and home, and everything. Praise Him, above all, for Jesus and His salvation.

O praise our God ! O praise our God !  
Praise the Great Lord who reigns above !  
Praise Him for all He has bestowed,  
But chiefly for redeeming love !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



GEN. xxxi. 6.



MANY a poor ragged child is forsaken by its parents—left to wander cold and hungry in the streets ; with no clothes to cover it, no fire to warm it, no kindly voice to comfort it when in pain. The Great God and Father in Heaven never thus fails or forsakes any little children who love Him. He points to the kindest mothers and fathers on earth, and says—‘ Kind and loving as they are, they may sometimes forget, “ yet will I not forget thee ! ” ’

All may fail me and forsake me ;  
But a gracious God will never.  
Heavenly Father ! come and fold me  
In Thine arms of love for ever !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Cast thy  
burden upon  
the Lord, and  
He shall sus-  
tain thee.

PSA. lv. 22.



A LITTLE boy has just been at the sea-side gathering pretty stones and shells. He has in each hand a basket quite full of them. He says—‘O father, these loaded baskets are too heavy for me : help me to carry them !’ Children have sometimes little heart-burdens which nobody else knows anything about, or can carry for them, except their Father in Heaven : little sins, and sorrows, and troubles. But He is both able and willing to come to their aid.

Lord ! if any thing should pain me  
I am called to bear to-day,  
Take my burden and sustain me,  
Help me safely all the way.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



In the Lord Jeho-  
vah is everlasting  
strength.

ISA. xxvi. 4.



THE words "Everlasting Strength" are rendered in the margin of your Bibles "the Rock of Ages." What is stronger than a rock in the midst of the sea? Winds and waves beat upon it in vain. Again, the eagle makes its nest in the rock, because it is the safest place. The strongest branch of the strongest tree may be broken by the storm ; but the little eaglets are secure in these clefts under their mother's wing ! God is that ROCK.

As eaglets in their rocky nest  
Feel safe beneath their mother's breast ;  
So, Rock of Ages, would I flee  
To find eternal rest in Thee !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



He that  
doeth the will  
of God abid-  
eth for ever.

1 JOHN ii. 17.



NOTHING 'abides' here. The flowers fade ; the leaves fall ; the 'daylight dies ;' the seasons change. Many great cities of former ages have become heaps of ruin. 'The world passeth away.' But there is one thing that *does* abide—that never gets old, and never can get old. Every little child who reads these words can have this 'abiding thing' as its very own. Love God and do His will, and you will be happy, both now, and through all the ages of eternity.

My heart do Thou fill with the love of Thy  
And from all that is evil deliver ; [will,  
Then shall I abide, whatsoe'er may betide,  
In Thy presence for ever and ever !



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Behold, I bring you good  
tidings of great joy, . .  
for unto you is born  
. . a Saviour, which is  
Christ the Lord.

LUKE ii. 10, 11.



THIS wonderful message was brought to the Shepherds of Bethlehem "for all people!" For the little people, too, in every age of the world, as well as the big. And what was part of the Angels' good news? It was this:—"Ye shall find the Babe!" Oh, dear children, how comforting for you the thought that He who was and is "The Mighty God" had Himself once a child's heart, and knew a child's sorrows, and felt just exactly as you feel!

Ring, ring the bells! and make each day  
A happy, gladsome Christmas morn:  
Did I not hear the Angel say  
That Jesus as a child was born?



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



He will  
bless them that  
fear the Lord,  
both small and  
great.

PSA. CXV. 13.



GOD seems as if He liked often to tell how much He loves the little ones. He blesses *all* who fear Him, whatever their age be, whether young or old. "He will bless both small and great." But the small are spoken of first! Just as the gardener takes most care of tiny plants, leaving the larger shrubs and trees to battle with the storm; so God seems to bestow a very special love on the young and tender "Trees of Righteousness."

He blesses them that fear Him,  
Alike the great and small;  
But *children* that are near Him,  
He loves the most of all!



AND AS HE SLEPT, BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Ho, every one that  
thirsteth, come ye  
to the waters.

ISA. lv. 1.



YOU may have seen a beggar stooping down by a stream to take a drink. No one hinders him. The water is free to any who are thirsty. This is a picture of the Fountain of Salvation. All are invited to it:—"Ho! *every one*;" and that, too, "without money and without price." Water is the emblem of Gospel blessings—pardon, peace, holiness, leading up to Heaven at last. God's gracious invitation, this morning, is the same as ever—"COME!"

Many children, now in glory,  
Loved to hear the Gospel Story,  
And 'to gather at the River,'  
Drink its streams and live for ever!



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Be strong in  
the grace that  
is in Christ  
Jesus.

2 TIM. ii. 1.



WHO has not looked at a large tree bending in a storm? You wonder how the wind does not blow it down. If you were to dig beneath it, you would soon find the reason. Strong roots, like grappling irons, bind it to the ground. Its big stem does not even rock in the hurricane. It is quite firm. So much so, that the little birds may safely flee to its branches and nestle there till the storm be over. What is it that keeps the heart safe and strong?

If I'm kept from sin, dear Saviour,  
'Tis alone Thy grace so kind ;  
Ail my heart-roots would be feeble  
Were they not around Thee twined.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



He shall cover thee  
with His feathers,  
and under His wings  
shalt thou trust.

PSA. xci. 4.

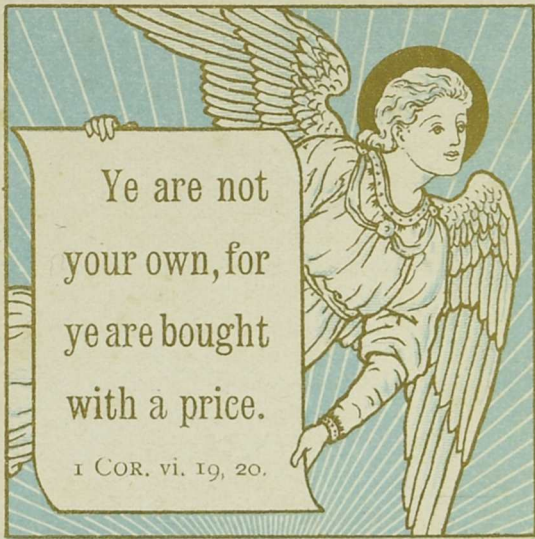


IT is said of some mother birds of the far West, that when the forests are on fire, they would rather be burnt to ashes than leave their nests and little ones. Just as the bird cares for her young, and tenderly watches over them, so the Great God never ceases to care for *you*; loving you; shielding you from harm; never leaving you, till His care be needed no more on earth, and He calls you to soar to His own happy Heaven in the blue sky above.

His wings of loving kindness  
Will cover me all day;  
And His sure word of promise  
Will take all fears away.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Ye are not  
your own, for  
ye are bought  
with a price.

I COR. vi. 19, 20.



WE all pity the slave who is bought by a cruel master and put in chains ! This Angel-whisper to-day tells you that you too, dear little reader, are in one sense a '*slave*.' But you ought to be a very happy one, for you have a kind and loving Master. Jesus bought you. What did He pay to redeem you from sin and death ? Not money ; not silver and gold ; but His own precious blood. Try to think—'I am no longer my own. I belong to Jesus.'

To Jesus alone I belong,  
I am glad His young servant to be,  
And feel that my name is among  
The children His blood hath set free.



AND AS HE SLEPT BEHOLD AN ANGEL  
TOUCHED HIM AND SAID UNTO HIM



Thine eyes shall  
see the King in His  
beauty.

ISA. xxxiii. 17.



'THE King in His beauty!' Who is this? It is Jesus. You are to see Him in Heaven, as a King, with a crown of pure gold set on His head. But you are to behold Him, too, as 'the Good,' or (as that word truly means) "*the Beautiful Shepherd.*" His lambs will be gathered close to Him. They will see much that is beautiful all around; but the most beautiful thing about Heaven and its green pastures will be the Beautiful Shepherd Himself.

O may I see the Glorious King  
In His bright world above;  
And there, with ransomed children, sing  
The wonders of His love.



COMPANION VOLUME.

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ANGEL WHISPERS

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

·EVENING·

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UNIFORM IN SIZE & PRICE.



