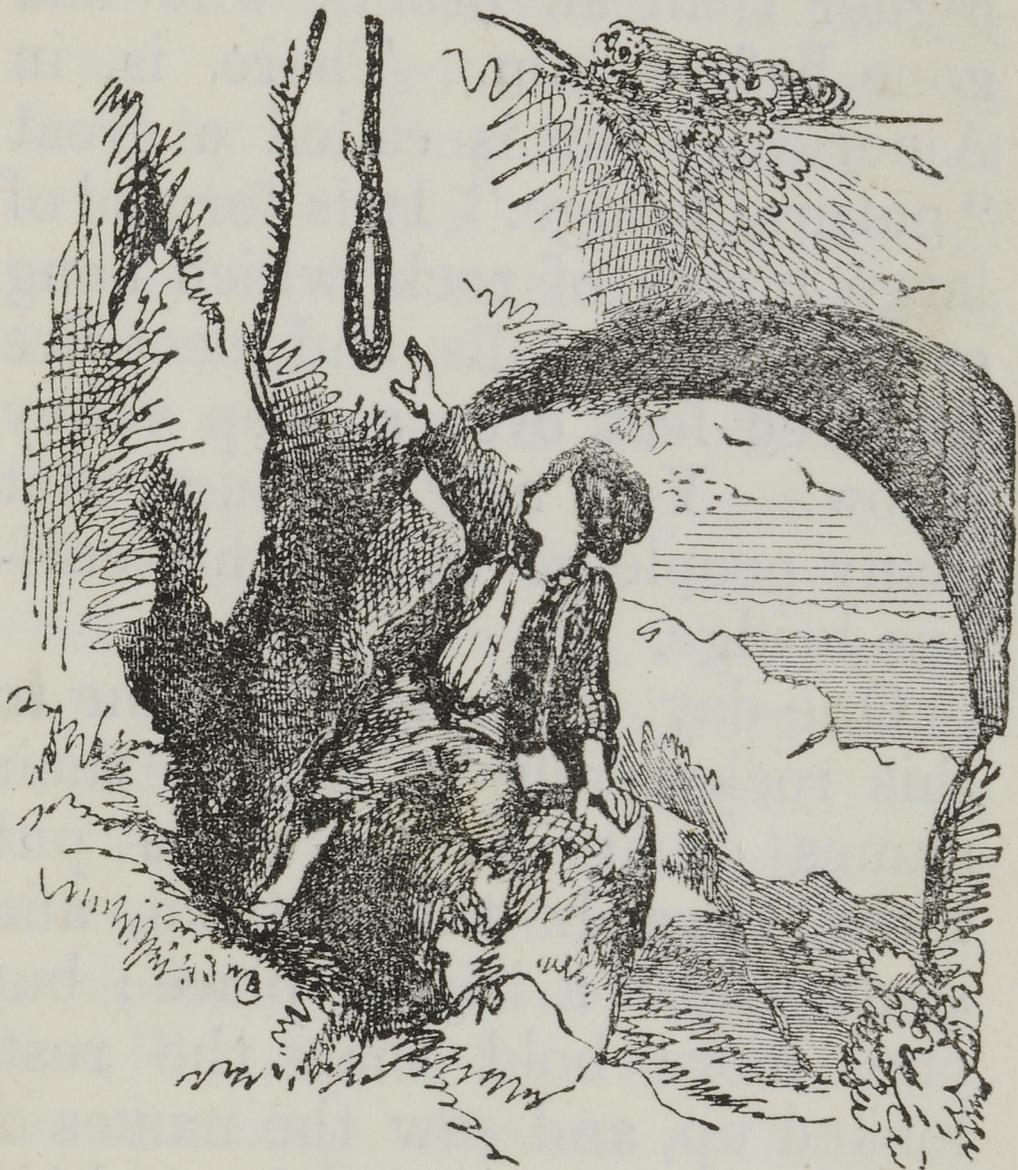


THE NAME
ON
THE ROCK.

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



THE NAME ON THE ROCK.



COME, listen to me, and I will tell you a story of a boy, who once tried to get a little honour for himself, by writing his name

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higher than all others who had gone before him. There is, in America, what is called a great "natural bridge." It is formed of large pieces of rock, which hang over from two hills, and meet five hundred feet over a deep valley below. You may be sure that many people go to see this curious bridge.

One day, several boys came to this rocky archway, to cut their names on its sides. Some put them towards the bottom, and some chose a higher place; but one, more bold than the rest, looked up, and saw the names of many visitors high above him. "I will try to outdo them all," said he; "my name shall be the highest yet." In a few moments

he was seen climbing the jutting crag. He got on very well at first, by holding the bushes and brambles, until he was beyond nearly all the names on the side of the hill.

He went up till he was above the tops of the highest trees which grew in the valley, and still upward he went, till he came to a spot which those from below told him was high enough. But he yet saw at a short distance above him a name, and in his pride he shouted out, "I will beat that!" Again he went on with his climbing. He cut notches on the sides of the arch, and holding on with one hand, he worked away with the other. At last he was at a point which no one

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before him had reached, and there he cut his name on the limestone rock.

The climber now thought of getting back to the ground. But this was not so easy a matter as he at first took it to be. If it was hard to go up, it was yet harder to get down. He saw the danger into which his pride had led him, and his head began to be dizzy.

By this time a large number of people had come together. His father, mother, brother, and sister, had heard of his peril, and were there also. "You cannot descend," cried some of the crowd; "try and gain the top." And this was all that could be done: so, step by step, he began to cut

his way upward. At length his strength was nearly gone, and he clung to the sides of the rock.

In the deepest agony of mind the father shouted to him, "William, William, do not look down. Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here: we are praying for you. Do not look down. Keep your eye towards the top." At the sound of his father's voice, the boy grasped his knife again, and upward he was seen once more slowly to move, until he found himself directly under the middle of the arch. The sight of ropes hanging from above roused him to new effort. The blade of his knife was now worn to the last half-

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inch. He cut one notch more with it, and it fell from his hands at his mother's feet.

What was now to be done to save him? At this moment a man lay down at his full length, with nearly half of his body hanging over the top of the bridge. He lowered a looped rope within reach of the fainting youth, who was just able to place it over his head, and then under each arm. And now he was seen swinging over the fearful height, while those from above gently raised him to the top. As he came up, one of the crowd seized him in his arms, and held him up to the view of the rest, while the shout "He is safe! He is safe!" was heard above and below.

There, you have listened to my story ; now attend to what I have yet to say. I have in my time seen many climbers, who have wished to cut their names higher than others in the world. They have sought to reach some of the lofty places of earthly renown. But I have seen them at last, like the boy who cut his name in the rock, in places of danger, and from whence some have slipped, to rise no more.

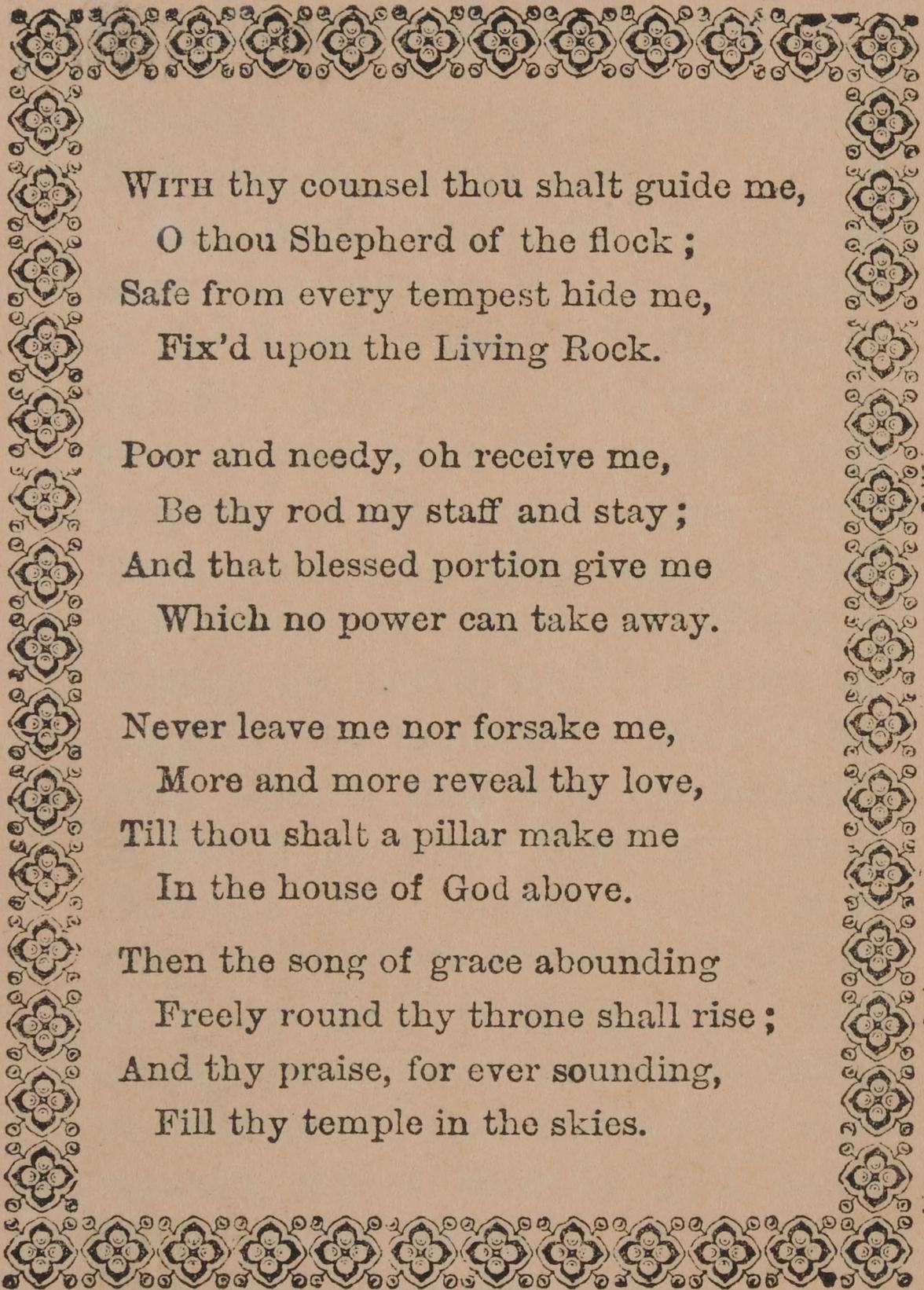
Instead of cutting a name for yourself in the world, you should rather try to do a little good in a humble way as you pass through it. I would rather have my name in letters of love and gratitude on the heart of a poor orphan child or afflicted widow, than on the

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proudest statue or loftiest rock that stands on the earth.

But seek above all things, to have your names found "written in the Lamb's book of life," Rev. xxi. 27. For what good will it do you if you have the wealth and honour of the world, and your name placed on lofty statues, and yet have no place in Christ's church on earth, and no part in his glory in heaven? May it be your desire and aim to believe in Jesus as your Saviour,—that through his merits your sins may be forgiven—and to obey him as your Lord; then you will surely have your names written in that book, and there they will remain when worlds and suns shall be no more.

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WITH thy counsel thou shalt guide me,
O thou Shepherd of the flock ;
Safe from every tempest hide me,
Fix'd upon the Living Rock.

Poor and needy, oh receive me,
Be thy rod my staff and stay ;
And that blessed portion give me
Which no power can take away.

Never leave me nor forsake me,
More and more reveal thy love,
Till thou shalt a pillar make me
In the house of God above.

Then the song of grace abounding
Freely round thy throne shall rise ;
And thy praise, for ever sounding,
Fill thy temple in the skies.