

JUVENILE SERIES, No. 6.

THE WHISPERING VOICE.

THIRD EDITION.

LEOMINSTER
TRACT ASSOCIATION.

2 C sec

THE WHISPERING VOICE.

A LITTLE girl once said, while playing with her toys, "Mother, what is it that makes me feel so sorry directly I have done wrong? What is it?"

Her mother told her it was the Holy Spirit put into her heart by her heavenly Father. "But how whispering it is," said the child; "nobody else can hear it!"

Now, dear children, if you will listen, you will each hear this gentle whispering voice. You have heard it, but perhaps you did not understand that it was the great and good God speaking to you in your own hearts.

You have read the story of Samuel, how God spoke to him. He had lain down to sleep for the night, just as usual, and he heard a voice plainly calling him, "Samuel, Samuel," so

plainly that he thought it must be Eli. He did not wait to be called twice, but got up directly, saying, "Here am I."

"I called not, lie down again," said Eli.

So Samuel did as he was told. A second and a third time the little boy heard the voice and ran to Eli, saying "Here am I; for thou didst call me." Then Eli felt sure that it must be the Lord who called him. So he said to Samuel, "Go, lie down; and it shall be if He call thee, that thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Then Samuel answered, "Speak; for thy servant heareth." And the Lord made known to the child what He was about to do to Eli's family.

Now it may not please God to shew

you such things as He shewed to Samuel, but if you listen to the whispering voice it will tell you when you do right, and when you do wrong. It will teach you to love all around you, and to act and speak kindly to them. You do not know how much good a kind word may do.

I will tell you a story about a good missionary, who only spoke kindly to a poor heathen woman, and it was the means of saving her soul.

When Dr. Judson was in Burmah trying to teach the poor people about Christ and the Bible, he stopped at a village on the river Solwyn. As he stepped on shore, he saw a woman standing near the landing place; he went up to her and shook hands with her, and asked her how she was.

“Well, my lord,” she said. He had only time to say a few words more, when he was called back to the boat and left her with his blessing. Guapung (that was her name) looked after

him in silent wonder, for she had never before been treated so kindly by any man. In her country, women are greatly despised, and though she was a princess, she was not near so well off as a much poorer person in England, but was little better than a slave.

Soon her brothers came, and she said to them,

“I have seen one of the sons of God.”

“Did he speak?” they said.

“Yes, and he gave me his hand.”

“Did you take the hand of a foreigner?”

“Yes, for he looked like an angel.”

The brothers took her home to her husband, who was the chief of the province, and he was very angry with her for touching a white man, and he beat her.

That night she was called to attend a heathen ceremony, but she said, “No, no; ever since I was a

child I have served Satan and Gaudama, and they have never prevented my husband from beating me. This man spoke to me kindly, and gave me his hand. His God must be THE God. Hereafter I worship Him."

True to her purpose, she began that very night to pray to the unknown God of the white man. Her prayer was thus:—"Mighty Judge, Father God, Lord God, honourable God, the Righteous One! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the east, in the west, *pity me, I pray.* Shew me thy glory, that I may know Thee who Thou art."

This prayer she offered for five years, never again making offerings to idols. At length a missionary came to that benighted village. She eagerly went to him, and stayed for nine days to listen to his words. Oh, how glad she was to hear about the great God and His Son Jesus Christ,

to whom all unknown she had prayed. And now she was told that He had heard her prayer, that she might come to the Lord Jesus, despised as she was, and that He would take pity upon her. He had died on the cross to save such as she, and very willingly she became His follower. From that time she felt she was not her own, but she tried to live for the dear Saviour who had bought her with His own blood.

When a female missionary came to teach the poor people in that village, Guapung took her to her own home, and helped her as much as she could. Soon there was a change for the better amongst the people, and instead of being a set of drunkards, they learned to fear and obey God.

Guapung was the means, with the help of the missionary, of gathering together a Christian church, and she began and carried on the first district school in the province. She took

great pains to teach the poor women to be kind and gentle to their children, and whomever she met with, she tried to win to Christ.

Now all this good came, by God's blessing, from the first kind word that the missionary spoke to the heathen woman.

I have said that the still small voice within you will teach you to love one another, and it will tell you too of the wonderful love of God to you.

Dr. Hanna tells us of a boy who was very naughty and disobedient. Again and again his father talked to him about his bad conduct, and punished him for it, but he seemed to grow no better at all. At last the poor father was so grieved that he burst into tears. The boy wanted to know why he cried, and when he found that it was because of his bad behaviour, it made him feel truly sorry. It was a proof of the father's

love never to be forgotten, and from that time the son grew up to be a comfort and a blessing to him.

Thus and much more have our sins grieved our heavenly Father, and it was because of this that He sent His Son Jesus into the world to die for us. It was a wondrous proof of His love that should open every heart to receive Him with joy and thankfulness. And you cannot better receive Him than by listening attentively to His whispering voice.

One Farthing each, or 2s. per 100, post free.

37131054 906 052

WHEN little Samuel woke
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice:
O blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be,
O how should I attend:
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak?
Oh yes; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel speaks to me.

Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that I have heard;
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, Lord, thy servant waits to hear."