

**CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR, OR,  
CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN A  
MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER  
ILLUSTRATING THE WAY OF  
SALVATION**

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**HARVEY NEWCOMB**

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©  
CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR;

OR,

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN A MOTHER  
AND HER DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATING

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

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BY HARVEY NEWCOMB,

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## CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

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### CONVERSATION I.

“MOTHER, my teacher has been telling me about Christ—how he died to save us. But I could not tell what it meant. Why could we not be saved, if Christ had not died?”

“My dear child, you know you are a sinner.”

“You have often told me I am a sinner, and my teacher tells me so too. I believe I am a sinner; but nobody ever told me what it is to be a sinner.”

“Do you not think, my dear, that you have a right to do what you please with your doll?”

“Why, to be sure I have; for it is mine, and I made it.”

“Well, my dear, if you could put life in it, so that it could run about, and play and talk, would you not think it ought to mind what you tell it to do?”

“O yes, mother; if it would not mind me, I would whip it and make it mind.”

“Well, my dear, God made you, and gave you a soul, so that you can think, and understand what he tells you. Ought you not, then, to mind what God says?”

“Yes, mother; I know I ought;



but how shall I know what he says? I cannot hear him talk."

"He has given us the Holy Bible, my child, to tell us what to do. You have learned the ten commandments. He came down upon Mount Sinai, with thunder and lightning, and a great and terrible fire and smoke, as we are told in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. He gave these commandments to Moses and the children of Israel; but he meant them for you and me, and every body. Tell me, my dear, what the first commandment says."

"The first commandment says, '*Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.*' I am sure I have always

minded this; for I never heard of any other God but God."

"What do you love best, my dear?"

"I believe I love father and mother best. I love my brothers and sisters too; and I love my doll and all my pretty playthings."

"See, my dear, how you forget God. You owe more to him than to father, mother, brothers, and sisters; for he made you, and he has kept you alive. He has given you kind parents to take care of you, and brothers and sisters to talk and play with you. He has given you food to eat, and clothes to wear. And he has given you his holy word to tell you what to do. Now, whatever you love best, that you make your

god. But are you sure that you love father and mother best? Have you not often disobeyed me?"

"Yes, mother, I have; but then I *do* love you."

"But when you set up your own will against mine, that shows that you love yourself better than you love me. When we love people, we wish them to be happy. But you have often disobeyed me, when you knew it grieved me and gave me pain. Have you never wished to have your own way, when you knew it was displeasing to me?"

"Yes, I know I have, many times I have been naughty to you, mother."

"Well, my dear, it is not for my own sake that I say this; but to