

DAY ONE MORNING

Christ's Childhood



'Your holy child Jesus.'

Acts 4:30

If I asked, 'How old are you?' you would give an exact answer. Perhaps you could tell me how many years old you are as well as how many months and days? Have you heard the story of Jesus as a little baby? Perhaps you have even have heard about Jesus when he was twelve years old in the temple? But have you ever thought of him as being exactly your own age? He was once really just as old as you are this very day!

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He knows what it is to be five, seven, eight years old, ten and a half, or nine and three quarters – or whatever you may be. God’s word has only told us one thing about Jesus during those years – that he was a holy child.

What is ‘holy’? It is everything that is perfectly beautiful, good and loveable, without anything to spoil it. This is what Jesus was when he was your age. He was gentle, brave, considerate, unselfish, noble, truthful, obedient, loving, kind and forgiving – everything you can think of that you ever admired or loved in anyone else was all found in him – not only outside but inside, for he was ‘holy.’

Why did he live all this time as a child on earth instead of staying in heaven till it was time to come and die for you? One reason was, so that he could leave you a beautiful example, so that you might wish to be like him and ask for the Holy Spirit to make you like him. But the other

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was even more gracious and wonderful; it was because of Jesus Christ 'we might become the righteousness of God.' That is, that all Christ's goodness and holiness may be given to you, because you do not have any of your own. God will then smile on you for Jesus' sake, just as if you had been perfectly obedient and truthful and unselfish and good. He will then give you Jesus' reward, which you never deserved at all, but which Jesus deserved for you. Jesus took your sins and gives you his righteousness; he took your punishment and gives you his reward. There is a swap, or exchange, if you will only accept it!

*I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me.
Because he loves me so.*

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The Invitation



'Come to Me.'
Matthew 11:28

Aren't these lovely words? Jesus is saying them to you.

How do I know this? Well, these words are written for every one that is weary and burdened. Do you know what it is to be weary and tired sometimes? Perhaps you know what it is to feel tired of trying to be good – weary with wishing you could be better. So, you see, it is to *you* that he says 'Come!'

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And if you have not yet come to Jesus, you are burdened too, even if you do not feel it; because the burden of sin that you are carrying is heavy enough to sink you down into hell, unless Jesus takes it from you. So it is to *you* that he says ‘Come!’

And just in case you should think he says it to grown-up people only, he said, ‘Suffer the little children to come to me.’ Are you a child? Then it is to you that he says ‘Come!’

Do you say, ‘If he were here, and if I could see him, I would like to come.’ But remember that he *is* here, as really and truly as you are. Suppose your mother and you were in a dark room together, and she said, ‘Come to me!’ you would not stop to say, ‘I would come if I could see you.’ You would say, ‘I am coming, mother!’ and you would soon feel your way across the room, and be safe by her side. Not seeing her would not make any difference.

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Jesus calls you now. He is in this room. Say to him, 'I am coming, Lord Jesus!' and ask him to stretch out his hand and help you. He will draw you close to himself.

Yes, to *himself*, the blessed, beloved Lord Jesus, who loved you and gave himself for you, who has waited so patiently for you, who calls you because he wants you to come and be his own little lamb, will hold you and bless you. Do not keep him waiting any longer – 'come.'

Will you not come to him for life?

Why will ye die, oh why?

He gave his life for you, for you!

The gift is free, the word is true!

Will ye not come?

Oh why will ye die?