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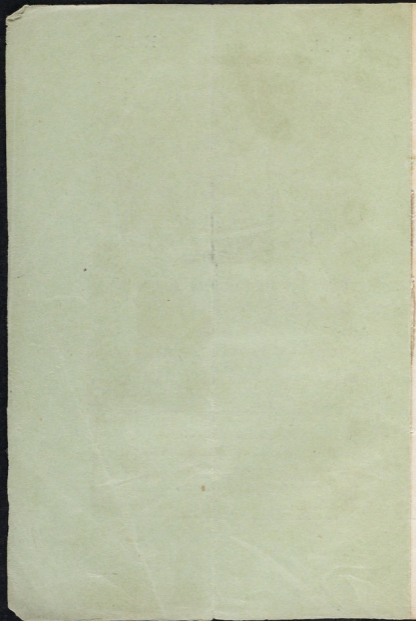
SUNDAY-SCHOLAR'S
MIRROR.

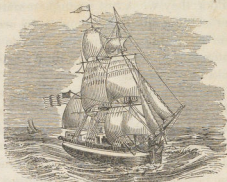


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The Providence of God Illustrated ;

OR, THE DISTRESSED FAMILY RELIEVED.

CHAPTER I.

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear ye not therefore ; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

A PIOUS Protestant family in the British provinces determined to remove to New-England, expecting, in our free, happy, and prosperous land, to succeed better in their business, and to be able to give the little ones superior opportunities for obtaining an education.

Poor they were, but enough remained, after settling all their accounts, to secure their passage, with their goods, to the States, and to support them until business could be obtained.

Their arrangements were all made, their little property shipped on board a vessel just ready to sail, and the family were on board, when the father was unexpectedly called on shore, to attend to some unforeseen business. The wind springing up, the vessel sailed, bearing away the mother and the children, while their stay and dependence—the father of the little circle—was left behind.

The feelings of the mother cannot well be described. Without a friend on board—the captain a hard and unfeeling man,—without money—surrounded by her helpless children—bound to a strange land—what wonder that her heart almost sunk within her!

“Don't cry, mother,” little John, a lad about eight years of age, would say as the tears would, sometimes, in spite of all her efforts, force themselves from her eyes.

"Father will soon come, and *I* will find a place for you, when we reach Boston." Poor little fellow, he had a brave heart, and could not bear to see his mother weep; but he little thought that he was promising what his small arms and tender hands could not perform.

The only peaceful moments in that lonely steerage were, when, in the midst of her children, the mother would kneel before the heavenly Father, and place herself and her dependent ones in his sheltering providence; or when Jane would read to her such comforting passages from the Holy Bible as the one at the head of this narrative, and she would call to mind the thousand other precious promises of a like import. "They that trust in the Lord," she would say, and her heart would become calm, "shall be like Mount Zion, that cannot be moved, but abideth for ever; for, as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that love him."

CHAPTER II.

"Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the *least* of these, my brethren, ye did it unto *me*."

O, a beautiful city, little readers, is this same Boston, whither this afflicted family were fast sailing; sitting upon its triple hills, and washed almost all around its base by the rippling water. With joy does the sailor welcome it from the mast-head, and shout aloud along the vessel's yards, as he sails up the beautiful island-bestudded bay.

But nothing was there pleasant in the sight, or sound of the fair city just before them, to the emigrant mother on board of the ship, although the children, long detained in the narrow compass of the decks, caught some of the joy of the gay sailors around them; but they looked sad again as they turned to their mother's face, and marked the deep lines of care. Happy childhood! little anticipation of a painful future does it ever feel!

Hard as was the captain, he could not find it in his heart to turn the helpless

family out upon the wharf as soon as they reached the shore; although he hinted that the sooner they left, the more pleased would he be. But here was another difficulty; their passage had not been paid, and the mother had no money. What was to be done? This *must* be forthcoming, though the poor, suffering family should perish for want. There were the household goods—their little *all*—and these were seized, to be sold or retained until the half-credited story should be proved true or false, that the father was behind, and would soon come and pay for all. For days the whole family stood upon the wharf, looking anxiously down the bay for the approach of the expected ship, and watching every bark as it reached the port, hoping to welcome the returning gaze of the father arrived. But all in vain. The poor accommodations on ship-board must now be given up for still poorer on the shore.

A damp, dark, unwholesome cellar, leading from a street near the docks, was at length rented, in the hope of obtaining

some work, to pay the high price demanded, and to keep herself and children from starving.

Lonely and desolate enough was the place: no wonder the children sobbed, as they sat down, without a chair, in a corner by their mother's side. No furniture was there here to grace this dark retreat—that was all in the hands of the ship-owners, pawned for the passage. Every penny had been expended. What *could* they do?

And now, little John, where is thy brave heart? "I will go out," said the fearless little fellow, "and see if I cannot find work for you, mother, and beg a few pennies for some bread to eat."

Now God directed, and blessed him, children; for who would believe the story of a little street beggar? or give him money when he asked it? The man of the world might not, but the Christian man, or boy, would not hear the "raven's cry," without seeking to know its cause, and bestow the needed aid.

An angel guided him as he passed by

store after store, man after man, and then turned firmly and confidently into the business place of a pious firm. The Lord poured grace upon that fine open face, and candid tongue. It was not the story of a deceiver—nor his tone or manner—the tale of that suffering boy. *Work* he sought for his willing mother, and a *little bread*, to keep them from starving. A tear in the eye of the good man washed out all his suspicions, and a ready hand offered the needed assistance. It was *silver*—poor boy, he had hardly expected *copper*! He had been taught to bow and express his thanks; but now, joy and hope destroyed his recollection. Sure he thanked the good man in his heart—but he could not stop to speak it. The next moment, his little feet were patting merrily down the street, the silver bit clenched in his hand so tight as almost to start the blood. What will they say in that cold cellar when they see the two great loaves of bread, and some change besides!

CHAPTER III.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SOMETHING more than curiosity had been excited in the mind of the merchant whose charity had just relieved the pressing wants of this destitute emigrant family. He had inquired of the lad the place of their retreat, and he soon followed the steps of the boy.

Now we would not, if we could, tell you all that the mother said to the kind friend who had interposed between her family and a terrible death—and we could not, if we would. The good man seeks not praise, but the glory of God; and a large share of what that mother expressed, was told by shining tears.

The goods were next redeemed by this "friend in need"—a comfortable dwelling was obtained—and washing and sewing were engaged, so that the mother might render herself comfortable. Which was the happier of the two, this relieved family, or the benevolent man?

The day before thanksgiving, little John

was in the store;—how rich he felt, and how he held up his head and tried to whistle, but could not for joy, as he marched home with a fat turkey in his arms, almost as large as his baby sister!

New year's morning—there comes John again. Has he come to wish the good man a "Happy New-year?"—but who is that woman behind him? and who is that tall, strong man upon whom she is leaning, with so much satisfaction? "There he is," said John, swinging off his hat as he entered the store, and pointed to his benefactor, "there he is, father;" for the tall, strong man, was his father; "there he is—the good man that has been so kind to us."

And then came the manly thanks from the deeply affected father; and the mother almost sobbed anew for joy. The good merchant hardly knew what to say: he felt that he *owed them* something, they had made him so happy. O, it was "more blessed to give than to receive." And then did he feel the truth of that precious scripture, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my bre-

thren, ye have done it unto ME." Let us
all learn to trust in that Being who

" Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
Who plants his footsteps in the seas,
And rides upon the storm."

And never forget to seek out and relieve
the needy ; for thus we show our love to
Christ.

" He spoke, and my poor name he named,—
' Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.'

Then, in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes !"

Honesty the Best Policy.

WE asked a gentleman the other day,
how he became connected with the rich
family of S——'s. He has had charge of
their business from youth ; always been
befriended by them ; and, through their
means, acquired a very handsome little

property. "I will tell you, if you wish," said the gentleman referred to.

"When I was quite a small lad, Mr. S. used to send me upon errands for him, and was accustomed to give me all the *cents* that I brought back, as change, when sent to purchase anything. It seemed to me that I always had cents, and a great many of them, to bring back. This made me feel ashamed, as I was afraid that Mr. S. would think I took pains to get cents in change, so that I might be sure of my pay.

"One day being sent upon some errand, I had quite a number of coppers to return. I felt so bad about it that I went into a neighboring store and had them changed into silver. As it happened, Mr. S. saw me, and when I returned he questioned me closely.

"'Why, my boy,' said he, 'did you go into that store yonder?'"

"I blushed, choked, and could hardly speak at first; but summoning resolution, Sir, said I, as I always seemed to bring back cents as change, I was afraid you would think I had the money changed on

purpose, so I went into that store to obtain silver for the cents I had.

“Go right back again, you little rogue,” said the gentleman, poorly concealing his admiration of the act in the stern language he used, ‘go right back and get your coppers, and don’t you dare to do such a thing again.’”

Soon after this, the gentleman, who was a lawyer, insisted upon this honest lad’s living with him, attending upon his office, and studying with him in the interim of his other duties. He has ever since been connected with the family, and is to this day reaping the benefit of this high-minded and honest transaction, when but a boy.

Now, little readers, the question is, whether you would have been so scrupulous? Would you not rather have been pleased to have returned so many pennies, in order that you might have had a greater reward? Perhaps you might have been tempted to change the silver into cents; but how much nobler the conduct of this lad, and how much better for him in the end. God loves and will bless the honest

boy and man! Be assured, dear little friends, (and remember it is as long as you live,) honesty is the best policy.

Unkindness to Parents.

“How glad I am to see you once more in your arm chair, uncle Henry; you have been sick in your chamber so long, you can't think how we have missed you, especially these long evenings, which you used to make so short with your delightful stories. But now, here you are again, though you look very pale, and I can hardly wait to tell you how glad I am that you are well, as I want to ask you for another story. Here is a chair to rest your feet, and now, uncle Henry, now for the story.”

“It has indeed been a great while, my little boy, since I have been down stairs with you, and I ought to be very thankful to God for the health he has given me again. You know I have been very sick, and did not expect ever to get well.”

“O yes, uncle, father brought me up into your room once, and told me that you were dying; it seemed as though my heart would break, when you placed your hand upon my head, and prayed God to bless me, and then bid me farewell.”

“It has pleased God to permit me to live a little longer, and as you were kind to me when I was sick, I am right glad to gratify you; but what shall this story be about?”

“Anything, uncle; your travels, or what you have read.”

“Yes, I have one—it is about unkindness to parents. I do not tell it to you, because you do not love your parents; for I know you love them dearly, and I hear you every night, in your little room, praying God to bless them,—but that you may thank God for giving you a heart to love and obey them. It is

“THE STORY OF TORANIUS.

“A party in Rome having obtained the power, proscribed, or doomed to death, a certain man named Toranius, but he made

his escape. His son Caius, by the offer of money, or some office in the government, was bribed to tell the place where his father was concealed, and in order that they might not make a mistake, he even gave them a description of his father's dress and appearance.

“The officers soon discovered the old gray-headed father, by the description of his cruel son. The old man did not seem to care in the least for what little remained of his own life, or for what fate awaited him; but his whole anxiety seemed to be for his son; his very first question, when the officers seized him, was concerning the health of this unfeeling child, and whether he had nobly done his duty to his country and his general.

“‘That same son,’ said the officer addressed, ‘whom you so dealy love, and of whom you are so anxiously inquiring, betrayed you to us, and through his information we have found you, and are now about to destroy you.’

“Then the officer thrust his sword through the heart of this afflicted parent,

and he fell, not so much affected by his own death, as by the cruel and wicked conduct of that heartless son."

"O, uncle, I don't see how he could have done so. I would rather have died myself, than to have killed my kind father."

"It was, my dear boy, because the wicked heart of Caius had never been changed by grace, that he was capable of doing so frightful an action. And now let us kneel down together, and thank God that he has enlightened our minds, and pray that he will give us new hearts."

A Father converted

Through the instrumentality of a sick and pious child.

CAPT. W., for some time the respected and zealous president of the Washington Temperance Society, in New-York, was reclaimed and converted through the instrumentality of a child. His little boy was a member of one of the Methodist sabbath schools, and was there hopefully converted. He was afterward taken sick,

and began to pine away with the consumption. At this time his father was a rough, wicked, intemperate man, and as the little sufferer laid tossing upon his bed, he would hear his miserable father come staggering into the house, treating unkindly and cruelly his poor mother, and the other children, night after night. Capt. W. was always kind and tender toward his little sick boy, and would come into his room in the morning before going to work, to see him, and inquire as to his health. One morning, coming in, and taking his pale and emaciated hand, he stooped to kiss him, and felt a burning tear rolling down his cheek. "What is the matter, my son?" said Capt. W. "Why are you weeping?" The little fellow could not answer, but his bosom throbbed with agony. "You must tell me," said the father, affected to see his son so much distressed, "you must tell me what grieves you so."

"O father," said the little fellow, sobbing aloud, "I am weeping, because I have a father who *never thinks that he has a soul to save.* I expect to die soon,

and go to Jesus, but what will become of my poor father!" "These words," said Capt. W., "went to my heart like an arrow, and I hurried away, by myself, in an agony of soul, to pray for mercy." Soon after this he was happily converted, and the Washingtonian movement arising about this time, he devoted to it his most untiring and successful exertions.

Dear little, pious, faithful boy, the soul of his beloved, but unfortunate father, became a star in his crown of rejoicing. And who can tell the whole amount of good that resulted from the piety of this *lamb* of the fold?

Mind the Company you keep.

THERE was no service at the church, where the parents of Joseph attended regularly, on a certain sabbath, and instead of seeking another sabbath school, and place of worship, where he might profitably pass his time, he went out to ramble in the fields. Returning home by the public road, he fell into the company of certain

rude and vicious boys, who, like him, were breaking the holy sabbath with their idle and wicked plays. Before they reached the town, a chaise, containing a gentleman and lady, passed by them. The wicked lads, in their mischief, immediately commenced throwing stones at the carriage, and one passed through the top, and struck the lady. The boys were well known. Joseph was not concerned in the matter, and heartily disapproved of it, but then, *he was in their company*. The next week they were all summoned before a justice to be tried for their misdemeanor.

It is very *easy*, children, to get *into* difficulty; but by no means so light a matter to *get out* of it. The way of the transgressor is *hard!* and so these lads found it when they stood before the judge. This *mischief* might have been a very pleasant matter; but the *fine* or *imprisonment* which they received, as the penalty of their conduct, was quite another thing: they were filled with shame and fear as they stood there, guilty and discovered, in the presence of the officer of justice. Joseph had

nothing to do with the assault upon the chaise, but being in their company, was also arraigned before the judge. With much trembling he told his story, and was then addressed by the judge in the following words:—

“ Well, young man, your own story agrees with the witnesses that have been before me. I do not think you had any hand in the mischief that was done: but I must fine you one dollar for *being found in bad company.*”

You may be assured that this was a lesson to Joseph that he did not soon forget, and from it our readers may learn two important morals: 1. Never to wander away on the sabbath day; for when the tempter finds a boy *idle*, he always *employs* him, and besides the especial judgments of God are threatened against the *sabbath breaker*. 2. Avoid bad company as you would the *small pox*; for you will either *catch* their vicious tempers, be corrupted by their examples, or suffer in the punishment that will certainly follow their wicked deeds. How much happier, sabbath evening,

would Joseph have felt, if he had spent the holy day in the house of God, and in some quiet, pleasant sabbath school!

The Truant.

“A guilty conscience needs no accuser.”

Old Saying.

“The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.”

Proverbs.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early autumn, and two little boys were on their way to school, at the close of their noon play. One of these lads bore rather a doubtful character for honesty: the other was a fine, noble-spirited, and usually faithful and obedient boy.

“It is too pleasant to be shut up in the old school-house this afternoon,” said the first, whom we shall call John.

“O, well, vacation’s coming soon,” said Nathan.

“That don’t make the school any pleasanter this afternoon. I’ve a mind to stay out. I know where there are any quanti-

ties of damsons, and I'm for having some. Come, will you go?"

"But I'm afraid we shall be found out."

"O, no we shant, so come along;" and he took hold of Nathan's arm and pulled him forcibly along.

Nathan held back awhile, and refused to go; but by dint of urging, shaming, and coaxing, John overcame him, and away went the truants after their damsons.

They ate what they wanted, and then filled their hats and started for home. On his way back, Nathan bethought himself that it would not do to carry his plums home, as he would thus be discovered. He thought at first, that he would bury them in the garden, but then he would be seen digging and his secret be discovered. He next concluded to sit down and eat them; but this he thought would certainly make him sick, and thus again would he be exposed.

What could he do? O, how he wished that he had been quietly in school during the hours of study! Heartily sick of

the troublesome fruit, as he passed a bridge, he turned his hat over, and away it went into the river.

But here was a new difficulty : the damsons had stained the lining of his hat. Now he would certainly be found out. In vain he rubbed and washed it, the stain was not to be removed.

With fearful forebodings he entered the house, and placed his hat upside down upon the stand. Every time his mother looked toward him, or spoke to him, he started as if just awaked from sleep, expecting to be questioned about his absence from school. For days, whenever his mother went near his hat, his heart would rise to his mouth, he felt so fearful that she had discovered him. Surely, in his case "the way of the transgressor was hard." Dearly did he pay for his disobedience. Time passed on, however, and he was not brought out, but it was weeks before he was entirely relieved from fear. This was the last of his playing the truant; he is a grown man now, but to this day he vividly remembers the anguish he suffered dur-

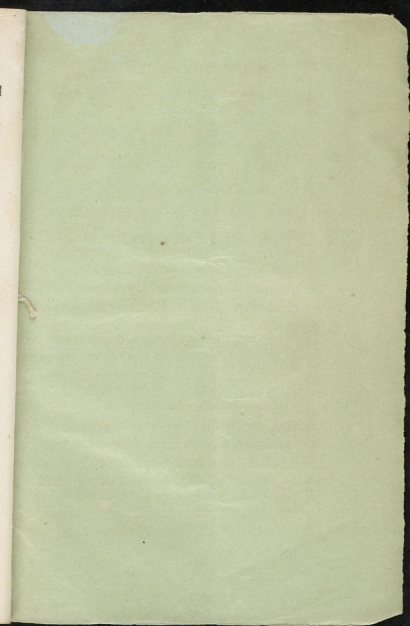
ing the days that immediately followed his sin.

Be assured, little readers, however sweet sin may be in the beginning, in the end it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Friends are all around us.

FRIENDS are all around us,
 Even the little child
 Loves the stranger whom he met,
 Who look'd on him and smiled.
 Friends are all around us,
 If as friends we greet
 Those whom in our journeying
 On life's worn way we meet.

One word kindly spoken,
 Simple though it be,
 Is often sweetest music
 In the hour of agony ;
 One look kindly given,
 When the lips move not,
 May be treasured in the heart,
 Ne'er to be forgot.



WE ARE SEVEN;

OR,

THE LITTLE MOURNER COMFORTED.

*An English republication of fifty-one pages, done up
in neat style, and sold at cents.*

“Which of our readers has not by heart that most exquisite and affecting of all juvenile poems, ‘We are Seven?’ The present work is a prose version of the incident woven into another simple story of a bereaved child. A directly Christian turn is given to the whole, and the doctrines of the resurrection and eternal life are scripturally and beautifully explained.”—*London Union Magazine.*

“It is written in so pleasing a style that we think it cannot fail to interest and be useful to the young.”—*London Teacher’s Offering.*

* * * This edition contains the poem of Wordsworth, alluded to above.