

DEAN'S  
**PICTORIAL**  
REWARD BOOKS.



**OUR BEST FRIEND.**

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LONDON:  
DEAN & SON, LUDGATE HILL.

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Hattie

## OUR BEST FRIEND,



So said my niece, Katie Goodwin, one morning, as I closed the book I had been reading. It was about Christ's love and kindness even to his enemies. "I want to be good,

## OUR BEST FRIEND.

like Jesus," said Katie. And she uttered the words as if she really meant what she said.

Now Katie was a sweet, amiable girl. We all loved her. There was so much that was gentle and loveable about her, and nothing seemed to delight her so much as when she was helping the poor, or leading some blind female across the street, or reading to some little child the story of Jesus and his love to sinners.

I can assure you that Katie loved Jesus, and nothing was so pleasant to her as hearing, or singing, or speaking about her Saviour. Oh! with what delight and sweetness, too, did she often sing those words, beginning,—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children like lambs to  
his fold;  
I should liked to have been with him then."



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And how she always brightened up when she came to the words,—

“ Yet still to his footstool by prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of his love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
*I shall see him and hear him above.*”

Shall I let you into a little secret ? One morning, soon after breakfast, I had occasion to go into Katie's bedroom ; and where do you think I found her ? Seated upon a high chair near the window, holding in her hands a nicely-bound book.

“ Katie,” I inquired, “ do you like to be alone ?”

“ Sometimes, aunty ; but I do not feel lonely.”

“ What is that book you hold in your hand ?”

“ My Bible, aunty ; and I have been reading about my best Friend.”

## OUR BEST FRIEND



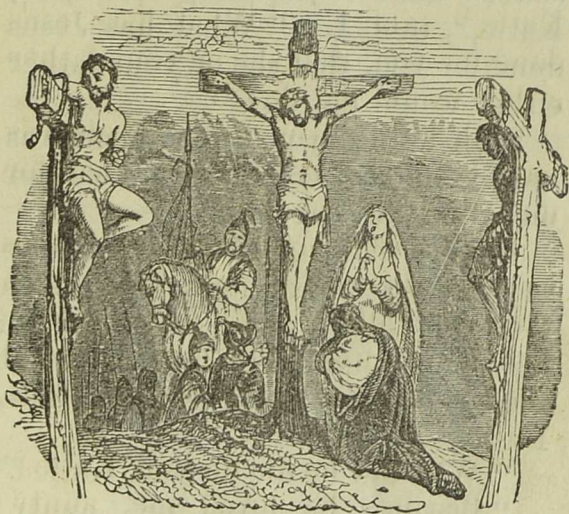
“Who is your best Friend, then, Katie?” I asked.

“Jesus Christ, aunty; he is my best Friend.”

“How do you know he is your best Friend.”

“Because he loves me,—the Bible says he does.”

OUR BEST FRIEND.



“But your father and mother love you. And are not they your best friends?”

“They are my best earthly friends, aunty; they love me, but then you know, auntie, they are not like Jesus.”

“I think your mother would do or

## OUR BEST FRIEND.

suffer almost anything for you, Katie," said I. "What has Jesus done for you, that she or your father either would not do?"

"Oh aunty, you know Jesus was nailed to the cross. He died for me, the Bible says so."

I could scarcely refrain from tears as I saw the earnest manner in which the dear child uttered these words; but being anxious to find out what she knew about the death of Jesus, I asked her :

"Why did he die for you, Katie?"

"Because he loved me, aunty; that he might take away my sins, and make me one of his own children."

"And did he die for no one else but you, Katie?"

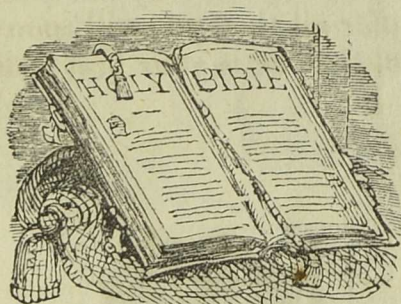
"Oh, yes, aunty, for you, and for father and mother, and for all the world."



## OUR BEST FRIEND.

Then looking me full in the face, she inquired: "Now do you not think Jesus is my best Friend, aunty?"

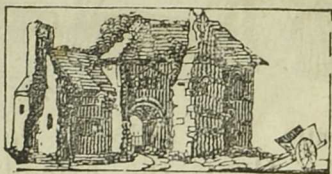
I took her upon my knee, but for several moments I could not utter a word. At length I said:



"Jesus is, indeed, your best Friend. He is the Friend of sinners—yes, of those who were anything but his friends. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Not that we loved him, but that he loved us."

## OUR BEST FRIEND.

Jesus is your best Friend, my little reader, too,—even if you do not as yet feel it. You must think about him—what he has done for those who have sinned against and grieved him; and sure I am that if you only carefully read the life of Jesus, and think why did Jesus do or suffer all this, you will soon begin to feel that he is your best Friend.



## SWEAR NOT.



A gentleman once heard a labouring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company, when he dared not to do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or any place.

## SWEAR NOT.

“I will give you a sovereign,” said the gentleman, “if you will go into the village church-yard, at twelve o’clock to-night, and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God.”

“Agreed,” says the man; “it is an easy way of earning a sovereign.”

“Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours.”

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard, not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman’s words, “alone with God,” came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of wickedness he had committed, and what he had come there to do, darted through



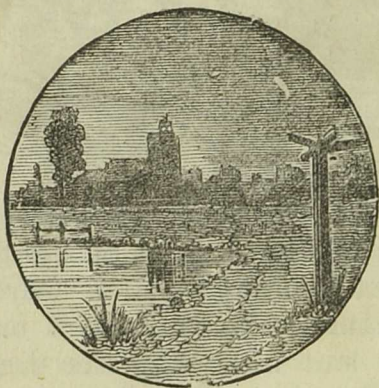
## SWEAR NOT.



his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came there to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

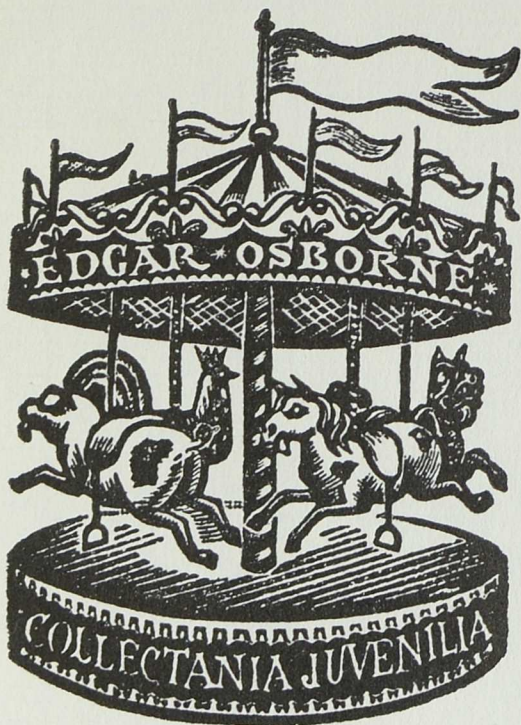
## SWEAR NOT.

The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.



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