

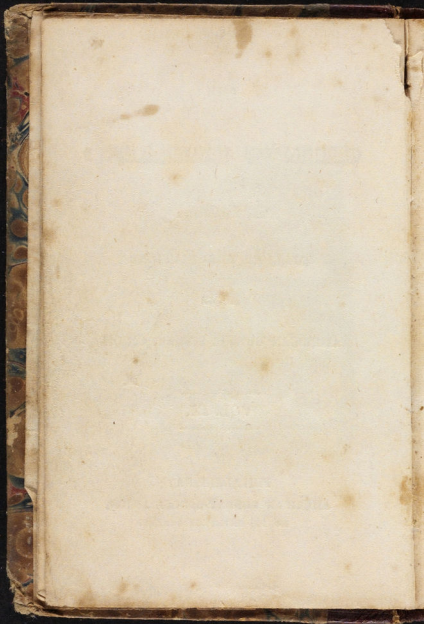


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PHILADELPHIA:  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.



FRANCIS AND JAMES;

OR,

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

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Revised by the Committee of Publication of the  
American Sunday-school Union.  
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PHILADELPHIA.  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
146 CHESTNUT STREET.

FRANCIS AND JAMES

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OR,

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

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Two ragged, ill-looking boys were loitering before the door of a clergyman's house one Sunday morning. They looked as if they wished to ask for something, but were afraid. The Clergyman happened to see them, and opening the window, asked what they wanted.

*Boy.* Sir, we are told that you sometimes give away little books, and we should like to have some.

*C.* What do you want them for;

can you read them, or do you want them to sell?

*B.* Sir, we wish to have them to read.

*C.* Do you know they are religious books?

*B.* Oh, Sir! we dare say they will do us good.

*C.* I hope they may; here are some, and I pray to God that he may teach you to understand them.

The clergyman then gave them some tracts, which they received very gladly. The same evening, two other boys, well dressed, and respectable in their appearance, asked to see the clergyman.

*C.* Well, my lads, what do you want; tell me who you are?

*Francis.* Sir, my name is Francis White, and this is James Turner; we come to ask you to give us some of your good little books.

*C.* Who told you that I had any to give away?

*James.* Lawrence Williams told us so.

*C.* Who is Lawrence Williams?

*J.* He lives by the side of the river; but I assure you, Sir, he is not one of our companions; we are not good-for-nothing fellows like him.

*G.* Is he a good-for-nothing fellow?

*J.* Oh, yes, Sir, every body knows his character; he is a thief, he stole a knife last Saturday from his aunt.

*Francis.* And he gave it to the apple-woman, who sits by the bridge, for some apples; he is a sad glutton, and never so happy as when he is eating.

*C.* Are you sure that Lawrence did so?

*J.* Yes, Sir, and it was not the first time he has done wrong; a day

never passes but what he is punished for something. His father and mother do all they can to make him a good boy; it was only last Tuesday that they tied him to the bedpost all day; but it is all of no use, for he is a good-for-nothing fellow, and always in mischief.

*C.* Can you tell me why Lawrence behaves in this manner?

*J.* Sir, it is owing to bad company; he is always about the streets. If he goes to school, it is only for once and away, and he plays truant for a week afterwards. He was yesterday robbing an orchard.

*F.* And had a fall from the tree.

*J.* So it is, Sir; one bad thing leads to another; for my part, I would not be a thief for all the world.

*F.* Nor I; we should be pointed at everywhere. Whenever the



boys at our school see Lawrence, they hoot after him directly.

*C.* Do they hoot after you?

*J.* No, Sir; we are good, honest boys; we never do wrong.

*C.* Then you are quite different from Lawrence; but are you sure you are so much better than he is, and that you never do any thing wrong?

James considered for a minute; his conscience seemed to strike him, and he said—"No, Sir; I do not quite mean that we never do any thing wrong. I mean, Sir, that we always—no, Sir, not quite always, I mean that we are not thieves and that we go to school regularly, and never play truant."

*C.* James, suppose your father's shop-boy was to steal some money out of the till, what would be done to him?

*J.* Oh, Sir; he would soon be

turned off, and indeed I should suppose he would be put in prison.

C. Most likely. But suppose he said, "I *should like* to take that money, and I *would* do so, only I should be punished for it." Now tell me, is not he in reality a thief?

J. Why yes, Sir, he is a thief in his heart.

C. You are right, James, for it is a sin, in the sight of God, to *wish* to do wrong, as well as *actually* to sin openly; for God sees the heart, and looks at our secret desires and inclinations.

F. Yes, Sir, God sees every thing; in the dark as well as in the light. He knows every thing.

J. And I am very sure he has seen Lawrence when he was stealing.

C. But, James, do you think God only looks at thieves?

J. No, Sir; he sees every body and every thing.

*C.* Does he also see those who are proud, and liars, and swearers; those who disobey their parents and masters; the envious and the slanderers?

James understood what was meant, and remained silent.

*C.* Look at those two posts; tell me which is the best, that green one which has been lately fresh painted, or the other which looks so shabby?

*J.* The shabby looking one is the best piece of wood.

*C.* Then you mean, as that smart looking green one is worm-eaten and decayed, it is not so good as the other, though it looks so much better on the outside?

*F.* There can be no doubt about that, Sir. A piece of deal which is sound and is good at heart, is much better than a piece of oak, if it is rotten and decayed.

*C.* Well, Francis, consider your-

self, and tell me, frankly and truly, remembering that God *sees you*, have *you* a good heart? You and James are much better dressed than Lawrence, and you are not good-for-nothing fellows, (as you call it,) like him; but do not trust to the outward appearance only; do not look only at the smart colour painted outside, but examine what the inside really is. Tell me, are you *really* good, and without blame in the sight of God? What do you suppose God thinks of you?

Francis looked down, but said nothing; he seemed to have recollected something; and when he remembered that the eye of God was upon him, he did not feel quite so comfortable, and so much at his ease as he had done before.

C. Francis, you do not answer my question. Are you quite a good boy in every respect, and without blame in the sight of God?

*F.* No, Sir; there is nobody who is quite good in every respect; we have all done something wrong.

*C.* And what have you done amiss; suppose you tell me at once?

*F.* Ah, Sir, I have naughty thoughts, and sometimes I speak naughty words, and am in a passion now and then.

*C.* And have you never said what was false or untrue, and intended to deceive? Are you not sometimes idle or greedy, or envious, or spiteful, and revengeful? And have you not sometimes sinned against God?

*F.* No, Sir; I have never sinned against God, whatever else I may have done.

*C.* What, never? Have you never broke the Sabbath? Do you always keep holy the sacred day? Do not you sometimes forget that it is a day in which you should think

about God and your souls, and not play as on other days?

*J.* Oh, Sir, all our school-fellows play sometimes on Sundays.

*C.* But supposing all your companions break the commandment of God, do you suppose that they are right in so doing? Remember you are not to follow a multitude to do evil. *Exodus, xxiii. 2.*

*J.* True, Sir, I had forgotten that.

*C.* You see then that you ought not to sin against God; and remember that if you sin against others, you sin against God, for he has commanded us to love our neighbour as ourselves." *Matt. xix. 19.*

*F.* Yes, Sir; my mother tells me not to vex my little sister, and if I should go and tease her, it is very plain that I am disobedient.

*C.* Then, Francis, how can you say that you have never sinned against God, since you confess that

you are sometimes in a passion? Was it only with your dog, or the cat?

*F.* No, Sir; there are several persons at home that I have sometimes been in a passion with. They are so cross to me.

*C.* I do not wonder at that, if you are only good-humoured to those persons who flatter and spoil you. But you now see that you have sinned against God, so that you are a sinner before him, and need his forgiveness, as well as Lawrence, whom you have just called a good-for-nothing fellow.

*J.* But, Sir, if you ask any persons who know us, they will give you a better character of us than of him.

*C.* What has other people's opinion of you to do with the state of your heart? Did not you tell me just now that God looks at the

heart? Are you aware that a murderer is worse than a thief?

*F.* Certainly Sir; for a thief does not kill people, at least he does not always.

*J.* Surely we are not murderers!

*C.* James, tell me, do you believe the Bible?

*J.* Yes, Sir, I believe all that it tells us is true.

*C.* Then what do you say to these words of our Lord Jesus Christ? "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire," *Matt.* v. 23. And remember the declaration of St. John, "that whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 *John*, iii. 15.

*J.* I never attended to these words before; nobody ever showed them to me."

*C.* They are not the less true for that; God forbids all envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;



and declares that those who live therein, sin against him, and shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven. This he positively declares, and therefore I tell you that in the sight of God you are a sinner as well as Lawrence; and on this account I was sorry to hear you praising yourselves, and finding fault with him in the manner you did a few minutes ago. Do you recollect the parable of the man who saw the mote which was in his brother's eye? but—

*F.* O yes, Sir: he did not perceive the beam that was in his own. I have read about it in my grandmother's great Bible with pictures.

*C.* It is indeed necessary that we should know our own hearts, and this, my children, is what I wish you to do. Do not employ yourselves in thinking so much about Lawrence and his wicked doings. You have great reason to be thank-

ful that you have been kept from being like him in some respects; but consider your own conduct, and you must be aware that there are many things in which you offend God. Who will have to answer for you before God?

*J.* Oh, Sir, every one must answer for himself; there can be no doubt of that.

*C.* And what shall you say, James, when you are called upon to render account of the manner in which you have kept the holy law of God?—Think; you must go either to heaven or hell: to which do you wish to go?

*J.* To heaven, certainly: there can be no doubt about that. And I do not talk carelessly about the day of judgment, as some people do.

*C.* My boy, do not talk about other people, but tell me about yourself. Do you think that you can expect to go to heaven, having

broken the laws of God, having a wicked sinful heart, as you feel you have?

*J.* I am afraid I should not, and I see that I must not sin any more.

*C.* How will you avoid this? How will you change the inclinations of your heart?

*J.* I must read good books, and pray a great deal, and go regularly to public worship, and do all other things that I ought to do.

*C.* What should you do if you had splashed your nankeen trowsers with ink?

*F.* His mother would give him a good scolding, that she would.

*C.* But would the good scolding take out the splashes?

*F.* To be sure not.

*C.* Suppose he looked into his mother's receipt book, and read there how to take out stains, or suppose he went to the wash-house

door, and stood there all day, crying, "I have stained my trousers!"

*J.* That would not be the way to make them clean.

*C.* Then, how do you suppose that merely reading good books, and repeating prayers, will change your heart?

*J.* But, Sir, if I do nothing that is wrong in future, will not that take away my past sins?

*C.* James, did you ever see a chimney-sweeper whose hands or clothes were not dirty: can he avoid it?

*F.* No, Sir; not if he follows his business.

*C.* And can you, who are by nature inclined to sin, and living in the midst of temptation, suppose that you can keep yourself from it? Do not you know that your heart is inclined to sin?

*J.* It is true, Sir, and I have four

times determined never to say any naughty words, and I tied a knot in my handkerchief that I might be sure to remember it; but somehow I have forgotten my resolution.

*F.* And for my part, it is not above a month ago that I eat so many tarts that I was ill all the next day, and obliged to take physic; and I then promised most seriously that I would remember not to eat so many next time, but it is only three days ago I made myself ill again in the same manner; they tasted so sweet and nice that I could not help eating a great deal.

*C.* My boys, you think sin is sweet, and that entices you, and as *long as you delight in it*, good resolutions will be of no use; you will never keep them.

*J.* Then, Sir, what must we do, if we cannot change our own hearts?

C. James, tell me what is done when any thing wants cleaning? Do they put water by it, and merely say, it cannot wash itself?

J. No, Sir, they must get somebody to wash it.

C. Well, then, since your heart cannot cleanse itself from its evil ways, you must look for somebody to cleanse it.

F. How can I do that?

C. Is not it written in the Bible that God cleanseth our hearts, by faith in Christ; and that the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin? 1 *John*, i. 7.

J. How can this be? I do not understand you, Sir."

C. I will try and explain it, James; suppose a man owed more money than he could pay, and was sent to prison.

F. My uncle is in prison for debt; I went to see him yesterday.

C. Suppose I was to go and pay

all your uncle's debts for him, would he still be in debt to his creditors?

*F.* No, Sir; and then my poor aunt and my cousins need not work so hard as they do; and after all, I am afraid they will never be able to pay his debts.

*C.* And what would have set your uncle at liberty if I had paid his debts?

*F.* Your money, Sir.

*C.* So that it might be said, a friend's money had taken away your uncle's debts.

*J.* I understand you now, Sir; you mean to explain to us, that Christ has paid our debts.

*C.* It was for this that he came into the world; for what reason do you suppose he was accursed of God?

*F.* Was our Saviour accursed?

*C.* Is it not written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us,

for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree? *Gal.* iii. 13.

*F.* But why was he cursed?

*C.* I will try to explain it to you; all men are sinners; all have sinned against God. There is not one who has kept his holy law. No one of us can cleanse himself from his sins, how then can they be taken away? Jesus Christ, our Saviour, seeing that we deserved punishment for breaking this holy law, took our sins upon himself, he became answerable for them, and has himself suffered for us the punishment which we deserved.

*F.* But shall not we be punished for them too?

*C.* God has declared that whoever believes that Christ Jesus has done and suffered this for us, and *really desires* to be pardoned for his sake, shall be forgiven. But mind what I am going to say; this



must really be desired by you, in your hearts, and not merely be said by you without caring about it, and only because you are told to say so.

*J.* Sir, I have often heard about the Saviour, but never before heard what you have just told me.

*C.* Then what did you suppose was the reason why Christ came into the world, and was crucified?

*J.* That we might be saved.

*C.* He has obtained forgiveness for those who believe in him; it does not remain to be done now. If you were to come and say, "Sir, you have paid my debts, and I will now go and pay them," you would talk nonsense, or it would be a proof that you did not believe that I had really paid them.

*F.* This is plain—what has been already done, cannot remain to be done now. Sir, is it as if I had a great load upon my back? If some-

body took it off, I should then feel quite at ease.

*C.* My dear boy, if you really believe that Christ died to take away your sins, you will feel at ease, for Christ has said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." *Matt. xi. 28.*

*J.* Then will Christ be punished for our sins instead of us?

*F.* Will he be punished, did you ask? He was punished when he was crucified?

*C.* Yes, Christ came down from heaven to save us; this was done when he was nailed to the cross. He who looks to the Saviour for pardon will find forgiveness.

*F.* But, still, will he not be afraid to die?

*C.* Why should he be afraid, since he has been saved and redeemed? And when he dies, he will go to heaven to the Saviour.

*J.* But, Sir, ought not I to take care not to do any thing wrong?

*C.* There was once a man who had a well in his garden, and all the water that was drawn from it was dirty and good for nothing. The man said one day, "I must find out the reason of this;" he opened the well and examined it, and found there was a great deal of dirt in the well, which nearly filled it, so that all the water which was drawn out was muddy and bad. Finding this was the case, he had the well cleaned out: James, tell me whether the water which was then drawn out of the well was the same as he used to have, or not?

*J.* It must have been better, because the well had been cleaned.

*C.* Will he find dirty water in the well, now it has been cleaned?

*J.* No, Sir; as the well is clean, the water will be clear.

*C.* Our Saviour said, a good man,

out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good, and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil. *Luke vi. 45.* And that every good tree bringeth forth good fruit. *Matt. vii. 17.* So if he has been pleased to give you a new heart, he will, by the power of his Holy Spirit, cause you to think good thoughts, and to do what is good.

*F.* But supposing that any one continued to be wicked, to tell lies, and say naughty words, would Christ save him?

*C.* Tell me whether you would think the well was properly cleaned, if the water drawn from it was still dirty?

*F.* Certainly not, Sir.

*C.* And tell me did the clear water clean the well? Or, was the well cleaned out before the good water was found there?

*F.* The well must have been cleaned out first.

*C.* Then mind this, my dear children. I hope you have been convinced that what proceeds out of your hearts is not good. You have found a great deal of fault with Lawrence, but have forgotten, that in some respects you were as bad as he was. This was wrong; and you have done other things which were not right in the sight of God, although you said, "You never did any thing wrong." You understand, I hope, that you cannot cleanse your own hearts, and that before you can please God, it is necessary that you should be pardoned by him, and have new hearts given to you. Then believe in Christ Jesus, my dear children. He has said, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not." *Mark* x. 14. Confess your sins to him, and believe that he can take them

away, and forgive you; and that it was for this he died upon the cross.

“Nail’d to the cross, with anguish sore,  
The punishment of sin he bore.”

Believe that he loves you, and try to love him, and to do what will please him, who thus gave himself for you.

*J.* But, Sir, if you knew how often evil thoughts came into our minds, and how often we see and hear things which are wrong!

*C.* My dear children, God will give his Holy Spirit to those who believe in the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit will enlighten their minds, and cause them to love God. Pray therefore, above all things, for the Holy Spirit; he will teach you to love what is right, and to avoid what is wrong; and will enable you to live to the praise and glory of the Saviour.

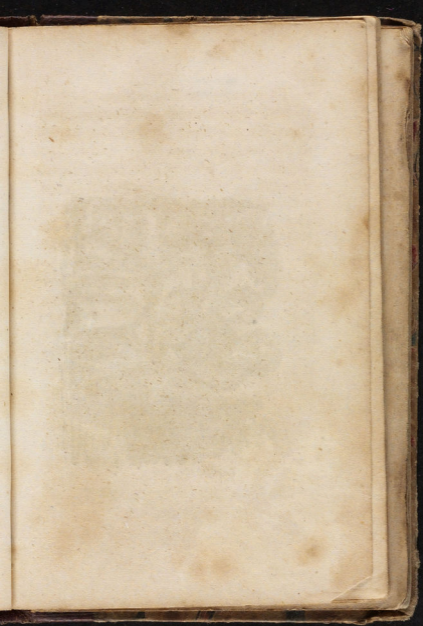
The conversation ended here; the clergyman gave these lads some little tracts, the contents of which might teach them to know themselves better, not to think so highly of themselves, but to seek for true wisdom and peace, which are only to be found in the knowledge of the Saviour. He then advised them to go to Lawrence, and tell him what they had heard. They went away, asking to be allowed to come again next Sunday.



The reader will doubtless be glad to hear that this conversation produced some good effects. James has since been to the clergyman, and asked to be allowed to come to his Sunday school, "that," as he said, "he might learn more about religion and the way of salvation." As for Francis, although so quick in his answers, and so ready at understanding what the clergyman said, he does not like to hear much about God, or to read the Bible; but likes better to play and amuse himself with foolish things. I am afraid there are more little boys and girls like Francis, than like James; but, my dear little readers, I hope you try to be like the latter, and pray earnestly to God, that he will make you so. Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?"

[From "*Les braves et honnêtes Garçons de Geneve;*" by the Rev. C. Malan.]







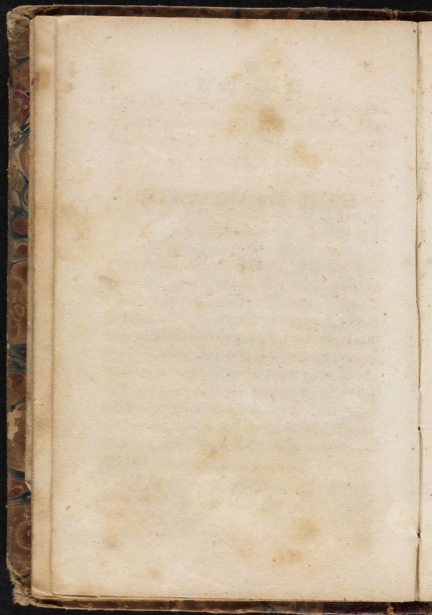
EMILY

AND

HER BROTHERS.

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Revised by the Committee of Publication of the  
American Sunday-school Union.  
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**EMILY**  
**AND**  
**HER BROTHERS.**

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ONE day in the pleasant month of May, two little brothers, called Charles and William, and a little sister, whose name was Emily, were looking for violets in a green lane near their father's house. They could not find any violets: so they went further and further down the lane, till they came to a little brook which ran across the lane; and by the brook side was a cottage standing in a garden. At the door of the cottage sat a very old woman knitting, and a little clean boy was sitting on a stool, by her side, reading an old Prayer-Book.

“O!” said Emily to her brothers, “here is a brook running across the lane, and there is no bridge: we cannot get over it without wetting ourselves. But never mind, if we cannot find any violets to-day, we will stop and look at this pretty cottage, and that will be pleasanter than gathering violets.”

So Emily walked towards the door of the cottage, and her brothers followed her.

“Good morning, young gentlemen and lady,” said the old woman: “will you walk in and rest yourselves?”

Emily thanked the old woman very civilly, and went in and sat down on a chair, which the little boy set for her; and William and Charles stood at the door.

“Do you live here all by yourself with this little boy?” said Emily to the old woman.

“Yes, my little lady,” said the

old woman, "I live here with my little grandson. I have no other children. But my little grandson is very dutiful to me: he works in the garden for me, and picks sticks for me, and does every thing I want; and every day he reads to me in the Prayer-Book about the blessed Lord Jesus Christ."

"But," said Charles, "why does he not read in the Bible as well?"

"O, my dear master," said the old woman, "I have not got a Bible."

"Not got a Bible!" cried Emily and her brothers at once: "not got a Bible!"

"No, my little lady; we cannot raise money to buy a Bible, though we have been trying ever since my poor little Thomas learned to read," said the old woman. "A Bible was of no use to me before, because I can't read; but now Thomas can read, it would be very useful: and

I hope we shall get one before I die, for Thomas has got a little money towards it."

"Shall I show the lady how much I have got, grandmother?" said Thomas.

"O! pray do!" cried Emily.

Then Thomas went to a drawer in the dresser, and pulled out a little green bag, and he opened the bag, and in it was fourteen cents, which he displayed with great satisfaction.

"Is that all you have got?" cried the children. "It is not half enough. How much will a Bible cost?"

"Seventy-five cents, my little dears," said the old woman. "It is a good deal of money for us poor people; but we shall raise it I do not fear: God will help us."

My little readers must remember that this was many years ago, before Bibles were as cheap and plenty as they have since become,



through the exertions and benevolence of good people. Formerly they were so dear, that many poor people had not the means of buying one, unless with great difficulty and self-denial, as in the case of the poor woman in our story. We should bless God that in these happy States, there are none so poor but that if they are inclined, they may read his holy word. But to proceed with our history.

“Perhaps,” said Charles, “we could help you. Here are two cents to put in your bag.”

“And here are four cents,” added Emily.

“And here is one cent,” said William, “which is all I have.”

And they were going to put them into the little boy's bag, but the grandmother said, “No, my little dears, I will not take your money without your papa's and marama's leave.”

“Then we will go home,” said Emily, “and ask leave; and we will come again, and give you the money: for I am sure that our papa and mamma will let us do what we like with our own money; and this is our own money.”

So Emily and her brothers took leave of the old woman, and ran home, for they were in a great hurry to ask their papa and mamma to give them leave to give their money to the poor woman.

When they came to their papa's house, they found their papa and mamma walking in the garden. “O! papa! O! mamma!” said Charles, “there is a poor old woman, and she lives down the lane, near the brook; and she has got a grandson, and he can read, but they have got no Bible.”

“And,” said Emily, “they want to buy a Bible, and they have only

got fourteen cents towards buying it.

“And the Bible will cost three quarters of a dollar, said William.

“May I give my four cents towards the Bible?” asked Emily.

“And my two cents?” said Charles.

“And my penny?” added William.

“It is your own money,” their mamma answered, “to do what you like with, and you cannot spend it better than in giving it to the old woman, towards her Bible, because in the Bible those things are written, which, if rightly attended to, will save the soul from hell: so, it is better to give a Bible to a person who has not got one, and who is willing to read it, or hear it read, than it would be to give a loaf to a poor hungry person; for bread only feeds the body, but the Bible feeds the soul, and the

soul is better than the body; for the body must die, and go down into the grave, but the soul never dies."

"Then we will go, mamma," said Emily: "we will run back now, and take the money to the poor woman."

"But, stop! stop!" said their papa: "your seven cents and the fourteen cents which belong to the poor woman, will not be enough to buy a Bible, which costs seventy-five cents. You want a half dollar and four cents more to make up the sum you require."

The children all stood still when they heard what their papa said, and looked very grave. At last, Charles asked, "What can we do, papa? Will you give us the rest of the money? and then we will take it to the poor woman."

"No," answered their papa, "I will not give you my money to take to the poor woman, because you

would be then giving away my money, and not your own; but, if you choose to work for the money required, I will pay you."

"O! that is very nice," said Emily: "what work must we do?"

"For every chapter in the Bible which you will learn by heart, I will give you two cents," replied their papa.

"How many chapters must we learn, papa, to get the money?" asked Emily.

"Why do you ask me, Emily?" answered their papa. "Have you not learned to count?"

"We want fifty-four cents," said Charles. "Then we must learn exactly twenty-seven chapters, which, divided, will be nine chapters a-piece: and do let us begin, papa.

"Well," said their mamma, "if you like to undertake this work, and will endeavour, to get it finish-

ed by Emily's birth-day, which will be the 20th of July, we will have a holiday that day; and, if it is a fine day, we will carry the money you have earned to the old woman's, and we will take some tea and sugar with us, and the old woman shall make tea for us."

"O! mamma," said the children, "how pleasant that will be!"

So the children, that evening, chose out the chapters which they were to learn. Emily chose the last nine chapters of St. John, because she was very fond of St. John; and Charles chose the nine first of St. Luke; and William chose nine of the shortest Psalms, and, as he was a year younger than Emily, it was but fair that he should have the easiest task.

Charles and Emily went on very well. About every two days, they brought a chapter to say, and got two cents, which they put by with

the rest of the money, in a little box: so that, before June was passed Emily had earned her eighteen cents, and Charles the same; but I am sorry to say that William's penny was in the box, but nothing put to it.

"This is the last day of June," said Emily to her brother Charles, one day, when she was counting the money, to see if it was right, "and here is your money, and here is mine; but there is not a penny of William's. We must talk to him, and make him learn."

"O! I have talked to him," said



Charles, "several times; but I cannot get him to learn his Psalms. He has always something else to do: either his whip to mend, or his dog to feed, or to ride upon the gate, or to play with his watch, or



to dig in his garden, or his playing at marbles with Peter Brown; he finds time to do every thing but to learn his chapters."

"Well," said Emily, "we will go and look for him now, and try, once more, to persuade him."





So Emily and Charles went to look for William, and they found him swinging on the bough of a tree.

“Now, dear William,” said Emily, “come down, and learn one Psalm. This is the last day of June, and you have not brought one penny towards the Bible.”

“I will come presently,” answered William: “let me swing a little more. And then he began to shake the bough of the tree, and up he went, and down he went, as fast as he could make himself go.

“You will have a fall presently,”

said Emily. "Come, be persuaded by me: come down, and learn a Psalm."

William would not listen to her, but went swinging on till he fell down, and hurt himself so much, that he could not learn that day.

Well, the next day, there was his garden to dig; and what with one thing and another, all his time was taken up till the 20th of July came.

It was a very fine morning, and the sun shone very brightly when the children awoke on Emily's birth-day. Charles and Emily were very happy; but William was vexed, to think that he had no money to carry to the poor woman for the Bible. Their mamma did not say any thing about the poor woman and the Bible till after dinner. She then said, "I have put up some tea and sugar in a basket, and I am going to drink tea with the poor

woman who lives near the brook; and I shall take those children with me who have any money to take to her. Go, my dears," she continued, "and bring me what money you have each earned for the Bible."

Emily and Charles ran up stairs for their money very gaily, but William walked very slowly.— Emily brought down twenty-two cents, and put them on the table; and Charles brought the eighteen cents which he had earned, and the two cents which he had had before; but William had nothing to show but his penny. Poor William looked very grave; and even Emily and Charles were quite sorry, and almost forgot their own joy to see his grief.

Their papa counted the money, and commended Emily and Charles; and then looking gravely at William, he said, "I am sorry, little boy, to find how little love you

nave for poor people—so little, that you could not give yourself the smallest trouble in order to help the poor old woman and her little grandson to get God's book. But, as you would not take the trouble of labouring with your brother and sister, you must not share their reward. There, take back your penny: I shall not let you have the pleasure of giving it to the poor woman. But I will have the pleasure of going with your mamma, and brother, and sister, to see the poor woman; and I shall give her nineteen cents which is wanting, because I do not like the poor woman to suffer for your idleness."

Then their papa told Emily and Charles to get ready; and they set off with their mamma, to see the poor woman who lived by the brook beyond the farm house.

Charles and Emily were sorry for William; and yet, they knew that



it was his own fault that he was not to go with them. And you would have been sorry, too, if you had seen how he stood at the gate, watching them till they were out of

sight, and what an unhappy evening he spent.

So Emily and Charles, and their papa and mamma, went down the lane: and when they came in sight of the cottage, Charles and Emily ran on before. They found the old woman knitting, and the little boy reading the old Prayer-Book. "So, we are come back at last," said Charles to the old woman: "I am afraid you must have thought that we had forgotten you."

"But now we are come," said Emily, "to drink tea with you, and to bring you some money; to help you to buy the Bible."

You cannot think how pleased the old woman and the little boy were, and how thankful they were, and how neatly the old woman set out her tea-table for Emily and Charles, and their papa and mamma, to drink tea.

After tea, little Thomas went

over the brook, into a little wood, and soon came back with two such beautiful nosegays, for Charles, and Emily, as I hardly ever saw!

When all the money was gathered together, it came exactly to three quarters of a dollar, which the old woman carried to the next town, to buy a Bible: and, from that time till her dying hour, she had the pleasure of hearing her little grandson read it every day.

I am glad to be able to say, that the next time there was any money to be earned for poor people, by learning chapters, William behaved a great deal better; for he prayed to God to give him grace to overcome his sinful idleness, and God heard his prayer.

THE END.

THE  
CAFFRE BOY.

---

A CAFFRE BOY, twelve years old, was asked, whether he did not repent his having come to Guaden-thall; (a Missionary settlement of the Moravian brethren.) He answered, "No." The Missionary observing, "But, in the Caffre country, you had meat in plenty, and excellent milk, and here you cannot get it;" he replied, "That is very true, but I wish to become a child of God, and I hear in this place how I may attain it; but, in my own country, I hear nothing of



it. Therefore, I rejoice that I am come hither, and am satisfied with any thing."

Young reader, learn from this poor African boy how to prize your privileges in America; and to be thankful for your food, however plain.

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### THE AFRICAN CHILDREN.

ONE Sunday afternoon (writes Mr. Doring, from Africa,) after family worship with the female children, I went into my room, which is close to the female school. Much fatigued and cast down, a temptation came into my mind, "Alas! what does it profit to spend health and strength here? Poor Africans never will accept that Saviour who shed his blood for them!" Tossed about thus in my mind, I heard a

groaning voice, like a person in deep distress. As we had so many sick children, this kind of noise was not uncommon; but, at this time, it rather alarmed me. I went, therefore, in haste towards the school; and, when I opened the door, in expectation of witnessing some accident or other, to my astonishment, I saw four of our elder girls on their knees, praying to the Lord for mercy and the pardon of their sins. The words which they made use of were in broken English; but I sincerely believe that they prayed out of the fulness of their souls, and poured out their hearts with tears before the Lord. They had no knowledge of my being near them, which removed at once all doubt of their sincerity. The scene was truly affecting: they were crying; and I could not prevent the tears from running down my cheeks, while I felt what I had never felt

before in Africa. These girls have shown from that time, and do show it still, that they love the Lord their Saviour.

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### THE PRAYING GIRL.

I perceived, (says Mr. Read) a Missionary in south Africa, a farmer's little girl, of five years old, constantly going, as secretly as she could, behind a bush. Coming to my wagon, I said, What do you do so often behind the bush? "I go to pray, Sir." To whom do you pray? "To Christ." What do you ask from Christ? "I ask for grace," was her answer. To another child of her age, I hear you often pray; what do you pray for? "I say, Lord Jesus, hear lies a poor sinful child at thy feet; Lord be gracious to me, and give me grace, and

thy Holy Spirit; forgive me all my sins."

---

### EARLY PIETY.

A Boy, called Abraham, not yet four years old, was not only remarkably patient and resigned during his last illness, but his conversation proved an abiding blessing to his father, who happened then to be in an unhappy state of mind.— On the day before he died, he asked him, "Father, do you love me?" The father replied, "Yes, I do." Upon repeating his question, he received the same answer. "But then," added he, "do you love our Saviour?" "No," replied the father, "I am just now very poor and miserable." "Ah!" said the child, "if you do not love our Sa-

viour, you cannot love me as you ought!"

Another child, though very ill, whenever it heard the bell ring, begged its parents to carry it into the chapel; and when they sometimes replied, You are ill, lie down and rest; it used to say, "No; first we will go to the chapel, and there hear the words of our Saviour; then I will lie down." Filled with love to Jesus, this poor child remained cheerful and resigned, till its soul took flight.

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### THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

A little Indian Girl, seven years old, once expressed herself thus:—  
 "I have sometimes heard of Christ, and now I have experienced him to be just such a Saviour as I wanted! I have often heard people un

dertake to tell of the excellency that was in Christ; but their tongues are two short to express the beauty and love that is contained in that lovely Jesus! I cannot tell my poor relations how lovely Christ is! I wonder my poor playmates will choose that dreadful place which is called *Hell*, when here stands that beautiful person, Jesus, calling upon sinners, saying, 'Come away, sinners, to Heaven!' Come, do come to my Saviour! Shut him out no longer, for there is room enough in heaven for all you to be happy for evermore! It causes much joy, at times, that I delight to serve him; by the help of God, I mean to hold out to the end of my days!"

---

At Buhapuram, in the Northern Cigars, a child about eight years old, who had been educated in Christi-

anity, was ridiculed on that account by some heathens older than himself. In reply, he repeated what he had been taught respecting God. "Show us your God!" said the heathens. "I cannot do that," answered the child; "but I can soon show yours to you." Taking up a stone, and daubing it with some resemblance of a human face, he placed it very gravely upon the ground, and pushed it towards them with his foot; "There," said he, "is such a God as you worship."

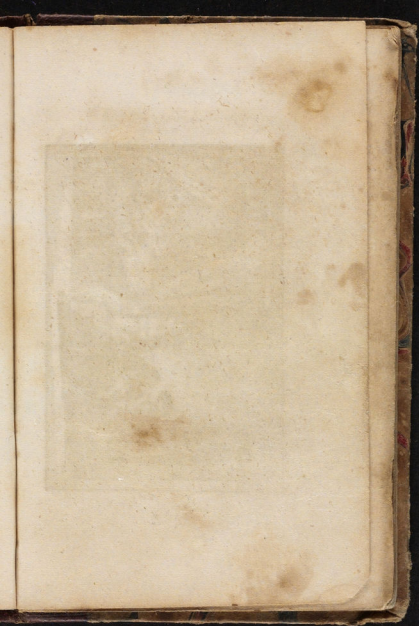
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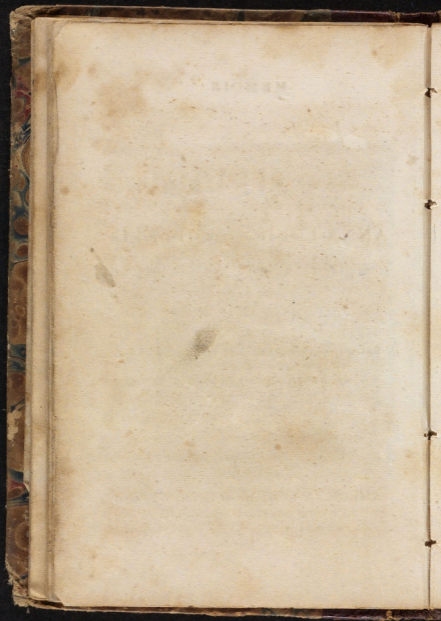




MEMOIR  
OF  
ANNA LOUISA CAMPBELL.

~~~~~  
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A

## Star of Virginia.

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Anna Louisa Campbell was born July 2nd, 1813. As soon as she could lisp "I pray God to bless me!"—her mother taught her to bend her little knees to God



every night and morning. Long ere she could read, she had stored in her infant mind, several of Dr. Watts' hymns, and as

she grew, she learned more and more, and "grew in favour both with God and man."—At five years she could read; and from that time to the period of her death, she committed, every morning, to memory, something from the Scriptures, according to her ability—from one line, to two or three verses.

Books were her delight; and when she visited her young friends, some book was sure to attract, and draw her from play, so that she was often called "The Little Book Worm."

Her lessons she was fond of; and sitting in a closet with her sister, who instructed her, she was happy, and improved rapidly. History and Geography afforded her much pleasure, and she would stand at a map pointing out rivers and cities, with unwearyed attention. Her father had carried her through the Latin Grammar, and she learned it with facility. After her lessons were over, we would often find her reading Te-

lemachus, and "Son of the Rock," as she called Ossian's Poems, and she always appeared to understand what she read.



Louisa had a fine ear for music; she could play several tunes, (self taught) and sing most sweetly any hymn or song she had heard. If she committed any little fault, which she seldom did, and was re-proved for it, she would confess herself wrong, and kissing us, say "I know you are right." Her disposition was tender and affectionate. and dearly she loved to visit

the poor and carry them any little comfort. Anna Louisa was beautiful; but her piety rendered her still more beautiful; her features were fair and delicate, and her form was cast in beauty's mould; but her piety and sweetness of manners, would have made the most homely child interesting and beloved. To the vivacity and artlessness of childhood, she united the easy, graceful, and correct deportment of a woman. She was indeed a perfect little pattern, of all that was good and beautiful, which our merciful God lent us for a season: and yet, she felt and owned herself a sinner, by nature and by practice.

“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, the Lord has perfected praise,” and blessed be his holy name, our Louisa was of that happy number. About 12 months before her death, the Rev. Enoch Lowe, (from Norfolk,) visited our city, and spent a day with us; in the evening he prayed with us, and when he had concluded, Lou-





isa came to me in tears, and said, "Oh sister! what a sweet prayer, he even prayed for the servants." The next morning, she requested that she might learn what Mr. Lowe had read in the Bible, the evening before, about "the fruits of the Spirit"—I told her that she must first learn "the works of the flesh"—but she answered, "*I never wish to learn the works of the flesh, but the sweet fruits of the Spirit, those I wish to learn.*" A short time after, I was singing a hymn, while she was in bed; she



called to me, and said, "Sister, I do not like the way you sing to night: you do not sing as if you had glory in your heart." She then continued, "Sister, I do not feel when I come to bed, as I do in the day;" I asked her how she felt? she replied, "in the day I am gay and thoughtless; but when I lie down at night, I feel sad and think of death; and I know that unless I have a new heart, I cannot go to heaven when I die."

Louisa seemed to have at all times a dread of sinning; and one day, after drawing some very pretty flowers, she requested she might show them to her mother;

she did so, and when she returned, exclaimed, "Oh, sister, do you think it was pride made me show mamma my pieces of drawing?"

Our beloved sister [Susan G.] died, three weeks before dear Louisa; after her sweet soul had departed, while we were yet sitting around her bed in solemn silence, **Louisa** came to me, and said, "Oh, sister,



I thought death was something to pierce through my heart and my ears; but now I have seen dear sister Susan die, I am wil-

ling to go too; death has no terrors for me now."

Our beloved Susan died full of prayer, hope, and resignation, to God's holy will; and blessed be his holy name, we have every reason for good hope that she is with the saints in light. She was calm and firm in every duty of life; and as she lived, so she died! Not even a sigh marked the exit of her soul; and in the arms of death, she looked like a sweet, smiling infant, asleep on its mother's breast. The day after her death, Louisa remained alone with the corpse for some time; when I came to her, and expressed my pleasure at her having no fears, she said, "Oh, if it was God's will, I would lie down there in sister Susan's place, and let her rise."

Ten days after we had bid farewell to dear Susan, our sweet little Anna Louisa was taken with a chill, and she said, "I am now to die." The next day, I observed her looking very seriously towards the sky.

I asked her what she was thinking about, she replied with fervour, "Heaven." One day while mother was sitting by her bed, she said, "Mother, when I die, do not weep for me; I fear not Satan; my Saviour's arms are open to receive me." Mother replied, "I hope, my child, you will live, don't you wish to get well?" she answered, "No, mother, I fear if I do, I shall commit more sin." One night, she called out, "I am going to the Royal City; good bye pa, good bye ma, good bye dear sister," and turned her head and kissed me, as I was lying by her side. During one day, Louisa appeared to be much agitated, turning from side to side on her bed, and frequently cried out, "Sister, Satan is trying to get me, but I will fight him, I will beat him, the holy angels will guard around me, and my Saviour will take me in his arms." At another time, she called me to her and said, "Sister, is Satan pleased when any one is afraid to die?" I replied, "certainly, but

you are not afraid to die, are you?" she said, "sometimes, I fear I am not prepared, and God will not accept me." Once she looked intently up, and as if conversing with unseen beings, exclaimed, "Oh! bear my fainting spirit up!"

Louisa would sing hymns day and night, during her illness, and call on her sisters to sing, also; and when too weak to repeat the words, she would bear them in her mind, and go sweetly and regularly through the tune, till the verses were completed. Once I was singing "When I can read my title clear," &c. she seemed to be asleep or dozing, but when I sung the line, "My God, my heaven, my all," she repeated, with great animation "My all."

She accidentally heard a few days before she died, that our minister, Mr. K., had returned from the north, and she was continually calling for him; at last I asked her if she wished him to come and pray for her, she quickly replied, "yes!" he came, and

after his prayer was over, I said to her, "Dear Louisa, I am sorry you were too sick to attend to Mr. K's prayer;" but she said, "I was not asleep; I did attend; and oh, how sweetly he prayed, that if it pleased God to take either little Sam, or me, he would receive us into Heaven; I love Mr. K., and could not help crying, he prayed so affectionately."

Louisa appeared to be frequently talking to herself, and one night I heard her repeat the word "glory," about a dozen times. Just before she became insensible, she asked for a little cold water, which had been forbidden, saying, "Give me a little cold water, before I go;" we gave it; she drank some, and said, "Oh, how delicious it is, 'tis so cold," then raising her little arms, added, "take me, oh my Saviour!" and fell into a state of insensibility, from which she awoke in Heaven! A smile of triumph rested on her sweet countenance, as she lay on the bed of death, and she looked as if robed for

the marriage supper of the Lamb. So spotless, so pure, she seemed not to have contracted the least stain from earth, and I could fancy I heard the Redeemer say, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Louisa suffered greatly; but was very patient. One day, a blister on her breast being extremely sore, she tossed from side to side on her bed, and at last exclaimed "Oh sisters! to-day is an impatient day." She was very fearful of giving trouble and distress, particularly to her mother, and when she would cry out with pain, she would say, "shut the door, my dear mother will hear me, and be distressed," fancying that mother was out of the room. At other times, when mother would weep, she would spring up in the bed, and clasping her arms around mother's neck, endeavour to comfort her, saying, "My dear ma, perhaps God will spare me to you; and if he does take me, my Saviour will receive me." If she thought she



was impatient or petulant, which we never thought, she would beg forgiveness. Once to her little brother and a servant, from whom she turned as if to avoid their attentions, she said, turning quickly back again, "Oh! forgive me, oh, forgive me, I am so sick."

At the time of dear Susan's funeral, when we were choosing a hymn, Louisa said, "That, you have selected, is beautiful, and suits; but I prefer as my favourite, this.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below:  
 Go! by angel guards attended,  
 To the feet of Jesus, go.  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;  
 Shows the purchase of his merit;  
 Reaches out a crown of love.  
 For the joy he sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain;  
 Die, to live a life of glory;

Suffer with thy Lord, to reign.  
 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast;  
 To his uttermost salvation;  
 To thy everlasting rest.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah."

Louisa's favourite hymn, while she was sick, was Newton's, "On the Death of a Believer."

"In vain my fancy strives to paint," &c. &c.

Anna Louisa died November 8th, 1822, just 9 years of age. Dear Louisa was accustomed to say her prayers aloud, to some member of the family, until a few weeks previous to her death, when she came to me, and said, "Sister, permit me to say my prayers to myself, for I have more glory in my heart when I pray alone, and secretly."

O! ye are gone! sweet, budding rose,  
 And modest lily of the vale;

No more on earth shall we again,  
 Thy fragrant virtues e'er inhale.  
 Yes! ye are gone! but 'tis to bloom  
 On Eden's bright, immortal, shore,  
 Where chilling blasts, and with'ring  
     beams,  
 Shall never, never, reach thee more.  
 Redeeming love's kind fostering hand,  
 From this drear waste and barren soil,  
 Transplanted thee, to blossom fair,  
 In regions free from all turmoil.  
 That ye *are* gone, my lorn heart cries!  
 But Mercy bore thee far above;  
 And praised be the "King of kings!"  
 She bore thee to his courts of love.

E. G. G.

---

*Written November, 1822.*

*[The lines marked in commas are dear  
 Louisa's own words.]*

To Mrs. E. C.

"Weep not for me," Louisa said,

"Weep not for me, when I am dead:

“My Saviour will my soul receive;”  
Then wherefore, mother, should you  
grieve?

“I know, that at the latter day,

“He will reanimate this clay:

“*These very eyes* shall him behold;

“These eyes which must in death be  
cold.”

Then wherefore, mother, should you  
grieve?

Since soul and body he'll receive.

“The Royal City, soon I'll gain,”

Where all know joy and none know pain;

Then “farewell father, mother dear,

“I long to meet dear Susan there.”

Come holy angels, “bear on high

“My fainting spirit.—Let me die!

“Oh take me, Saviour, to thy arms!

“Grim death, for me, has no alarms.”

She said—then slept till Jesus' voice,

In heav'n, awak'd her to rejoice.

As from this earth she took her flight,

Her beauteous clay beamed glory bright.

And now above, our Susan dear  
 And blest Louisa, both appear;  
 For ever chanting anthems sweet,  
 While sitting at their Saviour's feet.  
 See! they are rob'd with dazzling white,  
 In glory's holy radiance bright;  
 Each lovely head, a crown doth wear,  
 Which Jesus bought, at price most dear.  
 They own him conqueror, and low  
 In love and adoration bow:  
 Striking their golden harps, to prove  
 The wonders of redeeming love.  
 Oh, therefore mother, cease to weep;  
 Your children's bodies only sleep;  
 And when the judgment trump shall  
 sound,  
 They'll rise immortal from the ground.

E.

*Written January, 1823, by Mr. L. A.*

To Mr. and Mrs. C.

"Weep not for me!" the angel said,  
Ere yet from earth her spirit fled:  
"Weep not for me, my parents dear,  
I have no sentiment of fear,  
But feel assur'd, my Saviour's love  
Calls me to realms of bliss above."  
So spake their dearest hope on earth,  
To the lov'd authors of her birth,  
As mourning round Louisa's bed,  
The agonizing tears they shed,  
And poured the unavailing prayer  
To save the lovely sufferer there.  
'Tis true, we need not weep for those,  
Who in their Saviour's arms repose;  
We need not even breathe a sigh  
For such as like Louisa die;  
On faith and piety like her's,  
A crown of glory, death confers.  
Yet, long the tear of silent wo  
Shall for belov'd Louisa flow:

Till death, that seized the lovely flow'r,  
Shall o'er the *stem* assert its pow'r,  
'The *parent tree* must mourn the day  
That tore its beauteous *bud* away.



## LITTLE ANN.

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One night, little Ann's mother was undressing her to put her to bed; and after she had put on her night cap, before she kissed her little girl, and said good night, she bid her go and say her prayers. Ann skipped over the floor, without ever thinking of what she was going to do, and then kneeled down by the bed-side, and said the Lord's prayer, and another little prayer her mother had taught her, as fast as she could speak; she was done in a minute: then she jumped up, and ran smiling to her mother, who kissed her with a very grave face, and tears were in her eyes. "What is the matter, mother?" said Ann; I have said my prayers, do not you love me? what makes you look so sorry?" Then her mother said, "I do love you Ann, very much, and that



makes me look so sorry." "Why mother, I do not know what you mean." "Sit here then on my lap, and I will tell you." Then little Ann began to look very serious too, and she sat on her mother's lap, and put one arm round her neck, and she almost cried herself, to think she had made her mother sorry; for she loved her dearly, and never felt happy when she had offended her. Then her mother said, "What were you doing by the bed-side just now?" "Saying my prayers." "Who have you been speaking to?" Ann did not answer her mother; for she did not think *whom* she was speaking to, nor what she was saying. "What have you been asking for?" said her mother again. Ann hung down her head, and said, "I do not know," in a very low voice. "What is *praying* Ann?" "You told me one day, mother, it is begging God, up in heaven, to give me what I want." "Have you then been praying to-night? have you been asking the Lord for

anything you want, and thanking your heavenly Father, for his goodness to you to-day?" Ann *knew* she had not, and while the tears trickled down her cheeks, she said, "No, mother, I forgot all about it." "Then my dear, you have not prayed, but you have been mocking the Almighty God, who saw your heart, and knew that you did not care for him, or mean one word you said; he heard you take his blessed name in vain, and ask him to hear you for Jesus' sake, when you never even *thought* of that dear Saviour, who died for you; and that made me look so sorry to see my little daughter, that I have offered to the Lord for his own child, doing so wickedly." "Mother, I cannot help it, I cannot pray any better, and sometimes I try to say my prayers slow, and to think about it, but then something else comes into my head, and I cannot think of my prayers." "Well my dear, what will become of you, if you do not learn to pray. It makes me almost

tremble to think of it." "Oh, mother, I will one of these days, when I get big as you are, then I will."

"That will not do, my dear child; may be you will die, and never grow big; and if you *do* live to be old, perhaps when you call upon God he will not mind what *you* say, if you will not mind *him* when he tells you to come." "Mother, when did he tell me to come?" "Do you not know Jesus says, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; and when they came, *he took them up in his arms*, put his hands upon them, and blessed them?" "Yes, I learned that in the Testament." "Then what is the reason little children do not like to go to him? think a minute, and try to remember what it is. Then Ann said, "is it because we are born with bad hearts?" "Yes; and we cannot love God, till we get new ones; and he promises to give us new ones, if we will ask him; but not if we ask *as you do* Ann: we must beg for a new

heart, and a right spirit; we must be in earnest, and want it *very much*. Suppose you were to come to me for a piece of bread, and I knew you did not want it; I would not give it you, and you would go away and not care, and forget all about it, would you not?" "Yes, mother." "You did just so, when you said your prayers to-night; you said, 'make me a good child, and give me a new heart, for Jesus Christ's sake,' and you did not think you wan'ed a new heart at all; and so you have not got it. But suppose again, you were *really* hungry, and wanted a piece of bread very much; you would come and say, 'Oh mother, *do* give me a piece—please mother, I am *so* hungry;' and then if I did not seem to hear you, you would not go away, but would come *nearer* and ask me over again, and *beg* me to let you have it; and you would *know* I would give it you, as soon as I saw how hungry you were, because I am your mother, and would not let my child

want bread; and so I *would* give it you; is not this true?" "Yes mother, I *know* it is."  
"Well, this is *praying*, my child; you do want a new right heart, *very much indeed*; I am sure you do, and unless you have one, I shall never meet my dear little girl in heaven, at the right hand of Jesus; but she will be cast, Oh! I must say it, into hell, with all the people that forget God; the Bible says so—you don't want to go to that dreadful place, do you?" "No, no, mother."  
"Well, but I tell you, you are in great danger of it; no one can save you from it but Jesus Christ; and if you go to him, as I have told you, he will certainly save you, for you know I told you how he loves little children and calls them to him; and he says too, 'him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,' and blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" and he says too to fathers and mothers, 'If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how *much more*

will your heavenly Father, give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' One day the disciples of Jesus asked him to teach them to pray; they said, 'Lord, teach us to pray;' and he taught them what to say to God: now do *you* ask him to teach you to pray; ask him very often, and remember you must want to learn very much, and you must try and forget every thing else when you go to him, and then he *will* hear you, and give you a new heart, and make you love to pray; to-morrow, bring me your Bible, and I will find the words of God which I have been telling you in it, and you shall learn them by heart, that you may always remember what our God and Father promises to them that love him."

Then little Ann kissed her mother, and went again to the bed-side and kneeled down I do not know what she said, but she seemed to be *trying* to pray. After this she went softly and quietly to bed, and the next morning before breakfast, brought

her Bible to her mother, to find the verses she told her of, and Ann learned them that day, which makes me hope she is going to learn to pray, and love God. Then her mother kissed her with smiles, and not with tears, as she had done the night before. Perhaps some little children who will read this are like little Ann: they take the Lord's name in vain instead of *praying* to him every day. Little boys and girls, never do so any more: if you go on so, you will grow up hardened sinners; and then when you will call upon God in trouble, he will not hear you, for those who do not love him, and pray to him, are not his children, but the children of the evil one, and with *him* they will live for ever and ever.

THE END.





