

STORIES AND PICTURES

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN.

By the Author of

“CHICKSEED WITHOUT CHICKWEED.”



LONDON:

DARTON AND HODGE, 58, HOLBORN HILL.





“WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?”



“WHAT good can I do, such a little girl as I am” sighed Janet, as she stood by the little pond before her father’s house, gazing into the water, as if she expected to see written

there an answer to her question. But the pond was as smooth as the surface of a looking-glass, and no single ripple broke its calm silence. Janet must seek somewhere else ; and nowhere better can she look than in her own loving little heart, ever ready to



prompt some deed of kindness to another. Janet had just come back from the Sunday-school, where she had heard a very interesting account given of the good done by a pious missionary amongst the heathens. Her little heart had warmed as she listened to the story

of his labours and their fruits, and, in common with all the other children, Janet had felt a strong desire, as she listened, to do something also for the glory of God and the welfare of her neighbours. There was only this difference between Janet and the other children—but I think you will allow that it was a very important one: they felt a passing wish, and when the story was over they forgot all about it; or, if they did remember for a time, they were contented with WISHING. But little Janet not only wished, but was certain that she ought to TRY. And Janet was one who never rested satisfied when once she knew her duty, until she had done it. Dear children, do not you see that this made a very wide difference between Janet and the others? So, when the teacher who read the story to Janet's class had concluded the account, and went on to urge upon the children, whilst their hearts were warm and their feelings excited, that they also had a work to do, for that it was the duty of all to labour more or less for the good of others, Janet began to feel that it certainly was her duty to do something, and

more, to determine to DO IT. Her only difficulty was what to do. "I cannot go abroad," she said to herself, like Mr. ——, to teach



the heathens how to read, and work, and fear God. And there are no heathens here; at least, I do not think there are." But then she began to think in silence. And she remembered that poor Bill, the boy who worked upon her father's little farm, was something very much like a heathen. She knew he could not read or write. She knew he had neither father nor mother, and lived with an

old woman who was esteemed a very bad character; that he spent all his Sundays in lounging about the fields, robbing birds'-nests, or setting dogs to fight, and that more than once her father had suspected him of plundering his fruit trees. That he was shunned and looked down upon by every one, she also knew; and, in short, the more she thought about it, the more convinced she grew that certainly Bill Dennet was more like a heathen than anybody she had ever seen, and that she must try if she could do him any good. But when she had arrived at this conclusion, her timid little heart began to tremble. For though Janet had a brave resolution to do her duty, whatever it might be, she was a very modest, humble little girl. And when she remembered how old Bill was—fourteen at least—and she only ten, and how cross he looked sometimes, she felt very much frightened; but not a bit discouraged for all that. The only thing was how to begin. Bill must be propitiated first. She must win his heart. And her own showed her the right way. The day before had been her

birthday, and a kind uncle in London, who kept a pastry-cook's shop, had sent her a fine plum-cake. This was quite her own; and as she had already given a liberal slice to every one in the house, she felt that she might do what she liked with the rest. So, taking the piece of cake in her hand, she began to look about for Bill. It was Sunday, and, therefore, he was free; but he was so constantly about the farm, having no happy home, that she was pretty sure of finding him soon, and a very short search brought her to his side, under one of the haystacks, lying on his back, and shading his face with his old hat.

“Do you like cake?” she said, timidly. Bill jumped up on hearing the gentle voice. “Yes, I like cake,” he said, looking eagerly at the piece in Janet's hand. Poor Bill! it was his highest joy to eat nice things; but he had never yet tasted any better pleasure, so he does not deserve blame. Whenever he got a penny, he spent it in fruit or pies, for he had no better way of employing his money. Janet put the cake into his hand, and said,

“Here is a bit of my birthday-cake for you, and you must wish me a good wish, Bill.” “So I do, with all my heart, Miss,” said the poor unfortunate boy, whilst his eyes filled with tears at the unexpected kindness of his little mistress: “I wish you may



never live to want a bit of food as much as I do to-day; for the old woman wouldn't give me my dinner, because, she said, your father had taken off some of my wages for bad conduct last week.” “Poor fellow! have you had no dinner?” said Janet. “How glad

I am I brought you this cake ! Do you like it ? ” Bill had already devoured every crumb, and declared it to be the very best thing he had ever tasted.

“ Do you always spend your Sundays this way ? ” Janet went on. “ Wouldn't you like to go to school, and learn to read ? ”

“ I should like to learn to read very much, ” Bill replied ; “ but I couldn't go to school— I'm so big ; and the boys make game of me. ”

“ Shall I teach you ? ” said Janet, half-frightened at her own courage.

“ Would you ? ” said the boy, with a bright glad look that Janet had never seen in his face before. “ But, no ; it would trouble you too much. I'm no scholar at all, and they say I'm stupid, ” he added, dropping his head.

“ I don't mind the trouble a bit, Bill, ” replied Janet, “ if you don't mind being taught by such a little girl as I am ; but we need not say anything about it to anyone, and then no one can say a word to hurt you on the subject. ” Bill did not know how to speak his joy ; but Janet wanted no thanks. And the

first lesson was given that very day. Bill was by no means a stupid boy, and had long had a most intense desire to learn to read, which he had never before felt any hope of accomplishing, and his gratitude to Janet knew no bounds. Every day they found time to do a



little in some retired corner out of sight, and Bill's progress was really wonderful. He gave up idling about, to work hard over his new

study ; and at the end of six months he could read perfectly well. But, besides all this, he was in every way an altered boy. He no longer robbed birds'-nests, or plundered orchards ; he no longer neglected his work, or displeased his master. For Janet had taught him to read the Bible, to keep the commandments, and to pray to God. Bill now said his prayers as regularly and as fervently as Janet herself. Everybody said, "What a change has come over Bill : he is a different creature !"

And so he was ; and none but God knew all. Janet was silent to everyone on her part in the matter, and Bill for her sake kept silence too. But to God he was eloquent in her behalf, and many a blessing came down upon the little girl who had gone in quest of the heathen, and taught him at home.

Bill became a good and clever farmer, and, what is far better, a good, and just, and pious man. He improved himself in learning, and at last went out to Australia, where he is to this day, tilling the earth, and doing good wherever he can.

He wrote a long letter soon after his arrival to his friend Janet, and sent her a long account of the kangaroos and the gold-



diggings. But there were some words in that letter which Janet read aloud to none, and shed grateful tears over when she knelt down at night before her father in heaven, and they were these:—"Dear Janet, I never pass an hour in the day without thanking God and praying to him to bless you; for nuder Him all my prosperity and all my

happiness, both for soul and body, dates from that Sunday afternoon when you asked yourself that question beside the little pond, 'What good can I do?' and God put it into your heart to try and convert Bill Dennet, a poor heathen at your own door."



“LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN
UPON YOUR WRATH.”



A LITTLE boy had been laid to rest in his soft
and comfortable bed. All day long he had

been at play with his companions amongst the new-mown hay. Now, tired and sleepy, he went to bed ; but he could not close his eyes, for there was a thought in his heart that troubled him. " I want mamma," he said to the servant, who was drawing the curtains round him. " Do ask mamma to come ; I cannot go to sleep till I have spoken to her." So, although his mamma had only just left him, after bidding him good night, the servant went and told her what the little boy said. His kind mother returned at once.

" What is it, my darling ?" she said, as she seated herself by his side, and felt his little burning hands. " What is the matter ?"

The child burst into tears. " O mamma, I am very unhappy ; I have let the ' sun go down upon my wrath.' " " What do you mean, my dear child ? " " I was very angry with Johnny to-day in the hay-field, mamma. He took my place in the cart, and he broke my little fork, and I said I would not forgive him. And now the sun is set—is it not, mamma ? and do you not remember what I read to you this morning : ' Let not the sun

go down upon your wrath.' Will not God be very angry with me? I am afraid to go to sleep."

"My dear child," said his mamma, "God is never angry with those who are sorry when they have done wrong. Do you forgive Johnny now?"

"Oh yes, mamma, I would put my arms round his neck if he were here; but the sun is set, and I did not tell him I forgave him."

"Be happy, my dear child," said his tender mother, "the sun has NOT gone down upon your wrath. See," she added, as she drew back the curtain of his bed, "it is still above the horizon, amongst those gold and purple clouds. Thank God, my darling, that He put it into your heart to forgive your companion before the end of the day." Little Harry smiled through his tears as he saw the glorious sun, clad in all the glowing beauty of the west, still lingering in the heavens. "God is very good," he said, "not to have let the sun set till I had forgiven Johnny. If only I could but tell him so!" "That you cannot do to-night, my darling," said his

mother; "but you may go to him the first thing to-morrow and tell him what you feel. God knows to-night that you have put away your wrath, and that is enough; and you may say a little prayer for Johnny, that he may grow gentle and loving, and that God may bless him."

So little Harry knelt down and folded his hands in prayer for Johnny, and after that he fell asleep very peacefully. The next morning he went before breakfast to Johnny, who lived very near. Johnny was up, and hard



at work preparing for school; for the holiday in the hay-field had put his lessons quite out of his mind the day before. He seemed sur-

prised to see Harry so early ; but before he could say a word the little fellow had clasped his arms about his neck, and said, " I forgive you for being so cross with me yesterday, and for breaking my fork ; and I did forgive you last night, only it was so late I could not come and tell you. But the sun did not go down upon my wrath."

Johnny blushed with shame as he remembered his unkindness to the little boy the day before, and kissing Harry very affectionately, he said—" Thank you, Harry : I was very cross ; but I hope I shall not be so unkind again. But what do you mean about the sun going down upon your wrath ? "

" Do not you remember, Johnny, that text in the Bible ? I read it to mamma yesterday, and she told me a pretty story about it : ' Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. ' "

" Yes, Harry, I remember it now, and must try not to forget it again. But tell me the pretty story, for I think I know my lessons now."

" Oh, Johnny, it is a sad one, too. But mamma told me that, some time ago, she

was staying at the sea-side. At some place—I forget where; but where almost all the people get their living by fishing. There are great rocks there, and often very terrible storms; and sometimes men are drowned, and the boats dashed to pieces. There was a woman there who had a son and a daughter who used to quarrel very sadly. They did know better, for they went to a Sunday-school, and could read their Bibles, which made it worse, mamma said. Well, one day, after they had been quarrelling very much, the boy said, ‘Come, Mary, don’t let’s quarrel. I am going out, and perhaps shan’t be back before sunset. Don’t let the sun go down upon your wrath.’ It was a text they had learnt the day before, and heard talked about at school. But Mary was very angry at the remembrance of something that Tom had said in his passion, and would not be reconciled. She would not even go down with him as usual to the river, to see the boat start; and though he held out his hand as he was going out at the door, and said, ‘Shake hands,’ she would NOT.”

“Well, Harry!

“Ah! now comes the sad part of the story—I mean the saddest. Tom went with the men fishing, and towards night there came on



a dreadful storm. The people were very much afraid for the boat; and they went, all in the wind and the rain, to the sea-shore, to try if they could see it. But it got darker and more stormy; and at last the sun went down. Mary knew it, and her heart began to tremble

within her. She was down upon the beach, too; for she could not stop at home. All night the storm raged, and as she tried to comfort her mother at home, her own grief was a great deal heavier; for the mother had always been kind to Tom. But she had refused to be reconciled. She had let the sun go down upon her wrath. Well, the next



morning, by break of day, she was down upon the beach; and there lay the broken

fragments of the fishing-boat. Then Mary knew her brother was dead, and that she never now could press the kiss of forgiveness on his cheek, or take the hand he held out to her at parting. She went home in such an agony of grief that she was taken very ill, and mamma went to see her, with some other kind people; for the story was known all over the place. And she was quite out of her mind, and kept crying out for him to be raised to life once more, like the brother of Mary in the Bible, that they might be reconciled. Mamma said she never saw any one seem to suffer so much."

"And was Tom dead, Harry?"

"Oh, yes; his body, with that of the men who went with him, was thrown up by the sea a few days after. But he was buried before Mary came to herself."

"Then she did recover, Harry?"

"No, Johnny; she only got back into her right mind for a little while, and then she died. Mamma used to read to her, and talk to her a little, when she could bear it. And mamma told her that, though she could

not hope to have her brother called back to life like Lazarus, yet that she might call upon



the same merciful Jesus to forgive her all her sinful anger before she died. And she

did pray, poor thing, and seemed a little comforted. Mamma was with her when she died, and just before she ceased to breathe she opened her eyes and looked round upon those who were by her bed-side, and said, in a tone that mamma told me she never could forget, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' "



The tears were in Harry's eyes as he finished; and Johnny, stooping down, kissed

him very heartily, and said, "Thank you, dear Harry. I shall never forget it either, I hope; for I am sure not all the honours we could pay to a departed friend, nor all the kind words of praise we could speak of him after he was dead, could do anything at all to relieve the pain with which we should remember past unkindness, if we had let his sun of life go down upon our wrath.

OVERCOME EVIL BY GOOD.



“IF I were ten thousand miles away from you, I should never forget you, mother; and you know it well, said a fine looking boy in sailor’s clothes to his weeping mother, as he stood by her side, trying hard to keep back

his own tears. "Don't you think I love you as well as you love me? and it never crosses my mind for a moment that you will forget me." "Forget you, my darling!" said his mother, looking up amidst her tears, "NEVER; and I know you will remember me wherever you go. But the temptations of a sea life are very great: you will have bad companions, perhaps, and will not be able to escape from them, and you may then forget—" "God grant that I may never forget MYSELF, mother; and I should be ashamed to do anything unworthy of you. And, besides, he added, in a lower and more earnest voice, "I CANNOT FORGET GOD; and He will keep me from sin." "God keep you, indeed, my son!" said his mother, fervently, and with a long, fond kiss they parted. Robert May was going on his first voyage to the West Indies, and though he hoped soon to see his mother again, yet their parting was hard to both, for they loved each other tenderly. Robert had never yet slept a night from under his mother's roof. But she was poor, and it was necessary for him to do something for his

living; so at fourteen years old he was launched as a young sailor.



The voyage was a prosperous one. And though Robert found a life at sea has its hardships, and those of a new and unexpected kind, yet, as he was willing and cheerful, he made his way pretty well, and was kindly treated on the whole by every one with whom he had to do. The next voyage was also to the West Indies; and as this was before the poor slaves were set free—that is, before August 1, 1834—he often saw them toiling

in the sugar plantations, and it made his very heart ache. When he saw that, though black-skinned, the poor negroes were human



beings like himself, with flesh to feel and hearts to suffer, and, above all, souls to be saved or lost for ever like his own, it was almost more than he could bear to see them treated by their fellow-creatures worse than the very beasts that perish. Thoughts like these made him shrink from going where he

would see the slaves, if possible; and one day, being desired by the captain to go on shore with some of the men to transact some business at a plantation near, he said to one of the other boys, "Oh, I wish I had not been ordered on shore: I dread to see those poor black creatures; it makes me feel so wicked against their masters." "Why?" asked the other boy, with surprise. "Blacks don't feel like us, Bob." "How do you know that?" said Robert. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men," he added, half to himself. But Tom had never read a page of the Bible in his whole life, and knew not what Robert meant. "What's that?" he asked. "I was thinking of a text I learned at school," said Robert. "That happy school where I learned to read my Bible and to do my duty. Did you never go to school?" "No, never, Bob. Tell me what they taught you about the slaves." "Oh, nothing exactly about the slaves; but I learnt that in the sight of God all are equal, and that he loves all alike." "I wish he loved me," replied Tom; "for I have no one—no mother,

father, brother, or sister; and you've got them all, Bob." "No father on earth, Tom; but let me be your brother, and we will talk together of Him who is our Father in heaven." And from this time the boys were often together—not to play, or speak idle or wicked words, such as boys are but too apt to indulge in, but that one might teach, and the other learn, the lessons which Bob had studied so happily in the Sunday-school. And before the end of that voyage Tom had learned to read a little, and knew the Ten Commandments and several hymns by heart. But now I must tell you of something that happened on the way home. There was a man on board ship who did not like Bob. He was a sullen, cross fellow; and once, when he had asked Bob to tell something that was not true to the captain, in order to excuse him from a neglect of duty, Bob refused, and this Jack never forgot or forgave. He showed his spite in many ways, which Robert felt to be very disagreeable. Amongst many other things, he tried to separate Tom from him as soon as he found the

boys liked being together; but when Tom fired up and spoke very angrily of Jack, Bob gently checked him, and said, "We must try to do him some good for all this Tom." "Good!" cried Tom. "Good for evil?" It was a new doctrine to poor Tom. "Yes, Tom, 'good for evil;' that is the way. Then we shall overcome evil with good." And so they did, as you shall hear. One day there was a dreadful storm. The wind roared above, and the sea beneath, as it tossed its raging waves high above the flapping sails. Higher and higher roared the wind, whiter and fiercer rose the waves. Battered and driven about, the ship seemed at the mercy of the elements, and after several days the wind and the sea had the better of it, and within sight of the coast of Ireland it began to go to pieces. Curses and prayers mingled on the deck from the despairing crew. But whilst the older men were spending those fearful moments in words that were more terrible than the tempest, there went up from a hidden corner a cry of humble and

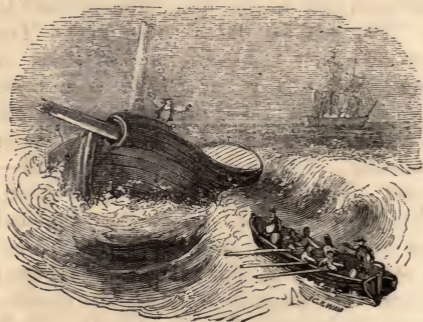
confiding prayer to Him who says to the wind, "Peace, be still; and immediately



there is a great calm." Robert knelt with Tom and cried to God for the lives of the

crew, that yet once again they may return in safety to their homes. A bitter pang crossed his heart as he thought of his beloved mother, and that he might be called upon to die with all the ship's company, and that then none could ever tell her how fondly he had remembered her to the last. But he tried to say "Thy will be done," even then. The boats were now lowered for a last effort at escape, and one by one filled with men. Jack and Bob were the last on board. "There is no more room," cries the mate in command." "Two more will sink us all—put off. The boy might come—jump down, Bob; and you, Jack, try to bear up, and trust in God till we send help." Such were the words; and in that moment a desperate struggle was in each of these two hearts, awaiting their doom for life or death. Jack thrilled with horror and despair to see the boy he hated likely to snatch from him the last dream of life. And Jack had never yet called upon God, except in the way of a profane oath. All his hope was in the boat beneath him. Not so with Bob. True, in

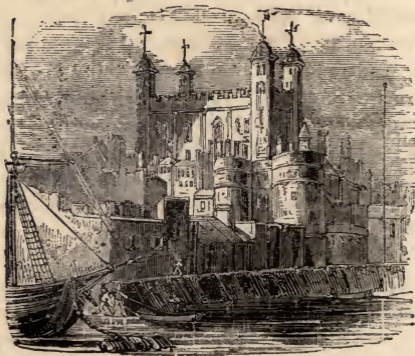
that short moment the vision of his mother swam before his heart and made it selfish for her sake; but a better home, and a still tenderer Friend, had long been brightening the future prospect of the sailor boy, and as the words of that best friend shot through



his mind, "Do good to them that hate you," he gave a sudden push to Jack, and stepped back from the ship's side; whilst Jack, half of his own accord, and half from Robert's push, jumped down—and they are off. Now, the young sailor is too anxious for their fate

to feel despair. He watches, and prays, and thanks God that Jack is with them. But my little readers must not think that the generous boy was left to die. His heroism, his devotion, and Christian charity were fully as perfect as if he had died there to save Jack, who had been his enemy. But God saw it all, and rewarded him even in this life. Some other men rowed from shore and brought him safely away before the ship went down; and when he met Jack afterwards at the house where the poor shipwrecked fellows were all taken in, the sullen face was wet with tears of gratitude and remorse, and the first words Robert heard from lips that had never spoken to him but with a curse before, were these:—"God bless you, my boy! You saved my life; for the boat would never have got back in time to fetch away a sinner like me, had I been left." "Thank God, not me, Jack," said Bob. "I do," replied the sailor; and he did. From that day the influence of the boy who returned "good for evil" was over the sullen, hardened man; and when the Tower turrets were once more

in sight, and Robert hastened to his mother's home, he had yet a happier tale to tell her than the story of his own escape from the perils of the sea. For he could proudly num-



ber amongst his friends one who had by his example put away the evil habits of a life of sin; who had ceased to swear, and drink, and hate his neighbour: for the sailour boy had "overcome evil by good."

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?



Two little boys, named John and Herbert,
had a happy home. Their father and mother

were rich, or, at least, had the means of living very comfortably; their dwelling was fair and well furnished, their clothes warm, their parents kind. Well fed, well clothed, and kindly treated, they seemed to Lucy and Jane, who lived in the cottage near the common, the very happiest of all created beings. Lucy and Jane had a different home. The walls of their cottage were damp and mouldering, the panes of glass broken and patched up with paper, the rain often found its way in stormy weather through the tattered roof, and unless the door was managed very cleverly, it hung so unevenly upon its hinges, that it would not shut at all.

Then there was seldom a fire on the hearth; very often not even a dry crust in the cupboard, and certainly no clothes in the drawers. All the wardrobe of Lucy and Jane hung about their own wasted little forms. A kind father and mother they certainly had; but their mother was so sickly with want and trouble that she was silent and dull, and their father had now been so long out of work that he had grown morose and irritable.

For he had once been far better off, and he could not bear to see his wife and children withering away in starvation and misery.

Things were in this state when a Sunday-school was opened in the parish. Many efforts had been made for a long time to establish one, for it was greatly needed, and through the zealous exertions of the father of John and Herbert, and other influential people, the school was at length set on foot. "Now, we shall want teachers," said Mr. Bragg, the day before it opened, to his two boys; "this is a fine opportunity for doing good to our neighbours." "I shouldn't think any of our neighbours would go to that school, papa," said Herbert, rather scornfully; "I thought it was only for the very poorest." "It is for those who cannot go on any other day, Herbert; or for all who desire to increase their opportunities of learning their duty, or, as I think, of DOING it." Mr. Bragg said no more; but he took for the subject of their reading at family prayers that morning the tenth chapter of St. Luke. He was sitting in his study after breakfast when John

came quietly in and stood at his side. "Papa, do you think I could teach in the Sunday-school?" "Would you like to try, John? It would be every Sunday, you know, all the afternoon." "I know it, papa; but I should like to try. I wish to do good to my neighbours if I can." "Then you shall try, my boy," said his father, laying his hand fondly on John's head; "and may God give you strength and wisdom to persevere. We must not hide our talents in the earth, but



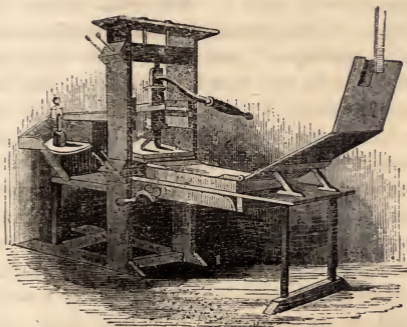
put them out at least to usury." So John became a teacher in the Sunday-school, and soon began to taste the sweet delight of doing

good. His scholars loved him ; for he was kind and gentle with them, and took a real interest in their improvement. One day, as he was passing the cottage by the common, he saw Lucy and Jane sitting in the sunshine at the door, looking so pale and wretched, that he could not help stopping to observe them. But the little girls, shy and timid, rose hastily, and went inside the cottage. John felt an interest in the children, of whose poverty he had already heard, and going up to the door he gently tapped. One of the little girls begged him to come in ; but John was startled at the bareness of the room, and the look of hunger so plainly stamped on the faces before him. "I took the liberty of coming in," he said gently to the poor mother, "to know if your little girls go to the Sunday-school which has lately been opened."

"I should be very glad to send them, my dear young gentleman," said the poor woman ; "but they have really no clothes to go in. My husband has been so long out of work that we are almost starving, and I cannot afford to buy them a decent frock apiece to

appear in at the school." John's heart was full at all he saw, and hastily beckoning one of the little girls to follow him outside, he bade the mother good morning, and went out. Then, slipping five shillings into little Lucy's hand, he told her to tell her mother that "a neighbour" had sent it to her, and ran away as fast as he could. He was on his way to visit one of his best scholars—who was ill—the son of a farmer at a little distance, who was neither too wise nor too proud to avail himself of the opportunity of letting his eldest boy, who could not be spared from home during the week, learn his duty on a Sunday at the Sunday-school. The boy had been taken ill a few days ago, and John, who made a point of calling on all his scholars as often as he could, had asked his father's leave to pay a visit to the sick boy. The farmer and his wife were delighted to see one of whom their boy spoke in such grateful terms, and poor Dick himself said he felt better as soon as he saw his young teacher come into the room. When John had read and talked to Dick as much as he could bear—for he was

very weak—and given him a new Bible, which he told him had been printed by an



uncle of his in London, he went down stairs, and the farmer and his wife begged him to have some lunch, declaring they would do anything in their power for one to whom they owed so much. “Would you like a young rabbit, Master John; or a pair of white pigeons; or a little bantam?” said the good woman, overflowing with good-will towards the kind-hearted boy who had “done Dick

good already." "Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Bright; nothing of the sort." "Then have some new-laid eggs? You must have something." "No, indeed, I want nothing, thank you; unless—" and then he stopped." "What is it, my dear?" said Mrs. Bright; "speak out!" "Well, if you would not think me too bold, do you want a man, Farmer Bright? There is a poor man who wants work so very badly, and if you could possibly employ him I would thank you more than if you gave me all your bantams, and your pigeon-house and hutch, Mrs. Bright." "Bless your heart!" said the farmer's wife; "who is it, my dear?" Then John told them about this poor man and his sick wife and starving children. And the farmer said he could not, perhaps, employ him constantly; but just now he could take him on at good wages for a few weeks, and that most likely he could recommend him afterwards to some one else. John thanked them with all his heart, and promised to send the man up in the morning. Then, hurrying home to his mother, he told her all, under a promise of

secrecy as to his part in the matter, and begged her to give him some clothes for the little girls. His kind mother gladly opened the drawer which she kept full of clothes for the poor, and put into a basket what she thought most suitable for the poor children, telling John that she would herself call upon their mother; but not now, as he should have the pleasure of taking the good news alone. Very happy in his heart, John set off after tea with his basket in his hand. Herbert was near the stile, gathering blackberries. "Where are you going, John?" he asked. "I am going to see a neighbour," John replied with a smile. "I want you to lend me five shillings till my month's pocket money is due, John; for I have seen such a splendid cricket-bat, and papa says I may buy it if I can afford it." "I am very sorry, Herbert," said John; "but I have not got any money." "Not got any! why, you had five shillings this morning. What have you done with it? If you have lost it papa will be very angry." "I have not lost it, Herbert." "Spent it, then?" "Lent it," replied John. "Papa

said we were never to lend money, except to one another, John." "Papa will not mind my having lent it this time, Herbert; but I must run on, or I shall be late." "Now, who can he have lent it to?" said Herbert to himself. "And how mysterious he looked; and where is he going, I wonder, with that basket and all. To a neighbour, he said. We have no neighbours out that way. I will follow him. If I should catch that sober John in some trick after all, perhaps they will not be always holding him up as an example to me so at home." So away went Herbert. But he had to wait behind a hedge whilst John set down his basket to help a poor puppy out of the pond for little Tommy Jones, who was trying to teach it to swim a little too early, and stood crying by the bank, fearing his pet would be drowned. John stayed to comfort and help this little neighbour, and then went on. Herbert, astonished, saw him enter the wretched hut near the common, and hearing a burst of voices instantly after, crept in also. No one noticed him. The poor family were crowding around John, imploring blessings

from heaven on one who had been sent by God to save them from ruin. Tears ran down the pale cheeks of the mother as she knelt down to clasp his hand, whilst the little children stretched out their hands as if to embrace him. "God bless you, master," said the man,



with broken voice ; " may God bless you, for you have saved us from misery and starvation." John hurried out, tears on his own cheeks. Herbert was touched to the heart. " You have indeed found out your neighbour, John, and how to do him good," he said.

“I know now to whom you lent your money ; for ‘ he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord ! ’ ” And that night, at family prayer,



kindled by the example of his brother, Herbert prayed with all his heart that he might be enabled to “ go and do likewise.”

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.



TIMOTHY LAWRENCE was a poor boy who lived in a town not far from Manchester. He had a father, but no mother, and he was an only son. His father was a wicked man. Almost every night he went to bed in a state of intoxication ; and although he was a good workman and got handsome wages, they were pretty nearly spent every week in the

public house. You may imagine Timothy's home was not a very happy one. His mother had been kind and good. She had taught him to read and pray, and her most earnest desire had been to see him grow up a good and useful man ; but when he was only ten years old she died, and he wept bitter tears over her coffin. A few days after her death his only aunt, who had come up to attend her sister's funeral, proposed to his father that she should take Timothy back with her to London for a time, as he was yet too young to be left without some motherly care over him. The man gladly consented, and Timothy returned with his aunt to London. She was a pious, good woman, and during the three years Timothy lived with her he was very well taught and cared for. But at the end of that time she also died, and Timothy was obliged to return home to his father's native place. Home looked sadly to the poor boy. Ever since his mother's death the father had given himself up to wretched dissipation. He neglected everything at home, and the cottage looked dirty

and desolate to a degree that Timothy could not understand at first ; for his poor father used to love order and neatness, and Timothy knew he got good wages. The poor boy soon found out the reason of the misery he saw, and it brought down a greater misery upon his own heart. His father treated him very kindly, and soon got good work for him at a



farmer's near ; but he used to sleep at home. Now, Timothy knew that he must do what he could to win back his poor father from the unhappy vice to which he was addicted ;

but he did not like to speak to him about it. That, he thought, was not his duty. His father knew as well as he did what was right. He determined to try all he could to make his home more comfortable; and, tired as he was when he came back at night, you would have been surprised to see how handily he put the room to rights, and spread out the supper-cloth. - More than once his father stayed in-doors all the evening, because "the place looked so cheerful," he said. Timothy had, as I have told you, been well taught by his mother and aunt, and whilst in London had regularly attended a Sunday-school. Oh! how he missed this now. There was no Sunday-school in his village, and he had no time for learning on any other day. He felt so sorry, too, for the other children whom he saw spending their Sabbath in idleness and vice, and he longed to do them some good. He was like the young Timothy of whom we read, who had known the Scriptures from a child, and like that faithful disciple of the truth, he was now ready to "do the work of an evangelist" to them.

After a great deal of thought, Timothy at last resolved to propose to one or two of the boys whom he was in the habit of meeting every day, that they should assemble together on a Sunday and try and learn a little. Timothy had already told them of the Sunday-school, and therefore they were not surprised. "But who will teach us?" said they. "Can you read?" asked Timothy. Some could read a little, some not at all. "I will teach you all I know," said Timothy, modestly; "and perhaps some day we may get some one better able to instruct us." Some of the boys were pleased, and others said they did not want to learn—they liked to play on Sunday, when they had been hard at work all the week. Timothy was not discouraged. Three or four had promised to come, and the place of meeting fixed on was under the branches of a tree in a meadow, where they were not likely to be interrupted. Sunday afternoon came at last, and Timothy found more than a dozen boys waiting for him under the tree; for some of those who

had at first refused, now out of curiosity determined to come—"at least the first time."

Some were older and some a little younger than their teacher, but all were full of



expectation, and Timothy proposed to begin by reading them a few verses from the Bible, which he commented upon as he read, having been accustomed, during the last year to a

class of young children at the school he had attended in town. He took care to read an interesting portion—about the crucifixion of



our blessed Lord. Many of the boys had never heard the thrilling narrative read from the Bible before; though, of course, all knew the principal events. But every boy was hushed and attentive, and the clear voice and earnest manner of the young teacher excited general admiration. After this there was a little reading all round, and each boy did his best, some of them who knew how to read short words perfectly undertaking to teach those who had never learned their letters.

Timothy then repeated the Ten Commandments, and all the boys learned the three first before they separated. "Our Father," which few of them could repeat by heart, then followed, and at last Timothy proposed to sing a hymn. Fixing on a short and easy one to a popular tune, he led the way, and after a few attempts he was joined by several other voices which till then had never sung any but the profanest songs. The boys were charmed, and Timothy had little difficulty in getting them to promise that they would meet him again the following Sunday, and that they would say "Our Father" every night and morning till then. From this time the little school under the tree went on regularly. I do not mean to say there were no drawbacks, or that all the boys fulfilled the wishes of their young teacher; but the numbers increased to nearly thirty within six weeks. The boys made rules, by which they bound themselves to orderly conduct and punctuality. And though some went back after a Sunday or two, and fell into worse habits than before, yet more, having "put their hand to the

plough," WENT ON, and became a comfort to their parents, and a cause of rejoicing to their young teacher. And it came to pass as Timothy had foreseen. So good a work could not be altogether overlooked. A young man in the village, the son of a miller, who was himself very fond of going under the tree to listen to the little boy expounding the Scriptures, offered Timothy the use of an outhouse during the winter for the accommodation of his scholars. Other people lent seats, and one or two joined in assisting Timothy to teach. As time went on things prospered still more; at length a school-house was built, and not only a dozen, but a hundred children assembled there every Sunday to learn their duty to God and man, the way they were to walk in through this life, that they might come at last to one better and more enduring. But it was always remarked that, amongst those who were teachers in the school in its more prosperous condition, there were none so zealous, so pious, and so well instructed as those young men who had sat as children round Timothy under the old tree.

He had himself sat as a young disciple at the feet of Jesus, learning the right way, and that was the reason he taught it so successfully to others. But now I must tell you



something that gave more joy to Timothy than all the improvement in his scholars or the school; and it happened when he had kept school under the tree for about two

months. His father, loitering through the fields one Sunday afternoon, heard a sound of singing, which attracted him to a hedge, and looking through, to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys upon the grass, singing in sweet tones a hymn which he, poor lost man, remembered hearing from his mother when a child. Never had its music blessed his ears since then. But what surprised him more than all was to see his own son standing in the midst of the group with a book in his hand, leading the voices. Struck and softened, he listened. Then came a chapter in the Bible, the story of the Prodigal, with touching comments by his own young boy. Every word went to his heart; and when at length the children went upon their knees to pray for their parents and all the absent, the tears ran down his cheeks, and his faltering voice joined in with every sentence of the Lord's Prayer, with which they concluded. Never since he was a child had he repeated it. Now, like the repenting publican, he "stood afar off," smiting on his breast, and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And God heard that prayer. Hard was the struggle with his evil habits and undisciplined heart, but God gave him strength, and before the new building was quite completed, Timothy's father, now a steady, sober Christian, had become a teacher in "the young disciple's" school.



THE CHILD'S TRUE HOME.



LITTLE FRANK had been away from home for more than a year. He had been a long way down in the country with a kind uncle and

aunt. He had not exactly forgotten his own home, and his dear mother and father, and sister Lucy, and he always looked forward to going back to them some day; but still his recollections grew fainter and fainter, and he loved his uncle and aunt so much he never liked to think of leaving them. But the time for his return was at last fixed, and after a sorrowful parting with his kind friends, and a long weary ride of more than one hundred miles, Frank found himself once more at his father's door. I should rather say in his mother's arms, for before he could well feel sure that the coach had stopped, he was caught up with even tenderer kisses than even his good aunt had ever given him, and he felt he was clasped to his mother's heart. It is a happy thing that return home after an absence, when there are loving ones waiting to receive you. It more than makes amends for all the sorrows of separation, and if there is one thing more than another which stamps a sadder character on age than youth it is that lonely, desolate aspect of our home when

we come back to it after absence, and find no friend expecting us, no eye fondly gazing from the window, no hand outstretched from the door. May we in such hours look onward with a more consoling trust to our only true home above, where a Father and many brethren shall await us with a glorious welcome! But my little readers know nothing yet of a bereaved home on earth, I will hope. They have not yet missed one kindly smile, and certainly there were plenty to welcome little Frank. His mother first; and, when she had released him, his sister Lucy held him fondly in her arms. Then his father, grave, but still very happy-looking, came and took up the little boy, and parted his thick hair, to look if he was altered, and told him how glad he was to see him back once more. Even puss had her way of welcome, and greeted him after her own fashion, with an arching back and waving tail, and a burst of purring that was quite affectionate. While tea was being got ready, Frank ran into the garden to look at his own peculiar bit of

ground, and all the old scenes of his infant sports.

Lucy followed him, and showed him how carefully she had tended his plants during his absence, and that not one weed disfigured the



beds. Frank thanked her with warmth, but Lucy hurried him in-doors. "You ran out so fast, Frank; I was just going to show you

something a great deal prettier than your garden." "What is it, Lucy? I remember now, aunt Jane told me there was something new at home, something very pretty, and that I should like very much; but in the hurry of getting off and the journey I forgot all about it. What is it?" "Come here," said Lucy, looking very mysterious, and putting her finger on her lips, she walked on tip-toe towards her mother's room. "Mother told me I might show you first," she said, as she gently opened the door and led Frank to a cradle, where he saw a lovely infant of some three or four months old fast asleep. Its little fat arms were spread over the coverlet, and its soft cheeks, glowing with health and beauty, were dimpled with smiles. Frank held his breath, and looked in wonder at the babe, and then at Lucy. "It is ours!" she whispered; "ours, Frank; our very own baby—our little brother." "Oh, Lucy, when did it come?" "Last spring, Franky dear; its name is Joseph, after that good gentle Joseph in the Bible, who was so dear to his father, and who forgave his brethren when he

came to power, and did good to them for all the mischief they had done to him. You remember, don't you, Franky?" "Oh, yes, Lucy! I remember; and how they hated him because of his dreams, and sold him into Egypt. We shall not hate this Joseph, shall we? Oh, Lucy, how good of God to give him to us!" "Yes, my dear little boy," said his mother, who had come gently in, and stood beside them; it was very good of God. "And now I want my little boy to help us all in taking care of this little babe for Him. Joseph still belongs to God, you know, Franky. He has only lent him to us to take care of."

"Only lent him, mother! He will not want him back again, I hope." "Not yet, I trust, my darling; though, even if that were so, may His will be done. But, however long he may stay upon earth, you know, my darling, this is not his real home. He is here but for a season, to prepare for heaven. Will you help him to get ready for that better home, Franky?" "Oh, if I can, mother." "You can, my dear, by trying to teach him

what is right; by always being very gentle and kind to him yourself, and showing him by your own good example that you are trying to prepare for a better country than this." Frank looked very grave and said, "I will try, mother." And Frank did try. The sight, so unexpected, of the little new brother, in all his infant beauty, and his mother's words and manner at that moment, made an impression on him that never passed



away. He seemed to look upon Joseph from that time as his own peculiar charge. And

though it was Lucy who was head nurse, and who used to take the little one out into the fields and hush him to sleep when her mother was busy, yet Frank always spent the chief part of his play-time in trying to amuse the little fellow, and put a special clause in his prayers night and morning, that God would bless the little baby committed to their care, and give him grace to set it a good example. For a few months the little Joseph grew more and more lovely, and then, as his teeth began to trouble him, he was often unwell; but still there was no cause for fear on his account. Lucy and Frank went one Sunday to school as usual, leaving their mother sitting by the fire, with Joseph asleep upon her lap. The lessons at school that day turned on the subject of heaven, and the children were called upon to prove from Scripture what must be the condition of those who are fit to be admitted to that blessed place. Frank brought immediately a text to prove humility and innocence as necessary qualifications: "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set

him in the midst of them, and said, 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"—Matt. xviii. 2, 3. Many other children brought beautiful passages bearing on the purity, the gentleness, the charity required of all who hope to



be partakers of that heavenly kingdom purchased for us by the blood of the Lamb. And then the teacher went on and read the class some verses from the last two chapters of the Revelations, describing the glory and the beauty of that city which needeth not

the "light of the sun or of the moon; for the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. xxi. 23.

Lucy and Frank came home, their young hearts burning with a love for Him who hath bought for us so fair an inheritance at so precious a price.

"Ah, Lucy," said Frank, "we must become like little Joseph before we shall be fit to go and share the happiness of heaven."

"We will pray for it, dear Franky," answered Lucy.

The children came into the house; but their mother did not come to meet them as usual. A change indeed had passed on all in that short absence. A sudden fit of convulsions had carried little Joseph to the land of angels. God had taken back the sweet child he had lent but for a season. Never could Lucy and Frank have borne the tidings better than they were able to do at that time. Filled with bright images of the heavenly Jerusalem, they almost rejoiced for a moment that their darling baby had gone already to

enjoy the presence of God. True, this was but for a time ; and when they saw him lying at first in his little cradle, but now cold, lifeless, and silent, they wept bitter tears over the loss of all his pretty ways and lovely endear-



ments. But even then, Frank was able, in his childish way, to comfort his mother.

“Dear mother,” he said, “Joseph is better off. He is only gone really HOME. There

is no pain there, nor sickness, nor crying. I shall try now more than ever to be a good boy, that I may go some day and be happy with him for ever in heaven."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



JESUS said, "Suffer the little children to
come unto me, and forbid them not; for of

such is the kingdom of God." Who can read these blessed words and not feel the greatest confidence in an infant's prayer? Surely, He who loved them so much on earth, that "He took them up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them," will listen from His throne on high to all their childish petitions. Shall I tell you, dear children, of little Lucy Bell, and what she prayed for, and how her prayer was heard and answered? Lucy Bell was only four years old when a school was opened for children in the village where she lived. It was a Sunday-school; for the teacher lived at a distance, and could only spare a few hours on Sunday, which he spent in doing good: for surely teaching the ignorant is one of the very greatest of all good works.

Lucy's mother was an idle, gossiping woman. Sunday was a sort of holiday to her, and she used to pass it either lounging about her own door or the doors of her neighbours, talking over the news of the week. Lucy got many a hasty slap and sharp word if she came in the way with her

little prattle. And when the school was opened, though she did not care for learning herself, and certainly would not have paid any money to have Lucy taught, yet it was a nice thing to have the child got out of the way all the long summer afternoons; and, THEREFORE, and for no other reason, Lucy was sent. The little girl was of a loving and confiding disposition. She loved to tell out her whole heart to those who were kind to her; and when she had learned to pray to our Father in heaven, she used to ask for



everything she wanted, just as if she was speaking to her dearest friend. She FELT

that God heard her. When the teacher told the children about the poor heathen who knew not God, Lucy put in her prayers at night, "Pray, God, send some one to teach the heathen the way to heaven." But, above all things, she began to try to walk in that good way herself, and to desire that her father and mother should do the same. One day, after she had been nearly six months at school, she was out early one morning with her mother, and it was Sunday. Her mother was poor, and wanted wood for the fire. She might, perhaps, have been better able to buy it if she had been a careful, industrious person. But so it was, that she had no wood in the house, nor any money to buy some; and she led little Lucy along under the now leafless hedges of Farmer Bright's fields, picking up sticks as she went.

There was a wood at a little distance, to which the children were in the habit of going to gather fuel. But Mrs. Bell had forgotten this during the week, or else had been too lazy to go; for Lucy was too young. The wind blew cold on this Sunday morning, and

Mrs. Bell wanted to get home as soon as she could. So, having picked up several sticks,



she began to pull two or three others out of the hedge itself. Lucy had been walking

quite silently by her mother's side, stopping when she stopped, but not offering to help her, as at other times she delighted to do with all her childish strength. But when she saw her mother pulling the sticks from the hedge, she said suddenly, "Mother, you have broken two commandments." "What do you mean, child?" said Mrs. Bell, struck with surprise at first, and afterwards with a sense of shame to find herself reproved by her infant.

"Don't you know, mother, this is Sunday, and it says, 'In it thou shalt do no manner of work.'"

"Well, child," replied Mrs. Bell, "am I at work?"

"Yes, mother; picking up sticks is work. Teacher told us of a man who was stoned to death for doing it, because it was wrong."

"Well, child!" repeated Mrs. Bell, in whose mind forgotten precepts came whispering back as she listened to her child's words.

"Then, dear mother, it says, 'Thou shall not steal;' and you took two of Farmer Bright's sticks."

Mrs. Bell dropped the two sticks, and said, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "There, dear, we'll leave the sticks in the hedge and go home, and you shall tell me all the commandments. Mother has forgotten them."

And so they did, and the little girl told her mother all that she had learnt at school, and repeated so many hymns and texts of Scripture that Mrs. Bell said afterwards to a neighbour, it was as good as a meeting. From that time she always heard the child's prayer herself, and, what was better, she learned to pray too. I have heard her say that the happiest evening she ever knew was that on which, for the first time for many years, she knelt down, and said, "Our Father," when, from the lips of her own child, she had once more learned it.

But this was not all. Lucy's father was an idle, drinking man. He earned very good wages, but spent so much of them in drink that his wife was always poor, and his home wretched. Even the farmer for whom he

worked threatened to discharge him, and Mrs. Bell, when she knew this, fretted very much.



Lucy saw her mother's tears, and, child as she was, knew the reasons of her grief but too well. But Lucy had a Friend to whom she always went when in trouble, and from whom she always asked for help in earnest faith. And this Friend was God. The very best Friend that any little boy or girl, or man or woman can have. Better than a prince, or a king, or an emperor, with all their riches and treasures, even if they were ever

so kind and so generous to us. For God can see our secret thoughts and wishes. He can hear our requests at any moment, and we can go to Him whenever we wish it. And, better still, He not only hears, but answers our prayers; and the gifts He sends are such as will not disappoint us.



So to this Friend little Lucy went. I wish you could have heard her prayer. It was very simple—just the outpouring of her

childish heart to God. "O God, bless poor father. Teach him to know that it is wicked to get drunk. Pray God make father a good father." It was in words like these that little Lucy prayed, whilst the tears ran down her mother's face as she sat and listened to the child at her knee, and joined with all her heart in the petition. And do you think God heard the prayer of a little girl just four and a-half? Could words so childlike reach the ear of Him whose throne is in the majesty of heaven? Yes; for "He humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth;" and no sight is so dear to Him as a little child that calls upon his name. He heard the prayer of little Lucy. And He put it into the heart of her father that very night to come home earlier than usual, and to sit down quietly in the outer room without disturbing his wife, who was in the bed-room with little Lucy. And then that father heard his infant's voice pleading for him at that throne of mercy where he had never knelt. Tears rushed into his eyes, and a feeling of remorse for his past conduct took possession

of his soul. He who had never even taught her the name of God, except by his profane swearing. From that moment he became an



altered man, forsook the public-house, and was a support and comfort to his wife and child. Thus was the prayer of little Lucy

answered. And thus did she, like a little lamb, follow her Heavenly Shepherd, hearing His voice, and doing His will. And thus also may all dear children "ask in faith, nothing doubting;" for He will hear and will answer their petitions.



THE
MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL
TO HIS BEAST;
OR,
THE LAW OF KINDNESS.



A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was one day going to join his class, when he saw a boy pelting stones at a poor frog, and as he drew nearer

he was grieved to see that it was one of his own scholars. Having admonished him, he made the boy walk with him to school, and asked him on the way if he did not think that frogs could feel as well as he. Harry replied that he supposed they could feel; but that, as frogs were of no use, he did not see any harm in pelting them if it amused him.

“I see a great deal of harm in it,” replied the teacher, “and more for you than even the poor frog; though for him I think it is bad enough. But does it do you no harm to be cruel—to allow yourself to do things which will harden your heart to that degree that, at last, you will be so indifferent to the feelings of others that you will soon take pleasure in their sufferings? You were doing something very much like that just now, Harry.”

Harry coloured, and acknowledged that he was wrong.

“Besides, it is not a very profitable way of employing yourself on Sunday,” added the teacher; “but I hope you will not forget yourself so far again.”

Harry promised to try his best, and after

their usual prayers and reading at school, the teacher began to talk to his boys upon the "law of kindness."

"I think, my boys," he said, "that you are tolerably kind to each other. I have seen a great many kind actions done by one boy to another in my own class. But you must remember that it is not merely to those who are your companions in the class that you must be kind, but to EVERY ONE; for all are your brothers and sisters before God. 'We know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethen,' says St. John (1 John iii. 14). And it is not the brethren only whom our blessed Lord himself commands us to love. He says, 'Love your ENEMIES.' Of this I need not say much now to you, for you have no enemies, my dear boys; although, when you are so unhappy as to quarrel with each other, you may all find an opportunity of putting in practice somewhat of the spirit of this divine precept. But I want this afternoon to talk to you about the law of kindness as regards animals

—dumb creatures, who were given us by God to USE, and not abuse.”

The boys looked rather surprised.

“You think, perhaps,” the teacher went on, “that this is of no consequence; that God does not care how we treat his dumb creatures. But I believe he DOES CARE; and of one thing I am certain, and that is, that it makes a great deal of difference in the state of our own hearts before Him. But we will see whether we can find anything about kindness to animals in His own Word.”

Several of the boys were soon ready with texts to prove the love of God for his animal creation, amongst which were the following—Exod. xxiii. 17; xxxiv. 26; Deut. xiv. 21; Exod. xxii. 30; xxiii. 5, 11, 12; Deut. xxii. 10; xxv. 4; Matt. vi. 26; x. 29; Luke xii. 6, 24.

The children were astonished to find so many. Their teacher told them they had forgotten one from Proverbs—“A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.”—Prov. xii. 10.

“These, and many others,” he added, “will show that God careth for all that he has made, whether small or great. Besides, it is ungrateful to be cruel. Many of the beasts are really so serviceable to us, that we could not do without them. The reindeer is



almost everything to the Laplander; the horse and the camel to the Arab; and, formerly, the kangaroo to the natives of New South Wales. And even we here, in England, what should we do without our domes-

animals? Could the shepherd manage his flock without a dog? the farmer plough



without his horses? to say nothing of cows, sheep, and pigs, on which we are so de-

pendent for food? In some countries a feeling of humanity is carried almost too far, through the superstition of the people. I have heard of hospitals for sick cats and dogs; and you know, in India, the cattle are regarded with such veneration, that it almost amounts to worship; but this is amongst idolaters. I will say no more now, my boys, but I hope you will remember what we have talked about, and that I shall never find any of you taking pleasure in what gives pain to even the meanest of God's creatures. I wish you all to keep the law of kindness, and to grow up 'righteous' men; and we have heard that 'a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' "

Harry looked down; but his teacher meant what he said for all, just as much as for him, for he knew boys were very thoughtless, and there was not one in his class to whom the lesson would come amiss.

Not long after this Harry was going on an errand for his father to a neighbouring village, and as he was passing down a shady road, singing as he went, and thinking what a

pleasant evening it was, he heard the hoofs of a horse behind him, and turning round his head, he saw young Woollett, the postman's boy, on his little white pony, taking the letter bag, as usual, to the next town. But the sides of the pony were streaming with blood, and his whole body quivering with pain.

"What have you been about, Jem?" asked Harry. "Do you know how bad his sides are?"

"Oh yes, I know; and I will make them worse," said the hard-hearted Woollett. "I am so late to-night, for I stopped to have a game at marbles behind the churchyard, and now I can't get the pony on."

"Poor thing! no wonder," said Harry. "Oh, Jem, remember what it says in the Bible: 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' Have some mercy on the poor thing."

But Jem cared not for anything but his own skin, and afraid of being too late, and perhaps getting a beating at home, he once more plunged the spurs into the pony's sides, and was soon out of sight. Jem Woollett

was a cruel boy, as you may suppose. If he saw a bird fluttering through the air, his only impulse was to fling a stone at it, careless



whether he broke its legs or wings, and so left it miserably to perish. It was the same with every other creature that came in his way. He liked to make dogs fight, or to set a fierce terrier he had at any poor cat that came in his way; and as to the poor pony, it knew his disposition but too well. Harry sighed as he went on; for his heart

had softened to all creatures since his teacher pointed out to him how visibly they were under the protecting hand of God. It was thoughtlessness, and not cruelty, that had led him astray with regard to the poor frog; for Harry was in general a very good boy, and wished to please God in all his actions. When he had done his business in the village he set off home; but about half-way on the road he found the little white pony standing without a rider by a low stone wall. Harry felt afraid there was something the matter, for the pony and Woollett seldom returned before ten at night, and it was now striking eight from the village tower in the distance. He ran to the wall and looked over. Yes, there was indeed something wrong. Jem Woollett lay there, with a broken leg and a bruised shoulder, and what was worse, his head had been hurt so badly that he was not sensible, but lay as if he were dead; whilst the little pony stood gazing at him, with an eye as full of pity and remorse as the eye of a dumb beast could be. The poor little thing had been driven half-mad by the boy's wanton cruelty,

and stopping suddenly in the midst of a wild gallop by the low wall, Jem had been thrown over its head with fearful violence. Harry was dreadfully frightened. He thought Jem was dead, and began to shout for help as loud as he could. Some labourers returning home from work heard his cries, and came to see what was the matter, and Jem was taken home, and the doctor fetched as quickly as possible.

The flow of blood had been so great that the doctor said he must be kept extremely quiet; but that with care he would yet recover. And so he did; but his illness was long and painful; and as he lay smarting upon his bed, Jem had plenty of time for reflection, which I am glad to say he made good use of. Harry was his constant and attentive visitor, and as soon as Jem was able to speak, he asked him if he should bring the teacher from the Sunday-school to see him, to which, weak and humbled as Jem now was, he gladly assented.

The kind man came, and spent many an hour by the sick boy's side. Jem could read,

and in a short time he took pleasure in searching through the Word of God for precepts and promises he had never known before. When he got better, and was able to go out, he promised to attend the Sunday-school, and I am glad to say he kept his promise.

“I am afraid I knew but little of the law of kindness till I was hurt myself, Harry,” he said, as he walked to the school for the first time, leaning on his little friend’s shoulder. “I often thought as I lay ill of your words to me the night I was hurt: ‘The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.’ I cared nothing for it then, and perhaps I might not have heeded it to this moment if I had not learned the truth of another text which I found as I lay ill: ‘The merciful man doeth good to his own soul; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.’—Prov. xi. 17.”

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.



It was a sunny day in June. Rosa and Annie had coaxed papa to wheel grand-

mamma's chair under the green branches of the weeping ash. It was a spot they loved better than all the rest of the garden, for they were allowed to call it their own—their garden-parlour.

“Now, dear grandmamma, tell us about the time when you were a little girl,” they pleaded, as they stood one on each side of her. “What did you do on a Sunday afternoon?”

“I worked harder than on any other afternoon in the week, my darlings; and yet I was happier, far happier, than if I had been at play.”

“And what did you do? I thought it was wrong to work on Sundays,” said Annie, looking half sorrowfully at grandmamma.

“I am sure grandmamma did nothing wrong,” said Rosa, cheerfully; “I daresay she taught in a Sunday-school. Do you mean that, grandmamma?”

“Yes, Rosa, I did; from the time I was seven years old till just before you were born, and then—”

“Ah! yes, dear grandmamma, I know;

and then you had that sad illness which has left you too weak to walk about any more ;” and Rosa’s eyes filled with tears.

“Do not be sad for me, my little Rosa ; God has been very good to me. He gave me both strength and will to work while it was day. It is now the twilight hour with me, and I have time to think pleasantly of the past day, and the coming night.” Rosa and



Annie looked graver still ; for they knew grandmamma was speaking of the evening

of her life, which would end in the night of death. But she went on. "I had a class of very little girls at first, and I saw many of them grow up to be good and happy young women. One of them did me a great service, and I shall never forget how much I owe her."

"Do tell us, grandmamma."

"I was proud in those days, Rosa. I loved to be well dressed. My mother often bade me look at the flowers of the field, and told me the blessed words of Jesus: that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them. But, though I knew the folly of vanity, I still loved to put on my very smartest clothes when I went out, above all things when I went to teach at the Sunday-school; for there none could be finer, and I was sure of being admired by the children. One day, when about ten years old, I went to the school, I remember, in a lilac silk dress, of which I was very proud. One of the little girls had an orange. This was against the rules, and in trying to conceal it from me in her pocket she left a large stain of juice

upon my new dress. I well recollect how flushed and frightened she looked, and to this day I blush to remember how angry I felt. I believe I had not said one word, however, though my face must have betrayed my angry feelings but too well, when Emma White, one of the gentlest and best of my scholars, came close up to me, and looking imploringly in my face, said in a very low tone, 'Teacher, forgive; and you shall be forgiven.' It had been the text we had been reading; but I could not have explained it half so clearly to the children as little Emma expounded it to me. My heart was full, and I stooped down and kissed the little Sally whose orange had stained my dress, and whose tears were falling fast, and told her not to cry, for that I did not mind it at all. Emma went back to her place looking so happy; and I was happy too, in spite of my spoiled frock, for Emma had taught me the sweet lesson of forgiveness. From that day I left off going to school in such unsuitable clothes, and as I grew older I felt happier in dressing myself more plainly. I did not like to be so very different to my

little scholars that they could not feel at home with me; so, for more reasons than one, I had to thank little Emma. She was my scholar about two years after that day, and then she died of fever. I will some day show you her grave."



"Grandmamma," said Annie, "I think I would like to teach in the Sunday-school."

"There is nothing I should like so much for you both, my dear children," said grand-

mamma, "as that you should begin to 'work while it is day;' but I have never yet spoken to you about it, because, as I said at first, it is HARD WORK. And, if you once begin, it would not be well for you to get tired after two or three Sundays."



"I do not think I should get tired," said Annie; "and I suppose this is our DAY. I should like to WORK."

“ Yes, my darlings, this is your day, the very morning of your lives ; and may God give you grace to work while it lasts. Go out early, like the busy bee, and so lay up a store of honey for yourselves and others. Your day may be short or long. That is all in the hands of God. But you will have no comfort so great, in looking back at its close, as to remember that you have not been idle, Rosa, you do not speak ; would you like to teach also ? ”

“ Dear grandmamma, I am afraid I do not know enough,” said Rosa, shyly.

“ You can begin with a small class of young children at first, dear child, and teach them their letters and some hymns. But you can teach them best of all by your own conduct. If your little scholars see you always punctual, gentle, patient, and kind, they will soon get on in the very best kind of knowledge ; for they will follow your good example.” By this time papa had once more joined the little girls by grandmamma’s side, and on learning their wishes, he very gladly gave consent. So the very next Sunday

Rosa and Annie took their way joyfully to the Sunday-school, and were appointed joint



teachers to a class of nine little girls, who had no reason to complain of their want of gentleness or patience.

“We like teaching very much, grand-mamma,” they said, as they came to her side on their return. “The children were very

good, and tried their very best to learn. But it seems so easy. I am afraid," added Annie, "this can never be called work, and I want to do some real good."

"Then be sure you will find plenty to do, darling. It is time rather than work that will be wanting to you. Only do what you have undertaken 'with your might,' that is, as well as possible, with all your heart. And if the week seems long to wait before you can teach again, you may perhaps visit some of the children at their own homes. That would win their hearts at once, and teach you to know them better."

"Oh, yes, grandmamma. Little lame Jessie. Let us go and see her. She is patient, and bears her lameness as well as you do yours, almost, grandmamma. She said, when we asked her if it was not sad to be lame, 'God knows best.'"

"Well; go, then, and see little Jessie. You may learn from her that our work is, sometimes, to SUFFER." Rosa and Annie went on with their work, and did it WELL. If they felt sometimes tired or lazy, they

would stir each other up with the words their grandmamma had given them at first—"Work while it is day." They knew the night would come all too soon. Grandmamma lived yet some years to rejoice in their labours and their perseverance. And



then like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered to her rest.

“The night is come for her at last,” said Rosa, as they stood beside her bed of peace.

“Yes; but for her it is a bright one,” whispered Annie. “Do you not remember, ‘They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.’—Dan. xii. 3.



THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.



“WHERE have you been, Jenny, this afternoon?”

“I have been to school, grandfather. I always go on a Sunday afternoon. Mother cannot spare me in the week, because I have to take care of baby whilst she does the washing, and mangling, and ironing.”

“Ah, Jenny, it is a fine thing to have a school to go to. When I was young there were no Sunday-schools. I was out at work all day in the week; but on Sundays, if there had been a school to go to, I might have learnt to be a better boy. As it was, I used to spend my Sundays after church-time in idling about the fields; and very often I was worse than idle, for I broke God’s laws. How long have you gone to Sunday-school?”

“About a year, grandfather. I did not like it at first, for I had been used to walk out in the country, or go out to tea on Sundays; but now I love school so much, that I would not stop away for the finest holiday-making in the world.”

“And what do you learn, Jenny? To read?”

“They do teach reading, grandfather; but I knew how to read before I went there.”

Mother taught me. But I learn hymns and psalms, and I can say a great many chapters in the Bible by heart; and then teacher explains them so nicely, that it is almost like



hearing a story read. To-day we read about the Prodigal Son, grandfather. That is a beautiful story."

“ And what did your teacher tell you about that, Jenny ? ”

“ She told us, grandfather, that we were all like the Prodigal. That we all like too well to give up the pleasures of our true home for the vanities of the world ; but that, when we are in trouble, we remember our Father, whom we have forsaken, and that none who go back to him in humility and repentance shall ever be sent away. She said that, like the good father in the parable, He would come out to meet us—that is, make all things easy for our return, smooth away our difficulties, and incline our hearts still more to His ways. And she told us to find a great many texts to prove this. I have been looking out several. There is one I like better than all the rest.”

“ And what is that, Jenny ? ”

“ It is about the shepherd who has a hundred sheep, grandfather. And they are all good, and follow him, except one, who wanders away in the wilderness. Then the shepherd even LEAVES the ninety-nine, and goes out into the wilderness to seek the one which

had gone astray. And when he has found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, and brings it



home rejoicing. And then my text says—
 ‘He rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.’—
 Matt. xviii. 13. And again, on the same subject, in St. Luke: ‘Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance.’”—Luke xv. 7.

“That is a sweet story, Jenny, indeed. Ah, if I had learned to read when I was a little boy, I should never have been a prodigal.”

“ You a prodigal, grandfather ! What do you mean ? ”

“ Just this, my little girl, that I ran away from home, and broke my poor old mother’s heart, and brought down the grey hairs of my father in sorrow to the grave. Thank God, they lived to witness my repentance, and to give me their blessing and forgiveness ; but to this hour I have never forgiven myself.”

“ Did you really run away, grandfather ? ”

“ Yes, Jenny. I will tell you all. It will do you no harm to hear, or me to tell. Just fill my pipe, my little maid, and bring it me out here, and you shall hear what I did when I was a boy.”

His pipe was soon filled, and the old man thus went on :—

“ I had a good pair of legs of my own then, Jenny. But they did not always walk in the right way. I was always fond of ships from a baby, and used to spend all my play-time in making and sailing little boats, even if I could get nothing better than a bowl of water to float them in. And when I got big enough to choose a trade, nothing would

do but I must go to sea. My mother did not like it, and for her sake my father set



himself against it. But I was wilful and disobedient; and after they had gone to the expense of having me apprenticed to a trade in the town, I broke my indentures and ran away to a sea-port near. It was war time then, and they wanted hands, and not too many questions were asked on board the man-

of-war when I presented myself. I had got my wish now, and I was a sailor. But there was many a pang of remorse in my heart when the ship fairly started, and I remembered what my mother must be feeling on my account. I had been afraid to send word where I was, lest I should be taken back; and I could not write; so I left the poor old people to think I was lost or dead. And for fourteen years I never saw them more. At night, when the sea was roaring round the tossing ship, I sometimes used to feel as if it must be swallowed up, on purpose to punish me; for though I was so little of a scholar, I knew well enough I had done wrong. The time for being sorry for it was, however, yet to come. It was war time then, as I have told you. Ah, Jenny, you can't think all the terrible meaning of that word. To see one's fellow creatures falling at one's side, struck with a sudden and frightful death, and that BY THE HAND OF MAN, is more dreadful than you can well imagine. To see the bones of the dead mouldering on the ground when we went on shore, preyed on by

foul birds and ravenous beasts, was sickening, too; but I was a hardened fellow then, and



all I cared for was that Old England should win the day. My turn for suffering came at last. One sharp engagement with the enemy, I was at my post, and had never thought of lifting up my heart to God to ask him for protection, when a cannon-ball took off both my legs at a stroke."

“Oh, poor grandfather!” cried little Jenny, bursting into tears. “How dreadful! How very dreadful!”

“It was the best thing that ever happened to me, Jenny. And I have thanked God for it many a time, though I did not do so just at first. Indeed, I thought I was killed when I began to think at all, and so did every one else. I was taken good care of; and after the surgeon had done what he could for me, I was left alone for an hour or so. I then began to THINK, and felt horribly afraid to die, for I knew I was not prepared. At last one of our men, who was a good fellow, though he kept himself very quiet, came to me and said: ‘Have you a father and mother, Tom? If anything happens to you, shall I see them for you?’ ‘A father and mother,’ I cried; ‘oh, yes, Jack, but I’ve run away from them. I’ve been a bad boy. But I can’t DIE. I’m AFRAID to die.’ Jack sat down by me; and never shall I forget his words. He told me of Jesus, who loved and died for me; it seemed I had never heard of him before. He talked to me of repentance,

and of mercy, and of heaven, till I only prayed to get my parents' forgiveness, and to go away to God. I cannot tell you all he said, but God blessed his words to my heart. Against every one's belief I was raised up once more, and our ship returned to old England with many a shattered seaman on



board, but none more so than myself. But still I THEN thanked God. I was a new creature. Jack had taught me my duty, and

had become my dearest friend. And when I got home once more, and found my parents, broken and sinking indeed, but still alive, to grant me their forgiveness, I felt that my punishment had been indeed far short of my deserts. I have told you a long story, my little Jenny, and a sad one; but remember your old grandfather's words when you are tempted to desire your own way—'The way of transgressors is hard.'—Prov. xiii. 15. And, above all things, never neglect the opportunities which are given you of learning your duty in the Sunday-school."



BE NOT FORGETFUL
TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS.



A CROWD of boys were pouring out from school one autumn afternoon. The wind blew cold, and the sky was black and

lowering, whilst the few trees that had kept their leaves were stooping in the blast, and shedding rustling showers from their branches on the ground. But the boys cared nothing for the weather or the falling leaves. They had been hard at work in school, and now they were set free, they went to play still more heartily; some to leap-frog, some to marbles, whilst a few were contented with



shouting at the top of their voices, and stretching their arms and legs to the utmost,

as if to assure themselves that they were really at liberty to run and make a noise to their hearts' content. Thus, loitering at their play as they went, they came trooping through the village street, towards their several homes, when some of the foremost amongst them saw a little boy sitting on the ground with an organ by his side, and gathered round him. He was a little Savoyard, and looked up half-frightened as the noisy group came up, for he had but too often been ill-used by boys. But the children of this village school, though a rough and riotous set, were not so wicked as to insult a fellow-creature just because he happened to come from another country; and though they asked him a great many questions, and sadly wanted him to play them a tune, they went on one by one when they found they could not understand his words, and he was soon left once more alone. Then Pedro bowed his head lower still, and cried bitterly, for he was very hungry and very tired—so tired that he could not walk any farther playing at cottage-doors; and yet so hungry,

that he felt as if he should die if he did not get something to eat very soon. He cried very silently; but his tears came from his heart, and he wished himself once more at home in his own fair land, beneath the cottage roof of his dearest mother, with its vine-clad porch. She had blessed him so tenderly when he first went from her to seek his fortune in a strange land; but no hand so kind had ever rested on him since. He had wandered about in the service of different masters for nearly two years, faring hard, and often treated with great cruelty; but he had never forgotten the words of his mother when they parted, and she had charged him lovingly to be a good boy, and do his duty faithfully.

Often when he was in trouble, and had no friend on earth to go to, Pedro would put his organ down behind a hedge, and kneeling down on the bare ground, would pray to God, who is the Father of the friendless, to have pity upon him; and after this, neither the blows of his master, nor the hard fare he got, seemed half so bad. But on this particular day he had walked farther than usual,

and his load seemed heavier than it had ever done before. He had, too, been very unsuc-



cessful. Only one halfpenny had he taken all day, and it was now evening, and he could go no further. What to do he could not tell. When all the boys had come around him, he had a faint hope that some of them would give him something; but they had all gone away, and he was now quite alone. Yet not so. Pedro knew there was one Friend who

never goes away, nor ever ceases to attend to our wants, however wearisome and troublesome we may have become in the eyes of others. So to this Friend he began to lift up his heart in earnest prayer for help, when he heard a gentle voice saying to him, "What is the matter with you, poor little boy?" Pedro looked up, and saw a little girl of eight or nine years old by his side. Her face was pale and thin; but she had so sweet a smile, that Pedro felt comforted at once, and he answered in one word, which his little friend could well understand—"Hungry." "Come with me," said the little girl, whose name was Annie; "Come with me, and I will give you some of my supper."

The poor boy smiled, and rose at once. The thought of a supper seemed to give him fresh strength; and taking up his heavy organ, he followed Annie to a cottage door close by. "Sit down here," she said, pointing to a seat outside the door, "while I ask mother. Mother," she went on, as she entered the house, "here is a poor little stranger outside; may I bring him in?" "Who is

it, Annie?" asked her mother. "I don't know, mother; but he looks so cold and hungry, and I want you to let me give him my supper."

"Give him your supper, child! Why, are not you hungry? I am sure you look as if you wanted supper yourself," said the mother, kissing her little girl. "No, mother, I don't feel hungry, and I want him to have my supper; it says, you know, mother, in the Bible, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,' and I want to entertain this stranger. I read it at school last Sunday, and it said, 'For there-



by some have entertained angels unawares.' And you know about the good Samaritan,

mother, too. May I mother?" "You may, my dear," said her mother, "and I am glad you recollect what you are taught. We have little enough, but a blessing will come on what we have, if we share it with those who are poorer than ourselves. Call the little boy in."

Then Annie joyfully called the poor little boy inside the cottage. Her mother made

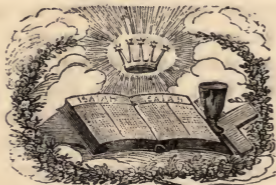


him sit down by the warm hearth, and took his organ from his shoulders. And little Annie had the pleasure of giving him almost

all her own supper of bread and tea, to which her mother added a large piece of rice-pudding from the cupboard-shelf. Poor Pedro thought he had never eaten anything so nice; and when, after his supper, the good woman got some warm water, and washed his tired and swollen feet with her own hands, he could not help crying, and made her understand that she reminded him of his own mother.

“Poor child!” said she, “have you got a mother? How I wish she could know how comfortable I will make you this night.” And with little Annie’s help she made up a snug little bed in the chimney-corner, where she bade the tired child lay down and rest till morning. Annie could not thank her mother enough; and when they saw the little stranger boy kneel down and fold his hands in prayer before he went to rest, they felt very happy to think they had taken him in. Annie missed not her supper that night. She only wished she could take in a little stranger with whom to share it every night; for Annie loved the Word of God. And to her it was

not merely a lesson book, but she tried to follow its holy precepts.



Early the next morning the little Pedro rose refreshed, and after a good breakfast, he took leave of little Annie and her mother with tears and thanks, that his broken English made but more heart-touching. As he took leave of Annie he said, "I shall pray for you," and the little girl felt happy when she heard his words. Months passed away, and many other opportunities occurred for Annie, in her humble way, to "entertain strangers." Never did she fail in observing this beautiful precept to the very utmost of her childish power. And then she fell ill, and after a short illness died; for she had

never been very strong. It was on the very day of her funeral that Pedro once more came by that way, strong and rosy; but his tears fell fast as he heard from her weeping mother



what had happened. He had brought her a little white mouse, which he had trained for her, and he now found he was too late with his little offering of gratitude. "Do not cry," he said in broken accents to her mother, as they parted once again. She heard the words,

“Come, ye blessed.” “What do you mean, Pedro?” said the childless mother, taking hold of the boy’s hand. “Do you not remember,” he answered, “what Jesus tells us He will say at the last day? ‘I was a stranger, and ye took me in; and inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’”



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WORKED FOR HER MOTHER.



THE morning sun shone brightly through
the overhanging branches one fine summer

morning, when Sally Grey tripped lightly down Green Lane with a basket on her head. It was not a very heavy basket; it was only filled with water-cresses, glistening with the fresh water from which her skilful fingers had just plucked them.

Sally was a little girl of ten years old; and as she tripped along she talked to herself. Perhaps you would like to hear what she said this sweet summer morning:

“I am in good time to day. It is only just six o'clock. I heard the church clock strike. That is because I went to bed so early. ‘Early to bed and early to rise;’ that is what teacher always tells us. But still I must make haste, for I have plenty to do. Mrs. Jones will want all these cresses ready in her shop window by eight o'clock, and they are not tied in bundles yet. Then I must go to teacher's with these flowers in my apron. She loves flowers out of the hedges; and this honeysuckle is so very sweet, I am sure I don't wonder I found so many bees round it already. They get up earlier than I do, after all. I like bees. Mrs. Butt has promised

us some when hers swarm. Then there will
be some honey for mother. 'Poor mother!'



And then little Sally was silent, and tears ran down her cheeks. And why was she sad? And why did tears run down her cheeks in the bright summer morning, when everything was so smiling and pleasant around her? Sally had good reason to be sad, for her mother was very ill, and the doctor had long since given up all hopes of her recovery. It was now six months since she had been able

to earn any money for the support of herself and little Sally, her only child. Had it not been for Sally I do not know what she would have done. But Sally had learned her duty in the Sunday-school. She had learned to honour her parents; and now when her poor mother lay sick in bed, Sally, though only ten years old, provided for all the wants of the family. You will think it wonderful; and so it was; but a good will, and a humble loving heart, can, with God's help, do more wonderful things even than this. Sally did not think it wonderful at all. To her it would have seemed much more strange if she had not done all she did; for she remembered how much her mother had done for her; how she had nursed and tended her in infancy, toiled for her in childhood, and always loved her as none but a mother can. Sally was only too happy that now she could repay it all. It was now her turn to nurse and wait upon her sick parent, to work for her with an untiring cheerfulness, and to show her such tender and unflinching love that even the painful sickbed of the dying woman was often as a

couch strewn with rose-leaves by the hand of her affectionate child. Every comforting text of Scripture, every pretty story from the Bible, every sweet hymn she learnt at school, the little girl treasured up carefully, that she might repeat it at home to her who could now no longer read, or go to chapel and hear the



Word of God herself. And although there was a good old man who used often to come

in and read to her whilst Sally was out at work, yet nothing comforted Mrs. Grey so much as the gentle voice of Sally repeating all she could remember from the instructions she had been receiving at the Sunday-school, on her return. For only on Sundays could she now go to school at all. The week was spent in work, and in attending to her mother; and often did she thank God for having given her the opportunity of learning her duty on His own day, when, the toils of the week being laid aside, she might spend an hour or two in learning how to walk in this life, that she might best prepare for the better life to come, when sorrow and labour and sickness shall have passed away.

Shall I tell you what sally did to earn her bread? The first thing in the morning, as you have already seen, she was up, and away to gather water-cresses, at a pond some distance from her mother's cottage, whilst the poor invalid, whose nights were sleepless and suffering, was generally wrapped at length in a profound slumber. These cresses the little girl was regularly employed to gather for a

large shop in the town near which they lived. And when she got them, she was busy for an hour or more in tying them up in neat bundles for sale. This work done, she returned home, and the good greengrocer generally gave her a few cabbage-leaves or other green food for her rabbits at home; for



Sally had some white rabbits, of which she was very fond. You may see her feeding them, whilst Mrs. Jones's little dog, who has

followed her home, as he often does, because she is a gentle little girl and treats him kindly, is fawning upon her. When her mother wakes, Sally gets her breakfast, puts the room in order, washes her mother's hands and face, smoothes her hair, makes up the bed, and does all she can to cheer the sick woman. She always has a flower or two there; not many, for they would oppress the air, but just a spray of white-thorn, a wild rose, or bit of honey-suckle, as the season may be. Then she never forgets to open the window, and admit the air, which is more reviving to a sick person than any medicine or nourishing food can possibly be. Having done all this, which, as she is a handy little girl, does not take long, she washes up whatever may require it, and giving her mother a fond kiss, she sets off to the town to take care of a baby for two or three hours, whilst its mother is at her work. She is careful and gentle, and gets well paid for her time. She returns at dinner-hour, and after that sits down to needle-work. She has been carefully taught by her mother, and many ladies

in the town, who know that she is a good little girl and deserves help, send her all the work they have to put out ; so her hands are always full. Sometimes at night Sally feels very tired, and then the cough of her poor mother often wakes her. But she tries to be patient, and her love for her mother, and her hearty desire to please God, make all easy. It is only when people are wanting to have their OWN way, and to prefer their own evil inclinations to the path of duty, that everything seems so hard. A good will and a Christian temper can do things which would



seem impossible to those without them ; and, like the steam carried in a small engine, go

on triumphantly through every difficulty, do work incredibly surpassing their apparent strength, and keeping steadily on in the one true line, bring matters at last to a happy termination.

Sally's work, so far as regarded her poor mother, did not last very long. About the end of autumn Mrs. Grey grew rapidly worse, and Sally did not leave her at all after she had gathered her cresses. Happily her industry in the summer had enabled her to lay by a little, so that she could afford to spend the last two or three weeks of her mother's life in watching incessantly by her bed-side, and this was a great consolation to the little girl.

The faith and resignation of the dying woman never failed, and her words of tenderness and warm gratitude to Sally were a source of such comfort to her in after life, that they sweetened all the sorrow of her loneliness. If little children could tell how much the recollection of a departed friend, especially of a father or a mother, depends for its bitterness or sweetness on the way in which they have themselves behaved, I am

sure they would never for one instant give way to disrespectful words or disobedient actions. "Honour thy father and thy mother." Who has not learnt the commandment of God himself? May you keep it, dear children, if necessary, in the letter, but at all times in the spirit, as little Sally did. Then, like her, you will not tremble or weep at the thought of once more meeting the parents who have gone before you into rest;



but you will rejoice when the hour comes for following them, as they have followed Jesus, through the portals of the grave, that when

you stand together before the throne of God, they may say, with brow unclouded and a cheek unshamed, "Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given me!"



