

THE
STANDARD-BEARER:

AN

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VOL. XI. 1862.

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THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY, 1862.

NO. 1

THE NEW YEAR.



THE Old Year passeth away,
With looks full of thought and care,
The New Year cometh to-day,
With a footstep as light as air ;
And merry bells ring,
And merry hearts sing,
And every one thinks of the gifts she'll bring.

She scatters bright hopes around,
Sweet promises from her fall ;
Her voice has a silvery sound,
And her smiles are meant for all.
No wonder that we,
When her face we see,
Should welcome her coming with notes of glee.

But don't forget that she bears
Some *work* for us all to do ;
If her bounty each one shares,
Each should share in the labor too.
We should soothe distress ;
We should strive to bless ;
We should help to make other folks' trouble less.

For "happy new years" are sent
To be used as well as enjoyed ;
Their moments are only lent,
And ought to be well employed ;
Life glideth away ;
Work, work while you may ;
Nor put off till to-morrow the claims of to-day.

THE PATIENT THINKER.



"AHA! my fine fellow, I've found you at last. I have been looking for you this hour, to attend to your mother's business, and here you are idling

away your time, trying to make toys that are of no use."

"Perhaps they may be of use some day, uncle; *who knows?*" said the youth thus addressed. "But I will put away my pencil and tools, and do whatever mother wishes me to do, instantly." And he rose from his seat on the grass, where his uncle had found him, and went with him into the house.

"I don't know what to make of Isaac," said his uncle to his mother afterward; "I wish that he was more like other boys, and would study and play as his companions do."

But it was plain that he was not at all like other boys; and though he was perfectly respectful and gentle to his mother, she could not induce him to give up his favorite pursuits.

While his companions were at play, he was making little models of various kinds of machinery. He made hour-glasses which were turned by water power. And when there was a new windmill erected in the town where he lived, he examined it until he found out how it was made, and then made a small one like it, with a mouse inside for the miller.

He also constructed a sun-dial, which is still shown at the house where he lived. For I am telling you of a boy who really lived, and became one of the greatest philosophers the world has ever known—Sir Isaac Newton.

His father died when he was an infant, and his mother, after sending him to school for a few years, wished him to remain at home, and take charge of the farm which his father had left. He tried to comply with her wishes, but his love for study was so strong that she at last allowed him to return to school, and then to enter the University at Cambridge.

While he was at the University, a terrible disease called the plague broke out, and he was obliged to go home. While there, he was sitting, one day, under an apple-tree, and an apple fell near him. That led him to consider why it fell, and he thought about it until he discovered a law in philosophy called the attraction of gravitation.

No doubt many of my little readers (for children are very wise in these days) have studied about it their philosophies.

Afterward he made another discovery, that light is composed of various colors. And this was before he was twenty-four years old.

It was only by patient thinking that he made these discoveries. Indeed, I think that he was as remarkable for patience as for learning; because he could not have learned so much if he had not had patience.

I do not believe that he ever, when he was a boy, threw down his slate and book, in a passion, because he could not do a sum, though no doubt he had

to do many a one over and over again before it was right.

Many years after he made these discoveries, he wrote a book, which required a great deal of study. He had nearly finished it, when, one evening, his little dog jumped upon the table where his papers were, and upset a lighted candle in the midst of them. Sir Isaac Newton was absent from the room when it occurred, and when he returned, he found the book which it had taken him years to write *nearly burnt up*. But even then he did not yield to an impatient spirit — he merely said, "O Diamond! Diamond! you little know how much mischief you have done," and commenced to write his book over again.

It was because he was a Christian, and had the assistance of God's Spirit, that he was able thus to control his temper. For all his inquiries after truth only made him love and praise the great Creator of all things more and more. He added the study of the Bible to his other studies, and he has written several books upon different parts of the word of God.

Perhaps some day you may meet men wicked enough to say that religion will do very well for poor and ignorant people, but wise men do not believe the Bible. Then you can tell them of Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosopher, who believed and loved the Bible, and felt that he was weak and ignorant except as he was taught of God.

He said: "To myself I seem to have been as a child playing upon the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of truth lay unexplored before me.

Even the poet Pope, who was an unbeliever, acknowledged, in his epitaph, that Newton's wisdom came from God.

"Nature and all her works lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light."

Sir Isaac Newton lived to be eighty years old, and then went to his heavenly home, where he has been for years, learning more of the wisdom and might of God than he could ever have known here.

M. A. H.

—•••—
THE REMARKABLE TWINS.

"KATE," said her father, as they sat in the library, "come and sit on my knee, and I will tell you about two twins. No, you shall tell *me* about them; I will say their names, and you shall describe them. One is named Cheerfulness, and the other Quietness. Now, Kate, you must pretend that these are two persons, and you must tell me what they look like, and how they behave. Let me see—Quietness wears creaking shoes, and her hair is all about her ears, and ——"

"No, no, dear father, pray stop; *I* will describe her. She has very soft brown hair, brushed plain and smooth. Her eyes are blue, like mother's, and

her voice is 'ever soft.' She goes up and down stairs so lightly that no one can hear her. I think she wears a brown dress, the exact color of her hair, and it never rustles. When the gnats come near her, they stop whirring. Nobody ever hears her voice, except the persons in the same room with her, or walking near her, if it is out of doors. She has a very winning face, and she looks lovely, even when her eyes are shut. Father, I do not think I could be quite like Quietness."

"You can not be quite like her, certainly. Now for Cheerfulness."

"Well, father, Cheerfulness has a sky-blue dress, and golden, curling hair, and sparkling eyes, and she likes going about in the gardens and lanes, and she gathers wild roses and honeysuckles, and twines them around her hat. She sings beautifully, and she likes hay-fields and daisies, and a long walk on a frosty day, and she never has any chilblains. The birds always sing when she goes by. Father, was a Cheerfulness that you were reading about the other day? There was one line about flowers laughing in their beds."

"No; but it was about a great friend and ally of Cheerfulness. It was the lady you read about in that new story. You may read the poem, if you like; but I do not think you will understand all of it. Now, I want these two, Quietness and Cheerfulness, to spend every Sunday with us. They will

not stay here unless my children are very kind to them. Do you think you can be careful, and keep them here all day?"

"Yes, father. I am sorry we frightened poor Quietness out of the garden; but she has been very happy in this room with you and me."

"Very happy, indeed. Cheerfulness will not stay in our house on Sundays without Quietness. If you send Quietness away, Cheerfulness will go too. Now, go and find your Aunt, and ask her to come and play some hymn-tunes for us, and we will sing the hymns that you and Gertrude learned this morning."

HELP FOR NEEDY SCHOOLS.

WE have a great many applications for books and STANDARD-BEARERS for schools which are not able to supply themselves, and we are happy to say that a good many more favored schools are glad to do what they can to help such. There is a Sunday-school in New-Jersey, which has done more than any other one in this way. That the children may see how such help is received, we have ventured to print the following letters. We wish many more schools would do as the one in Elizabeth is doing:

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 25th, 1861.

The accompanying letter, sent to the children of our Sunday-school, has interested them very much,

and in accordance with their wish, I inclose twenty dollars from their missionary fund, to be appropriated in the region referred to in Mr. D.'s communication.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL A. CLARK.

DEAR CHILDREN: In the name of St. Paul's Sunday-school of Waukon, Iowa, I desire to thank you for the very acceptable present of books received by the hands of the Rev. Dr. Dyer, in September last.

The station you have thus kindly assisted is the North-west Mission Station in Iowa, and has under its fostering care twenty-four different points.

The rector and missionary is the Rev. James Bentley, a faithful, earnest servant of our blessed Lord, *who has labored on under many severe trials and discouragements.* For alas! infidelity, with its attendant evils, has grasped in outstretched arms the *fertile western prairies, and sorely grieves the gentle servants of our Lord and Saviour.*

The books, you may rest assured, dear children, will be read by many little precious ones on this far western mission ground, and will bring with them peace to many a weary heart; for children's books go through the family. Did you ever think of that? Your little books or childlike words may win a soul to Jesus.

I recollect an affecting little incident of last year. A gentleman, upright, honorable, respected and be-

loved by all, yet without the knowledge of his Saviour in his heart, was sitting, one Sunday evening, at the window, with his little daughter Amy (his only child) upon his knee, watching the birds as they picked crumbs from the green lawn in front. He loved her more than tongue can tell; she was every thing to him, her life was his, and yet she was but a golden-haired child of five summers. They had been sitting still some time, when suddenly she raised her dark blue eyes to his and said: "Papa, do you pray?" He was astonished and at a loss for an answer, when she resumed: "Papa not meet me in heaven, unless he prays." Her father, with a gentle hand, lifted her from his knee and called her *nurse*, saying it was her bed-time. But as the twilight deepened into night and the stillness became painful, those words seemed burning in his ears. As he retired that night, stopping as usual at Amy's bedside for a farewell kiss, he was struck with her brilliant color and labored breathing. Calling his wife, she immediately perceived the child in a high fever. Physicians were called, and all that art could do was done; but the Lord had need of her, and the call had come just as the day dawned, and the stir and noise of the world disturbed the solemn stillness. The father, who had been pacing the floor in agony all night, was called by the voice he loved so well. "Papa! papa!" it said, soft and low yet very faint, and the moaning winds filled up the pause with its

mournful wail, "Closer, dear papa! for it is so dark and cold; do not forget — good b—"; the word was unfinished. The angel grasp had tightened, and the soul of little Amy was in paradise.

For weeks the agonized parent refused comfort or consolation, and alone in his chamber at night the long, weary step went back and forth; but then there came a change. The words of his Amy were sown upon good ground, and to-day he is an earnest servant of the most high God. Forgive me if I have worried you, and believe me, dear children,

YOUR FRIEND D.

SUSIE AND HER BOX.

"Come, Susie, put away that sewing, and help me put this puzzle together, won't you?" said Henry Morris to his little sister, when he came home from school.

Now Susie was very anxious to finish the doll's truck which she was making, and was not at all inclined to put up her work, but at the same time she did not wish to disoblige her brother, so she said: "If you will wait a little while until I finish my truck, I will help you."

But Henry was in a bad humor, and did not want to wait, so he said, "If you can't help me now, you won't do it at all," and went out of the room.

But as he went out of the door, he caught up a small fancy box with a glass lid, that Susie had bought with her last sixpence, and threw it right across the room. It fell with some force; the lid came off, and the glass was broken. He ran off when he saw the mischief he had done; and Susie burst into tears. Her mother came in while Susie was crying, and she was obliged to tell her what had happened. Mrs. Morris was very angry with Harry, and said that when he returned she should punish him in some way for his bad conduct.

Susie stitched away at her doll's frock, giving a sad look, every now and then, to her poor little box. "It was such a shame of Harry to break it," she said to herself. "He knew how much I liked it, and what care I took of it. And I shall not get another sixpence for a long time. He ought to be made to give me the money it cost. I shall not play with him all day to-morrow; he is a tiresome, disagreeable boy. I do not like him a bit."

At that moment it seemed as if some one whispered in Susie's ear: "Susie, love your enemies: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." How often this text came into her mind! But it was not very welcome there just now. It seemed to expect more from her than she could really manage. Some things she could forgive and forget. Harry pinched her arm one day, and she had neither screamed out nor pinched

him in return. But to look over this affair of the box—to see her pretty little treasure spoilt, and to bear it patiently—oh! this she could not do. “No,” said Susie, “I can not forgive him this time.”

But another text forced itself into Susie's thoughts. It was one which Aunt Mary had pointed out to her, and had begged her to learn by heart. “If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.” (Mark 2: 26.) Susie tried to forget these words; she did not like the message which they brought her; but she could not get them out of her mind.

Susie went on with her work until it was neatly finished. It was nearly tea-time; so she got up and put away her needle and thread, and carried her dressmaking into the next room, to show it to her mother. The little frock was praised, and a piece of blue ribbon promised for a sash; and then Susie said: “Mother, don't say any thing to Harry about my little box, please; I would so much rather you did not.”

“But he had no right to break your box, Susie; it was very wrong of him, and I can not allow him to do such things.”

“I don't think he will again, mother; and perhaps, after all, he did not mean to *break* it; he might not know how easily it would break. Any way, mother, I don't want him to be scolded for it now. Please not to tell him of it.”

"You are kinder to him than he deserves, Susie. But it shall be as you wish this time. Perhaps he only did it in fun."

Harry came in to tea, looking a little less bold than usual. He was rather uncertain what treatment he should meet with. But when he found that nothing was said about his misdeeds, and that Susie was the same as she always was, only rather graver, he regained his courage, and talked even more than the others.

After tea, he went to spend the evening with one of his schoolfellows; and it was Susie's bed-time before he returned. She happened to run into the back-garden after it was dark, to fetch in a little pet kitten; and as she did so, she saw a flower-pot there belonging to Harry. It contained a young myrtle which he had put out in the afternoon, that it might be washed and refreshed by a shower of rain. But he had not intended to leave it out so long, and certainly not all night, on account of the frost; he had forgotten it, and he would not be likely to remember it when he came home late, as the shutters were up and fastened.

Susie could, of course, carry it in-doors, and thus save it from harm. But why should she trouble herself about Harry's plant? If he had not broken her glass box, she might have cared for his myrtle; but now it should take its chance. It would serve him quite right if it were killed by the frost. So

the little kitten was taken in to the warm fireside, and Harry's property was left out in the cold.



But it did not remain there. Susie could not rest until she had been out again and fetched the flower-pot in. She put it in its place, and then went comfortably to bed.

A sharp frost came on in the night. Harry's first thought in the morning was about his plant. He had come home the night before too full of his visit to recollect having left it out, and now he was afraid it would be much injured, if not quite killed, by the severe weather. He hastened into the garden, but it was not there. How glad he was to find it all

safe and sound in the sitting-room! He asked his mother whether she had brought it in last night.

"No," she said; "Susie fetched it in for you."

Harry did not say any thing, but he was touched by his little sister's kindness. He wished he had not broken her pretty box. How could he have been so unkind, and so mean? He was ashamed of himself. It was Susie's forbearance that made him so.

The same afternoon Susie came home from school rather later than usual; so that her brother Harry was at home before her. You may imagine Susie's surprise, on going into the parlor, to see upon the table a glass box like her own, only larger and prettier, with a piece of white paper laid upon it. On the paper was written: "For his dear little sister. From Harry Morris."

Susie was very much pleased; not only because she was glad to have a whole box again, but also because it was so kind of Harry to repair the mischief he had done, so quickly and so generously. He had bought the box with a shilling which he had saved toward a new paint-box. His self-denial showed that he was really sorry. But if Susie had been cross and revengeful, he would not have cared about his unkindness to her, nor have spent a shilling upon her. How bright Susie looked as she ran and thanked him! She was glad then that she had obeyed God's word.

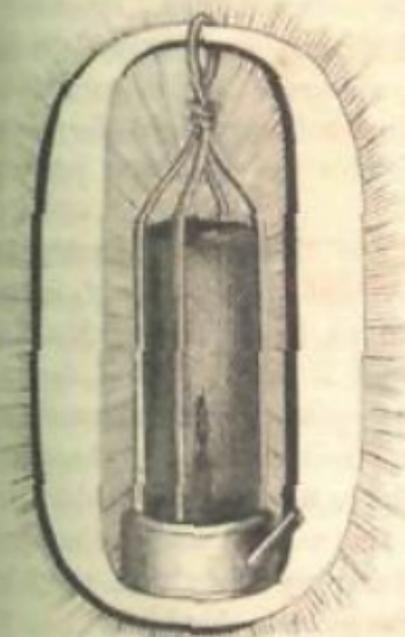
THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

Vol. II

FEBRUARY, 1862.

No. 2

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.



NE evening in June, 1812, a group round a tea-table at Penzance, in Cornwall, listened, in silent horror, to the details of an accident which had happened in Felling Colliery, in Wales, a short time before. The inflammable gas called "fire-damp" had ignited from the miners' lamps,

and the explosion which followed hurled ninety-

two colliers into eternity. Forty-two widows and one hundred and six children were deprived of the means of support by this sad event.

A bright, intelligent boy who sat beside the narrator, could not restrain his tears, but presently, starting to his feet, he exclaimed: "I'll put an end to this shocking misery, please God, some day!" The speaker was a chemist's apprentice, named Humphry Davy, and from that time the patience and energy of his life were devoted to experiments which resulted in the discovery of the *Safety-Lamp*. This simple and wonderful invention is a complete safeguard against such explosions in the mines, as the fine wire-gauze which surrounds the flame allows the miner sufficient light for his work, but effectually excludes the gas, and prevents it from taking fire.

The noble author of this great blessing to the miner refused to take out a patent for his invention. When urged to do so, he replied: "No, I have never thought of such a thing. All I desire is a competence; more wealth might be troublesome. Riches could give me neither fame nor happiness."

I dare say you have all read of Aladdin in the *Arabian Nights*. But would you not rather have the lamp of Sir Humphry Davy than the fabulous one which the genius gave to Aladdin?

There is a more precious and wonderful lamp than either of them. If you can not tell me what

It is, look in Psalm 119:105. The whole of that long and beautiful poem was written in praise of this lamp. I will tell you what use a poor little boy in a coal-mine made of it, and how precious he found it.

This boy and his pious father used to take their Bibles down into the mine, and read them by the light of their lamps, when they stopped work at noon, or had a few minutes' leisure. They were at work together in a new section of the mine, one day, and the father had just stepped aside to get a tool, when the earth above suddenly fell in between them. He ran to the place, calling to his son and straining his ears to catch an answer. At length he heard the boy's voice from under a mass of coal and earth.

"My son!" cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes, father. My legs are under a rock."

"Where is your safety-lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father."

"What will you do, my son?"

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of the little boy. He was soon suffocated.

"The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."

ANNA.

JEANIE AND HER SISTER.

JEANIE and Mary were two little sisters, who were always glad when Sunday morning came, for they loved to go to Sunday-school so very much. It was a great pleasure to their teacher to see their smiling faces as they entered the room, and to hear their sweet voices as they joined so heartily in the hymns of praise. They were always quiet and attentive too, and remembered what they heard, as their conduct at home showed.

One Sunday morning it stormed so hard that their mother thought it best that they should remain at home. It was a great disappointment to them, for it was the day for their Sunday-school anniversary, and to them the happiest day in all the year. In the afternoon the school were to assemble in the church, and sing, and listen to their dear pastor, whom they loved so much, and then present their missionary offerings. But now these little girls were afraid they could not go.

"Do you think it will rain all day, mother?" said Jeanie, as she saw her mother prepare to go to church in the storm.

"I am afraid it will," was her answer; "it seems likely to be a long storm."

After their mother had gone, these little girls had Sunday-school together, and sang all their hymns; and then Jeanie said:

"Let us pray to God that it may be pleasant this afternoon; you know He always hears us."

And then they knelt down and prayed that it might stop raining, so that they could go to the anniversary.

When church was out, every body was surprised to find that the rain had ceased. And when Jeannie's mother came home, she told her little girls that she thought it would clear, so that they could go out in the afternoon.

"I knew it would, mother," said Jeannie, "for while you were at church Mary and I prayed that it might be pleasant, and God heard us."

The afternoon came, and with it fine weather, and Jeannie and Mary went to the anniversary, and had a happy time, glad, most of all, that they had a heavenly Father who was ready to give them whatever they asked for.

The next year they had another happy anniversary, and then before the second came, Jesus took Mary, the youngest sister, to his glorious home above. She was only sick a few hours, and most of the time her mind was wandering, so that she probably did not know that she was going to die. *But those who knew her felt sure that she loved the Saviour, for she tried to be like Him, and she was so tender and thoughtful for the comfort of others.*

When she was first taken sick, when her mother placed her in bed, she said, "Now let me say my

prayer;" and she kneeled in the bed, supported by her mother, until she had asked her Saviour to be with her, and then she never spoke again.

On Sunday morning, while the children in Sunday-school were singing those sweet words,

"Till I find my rest
On the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold,"

a messenger came to tell her teacher that on that very morning little Mary had joined the company of angels who were singing around the throne.

Jeanie was visiting a friend away from home when Mary died, and her mother dreaded to have her told of it, for she knew it would cause her great sorrow. But the lady with whom she was staying said that she could never forget her sweet expression of countenance as she heard the sad tidings, and immediately said :

"The Lord's will be done."

Soon after she returned home, and for a year was her mother's precious comforter. She knew that it was a time of great trial to her mother, and in every way she tried to lighten her sorrow. She was always ready to wait upon her, and to cheer her with loving words. Her grandmother, who lived with them, was her especial care, and she was constantly watching for some opportunity to save her trouble. One Sunday evening their pastor preached

in a church very near them, and Jeanie, who knew how much her grandmother loved to hear him, and how seldom she was able to go to church, urged her to go.

"It's only a step, grandmother," she said, "and we'll have tea early, and I'll bring down your hat and shawl, and go with you, too."

And so the dear child led her grandmother to the house of God, and was herself blessed in listening to the word.

"It was a beautiful sermon, mother," said she, when she came home; and she repeated it almost entirely.

Thus she was like "the child Jesus," who, when he was one year older than she, tarried in his Father's house at Jerusalem.

In the next house to Jeanie lived a lame lady, who was not able to go out, and the little girl often took her knitting and an interesting book, and went to sit with her—sometimes reading aloud, and then knitting and talking to her. Of course it would have been pleasanter for Jeanie to play with little girls of her own age, if she had not loved to do good to others.

She was very particular to keep the Sabbath-day holy, and never would read a book which she thought was not suitable for the day, or engage in trifling conversation. It was very evident to every one that God was preparing her for himself.

One morning, as she was learning her Sunday-school lesson, she said to her mother:

"I have been thinking how much sweeter the rest in heaven will be for you, mother, because you have had so much trouble here, than it will be for those who have never had any trouble. Don't you think so, mother?"

How precious these words of comfort were to her mother, coming thus from her little daughter's lips!

One year and two weeks from the day on which her little sister Mary was taken sick, Jeanie complained of not feeling well. Her indisposition seemed trifling, but still in the evening her mother thought it best to send for a physician. He at once pronounced her disease to be scarlet fever, and as the eruption had not made its appearance, he feared she would not recover.

As soon as Jeanie could be alone with her mother, she begged to be taken upon her lap, and then she said:

"Mother, I am going to die, but you must not feel badly, for I shall be happy in heaven with my sister Mary, and you will have one less to work for here. You will have five children in heaven then. I don't remember any but Mary, but she will introduce me to the rest."

A friend who came in just then, and overheard the last part of the sentence, said:

"What makes you so sure that you will go to heaven, Jeanie?"

"Why," said the child in surprise, "hasn't Jesus said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me?' and I have come to him; and Dr. T—— (her pastor) has told us that if we come to Jesus and tell him *what we have done wrong, he always forgives us*; and I have always asked him every day to forgive my sins, and he has forgiven them."

Then she sent messages of love to her pastor and to her teacher, in whose class she had been for many years. She wanted them to know that she had tried to remember all that they had taught her.

She spoke of her brother who was absent from home, and *hoped he would be a comfort to his mother*, and that her only remaining sister might fill her mother all that she could.

She was perfectly conscious all through the night, and the next day to a friend who reminded her that in a few days Christmas would be here, she said:

"But I shall have a beautiful Christmas in heaven."

She lived until two o'clock of that day, and then she joined her sister in her happy home.

It was very remarkable that the Sabbath, the day which to them was happier than any other, was the one on which they both entered the mansions which Jesus had prepared for them.

They were both called away very suddenly, but they were both ready. May you, my little readers, follow them as they followed Christ.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

OLD SAMUEL, a poor fisherman, was returning from the wood, almost stiff with cold, and carrying



a burden of fagots on his shoulders. He was slowly walking across a bridge, which brought him near the gates of a neighbor named Thomas.

"Stop there, my old man," called Thomas, rushing out upon him. "That wood is not yours. Where did you get it? you have robbed me of it."

Samuel quietly said that it was not stolen, but honestly picked up; but Thomas would not hear him. "It is false; give it to me; you stole it from me." Being stronger than the old man, he snatched the bundle from him, and sent him away without the sticks, which he had had so much trouble in picking up, step by step, as he walked along.

In a few weeks the air was warmer, the ice melted, and the river began to flow. Thomas had a child named Charles, who came out one fine day and wished to cross the bridge. But he looked afraid, and turned back when he saw the waters ready to overflow their banks with the snows just melted. Samuel, who was down below in his boat, mending his net, advised him not to venture. But Thomas called to his son, told him to pass, and not to mind what such an old man said.

Charles ran along the bridge, step by step at first. Soon he stopped and walked more slowly. One step more, and he would be safe over. The bridge broke and fell into the stream, and the boy with it. The child cried for help, and was able to keep hold of a large unbroken piece of ice. His father called aloud, and stamped on the ground. The old man pushed his boat into the stream, and steered it as well as he was able between the posts of the bridge, and saved the boy from sinking. He then brought him

safely to his father on the shore. Such an act would have softened any heart. Thomas felt ashamed and silent. "Worthy old man," he said, "forgive my unkind and harsh conduct." "Why ask my forgiveness?" said Samuel; "this is all the return I can make."

"Then you have returned good for evil, though I injured you. This is indeed an honorable revenge," said Thomas. *

Let us all learn to "overcome evil with good." (Rom. 12:21.)

DON'T TATTLE.

CHILDREN, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell *all the good* you know about them, and carry the sins to your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask Him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If any body says to you, "Oh! that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake, learn to make this a habit.



THE CHOSEN TREE.

A maid built her nest in a fair green tree,
In the midst of a beautiful wood;
She lined it with feathers and made it so soft,
As only a mother could.

Not long ere three tiny heads were seen,
Peeping out from their downy nest;
And oh! what a happy mother was she
That warmed them beneath her breast.

She loved them as only a mother loves,
And she sung them her song of glee;
There were no little birds more happy than they
In their nest in the chosen tree.

But one of that little family
Grew tired of that mother's care;
He sat all day in sullen mood,
And taught to him looked fair.

For the heart of that little bird was changed,
And he thought he should like to roam
Away in the fields and the bright green hills,
In search of a brighter home.

Ah, me! there is not a brighter home
Than that which is lighted by love;
There is no other light so divinely sweet,
Nor the moon nor the stars above.

But he fled away, and he sported awhile,
Amid flowers of each perfume and hue
But when night came on he was weary and cold,
And it rained and the strong wind blew.

Ah! then how he thought of his mother's wing,
Which had covered him tenderly;
And his little brothers, so happy and good,
In their nest in the chosen tree.

Then he lifted his voice, but none to hear
The sound of his sorrow was nigh;
So he covered his head with his half-fledged wing,
And sat down on a stone to die.

Oh! never more in that happy wood,
Was the song of his gladness heard;
And for many a day did his brothers weep
For the loss of the truant bird.

And for many a day no song of joy
Came up from his mother's breast;
She mourned for him with drooping wings,
But he came not again to his nest.

And thus, little children, from this you may learn,
 How one little child may be
 The cause of sorrow that naught may remove,
 In a loving family.

You each have a home in a chosen tree,
 And your parents have lit it with love;
 Oh! cause not the shadows of grief to descend,
 That beautiful light to remove.

But seek for that wisdom which comes from on high,
 And that truth which shall never decay;
 That heaven-born peace which the world can not give,
 Nor the world in its pride take away.

And your heavenly Father who dwelleth above,
 Will guard you wherever you be;
 He will send down the light of celestial love,
 To your home in the chosen tree.

—♦♦♦—
 NEVER PUT OFF.

Where'er a duty waits for thee,
 With sober judgment view it,
 And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by
 Is just as well to do it;"
 But present strength is surest strength;
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
 Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
 But bravely try, and strength will come,
 For God will help thee do it.

THE BIBLE IN TURKEY.

A POLISH boy was once stolen from his home by a wild sort of people called Tartars, and by them sold as a slave to some Turks, who gave him the name of Ali Bey. He was a clever lad, and learned seventeen different languages. He was then made first dragoman to the sultan, Mohammed the Fourth. A dragoman is an interpreter. Every chief officer has a dragoman to assist him in knowing what people say, for there are several languages spoken in the Turkish empire.

A Dutch ambassador engaged Ali Bey to translate the Scriptures into Turkish, which he did after many years of study, and the copy was sent to Leyden to be printed. Ali Bey died soon after; but from some notes he wrote on the copy of the Bible, there is reason to think his mind became enlightened by the truth of God, and that he received Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. Instead of being printed at that time, this copy was put away in a library, where it was left for one hundred and fifty years. The British and Foreign Bible Society then heard of it, and sent over to get it. It was given into their hands, and having had it faithfully corrected, it was published in London in 1828—the whole Bible in the Turkish language.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

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NO. 1.

THE BROKEN PLANT.



AGGIE KENT lived in a pleasant country village with her papa and mamma and her brother *Howard*, who was a little older than herself.

Her grandmamma lived on a farm about eight miles from Maggie's home, and it was her great delight to go to visit her. There was no way of going by stage or car, or I suppose the children would have gone oftener than they did; but once every three or four weeks, their grandmamma's large old-fashioned carriage would drive up to their gate early in the morning, and before the horses had fairly stopped, Maggie and Howard would be at the carriage-steps, ready to climb in. Then, sometimes accompanied by their mamma, and sometimes alone, they would drive off to spend the day at Willow-Brook, as the children had named their grandmother's farm, because there was a brook

very near the house, on the bank of which grew a row of willow-trees.

Grandmamma was always watching for them as they drove up to the door, and had something so nice ready for them to eat, that though they had usually just finished their breakfast when they left home, they were always very hungry the moment they entered the house.

Then after they had talked a little while with their grandmamma, and told her what they had been doing since they had last seen her, they went out to play. Their favorite amusement was sailing little boats on the brook, or trying to catch some of the fish which swam in its clear waters. When they were tired of that, there was the barn where they might play in the hay, or in the old farm-wagon, or in the sleigh. Sometimes they gathered berries in the fields near the house, or tried to help the haymakers when it was haying season.

A longer time than usual had passed since they had been to their grandmother's, when one day they went there, and found, to Maggie's delight, a new source of amusement. Some little kittens had made their appearance since their last visit. Howard did not care very much for them; so he left Maggie to play with them while he went to help make hay. One of the kittens was perfectly white, and Maggie liked that the best; she carried it about the house and garden, and held it in her lap,

making its fur and petting it as if it were a baby. Ety did not like this amusement as well as Maggie did; she would rather be frolicking with her sisters on the barn-floor; but Maggie held her very tightly under her apron, and she could not get away. At last



Maggie stopped in her walk about the garden, to pick some currants which looked very ripe and

tempting as they hung on the branches. Forgetting her little pet, she loosened her hold of her apron for a moment, and out Kitty jumped. Maggie ran after her, but the little creature gave her a fine chase over the garden. At last, just as Maggie thought she had her in a corner where she could not escape from her, Kitty jumped up on the sill of an open window which was near the ground. Maggie sprang to catch her, but in her haste she had not observed some plants in pots which were standing under the window, and as she stretched out her arms to catch the kitten, she knocked one of them down.

"O Kitty!" she exclaimed, "what have you made me do?" and she stooped to pick it up, frightened to find that it was one of her grandmamma's choice plants. But Kitty did not stay to answer any questions, you may be sure; she made the most of her chance for escape, and never stopped until she found herself safe by her mother's side.

Maggie, in the mean while, had picked up the flower-pot; but, alas! the plant was broken off nearly to the root. She stood looking at it for a moment, uncertain what to do. If she had been at home with her mamma, she would have gone and told her at once, for she knew her mamma would forgive her. But she was not so certain what her grandmamma might say. She remembered having heard her once severely reprove the boy who weed-

of the garden, for having carelessly injured a rose-bush, and this was a much more valuable plant. However, looking at it would not mend it; so she walked toward a little arbor at the foot of the garden, unable to make up her mind what to do. The longer she thought about it, the harder it was to tell her grandmamma.

"Suppose I don't tell her at all," she thought, "she will not think when she sees it that I broke it, because *no one saw me do it, and it will not be telling a lie.*" But it would be keeping back the truth, and that would be deception. But as she said, no one *sees me, she remembered that All-seeing Eye, that knows all our paths, and knows every thing that little children do or say or think.* She could not hide it from God.

"At any rate," she thought, "I need not tell grandmamma until just as I am going home;" and with this determination, she went into the house. At the door she met Howard, who had just come in from the hay-field, where he had had "a splendid time," he said.

When they went in to dinner, Maggie looked at her grandmamma, to see if she had heard any thing about the broken plant; but she seemed entirely unsuspecting. When the little girl saw how much *trouble her grandmamma had taken to have a nice dinner for them, and heard her kind and affectionate inquiries about their morning's enjoyment,* she

felt very uneasy, for she knew that she had had thoughts of deceiving her. However, she consoled herself by thinking that she would tell her all about it when it was time to go home.

Dinner was over, and Maggie was waiting on the piazza for Howard, who had gone up-stairs for his fishing-pole, when she heard her grandmother exclaim, "My beautiful plant! how came it broken?" and glancing through the blinds, she saw that Mary, her grandmother's servant, had brought in the plant which she had broken.

"I don't know how it happened, ma'ama," said Mary, "I found it so just now."

"The wind must have blown it over last night in that heavy shower," said Maggie's grandmamma. "I am sorry, but it can't be helped now."

Maggie gave a sigh of relief as she heard this. "Well," she thought, "I need never tell her now that I broke it, for the wind may as well be blamed for it." But then she heard Mary say something about the children. "Oh! no," was her grandmamma's reply; "if they had either of them broken it, I am sure they would have told me."

Oh! how ashamed Maggie felt then, that she had not gone and told her grandmamma at once. But, without waiting any longer then, she ran into the house, for fear her courage might fail, and said, "Grandmamma, I broke that plant by accident, but I am very sorry;" she could not say any more, for

the tears wanted to come so much, that her voice was almost choked.

"You broke it, Maggie!" said her grandmamma in surprise; and she was going on to say, "Why did you not tell me before?" when she happened to look over her spectacles, and saw by the tears in Maggie's eyes, what an effort it had been for her to speak at all. So she put her arms around her, and said: "*Never mind, dear child, I am glad you have told me, for I should have felt so sadly if I had thought you had tried to conceal it from me, and I hope you will always be enabled to tell the truth whenever you break or injure any thing. You need not tell me now how the plant was broken, for I am sure you did not mean to do it; and here comes Howard for you to go fishing.*"

Maggie kissed her grandmamma over and over again, and then ran off with her brother, her heart lighter than it had been since she had broken the plant.

They caught quite a string of fish, and when they came into the house to get ready to go home, Maggie told her grandmamma how the accident had happened. As she was getting into the carriage to go home, her grandmamma slipped into her hand a little gilt-edged card, with these words from the Bible upon it:

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight." M. A. R.

THE "HANGMAN'S CORNER" SUNDAY-SCHOOL
AND HOW IT GOT THERE.

WE take the following account from the *Sunday-School World*: it is an extract from a letter written by a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union.—ED.

Would you like to hear of the Sunday-school at "Hangman's Corner"? I have recently heard good news from there, and must tell you about the school.

It is now about four years since a gentleman asked me to go to "Waterman's," in Waushara county, Wis., and see if a Sunday-school could not be started in the place. It was indeed a hard place; drinking, swearing and gambling were common. As for the Sabbath, I think some of them did not know when it came. Only a few weeks before, a man had been taken by a mob, and hung at that same corner, and hence it got the name of "Hangman's Corner."

No proper person could be found to superintend the Sunday-school, and none was organized, though some of the children were very anxious for one. A good Sunday-school library was left in a neighborhood a few miles away, and the people were told that when a good Sunday-school was opened and six dollars raised, they could have the library.

Eddie, the tavern-keeper's son, about twelve years old, saw the books, and liking very much to read

good stories, he began to plan how he could get these books to read.

Thinking that others wanted what he did, he resolved to collect the money by going around through the neighborhood, asking each one to give something, beginning with his father.

His father replied: "You had better not make a fool of yourself. You can't get the books." "I think I can," said Eddie; "and they are such pretty books, and a hundred of them—such a lot for so little money. You'll give me something, father; they'll be so nice to read." So to get rid of Eddie, the tavern-keeper said he would give two dollars toward it, not believing his son would be able to get the amount. "Here's a paper; just write your name here, father." So he wrote his name rather in sport, and set two dollars opposite.

Eddie started out, and was gone about half a day, and came back, bright and cheerful, and running into the barroom, he threw down his paper, exclaiming: "Look there, father; haven't I got enough?" "Yes, but where is the money?" "Right here in my pocket," said Eddie, "all but yours. Count it and see;" and he pulled out his two hands full of change. "Ah! well, but I haven't got any money," said the father. "You said you would pay it," said Eddie, with a downcast look, "and here's your name;" and Eddie held his father to his promise until he got the two dollars.

"Now, who'll keep your Sunday-school?" said the tavern-keeper, with an air of triumph. "Are you going to do it?"

Eddie had not thought of this in his eagerness to raise the money, and he began to think all his trouble was for nothing; and as he began to mention over the names of his father's neighbors, he said to himself—"Mr. A—won't do it. Mr. B—gets rum of father, and he an't fit to do it. Mr. C—swears and hunts on the Sabbath, and is very cross besides—don't want him;" and so of all the neighbors none would do for Sunday-school superintendent, and Eddie began to give up in despair. Just then he thought of Mr. L—, a good way off, to be sure, but he had seen him once at a meeting, and thought he must be a good man. Over he went a long way, and told all his troubles to Mr. L—, and then asked: "Will you come and superintend a Sunday-school, if we can get one?" Now Mr. L— was a pious man, and thinking there must be some providence in the call, said he would organize the school on the next Sabbath. Eddie went back, bounding for joy, and shouted to all the boys and girls as he went, that the books were coming, and could be had next Sunday morning at the school-house.

The children came, and the Sunday-school was organized and continued for a year by this man, with little assistance from any in the neighborhood.

But one after another would come in on a Sabbath. There was less drinking and less noise in the neighborhood, and more interest in the Sunday-school, which the Lord finally blessed, to some of the younger ones first, and then one or two adults began to ask what they should do to be saved. A minister came to preach to them; many gave their hearts to *Jesus*; the tavern-keeper gave up his business; a church was organized at "Hangman's Corner," and now a moral, Sabbath-keeping, Sabbath-keeping people are there; and, becoming ashamed of the name of the place, they changed it to Plainville.

B E A R S .

THE children who look at the picture on next page will wonder what Mr. Bruin is about. I will tell them. He is getting into trouble, by not minding his own business. "He is a foolish body," I hear some of my readers say. Yes, he is very foolish, and he will be very sorry for it; but he does not think so now. You see there is a tub and a rope. The tub is full of *apple-parings and other nice things, which Mrs. Seave and her little children are expecting for their breakfast.* The rope is made into a noose, and placed over the tub, while the other end is fastened inside of the barn, where you see some person standing. It is all a plan to catch the old bear.

These persons in the barn are keeping watch. They know that Mr. Bruin is an old and sly thief; but they are determined to be as smart as he is.



After watching for some time, the old gentleman made his appearance. He came in the night. Like other thieves, he preferred darkness to light, because

he was going to do an evil thing. He came cautiously up to the tub, smelling in all directions. He looked carefully at every thing, to be sure that all was safe. At first, he tried to upset the tub; but this he could not do. He next made as though he had given up the matter, and went away for a little distance. Perhaps he had some qualms of conscience. But, after a short pause, and a full examination of the premises on all sides, he returned and made one more desperate effort to turn over the tub. Failing in the attempt, he threw himself, head first, into it. But this was the time he missed it. No sooner was he in the tub, than the persons in the barn caught the rope and pulled it with all their might, and very soon Mr. Bruin found himself caught in the slipping noose, and the more he struggled and plunged, the tighter the rope was drawn. He very soon had to give up, and the men came and knocked him on the head until he was killed. So, you see, Mr. Bruin made a bad speculation. Had he staid at home, and minded his own business, he would not have been caught in such a trap. I hope all my readers will learn from this that "honesty is the best policy."

As I am writing about bears, I may as well tell another story, showing how an old bear once rescued a lad from a very serious difficulty.

"Thoughtless Tom," for so he was called, was one day in the woods, tramping about to see what he

could find. He came to a large tree, which had been broken off, some distance from the ground, by the wind. This stump was hollow, and as he came near to it, he heard a noise inside of it. Immediately, Tom thought he would have some fun, and so, without a second thought, he climbed up to the top of the stump, and got inside the hollow, and let himself down, feet first. As he came to the bottom, he heard a great growling and snarling, and was at a loss to know what sort of companions he was among. Very soon, he discovered that there were two little cubs. This pleased him wonderfully, and he thought what fine sport he would have; and so he began to feel of the cubs, and call them by name. At least, he gave them names. But they met all his caresses by growls and snarls. While Tom was playing with the cubs, he heard a great scratching on the outside, and wondered what was coming. He was not long in doubt, for on looking up, he saw a big old bear, the mother of the cubs, looking right down at him. Tom was dreadfully frightened, and, for a moment, he did not know what to do. In the mean time, the old bear began to descend. You know bears can not go down a tree, head first; and so she came down, the other end first. As she came near the bottom, a bright thought struck Tom, and he at once took his knife out of his pocket and opened it. As soon as the bear came near enough, he grasped her hair with one hand, as firmly as he could, and with the other he plied his knife with all his might,

sticking it into the bear as rapidly as possible. Mrs. Bruin did not fancy such a reception, and gave expression to her feelings by pretty ferocious growls. But she had but one thing to do, and that was to scramble out as fast as she could; and this she did. Tom held tight to her, and was carried up a good deal faster than he went down. When the old bear came to the top of the stump, she felt disposed to have some conference with her companion; but Tom was more disposed to act than to talk, and so, as quickly as possible, he gave Mrs. Bruin an awful push, which sent her, heels over head, to the ground. She was so confounded by this performance, that she did not recover herself until Tom was a long distance off, running as hard as he could. When she got up, she gave one tremendous growl after Tom, and then went up the stump again to see what had become of her cubs. Thus, you see, a thoughtless boy got into a difficulty, and an old bear got him out again.

D.

FOOTPRINTS.

LIFE leaveth many footprints
On the golden sands of time;
Footprints of high and noble deeds,
And, alas! of many a crime.

Footprints of kings and warriors,
Of the conquerors of earth;
Footprints of busy, little feet
Gathering around the hearth.

Footprints of stern, high daring,
And of deeds as soft and mild ;
But the sweetest footprints I have seen
Were those of a little child.

The little steps went in
A dungeon walled around ;
They went, with gathered flowers, to cheer
A prisoner chained and bound.

The little voice was heard
In whispers soft and low,
And the little hand was gently laid
On a dark and troubled brow.

And trembling words lisped forth
The Saviour's precious name,
Till o'er that captive's sullen mood
Repentant feeling came.

And the little steps went out,
But the footprints long remained ;
Remained, too, in the softened heart
Of that prisoner, bound and chained.

Footprints they are in time,
But not in time alone ;
Eternity, in living light,
Those blessed steps will own.

Then, little one, go thou,
And do some loving thing,
Leaving footprints on the sands of time,
From which blessed fruits may spring.

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NO. 4.

DRY LEAVES.



"T IS very strange," whispered the oak-leaves to one another, "that we must hang all winter on the tree, to be fretted by the wind, or cased in sleet. No other leaves but those of the scrub-oak endure such hardships. The leaves of other trees are gently wafted to the ground by the autumn breezes, to be a warm, wide blanket for the grass and flowers in winter nights. The violets and the strawberry-vines sleep soundly under them, and when the cold grows more severe, a pure white

counterpane is silently let down from heaven over all. Phew!" they whistled, "what a keen north-wester! There will be no rest for us to-night;" and their complaints grew louder with the rising wind.

"What possible use can there be in our remaining on the tree? When we were young and beautiful, we gave a thick, cool shade to those who came this way, and our form and color added to the loveliness of the landscape. Then we were doing some good in the world, but now we are ugly, idle, and forlorn."

It was a bitter cold evening. The western sky had that intense coloring which makes one think of "clear gold like unto fine glass." The unbroken snow stretched on every side; no dwelling was in sight, nor even the friendly covert of a forest; only the level prairie and little groups of bushes and dwarf oaks.

But here comes a flock of sparrows and snow-birds, in respective uniforms of brown and gray. They are twittering cheerfully about the kind little girl who gave them a supper of crumbs and corn-meal. "Now all we want is a good place to sleep in," they agreed. "Ah! here it is," cried the foremost of the company, "in one of these oak-trees. How the branches are interlaced, and how they shoot downward on all sides to the very ground! Then the leaves, so closely set, make all complete. Oh! what would we poor birds do without this delightful shelter?"

In they all crept between the boughs, and the leaves ceased their murmurs to listen to the vespers-hymn of the grateful, happy birds.

It was almost dark. The golden west had changed to whitish blue, and stars were overhead. There was a distant sound, too deep and steady for the wind to make among the bushes; and as it grew louder, a dark, moving body marked its outline on the snow. It was a company of soldiers pushing on to join their distant regiment. Now close to theicket, rang out the orders: "Company—halt! Break ranks!" In a minute more, the tired men were scattered round, preparing for the night. First, they scraped away the snow in a circle of a few yards, and quickly there was a heap of dry wood, through which a strong, clear blaze broke out and crackled, till the frightened birds flew off to another thicket, where they were soon as comfortable as before.

Then the soldiers made other clearings in the snow, and pitched their tents. "No straw for us to lie upon to-night," said one, with a weary yawn,

"Here is something as good," said another, cutting away at the slender oak-twigs, and stripping the leaves into his blanket.

"So it is, so it is!" cried many voices; and all was life and spirits at the happy thought.

"I never knew why the leaves of the jack-oak staid on all winter until now," said one of the sol-

diers ; and the tired men turned in and packed themselves close together on their dry, elastic beds. The leaves rustled softly under them, and owned the wise and loving care of Him whose tender mercies are over all his works.

ANNA.

GEORGE AND HIS RABBIT.

GEORGE RUSSELL was an orphan boy, who lived in England. His father had been a sea-captain, and was lost at sea. At the death of his mother, he was obliged to go to live with his uncle, at some distance from his old home. He had one little companion to comfort him on his journey, and that was a beautiful little white rabbit, which his father had given him, and he had his mother's Bible to remind him of her teachings.

George was a sensible boy, and tried to make the best of every thing ; but though he did not expect to find his uncle's house like the one he had just left, he was little prepared for the scenes of misery that awaited him. His aunt was a care-worn woman, and cold indeed was the welcome the poor boy received. But on the evening of his arrival, George was tired, and, scarcely tasting the supper placed before him, he was glad to retire to the garret where he was to sleep. After kneeling in prayer beside the coarse bed, as he used to do near the little white coach

when a mother's soft hand smoothed every fold, and her lips were ready with the good-night kiss and blessing, the burden of sorrow seemed lighter, and



he fell asleep, repeating to himself the Saviour's own sweet words: "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you."

The Sabbath dawned on hall and cottage, and George woke up refreshed by the night's sleep, and fearing, from the quietness of the house, that his uncle and aunt had gone to the house of God without him, hurried down-stairs. He waited what seemed hours to him, and though the pealing bell told him it was time to go to divine worship, no one appeared in the disordered kitchen. By and by, his aunt came out of her room and began to bustle about for a late breakfast, and George heard a hoarse voice, which he knew was his uncle's, telling him to go to a public-house at the corner and fetch him some ale. George was stunned by such an order, for he had always been taught to regard Sabbath-breaking in any form as a dreadful sin, and gently urged that "perhaps uncle had forgotten that it was Sunday."

"Go this moment," said his aunt, with a blow. "Do you fancy you have come here to be an idle gentleman?"

"I will work as hard as you please on week-days," replied George, "but I will not, I can not buy on Sundays."

"Then go up to your bed, you bad boy; you shall not taste a bit this day."

A long, quiet, hungry day George had up in his little garret; but still it was better than the company and the feasting down-stairs. He had his white rabbit, which he rejoiced to think was not hungry,

though its master was, for he had brought a good supply for it from home. He had his Bible, where he read the sweet promises of his Father in heaven to all those who trust in him through Christ; and with a full heart he asked His forgiveness and help.

Day after day passed on, and George's position was little improved. However, he bore up with a brave spirit, and never murmured at the constant work his aunt gave him to do, though sometimes it overtasked his strength, and he longed for a little leisure, or a cheering word. Many a time he was tempted to run away and look for work among strangers; but duty told him that would not be right. At last, however, he resolved to ask leave to go; and one evening, when his uncle was more sober than usual, he told him how he had often wished to be a sailor like his father, and thought if he went to a sea-port, some captain might give him a berth as cabin-boy. Quite unexpectedly, his uncle agreed that it would be the best thing possible; and after some objections from his aunt, who had begun to find George very useful, it was agreed that the boy should set off whenever he pleased. But what would become of his rabbit?

At a short distance from his uncle's cottage stood an old-fashioned farm-house, in the middle of a very fine garden. It belonged to a magistrate in the next sea-port town, called Mr. Stanley, and every summer his two little daughters with their governess used to

spend some weeks there. On the first evening after their arrival, the children had noticed George's rabbit, and had come almost every day since to feed it with fresh leaves from their garden. They often longed to have this pretty rabbit for their own, but did not like asking George to sell his little pet. At last, one day, their father came to see them, and he was spoken to on this important affair. There was a hutch in the garden, just fit for keeping it, which must have been used by somebody for the same purpose.

Mr. Stanley thought there could be no harm in asking if George wished to sell the little favorite, but by no means to urge him against his will; and before leaving, he threw his purse on the table, and told the children to take a half-crown to pay for it. Minnie and Effie chose a very bright one, and Mr. Stanley went away loaded with kisses and thanks.

Early next morning, the little girls went with their governess to look for George, and found him looking very sad indeed. They at once offered to buy the rabbit, and George decided he would be glad to give it to them, as he wanted to go away to sea, and was much troubled about his dear little white pet. But no, Minnie and Effie should buy it; and if George would bring it up to their garden, and put it into the house they had ready for it, they would give him a beautiful, bright half-crown. A heavy load was lifted from George's heart, in think-

ing what plenty and comfort his favorite would enjoy during his absence; and though tears ran down his cheeks, as he turned away after leaving it in its new home, they were tears of gratitude as well as of regret. And when he was going, Effie slipped the bright half-crown into his hand.

That very evening George said good-by to his mother and aunt, and at the early dawn set off on foot to the next port, but not before he had asked a blessing on his journey, and hidden his little old Bible inside his jacket, down safe in a pocket with the bright half-crown.

For a long time George wandered up and down the quays, asking almost every one he met if he wanted a cabin-boy. Some laughed, and some gave him rough answers; but at last a kind-looking sailor told him that his skipper did want such a hand, and desired him to come on board the *Mary Anne* schooner at two o'clock, to see the master. But before two o'clock George was where he never had expected to be—a prisoner in a prison.

Having grown weary and faint from his long walk, he went into a baker's shop, bought a loaf of bread, began to eat some himself, and gave the rest to a famished-looking girl who sold oranges at the door, while he waited for the change of his half-crown. Suddenly the baker seized him roughly by the collar, and asked how he dared to pass bad money on him. George was struck dumb. Bad money! impossible!

that beautiful half-crown the little lady had given him. The baker declared that it could not be the first time he had played the same trick, of which he should now be cured; and George's truthful statement of facts had no effect in convincing him of his innocence.

"Well, my lad, you shall see what your money has bought for you," said the baker, putting him into the charge of a policeman who had been called. A few minutes more, and the poor boy found himself alone in a cell of the prison, waiting to be brought before the magistrates for trial next day. He sat down and cried. Was not every thing against him? An orphan without friends, money, or a character, what would become of him? He had tried to do right, and punishment, instead of reward, had met him at every step. The afternoon passed away in these bitter thoughts, and as evening closed in, dark despair settled down on his mind.

Suddenly one ray of light stole through the grated window of his cell, and woke up a little text of God's own word which had lain asleep in the boy's heart. It was this: "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." All night long George comforted himself with these words, and now that hope had come to keep him company, the prison-room did not seem so lonely.

Next morning he was taken to court, and stood before the magistrates. The baker was there, showed

the half-crown, and told his story, when George was permitted to relate his own. With much earnest simplicity he stated the truth about the sale of the rabbit, and getting the money from the little ladies at Stanley Grange. One of the gentlemen on the bench started, looked angry, then sorry, passed his hand across his brow, examined his purse, and then spoke: "I know all about it; my children have been the cause of this poor boy's trouble. Two days ago a bad half-crown came into my possession, which I put into a corner of my purse to examine at leisure, hoping to find some clue to the forgers of this base coin. On a late visit to the country my little daughters asked me for some money to buy a rabbit, and as I allowed them to take two-and-sixpence from my purse, doubtless the false brightness of this bad money led them to choose it."

At these words George was at once set at liberty. But Mr. Stanley did still more. Pleased with the conduct of the boy, he gave him a situation as apprentice on board one of his own ships; and step by step *George has risen, until now he commands one of the largest vessels sailing from those quays where he once wandered a friendless orphan.*

HATTIE AND THE DOLLS.

"O MAMMA! I am so glad that my lessons are all finished," exclaimed little Hattie Stone, "for there is Cousin Mary turning the corner, and I'm sure she



must be coming here. Yes, she is at the gate now; may I go and meet her?"

And scarcely waiting to hear the expected "Yes" from her mamma, the little girl jumped down from

the broad window-seat where she had been sitting, and hastened down the path to meet her visitor.

Cousin Mary was Hattie's only grown-up cousin, and was in her eyes, as she often told her mother, "perfectly lovely." Every thing that she did and said, and even wore, were the objects of Hattie's admiration. And her great desire was "to be grown-up," as she said, and be just like Cousin Mary. But she was never half-satisfied with her mamma's calm reply: "I hope you will be just as good and useful as your Cousin Mary, my dear."

But Hattie was even more rejoiced to see her cousin than usual this morning, for she had been making a visit in *New-York for more than two weeks*, and this was the first time that Hattie had seen her since her return to her country home.

Of course, as soon as she was comfortably seated in the pleasant sitting-room, Hattie wanted to know all about her visit to New-York, and the wonderful things she had seen there.

After describing her ride to the Central Park, and the sights at the Museum, Cousin Mary said: "But after all, Hattie, I was more interested in my visit to the Industrial School, where your Aunt Fanny teaches, than in any other place I went to in all New-York. There were about one hundred of the very poorest little girls in New-York, many of them without either shoes or stockings, and most of them in ragged frocks, assembled in a large, pleas-

ant room, to be taught to sew and read. And though there is a teacher who is there every day, yet there are several ladies, and among them your Aunt Fanny, who go there in turn, and teach some of the classes."

"But why don't the ladies give them new clothes?" said Hattie.

"Oh! they do," said Cousin Mary. "After they have come regularly to the school for a short time, the ladies buy cloth, and teach the children how to make clothes for themselves out of it. I saw several little girls who had on dresses which they had made themselves. They have a dinner given to them at the school, too, and it is the only meal which many of them get all day. Every Christmas the ladies have a Christmas-tree for the children, and each little girl has a doll given to her. Aunt Fanny said it made her laugh and cry both, to see how delighted some of the children were last Christmas with their dolls, for very few of them had ever owned one before. Of course it is a great deal of labor to dress so many dolls, and the ladies have to commence long before Christmas to do it. I begged your Aunt Fanny to let me bring some home to dress; so she gave me ten."

"O Cousin Mary!" exclaimed Hattie, "I wish that you would let me help you; I am sure I might make some of the skirts."

"To be sure, I shall be delighted to have you."

replied her cousin, "but I thought you disliked sewing above all things."

"So I do," said Hattie, "but then I should like to do something for those poor children."

"What does mamma say?" said Cousin Mary, looking toward Mrs. Stone, who was quietly sewing by the window.

"Oh! she'll be glad to have me help you, I know," said Hattie, running to her mamma and giving her one of her exciting hugs. "She always likes to have me useful."

"And she always likes to have her little girl finish what she commences," said Mrs. Stone, returning the embrace as warmly as it was given.

"Oh! I know what you mean, mamma," said Hattie smiling; "you are thinking of that apron which I commenced so long ago, and have not finished yet; but that is for myself, and these dolls *would be for others. And it is always pleasanter to work for other people.*"

"But how do I know that you would not get tired of the sewing just as soon, as you have before?" said her mother.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Hattie with a determined air: "I will get that apron, and finish it immediately, and then I am sure you will let me dress the dolls;" and very quickly, for fear that she might want to change her mind, Hattie ran for her work-box. She soon appeared with it,

and seating herself on the broad window-seat, she sewed industriously, until long after her Cousin Mary had taken her departure, and her mother told her that she had worked enough for one day.

The next morning the first sight which greeted her mother's eyes, as she entered the dining-room, was her little daughter, sewing as fast as her fingers could fly. Then as soon as her lessons were finished she took her sewing again, and before dinner she took the apron to her mother all completed, and received the desired permission to go to Cousin Mary's and ask her to give her some work for the dolls.

Her delight was very great when her cousin gave her, besides the five skirts which she insisted upon making, one doll to dress entirely.

During any of those pleasant September afternoons, Hattie might have been seen in her favorite place by the window, with the doll beside her, giving up her own play to make the poor little children in New-York happy. Her mamma only allowed her to sew an hour every day, because she thought little girls should have some time for play; but that hour was a very happy one to Hattie, for she was working for others.

In this she was like Jesus, "who pleased not himself," and "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

M. A. H.

THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

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MAY, 1862.

NO. 5.

WHAT FOXES DO.



OXES, cunning foxes!
Often slyly creep
Within the quiet hen-
roost,
When the fowls are
fast asleep;
The chickens do not
hear them,
Nor suppose their foes
are near them;
And so the cunning foxes
find a very easy prey,

and snatching up a chicken, with their prize they run away.

When at other seasons
They wish to have some meat,
And think that lamb or mutton
Would really be a treat,

*They steal along the hedges, not making any noise—
You could not tread so softly, my little girls and boys:
They wait and watch with patience, till they can take a
spring,
And then carry home for supper a little lamb—poor thing!*

Foxes, little foxes,
 Not only fancy lamb,
 But to *grapes*, when fully ripened,
 Are as partial as I am ;

So in the sunny vineyards quite out of sight they hide,
 And munch the purple clusters that hang on either side ;
 And when the gardener hastens to gather in his store,
 He finds that these small robbers have gathered it before !

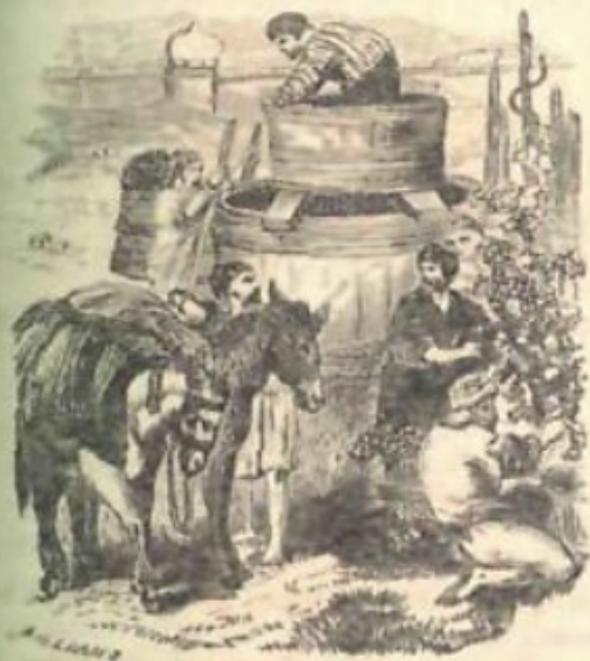
"Little faults," dear reader,
 Sometimes seem to me
 Like the "little foxes"
 That creep in silently ;

At first we do not see them, nor think what they're about,
 And so they do much mischief before we find them out ;
 They spoil the fresh young virtues that ought to thrive and
 grow,
 And crush those bright endeavors that made so fair a show.

Look about, look sharply !
 Stop these tiny thieves,
 Don't let them eat the fruit up,
 And spare you only leaves.
 A heavenly Friend is near you,
 To help, and guide, and cheer you ;
 And on His strength depending, you may their wiles op-
 pose,
 And from your little garden shut out those tiny foes.

THE VINEYARD.

I HAVE been thinking, my dear little friends, now that we are so widely separated, that perhaps our mutual friend STANDARD-BEARER would convert himself into a telegraph for our especial benefit, and enable us now and then to have a little talk.



This time I want to tell you of a picture in which I have felt a good deal of interest. It is called a wood-picture. It is thus represented. A certain man plants a vineyard, then he digs a wine-vat, that is, a place where they press out the juice of the

grapes, for in that country where the man lived they drink the juice. You know how cooling and delicious grapes are, when you feel thirsty. One thing more he had to do — build a tower, so they could have some one on the look-out all the time, for fear robbers might come to pluck the fruit. There were, too, in that country, "little foxes," that would creep in so slyly, that if one did not watch very carefully, they would hurt the tender vines.

The next look we take at the picture, we see the vines laden with fruit, and a man talking very earnestly to the husbandmen. This is a servant of the owner of the place, sent to ask for some of the pleasant fruits. The husbandmen are very angry, and instead of sending the fruit, beat the man. Soon was sent another servant; this one they handled shamefully, cutting him on the head, and casting him out of the vineyard. Again another came: him they killed. From time to time one and another was sent, hoping the wicked husbandmen would listen and treat him better.

At last the Lord of the vineyard concluded to send his son. He had only one, so you may know how much he was beloved. He said: "Surely, they will reverence my son." You say: Oh! now they certainly will send the fruit. No! they have grown so wicked and hard-hearted, they say: "Oh! this is the son, who will soon be owner of all this beautiful place. This is a fine opportunity: let us kill him, and

then all will be ours." So they took him, and killed him, and cast him out of the vineyard. What did the Lord of the vineyard with those wicked men? He came and destroyed them by burning them.

This, my dear children, is the picture. Would you not like to know the name of the great artist who drew this wonderful picture? Our Lord Jesus Christ is the divine Artist who painted this and many other beautiful pictures, that He might teach His friends and the people about Him some useful lesson. Not satisfied with doing those about Him good, He had them hung up in His picture-gallery, (the Word of God,) so that *you*, too, might look at and study them, and so gather lessons to make you better and holier every day.

So now, my little friends, what has this picture we have been talking about to do with *your* daily life? God has placed each of you here in this world (which is His vineyard) to work. I think I hear some one say: "I am so young—what can I do?" You can obey your parents, and try to remember what Jesus taught, "to love one another." In this way you are getting ready pleasant fruits for the Lord of the vineyard.

The servants that are sent to you are your pastors and teachers, who come to tell that the Lord of the vineyard is looking for the fruits of holiness in your lives. I am sorry to say, some of my little friends do not remember these friends as God's messengers,

and instead of listening, sometimes even talk aloud to their companions, or else they look at this one's fine dress or bonnet. It was only last Sunday I saw one eating in God's house; and some go to sleep, caring nothing for the message sent by the Lord of the vineyard.

The beloved Son is our blessed Saviour. As long as you refuse to love Him, you are like the wicked husbandmen, because you kill him with your sins, or, as the Bible says, "crucify the Son of God afresh." You would not like to share the fate of the wicked husbandmen. Then no longer refuse to listen to the servants of the Lord of the vineyard; but so treat them, and reverence and love His Son, that when He comes into His garden, (which is His Church,) to taste His pleasant fruits, yours may be the offering of "Faith, Hope, and Charity."

I fear my long talk may have wearied you, and this time our famous telegraph has been thoroughly charged from your old friend,

M. L. F.

—•••—
FATHER AND CHILD.

O FATHER everlasting!
As many stars in heaven as shine,
So many holy names are Thine.
Thy names are many, but of all,
"Father," I love Thee best to call.
Oh! be a Father unto me,
For Thine own child I wish to be,
Both now and everlastingly.—GERMAN HYMN.

THE LORD HEARS THE PRAYERS EVEN OF
LITTLE CHILDREN.

TRANSLATED FROM "DER KINDER-FREUND."

ONE day last summer, three little sisters went out together to the woods to pick strawberries. They found a great many, and wandered from spot to spot, picking away very busily, until they had all filled their little baskets. Then they began to think about going home, but they could not find the road again which led to their home; they had lost their way. It is always a sad matter to be lost, but especially for such little children as these, the oldest of whom was not ten years old. Oh! what would they have given to be at home again, eating their nice, warm supper, or sitting on their father's knee, or having their dear, kind mother put them to bed! *But now they were far away in the deep, dark wood.* It was in vain that they called for father and mother; their weak voices could not reach them, though they would have so gladly caught their sound.

What did they do now in their trouble? Mary, the oldest of them, told her sisters about their heavenly Father, who could see and hear them even there; under His sheltering care they were not lost, and He could show them the way home again. Then they all knelt down together, stretched up their little hands toward heaven, and

telling their heavenly Father all their trouble, they besought Him to bring them home to their parents; and then they got up greatly comforted. Mary made her two tired little sisters a bed of bark and moss, and then kneeled down again beside them, and once more prayed to her heavenly Father, with her whole heart, and in perfect faith in His readiness to hear. And He did hear her warm petitions; for scarcely had she said Amen, when she heard their names called. Overjoyed, she sprang to her feet, and looking around, there stood her own dear father, who had long been looking for his children, and whom the angels had led to this spot, at God's command. Oh! how did Mary then discover the power of prayer, and what an encouragement must it have been to her ever "to seek the Lord, because He may be found; and to call upon Him, because He is near!"

But there are other ways of losing ourselves, and of wandering away from the path of safety; and to these, my dear young friends, boys and girls, I wish to draw your attention by this story, and to pray you with all earnestness, whenever your consciences, which never lie, testify that all is not as it should be within your hearts, at once to go to your heavenly Father, to tell Him what is amiss in your hearts, and to beg Him to lead you again into the right way.

Most surely, then, will the true and faithful God

shall be promise to you, which says: "And it shall be that before they call I will answer: while they are still speaking, I will hear."

AUNT ELIZABETH.

MARY AND THE CRICKENS.

Little Mary Gordon had no father on earth to whom she could go when she was in want of any thing, or to whose care she could trust herself when she feared any danger; for he died when she was an infant. But her mother had told her of her dear Father in heaven, and as soon as she could speak, had taught her to pray to Him, and to ask Him for all that she needed. And sometimes at night, when the wind blew, her mother would whisper, as little Mary clung tremblingly to her, "Don't be afraid, my child; our Father will take care of us;" and then the little girl would fall asleep again, soothed by the sweet thought.

The little cottage in which they lived was some distance from any other house, and they would have been very lonely there if they had not felt sure that their dear Father in heaven was with them to care for them and watch over them.

He always had taken care of them; for though Mrs. Gordon had no money but what she earned from week to week, she had always been able to get work from the hatter's in the town, which was

about two miles distant. The farmer who owned the house in which she lived allowed her to pay the rent by coming once in a while and working for his wife. And so she and little Mary had all their wants supplied.

But one winter a painful fester came on one of her fingers, and so she could not bind the hats, and when the day came for taking them home, they were not ready, and she could get no money for that week. Another week came, and still she was unable to work. At last she had used up all the food that there was in the house, and there was no money for more.

Then for the first time since her husband's death Mrs. Gordon felt desponding. As she shook out the table-cloth after they had finished breakfast, she said to herself: "I do not know where we shall get our next meal."

She stood for a moment at the door, with the cloth in her hand, and little Mary who saw something troubled her mother, came and stood by her, as if to comfort her with her love. As they stood there some chickens came and picked up the crumbs which had been shaken from the cloth.

"I'm glad that we could give the chickens some breakfast, are not you, mother?" said little Mary; we will give them their dinner, too, if they will come for it."

The tears came to her mother's eyes as she re-

numbered that they would have no dinner for themselves. They went into the house, and while Mrs. Gordon was putting the two rooms of their cottage in order, Mary took her Bible to learn her Sunday-school lesson for the next day. She studied dili-



gently, and by the time her mother had finished her work, she had learned it.

"Will you hear me now, dear mother?" said she; "I have a beautiful lesson;" and handing the book to her mother, she began:

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for

your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

She went on and repeated the rest of that beautiful 6th chapter of Matthew; but her mother scarcely heard any more; she was thinking over those words: "Behold the fowls of the air—your heavenly Father feedeth them."

But when her little daughter had finished, she took her on her lap, and said: "Mary, do you remember a little while ago, how you saw the chickens eating their breakfast? Our heavenly Father gave it to them, for He taught them to come here where they could find food, and He will give them their dinner too, for you know what your verse says: they have no barn to go to, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Now do you think that you can trust Him to feed you? for we have nothing more in the house to eat, and no money to buy any thing with;" and then the mother's tears began to flow.

"O mother!" said little Mary, as she put her arms around her mother's neck, "don't cry; our dear Father will not let us feel hungry long, for He says, 'Are ye not much better than they?' and you

know you always ask Him to take care of us. Couldn't we ask Him now to send us something for dinner?"

Then the little girl slid from her mother's lap, and knelt down by her chair, and her mother knelt beside her, and together they prayed that God would send them their "daily bread."

They arose happy and comforted; and God heard and answered their prayer, as you shall hear.

The farmer who owned the house in which Mrs. Gordon lived had a little daughter who was in the class in Sunday-school with Mary, and it happened that she was studying the same verses that morning. As she was repeating them to her mother, her father came in with his hat and coat on, ready to carry some grain to the mill to be ground. His ear caught the words, "They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." Immediately his thoughts turned to his own barns, and how he had stores laid up which would last for many months; and then came the remembrance of those who had nothing laid up, and among them Mrs. Gordon came to his mind. All these thoughts came while he was looking in the closet for his warm gloves. By the time he had found them, his little daughter had finished, and his wife came to help him.

"I am just going to the mill," said he, "and as I shall get some bags of meal there, I guess I'll leave

one for the widow Gordon. It must be rather hard for her to earn enough to buy all they need."

"Yes," said his wife, "and the last time she was here, she said that she could not sew, for her finger was badly festered, so that I suppose she has not earned much lately."

"Well, if you think so, perhaps I had better add a basket of potatoes, and may be some pork;" and the kind-hearted man went down to his well-filled cellar, to get the needed provisions, while his wife took from her pantry one of the pies which she had baked for their Sunday's dinner, and added it to his store.

It was not quite dinner-time when little Mary saw the farmer's wagon drive to the door, and she ran to let him in. The gentle old horse stood quite still while the bag of meal was lifted out, and then the basket of potatoes, and the pork, and last, the pie was intrusted to Mary's careful hands.

Mary could not wait for the farmer to go, to express her joy that their prayer had been heard, and while he was warming his hands by the fire, he heard her whisper: "You see, mother, our heavenly Father does feed us."

He repeated the remark to his wife when he got home, and added: "I don't believe they had any thing in the house to eat until I brought it."

Mary and her mother had a very nice dinner that

day, a little later than usual, but then they enjoyed it all the more for being a little more hungry; and Mary said, as she shook the cloth out, and the chickens came again to pick up the crumbs:

“How glad I am that our heavenly Father has given us something for the chickens again!”

The provisions which their kind friend brought Mary and her mother lasted until after Mrs. Gordon's finger was well and she was able to work again; and the farmer had enjoyed giving so much, that the patient old horse often found himself after that standing at Mrs. Gordon's door, while his master carried into the house a bag, or a basket filled with something to make them comfortable.

M. A. H.

In the morning when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the East.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—*Cecil.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something; be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties;
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

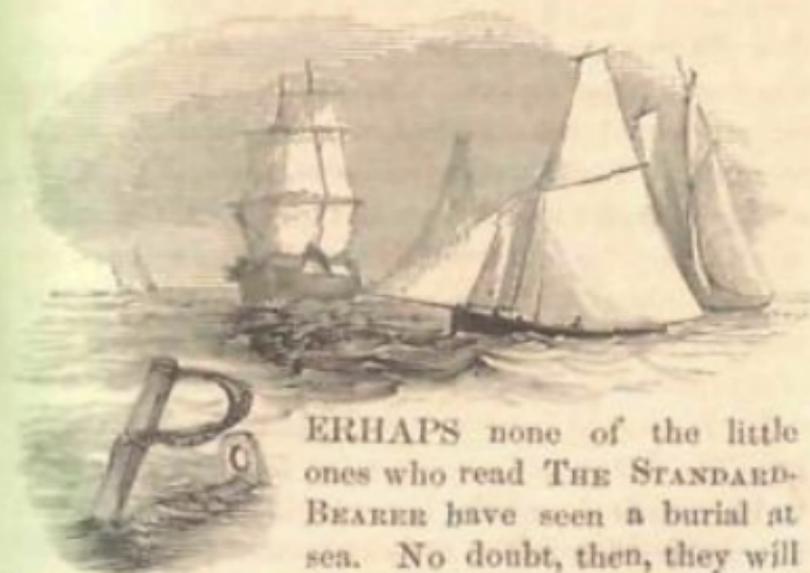
THE
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1863.

NO. 6

A BURIAL AT SEA.



PERHAPS none of the little ones who read THE STANDARD-BEARER have seen a burial at sea. No doubt, then, they will be interested in reading a short account of one which took place in the month of March last, in the Atlantic Ocean, about five hundred miles south of New-York City.

A German family, composed of the father and

mother and four little children, the eldest not more than six years old, sailed from New-York in a steamer for California. On the third night out, a heavy storm came on. The dark clouds hid the bright stars and overcast the whole sky. The rain fell; the waves, which had been very quiet, rose *higher and higher, until they ran, as people often say, mountains high.* They carried the vessel "up to the heaven and down again to the deep," and rolled it from side to side. All night the storm lasted. Every thing on board which was not tied fast slid from one side to the other, so that there was much noise and confusion on board. The passengers could hardly keep in their berths. Some were much frightened; some swore terribly; while others prayed to God to save them. In the midst of all this noise and confusion, while the waves were dashing about, and the wind howling, the Saviour called to Himself the soul of Louisa, the youngest of the four children, a little babe only four months old. It seemed a very dreary place for her to die in. The father and mother must have felt very sad to have their dear babe leave them at such a time; but the Lord took the little one away from the evil to come, to that bright land above, where there are no storms, no sickness, no death.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, the burial took place. The sun was shining brightly, but the waves were still running very high, and the

vessel was rolling from side to side. The clergyman stood by the wheel-house, holding on to it with one hand, while he held the Prayer-Book in the other. In front of him stood the father and the passengers who wanted to see the burial. Between him and them was a wide board resting upon the guards of the ship. On this board, sewn up in a piece of white canvas, such as the sails of ships are made of, with a heavy weight attached to make it sink to the bottom, and covered over with the American flag, was laid the body of little Louisa. Very sad, indeed, it was to see it. The wind was blowing quite strong, and the vessel was plunging about in the excited sea, so that it was difficult for the clergyman to be heard, or for the passengers to stand still. When the service had been read down to the words, "We, therefore, commit her body to the deep," the captain gave the signal, the steamer stopped in the midst of the wide ocean, the sailors raised the American flag, then lifted one end of the board, and the body of Louisa slid off into the sea. There in the blue waters, down, down it sank, where multitudes had gone before it. The waves closed over it; the engineer's bell rang; the steamer started again on its way, and we soon left it far behind, not to be seen again until the resurrection of the great day. No gravestone can mark, and no tongue can tell the spot where the little one was buried.

How different, dear children, was this burial at

sea from a funeral on land! There friends gather in a quiet room or church, and the little one whom God has taken away is put in a nice coffin, dressed in a clean white shroud, with a pretty bunch of white flowers in its hands, and often a beautiful, angel-like smile on its face. Then there is the procession to the graveyard, and the solemn putting of earth upon the coffin, and the sad turning away of friends from the grave.

Louisa's mother did not come to the burial; she could not bear to see her dear little one put in the deep sea; and you would have wept if you had seen the father cry—ah! so bitterly—when the body slid off the board. Yet, dear children, we ought not to think it any harder to be laid in the sea than in the earth, for in each our bodies must return to dust, and from each they are to be raised at the last day. The Bible tells us, "All that are in the graves are to hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth;" and that "the sea will give up the dead which are in it." What a wonderful sight will that be when every body which has been laid in the earth and in the sea shall be raised to stand before Christ! But then we read: "Those who have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." We must, then, dear children, love the Saviour while we live, so that when our bodies are raised, they may be fashioned like unto His glorious

body. When, then, you say every Sunday, in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," do you pray that whether your bodies be laid beneath the beautiful grass and trees of some churchyard, *or in the deep blue sea, they may come forth to the resurrection of the just, so that, being made like unto our dear Jesus, you may live with Him forever.*

F. S. R.

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THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

Who would believe the mischief that this tiny creature can do? When you laid off your nice furs and your crimson shawl last spring, you did not guess that a thief was lurking in the very closet where you put them, who would not, to be sure, carry them off entire, but who would provide her whole family with house and food and clothing out of your winter wardrobe.

Yes, that little ash-colored insect flitting so lightly round the lamp, and darting off, now here, now there, so quickly as to elude your attempts to catch her, slipped between the folds of your shawl, and left a dozen small eggs. Pretty soon as many brown worms emerged from them, each furnished with sixteen legs, scarce visible to the naked eye, as slippery as eels, and as active as their one hundred and ninety-two legs could make them. They had also, each of them, a pair of nippers as keen as

steel, and the little sprites lost no time in going to work.

First, each made himself a house, woven from the fine hairs pulled out of your shawl or tippet; then they began to feed on the same material of which the house was composed, and many an ugly little hole they cut in doing so. As the creature grows, he builds an addition to his house, and at length he shuts himself in, to await the time when he is to become a complete gray butterfly like his mother. When you put on the furs next winter, you will not see any thing amiss at first, but presently you and all who come near you will be covered with loose hairs, for the wasteful little thieves destroy more than they can eat or wear.

What a contrast this little pest is to another insect of its tribe—the silk-worm! One destroys our clothing, and the other weaves a rich and beautiful fabric for us to wear. When a child, on a visit to my grandmother, once she took me to a room in which she kept silk-worms. There were mulberry branches, covered with fresh green leaves, placed against the wall, and such ugly gray worms crawling over them and cutting away at them. At least I thought them ugly at first sight, and felt afraid to touch them till I grew better acquainted with these industrious workers. Those curious oval rolls of soft yellow silk in which they shut themselves, spinning as they go, till they are sealed up, must be put

into hot water, and the long, delicate thread carefully unwound, to be woven into articles of dress of every description, from the gentleman's hat down



to the lady's stockings. On a mulberry-twig I noticed a frail, transparent, white butterfly; it seemed

like the beautiful soul released from a deformed, unsightly body. The butterfly never eats, and soon dies, for its only office is to be the parent of the silk-worm.

Now, which would you rather be, the clothes-moth or the silk-worm? I know some children so idle and mischievous that they are like moths, spoiling all they touch; then, again, there are others so neat, industrious, and useful, that you could not describe them better than by calling them "silk-worms." May their number increase, and may the generation of "moths" become extinct among my young acquaintances.

ANNA.

LITTLE EDITH.

I WILL tell you a short story about a little girl. Edith was travelling with her mamma and her mamma's friends, through France, on their way to dear England. When in the middle of their journey, between Lyons and Paris, (which you know are two large cities in France,) Edith's mamma suddenly found she had left ALL her money in a bag under her pillow at the hotel in Lyons.

Edith saw her mamma's distress; she looked sad, and put her arms round her to comfort her.

When they all arrived in Paris, and had sat down to dinner, Edith could not be found. At last her

mamma went up to the bed-room, and there she found her little girl on her knees. She said: "Edith, my dear, what are you doing?" She said: "I am praying to God, mamma, that you may find your money."

I am glad to say most, if not all the money was got back again.

Oh! that there were more praying children! What a blessing and help they would be to their parents!

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try:
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high."

E. A. G.

ORGAN-GRINDERS.

"MAMMA," said a little boy "when I grow up I mean to have an organ and a monkey, and go around to play for little children." He had just been looking out of the window at the antics of a monkey, whom an organ-grinder held by a chain with one hand, as he played his organ with the other. The chain was long enough to allow the monkey to run up on the stoop, and to climb on the balcony to get the nuts and pennies which were given him, and his actions were so funny that the little boy thought it would be delightful to have a monkey just like him, so that he could play with him whenever he liked.

Perhaps you think that the little boy was quite right in wanting the monkey, but that it would not be so pleasant to carry a heavy organ about all day, and play the same tunes over and over again. But this little boy was too young to consider all this, and he only thought of the pleasure of hearing the music whenever he wished, and of making other little boys happy by letting them hear it too.



Many of these men, no doubt, would be very glad to earn their living in some other way, but they are Italians, who do not understand our language, and so it would be difficult for them to get employment. Some of them do not own the organs upon which they play, but hire them by the day from men who make a great deal of money by keeping organs and

monkeys to let to those who can not afford to buy them.

But the men who play on the organs have an easy time compared with what the children endure, who often accompany them, to gather up the pennies or play the tambourine. Sometimes I have seen quite a small boy or girl carrying an organ, seeming almost bowed down by its weight. Very few of the people who employ these children are their parents, but hire or buy them from their fathers and mothers. Some of the children are orphans, and are taken care of by the men who employ them and make money by them. Often they are treated very cruelly by their employers, particularly if they fail to get much money.

There has been a school opened for these children in New-York, taught in the evening, by some benevolent people, and it is under the care of the Children's Aid Society. Many of them have been taught to read and write English, and are now able to earn their living in other ways than by following organ-grinders. There have been similar efforts made in England to benefit these street-musicians, for there are even greater numbers of them in that country than in America.

I read a story not long since, of a little Italian boy in England, which I will tell you, for I do not doubt that there are many in New-York who have had a similar experience.

An Italian gentleman who lives in London, and who has devoted his time to teaching and helping his countrymen there, was returning home late one winter evening, through a heavy rain, when he heard a voice saying :

“In the name of God, sir, help a poor Italian boy !”

He turned and saw a boy about nine years old standing by his side. His ragged clothes were wet, and he seemed faint and weary. He said he was very hungry ; so the gentleman took him to his house, and gave him something to eat. After he got warm, and his hunger was satisfied, he told his sorrowful story. He was from Piedmont, which is in the northern part of Italy, adjoining France. His father was a poor peasant, who worked hard to support his family, but the year before the produce had been scanty, and his father could not get the money to buy what they needed. The curate of the parish brought a gentleman to him, who offered to lend him fifty francs without interest. The boy's father thankfully accepted the offer, and promised to pay him in the course of the year. A cow was purchased with the money, and some provisions which were much needed by the family. But in less than a week the gentleman returned with the priest, and said that he was obliged to return immediately to England, and must have the money in less than two days. The poor peasant was in the deepest

distress; even if he sold the cow, she would not bring him fifty francs; and then what could his family do without her?

The priest said: "This gentleman has a very good business in England. He has a number of boys, whom he instructs in music, and they make a great deal of money. Take my advice; you have two sons; give one of them to this gentleman for the fifty francs you owe him. He will take him to England, teach him the business, take good care of him, and in a few years he will return to you loaded with money."

The gentleman made so many fair promises, that the father at last consented, and the boy set off for England.

This was what the man intended to do when he lent the fifty francs, only he thought if he offered to buy one of the boys in the first place, the parents would never consent, but at the last, you see, it amounted to that. When they arrived on the borders of France, there were a number of other boys waiting to go with them. They started to walk to the sea, and it took them a month. During that time the boys never slept in a bed, but in the fields or on straw in some hut; and they had only bread and cheese for food. Their master, however, always went to an inn to eat and sleep. When they arrived at Boulogne, where they were to take a ship, they were almost dead with fatigue. The

smallest boy had to be taken to a hospital, where he died, far from his mother and his native land.

When they arrived in England, this boy who was bought from his father for fifty francs, was sold again for one hundred to the master to whom he then belonged.

He said: "In the morning, before we go out, (there are fifty of us in all,) we receive a basin of hot water, which they call tea, and a piece of hard bread. Till late at night I wander through the streets of London, asking charity to the sound of this violin. If I had been a little bigger, my master would have put a small organ on my shoulders. Every evening when I come home, I must bring to my master three shillings. If I fail to bring the whole sum, he beats me, and sends me to bed without my supper, which consists of some bad soup, sometimes so bad that not even a dog would eat it. My bed is made of a little straw, on which we stretch ourselves without undressing. In Piedmont I enjoyed good health, but here, what with the smoke of the chimneys, the fogs, the fatigue, hunger, and beatings, I am certain I shall soon die. O my dear mother, my dear mother! perhaps I may never more see you on earth." And as he said this, large tears fell from his eyes. "O sir!" he continued, "these masters of Italian boys have no pity; they ill-treat us for their own interest, for if we have a

pale face, or are thin or lame, the ladies pity us and give us more money."

Now is not this a sad story? Yet it is true, and many more might be told like it. There are many children who suffer even greater hardships.

When you come to your father's table, and find nothing on it that you particularly fancy to eat, and begin to fret for some delicacy, think of these poor children who have the same feelings that you have. Or when you feel tempted to be unhappy because some new clothes which you wanted to wear have not been finished, think of the children who so often have nothing but rags to cover them. Then pray that "having food and raiment, you may be therewith content."

M. A. H.

THE POWER OF ONE GOOD BOY.

"When I took the school," said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he had once taught, "I soon saw there was one good boy in it. I saw it in his face. I saw it by many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and came suddenly back, that boy was always studying, just as if I had been there, while a general buzz and the roguish looks of the rest showed there was mischief in the wind. He was always punctual in his attendance, regular with his lessons; truthful, and steady in his conduct. I

learned that he was a boy who feared God. Come what would, he would be for the right.

“There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray. These two began to look up to Alfred, and I saw were much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition as firm in principle. These three boys began now to create a sort of public opinion on the side of good order and the master. One boy and then another gradually sided with them. The foolish pranks of idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh which they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed. At last, the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill-name, it became one of the best-behaved schools any where about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change. Only four or five boys held out, and these were finally expelled. “Yes,” said the teacher, “it is in the power of *one* right-minded, right-hearted boy to do *that*. He stuck to his principles like a man, and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him.”

C. P.

THE

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THE BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

(TRANSLATED FROM "DER KINDERFREUND" FOR THE STANDARD-BEARER BY BROTHER BEN.)



HERE are not many such boys," perhaps some of my young readers will say, when they see this title. Whether that is so or not, Louis Pascal *was* one, and I will tell you what I know of him. In consequence of the death of his father, when he was a very little boy, and the ill-health of his poor mother, he was brought up in an orphan asylum. He was naturally a bright, good-natured boy, and so of course had many friends. But I can not say that he seemed to feel his need of a Saviour any more than many of his playfellows who had not such

an amiable disposition. On the contrary, he seemed very indifferent about the way of life and the safety of his soul, and his conduct in Sunday-school often gave his teacher much pain. Still the precious seed which was there sown was not lost. It sank into his heart, and at the eleventh hour it sprang up, and the Lord Jesus worked a wonderful change in him. The means which He used to effect this was a fit of illness. Louis was attacked with the measles. When he was first taken sick, he did not feel at all frightened, for he thought that he should of course get well again, as he had known so many other children do. But it was not to be as he hoped. Day after day he grew worse. Another disease, to which he was naturally disposed, made its appearance, and laid him upon a bed from which he was never to rise, and at last the kind doctor who attended him told him so. As soon as he heard that his hours were numbered, he was filled with terror, and the tears streamed down his cheeks; for he now, for the first time, felt that he was a sinner, and was afraid to appear before a just and holy God. His own self-righteousness, which had consisted in thinking that there were a great many naughtier boys than he was, and that he had never done any thing very wicked, had suddenly forsaken him. "Weary and heavy-laden" with the weight of his sins, he exclaimed to the principal of the Institution, who was a pious man:

"O sir! do you think indeed that God will forgive a miserable sinner like me?" The good man hastened to tell him that it was just for such poor sinners as he that Jesus came into the world, that He might save them. That He had paid his ransom with His own life, upon the Cross, and that every one who believed on Him, and sought his safety in Him alone, should certainly have everlasting life.

Although he was in great suffering, Louis was much comforted by these words, and began at once to seek forgiveness for Jesus' sake; and before long all his fears and forebodings vanished, and in their place came that peace of God which is sweet even in death.

The old things were now passed away, and all had become new. He sent word to his Sunday-school teacher, that notwithstanding his sufferings, he was very happy, and begged that no one should grieve because he died so young. He said: "No one must weep for me, but rather rejoice, because I am going to heaven."

Louis's brother, who was also in the institution, wrote a short letter to his mother, telling her of his death, and from it we learn how evident was the joy of the dying boy. He says:

"DEAR MOTHER: Yesterday, dear brother Louis exchanged earth for heaven. For several days he had seemed to be better, but yesterday morning he began to fail again. At first he was very restless,

and wanted to be moved every minute, but afterward the thought seemed to strike him that he should soon be with Jesus, and this made him so happy, that he almost seemed to believe that he *could already see Jesus on the earth*, and he grew very quiet. I cried, but Louis smiled for the joy and peace that was in his heart, and folding his hands, he exclaimed, "I am happy, very happy!" and so died. It was half-past twelve yesterday when his spirit left his body, but that smile is still on his lips. Dear Mother, let us not weep for Louis, but for our own sins, and let us pray God to *forgive them.*"

The principal himself told me of the departure of this dear boy. In the midst of the greatest pain, he would become patient and happy when any one spoke to him of the Saviour's love. His soul was especially refreshed when the story of the sufferings and death of his Redeemer was read to him. He often said: "Jesus, thou lovest me. I know that Thou lovest me, and I love Thee too." In his wanderings, he once called out: "See, see! He is coming." And when he was asked whom he saw, he answered: "*The Lord Jesus; He is leading His poor child by the hand.*"

So much, my dear children, for the story of Louis, and now let me say a few words to you; and, first, let me ask you: Do you ever think that you, too, may die young? You know that it is no uncommon thing for children to die; Louis was *only*

eleven years old when the Lord took him to be with Him in heaven.

It is quite possible that the most of you who read these lines will grow up, some to manhood, and even to old age; and then the black or brown or auburn locks which now cover your heads will be changed to gray and white, and many a boy or girl who is now hopping and skipping about, will then have to hobble along on a cane; but if only a single one out of a hundred of you should die young, which one will it be? None knows, but God alone. Should you not, then, all be ready, so that you may go joyfully to the other world, when you are called, even though the kindness of God spares you for many a long year? We can not give our hearts to the Lord too early. I would give a great deal if I had learned to know Him at Louis's age. And how delightful it must be when we are old, to be able to say: "I have served the Lord from my youth up, and even when a child I knew His love"! I think, too, that it is no more than right that we should love Him from our hearts, who left all for us, and gave Himself for our salvation. I have never seen any one who regretted that he had given the Saviour his heart in his youth, but I have heard many a one lament that he had not earlier turned to the precious Jesus, as I do myself; and that is the reason why I have told you this story of Louis Pascal, the boy who was not afraid to die.

THE STOLEN PENNY.

"WHEN seven years old," said the Rev. Samuel Kilpin, "I was left in charge of my father's shop. A man passed, crying: 'Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each.' In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command, and taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My keen-eyed mother inquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth.



"The lamb was placed on the chimney-shelf, and much admired. To me it was a source of inex-

pressible anguish. Continually there sounded in my ears and heart: 'Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie.' Guilt and darkness overcame my mind, and, in an agony of soul, I went to a hay-loft, and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated mercy for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft, from a believing application of the text: 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee.' I went to my mother, and told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burnt the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent."

THE RESCUED BOY—A TRUE STORY.

- "FATHER is late," said the watching boy ;
"I'll run through the wood to meet him ;
For I love to see his smile of joy
When his little son comes to greet him.
I'll take his axe from his weary hand,
And lay it over my shoulder.
I'll go to the clearing, and help him, too,
When I am a few years older."

The boy set out through the forest dim—
There were prowlers watching his feet ;
But the wild beasts waked no fears in him—
He would soon his father meet.

On, on he walked, till his little feet
Ached, and were growing weary.
"I'll rest," said he, "on this mossy seat,
For the way is long and dreary.

"I can not hear the woodmen's axe,
So I think their work is done;
And father will surely pass this way
For other there is none."

He sat him down on a tall tree's root,
To watch for his father's coming;
But soon a mist came o'er his eyes,
And his ears heard only a humming.

And down he dropped by the tall tree's foot,
Never thinking of fear or joy;
And a *kind little whirlwind* heaped the leaves
All over the sleeping boy.

The father turned his weary feet
Toward his home in joy,
And he thought of the welcome awaiting him there,
And he thought of his darling boy.

He cast his eyes upon the ground,
And close by the side of the way
He stopped to note a strange little mound,
Heaped up of leaves so gay.

He passed along, then turned, impelled
By a thought both strange and wild;
He cast the varied spread aside,
And saw his sleeping child.

He raised him gently in his arms,
And in his place he laid
A log of wood, and covered it o'er
With the leaves of the forest glade.

Then he withdrew to a sheltered spot,
For he heard a fearful howl,
And soon the wolves came creeping out,
And round the mound they prowled.

As they cast the light, gay leaves aside,
And their glaring eyes were seen,
The father strained his child to his breast,
As he thought of *what might have been*.

Then he strode toward his home, but the boy slept on,
As over the ground they flew.
Of the danger threatened he nothing dreamed,
Of the rescue he nothing knew.

And the father's feet never stopped nor staid
Till he passed the forest wild,
And said, as he sank on his own door-stone:
"Thank God! I've saved my child."

So, Christian, dost thou walk life's maze
While hidden foes surround thee;
So all unconscious oft art thou
Of strong arms thrown around thee.

For angel hands do bear thee up,
Lest thou shouldst fall and perish;
Ay, One that's stronger still, His lambs
Doth ever fold and cherish.

And when that foe who seeks thy soul
To ruin and devour,
Shall find thee helpless and alone,
Oh! fear thou not his power;

For One that's mightier far than he
Will to thy rescue come;
He'll take thee in His own strong arms,
And bear thee to His home.



NETTIE.

I SHOULD like you to know Nettie Hayes. She is one of the gentlest, most loving little creatures in the world, always ready to help every body, and to speak kind words. She has one little brother, younger than herself, and she seems to think him her especial care. She never quarrels with him; oh! no, very far from that. She seems to think that nothing she has is too good to lend to little Harry. There might be some danger that she would spoil him, by always giving him his own way, only he learns from her example to be gentle, and to give up his way too. So he lends her his playthings, and does as she asks him to do, because she speaks so gently to him. And thus there is never any disputing heard when Nettie and Harry are together.

Nettie is kind to every thing, even to little insects. She never wants to crush a worm or a spi-

der, or any thing of the kind. But she puts them gently out of the way, so that no one can hurt them. Before she had any little brother Harry to play with, a kind lady sent her a beautiful little gray kitten. Nettie had only just learned to walk then, and she could say but very few words; but she used to sit on the floor and call, "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" so gently, that the little kitten was never afraid to come to her. Then Nettie would pat her so softly and gently, that Kitty loved to sit by her. One day Nettie had just finished eating some bread and butter, and was sitting on the floor waiting for some one to wash her face, when Kitty came along. She smelt the bread and butter, and without waiting to ask Nettie if she might, she stood up on her hind-feet, and resting her fore-paws on Nettie's shoulder, she began to lick all the butter off from the little girl's rosy cheeks. Perhaps she remembered that that was the way her mother used to wash her face. Nettie did not like it much, but she did not drive the kitten away, for she never did that; and when her mamma came, she laughed very hard to see the new way that her little girl's face was getting washed. Of course Nettie's gentleness taught the kitten to be gentle too, and though she frolicked a great deal, she seldom showed her claws, but kept them hidden in her velvet paws, so that no one was ever scratched by them.



Kitty grew much faster than Nettie did, and before Nettie was large enough to go to school, the kitten had become a grave old cat, whose greatest enjoyment seemed to be to doze by the fire or in the warm sunshine. But Nettie did not care much then, for she had Harry to play with, and puss was just as nice to pat and love as ever she was. Nettie loved her better than ever one morning, when she found her purring over three dear little white and gray kittens—her own children. How Nettie and Harry did love to watch her and the little

kittens. Puss would let them hold the kittens in their aprons for a little while, but as soon as they began to cry she would carry them right back to their bed of hay again. Only Nettie was sure it must hurt them to be taken by their necks as puss would carry them.

As I said before, it seemed as if pussy had learned from Nettie to be kind and gentle; for one day, when the gardener's boy brought her a little squirrel which he had found, to his great surprise, instead of eating it at once, as he supposed she would, she smoothed its fur just as if it had been one of her own kittens, let it nestle close by them, and from that moment seemed to regard it as one of her own family. How pleased Nettie was to see this. She wanted every one in the house to come and see how kind puss was to the poor little squirrel. When the kittens began to run about the house, the squirrel went with them, or rather ran before them, for it used to curl its long bushy tail over its back, and run so fast that they could never overtake it. But one day, when the sun was shining very brightly, Bunny ran up the great butternut-tree by the side of the house, and he never came back again to live, though he used to visit the piazza sometimes, and eat the pieces of apple which Nettie and Harry gave him. Nettie said she thought it was too bad for him to run away from pussy when she had been so kind to him.

But when her mamma said he would be happier among the trees than in the house, she was satisfied, for she wanted every one to be just as happy as possible.

It was because Nettie was one of Jesus' lambs that she was so loving and gentle. When she was a little baby, her mamma used to pray to Him every day to take her for one of His lambs, and when she was old enough, she used to tell her about Him; so that almost as soon as she could speak, Nettie would say, "I love Jesus, mamma;" "I want to please Jesus;" and then every night she prayed to Him to make her gentle and good, like Himself. As her mamma watched her every day, she thanked Him in her heart, because He had heard and answered her darling's prayer.

M. A. H.

WINGS, SOME DAY.

ON one of the ferry-boats in England may occasionally be seen, on warm, bright days, a poor, crippled boy, whose body has grown to almost a man's size, but whose limbs, withered and helpless, are still those of a child.

He wheels himself about on a small carriage, similar to that the boys use in play; and while the little boat threads its way among the ships of all nations that are anchored in the river, he adds not

a little to the pleasure of the sail, by playing on his concertina airs that show no mean degree of musical skill. The few pennies that he always receives, but does not ask for, are never grudgingly bestowed, and are given not more in pay for the music, than for the simple honesty that shines in the boy's blue eyes.

One so helpless, it would seem, could only be a burden to those who loved him—could certainly do nothing toward fulfilling the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Was it so? Was there no service of love for the lame boy? No work for him in the vineyard? The question was answered one day.

"Walter," said a gentleman who had often met him, "how is it, when you can not walk, that your shoes get worn out?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor, and playing with them."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "what a life to lead! what has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a

low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart: "*I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady.*"

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet doing in his measure, the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall, by and by, "mount up with wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

•••

"DID HE GET IN?"

CHARLIE R — had listened very attentively while his father read at family worship the third chapter of Revelation. But when he repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry: "Father, did he get in?"

I would ask the same question of every child: "Has the Saviour got into your heart?" He has knocked again and again—is knocking now. Open your heart, my dear child, at once, and bid him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.

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SISTER MARY'S SERMON.



It was a stormy Sunday, and the little Seymours were prevented from going to church. They stood at their window—Charlie, Fred, and Kate—looking out dismally at the pouring rain and muddy streets, till at last Fred exclaimed: "What's

the good of standing here staring at so many umbrellas and over-shoes? Let's play church." The others eagerly consented, and in a few minutes every thing was arranged. Two chairs and a little foot-stool formed the pulpit, the bureau represented the organ, and a long row of chairs, one behind the other, the pews. Charlie proclaimed himself "the clergyman," first tying a white apron around his neck, and hanging a black silk shawl on his shoulders. Fred was the organist, and the part given to Kate to perform was that of "the congregation."

For a little while all went on quietly, but the organist's imitation of the organ became so uproarious, that, together with the loud chanting of the other two, the noise was enough to bring sister Mary down-stairs to see what they were about.

"O sister Mary!" cried Kate, "come and help us with our church, won't you? Be our minister, for Charlie don't know how to preach?"

"Yes," said Charlie and Fred, "come preach us a sermon."

Sister Mary smilingly consented, and sitting down, she turned over the leaves of the Bible for a few moments.

"Here is a beautiful text," said she at last, "and one which I think you all can understand. It is in Isaiah 40 : 11 : 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.' Now before I go farther, can you tell me of whom Isaiah is speaking?" The children were silent.

"Well, here is the answer in the tenth chapter of John. Jesus said : 'I am the Good Shepherd.' In the country where our Saviour lived, the shepherds used to take great care of their flocks, choosing out green and pleasant pastures for them to feed in, leading them beside cool and refreshing brooks to drink from, sometimes abiding all night in the fields to keep watch over them, and when the little lambs were tired, they would carry them. Now, my

text tells us that Jesus shall feed His flock like a shepherd. Can you tell me who are His flock?"

"Good people, I suppose," answered Charlie.

"Yes," said Mary, "and Jesus calls Himself a *Good Shepherd*, because with just the same tender, watchful care with which those shepherds guarded their sheep does He watch over and provide for His flock."

"Then the lambs must be the little children," said Fred.

"Right," answered Mary; "all children who love and follow Jesus the *Good Shepherd* are His lambs."

Little Kate raised her eye to her sister with that earnest, thoughtful look which children wear when they are striving to grasp a new idea.

"Can I be one of His lambs?" asked she.

"Yes, my darling," replied Mary; "*Jesus holds out His arms to you now, to all of you, and says: 'Come to me — let the little ones come unto me.' Only love and follow Jesus, and He will be your Good Shepherd, to lead you through all dangers and carry you through all temptations, and at last take you to live with Him in that bright and happy land where every thing is so beautiful, and where the little children have no more sorrow, nor pain, nor sickness, but where they will see their kind Shepherd face to face.*"

"But, sister Mary," asked Fred, "how can we follow *Jesus*? The lambs follow their shepherd be-

cause they see him and hear his voice ; but we can't see Jesus now."

"By following Jesus, Freddy, I mean, obeying His word. The shepherd calls to his sheep, and they hear his voice and obey him. Jesus calls to you in His holy word. He tells you just what He wants you to do, and He is always near you, although you can not see Him.

"But it's so hard to be good," cried Charlie; "sometimes I *try* and *try*, and perhaps I'm pretty good for a little while, and then I break down again, and am as naughty as ever. I do get so tired trying."

"You can never do it by yourself, Charlie; you must cry to the Good Shepherd to help you. Why, that's what is meant in the text when it says: 'He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom.' He knows how hard the road is, and how often the weak little lambs will stray away from the right path; and so when they are weary and feeble, and cry unto Him, He hears their cry, and goes after them, and takes them in his arms and carries them. So you must keep near to the Good Shepherd by prayer. Cry unto Him for strength and help to follow Him. Shall we close our church now by kneeling down and praying to our Good Shepherd?"

The children knelt, and said after sister Mary:

"O Lord Jesus! our Good Shepherd, help us to

follow Thee. We are weak and feeble, but Thou hast promised to gather the lambs with Thy arms and carry them in Thy bosom. Lead us safely through all trouble, and carry us through all temptations, until we reach the fold which Thou hast prepared for us in heaven. Amen."



THE BIBLE IN THE FOOTSTOOL.

THERE was a family in France, long, long ago, who had a footstool of which they took particular care, and which they used in a singular manner.

When strangers were present, the footstool was set aside in some out-of-the-way place, where it would not attract attention; but when the family were alone, it was sure to be brought into notice again. Sometimes the father would take it on his knee, and, turning it upside down, bend over it with the deepest interest. Sometimes it was the mother who held it on her lap, and gazed at it as tenderly as if it were her youngest babe. What was there about that footstool that made it so precious?

Under the footstool a book was fastened, where it was out of sight, and yet its pages could be turned, and it could be read from beginning to end.

This book was the treasure and comfort of the family. It told them of a Friend who was near them at all times, and who was able and willing to save them in every danger. It told them of a beautiful land where sin and sorrow can not come, and where there shall be no more sickness and no more death. It taught them how to act at all times and in all circumstances. It gave them comfort in every trouble, and cheered them in the hours of greatest misfortune. More than all this, it told them of a Saviour for whose sake the sinner may be forgiven.

I hardly need tell you the name of this book, for the Bible alone contains good news, such words of comfort and gladness. But why was this precious book kept in such a strange hiding-place? Why was it read secretly and with trembling?

Alas! in that sad day the Bible was a forbidden book in France, and those who dared to read it were threatened with punishment and even with death.

That French family loved their country and their home; but there was something which they loved better—that was liberty to read God's book openly, and to worship Him truly. They heard of a land far over the sea, where the poorest man might pray aloud in his own words to his Father in heaven, without fear of cruel soldiers or more cruel priests. They heard of a land where the Bible might be openly read, and the Saviour openly served; and to *this land they resolved to go.*

They left the pleasant vineyards and the green hills of their native France, and across the wide seas they sailed.

Very happy they must have felt when they were safe on board that ship. The waves of the sea might dash against the vessel's sides, the winds might roar around it, yet they were happy. Their precious Bible was with them, and they might read it without fear.

The sea was crossed at last, and in the land of America this French family found a home.

Very sweet it must have been to them to sing their hymns *together, and together pray to God,* with no spy to listen, and no danger to fear. The Bible they had so loved and guarded was treasured

in their new home, and handed down to their children in remembrance of their sufferings and trials in their native land.

That French family have long since passed away from earth, but the Bible that was hidden in the footstool is still to be seen in the hands of their children's children. The family that now own it live in Western Pennsylvania.

Has not that Bible a word to say to us? We live in a country where the little child at the cottage-door may read the sweet story of Jesus, and lift up its eyes to Him in prayer without a thought of fear. The Bible is every where, in the parlor, in the bedroom, in the steamboat, and in the ship that sails to the far-off seas.

We may all read the Bible; but do we love it as did that French family, who bent over it at the risk of their lives, and hid it as a treasure more precious than gold?

We have the Bible, and the little child may safely read it; but are we better than if we had no Bible? Do we not only *know* about the Lord, but love to do His will? It is not enough for us to have the Bible, and to be at liberty to read it; this does not make us true Christians, real children of our heavenly Father.

Let the Bible be your chief treasure. Read it daily. Pray to be able to understand its holy words. Love the Saviour whom it reveals, and

who came down from heaven to die for us. Try to follow His example. Hope to be one of the happy ones who will rejoice forever around the throne of God.

LITTLE THINGS.

"O DEAR! I can not learn my lesson, these flies trouble me so much," said a little girl as she laid down her book impatiently. "Can you tell me of what use flies are, sister Alice?"

Her sister had been trying to help her find the answers to her map-questions, but her patience had been very much tired by the little girl's fretfulness, now at the heat, then at the length of her lesson, and at last at the flies. Sister Alice, however, did not lose her patience very easily, and no one could have known from her manner that she had any thing to disturb her. She smiled as she replied:

"I will tell you the use of flies, if you will tell me the use of fretful little girls."

Julia shook her head and looked a little pleasanter than before, for she knew what her sister meant.

Alice went on without waiting for an answer:

"There are a great many little things which can annoy us very much, such as musquitoes, flies, and those troublesome gnats which came around us so yesterday in the woods; and there are a great many little things which can make us very happy, as the

little birds, the flowers, and the moss we find in the woods, and our dear little baby-sister whom we love so much. In fact, our dear Aunt Sophy used to say that little children need never think they were of no use in the world, for they had more to do with the happiness of the family than any one else. And since I have ceased to be one of 'the children,' and have had you little brothers and sisters all around me, I have found out that she told the truth in that, as in every thing else she said."

"But I don't see what children can do to make people happy," said Julia, brightening up a little.

"Why, don't you remember when little Sue fretted so at the table yesterday, and had to be sent away, how uncomfortable we all felt? Poor papa did not half-finish his breakfast, and mamma scarcely said a word after it. And when the children quarrel or disobey, what a gloom comes over the household! or if any disputing is heard, how disagreeably it sounds!"

"Yes, I know all that," said Julia; "I dislike to hear the others dispute as much as you do, and yet I am afraid I often do it myself. But, sister, you did not add how unhappy I make you by fretting over my lessons."

"Oh! I left that for you to think of yourself, though I don't know any thing which so much affects the happiness of my day as the conduct of my little sisters at their lessons. When they come cheerfully, and seem to take an interest in their stu-

dies, and are not idle or fretful, I feel light-hearted all day. But when they are fretful and ill-tempered, and have to be reminded constantly of their duty, I feel dull and sad. It is just so with my Sunday-school class. When the children are attentive and interested, I am happy all the week, but when they are not, I come home tired and dispirited. And I can see that your conduct has the same effect upon mamma. How her eye brightens, and how happy she looks, when she sees you all loving and obedient! Ah! your little people have a great deal to do with the happiness of the world. I often think, when I read how *Jesus wants us to show our love to Him*, that though little children can not do much for Him by *giving money, or visiting the sick, or teaching the ignorant*, yet they can do much by trying to be good and gentle, that they may make people happy, as well as obey the Saviour's will. Then when one child gets out of temper and speaks crossly, how apt the others are to give a cross word in return, until a general dispute is brought on! But if, on the other hand, when the ill-natured words are first spoken, there is a kind and gentle reply, the crossness soon disappears, and the family are happy or unhappy, according as this is done."

Julia listened very quietly to all that her sister said, and when she had finished, returned to her lesson with the evident determination that that day at least should be a happy one for sister Alice.



A VISIT TO THE MINES.

Did you ever, while playing out of doors, stop a moment, wondering what could be inside this earth upon which you run about? Did you ever think of what might be hidden deep, deep under the houses in which you live?

When a child like you, I gave all sorts of ques-

tions to those around me, asking them, "What it was that filled the earth, making it so hard?" and when in our small garden, I often would try to imagine "what was beyond the roots of the plants. Nothing seemed to me so desirable as to "see the middle of this great earth," if that had been possible. And I must tell you what happened to me once, and how I came up more than three hundred feet from underground.

All of you surely know that *gold* is found in the earth, not bright and smooth as that of your mother's ring, but as a rough and coarse thing, mixed with common substances and grains of sand. Then *iron*, the most useful metal, is also found there, and *lead*, *copper*—in short, all metals, and even diamonds.

Marble also was laid up by the Creator in large stores or quarries, from which men get it with much trouble, to build fine houses, or palaces, as the Queen's palace.

And *water*, pure, cool spring water, comes also from the earth. Indeed, there are some springs in which God has put the best medicines, and which in many cases prove a great blessing, curing diseases, or restoring health when it has become feeble.

Fire, too, is hidden in the earth, forcing itself through the tops of mountains, which are called volcanoes; and the finest quality of *salt* is stored away in the bosom of the earth.

Perhaps some little boys and girls are thinking

that I am forgetting one of the most useful things which is found in the earth. Well, what is it? "*Coal*." Yes, to be sure, coal; so necessary for warming our houses in winter, for factories where our clothes are woven, for railway-carriages to travel in, for steamboats to go up and down our rivers and across the seas, and for bright and clear *gas-light*, which dispels darkness when night comes on.

Coal is indeed found in the earth, and the places where they dig it are in some parts of the land so deep and so wide that hundreds of people live in them.

I was quite young yet when I was at a friend's who owned large coal-mines, and a party was one day formed to visit them. We started in carriages, and after a few miles we had reached the opening to the mines.

Before us were several holes about fifteen feet wide, in which, suspended by chains, were buckets large enough to hold two persons. Some of us stepped into them, and were let down more than three hundred feet; while I, with others, preferred to enter the mine by walking down a gentle slope under ground.

We soon arrived at a strange region. Long galleries were formed in the coal. Large halls, some quite high; then narrow passages, so low that we had to creep along on our hands. A great many men were there at work, with small round lamps

fastened in front of their caps to light their way. In one part of the mines families were gathered together, mothers with their little ones, many of whom had never beheld the light of the sun as it shines on the face of the earth. A boy of twelve years old told us that he never had left the mines, and had never breathed the fresh, pure air of heaven. Oh! how we pitied him! but he seemed quite happy; this was his home; he was born here; his father, his mother, his brothers and sisters, and his play-fellows were here, and he loved the spot. I am happy to tell you that miners and their families are not so shut up under ground now as they used to be.

When we had been in the mine some time, and had seen enough of darkness, we entered the buckets; the signal was given to the men who had charge of the chains, and up we went again into the cheerful light of the sun: again we could breathe the sweet air of the field. Oh! how lovely all appeared to us! How grateful we were to God for having made the world so beautiful! It seemed, indeed, as if the sun was a friend with whom we had parted a long, long time since.

As we found ourselves again all seated in the carriages on our way home, we could do nothing but sing for joy, or praise our heavenly Father in the silence of our full hearts.

Since then I have often thought of the poor min-

ers, and more than once I have wished their God and my God to cheer them in their dark homes, and to make me grateful for the many blessings which they had not, and with which I was surrounded.

—•••—
VOICES.

- “MORUEN, what whispers the falling leaf?
It hath a voice, I know,
For I heard it sigh as it fluttered by.”
*“It said, To earth we go,
And life is brief.”*
- “MOTHER, what said the early flower
That peeped from my garden bed,
When winter was past with its chilling blast?”
*“My child, thus rise the dead
From the grace’s power.”*
- “MOTHER, what said the rainbow high,
When bright on the cloud it stood,
Green, red, and blue, and violet, too?”
*“God’s promise at the flood,
Writ on the sky.”*
- “MOTHER, what said the thunder’s roar,
As it shook the earth and air,
When the lightning came like a sheet of flame?”
*“His wrath was uttered there
On sea and shore.”*
- “MOTHER, what sing the birds that fly
And fit among the trees?
Oh! I love to hear their notes so clear.”
*“’Tis praise to Him who sees
A sparrow die.”*
- “My child, all nature hath a voice,
Our Maker God to praise;
Then, like the bird, let your voice be heard,
And loving anthems raise:
Kneel and rejoice.”

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GRANDMAMMA'S SUNSHINE.



O ONE could look at little Annie Price without thinking: "What a happy little girl!" She always had a smile for every one, and nothing seemed to go wrong with her. She had several brothers and sisters, but they never teased her, for they had found out that it was useless to try. She always seemed to think every trick they played upon her quite as funny as they did, and laughed with them. If they hid her books or playthings, just for fun, they said, she would get something else to play with or read until they chose to get them for her. When she left her seat for a few moments, and some one else took it, she did not demand it again when she came back, but would quietly take another. If the children expected any pleasure and were disappointed, instead of fretting she would say: "Never mind, perhaps we can have it to-morrow."

She went one summer to visit her grandmamma, who lived in the country, and there she was so happy and cheerful that grandmamma called her "Sunshine." Her grandmamma often said to herself: "I wonder what it is that makes Annie so different from other children!" But at last she found out the cause.

They were invited to take tea one afternoon with Annie's aunt, who was also grandmamma's daughter, and lived in the village about a mile from grandpapa's farm-home. The sun was shining brightly when they started, but Annie's grandpapa said, as he shut the gate of the little garden which was before the house, that there was a cloud rising which he thought might bring rain. "However," he continued, "I think it will not come within an hour, and we shall get to Aunt Jane's before that time, if our little Sunshine here can walk fast enough."

"Oh! I can walk as fast as any body, grandpapa," said Annie, smiling, and she trudged along in front of them, thinking what a fine time she should have playing with her cousins, and how kind Cousin Tom always was to swing them as much as they wanted him to; and then what nice strawberries and cake Aunt Jane would give them for tea.

Grandpapa made a mistake this time, however, for the cloud travelled faster than they did, and they had not gone half-way to the village, when the rain came down faster and faster, until it poured as if it

knew its time was short, and it meant to make the most of it.



“Oh! what shall we do?” said grandmamma,
“perhaps we can stop at the mill,” which was just

before them. "No," said grandpapa, "this is not the day for grinding, and it is locked. The best thing we can do is to go home as fast as possible, for our clothes will be wet through if we go on, and we could not wear them all the afternoon without taking cold."

"Now," thought grandmamma, as they turned to go home, "my Sunshine will certainly be clouded." But she was mistaken; Annie looked a little disappointed for a moment, but that was all; the next moment she smiled as she said, "Never mind, we can go some other time;" and then she turned her face toward home, and went on as fast and cheerily as she had done when she was going to her expected pleasure, instead of away from it.

They were not the only people caught in the shower, for they had gone but a short distance on their way home, when the farmer who lived just beyond Mr. Price, overtook them, leading his horse, while his wife and daughter were riding in the small wagon, covered up so that they were nicely protected from the rain. He offered to take in Mrs. Price and Annie, but they were already so wet, that grandpapa thought it was better for them to walk the rest of the way, they would be less likely to take cold.

Their clothes were very wet when they reached home, but it did not take long to change them, and there was a nice fire in the kitchen where they

could be dried. Instead of sitting down to fret, or troubling her grandmamma to tell her what to do, Annie got her portfolio, as soon as her clothes were changed, and commenced to write a letter to her mother. *When that was finished, grandmamma brought out a box of shells for her to look at, and then Mary, the cook, said they should not miss the nice tea which they would have had at Aunt Jane's; and she made them some of her good waffles.*

Annie slept in a little room which opened into her grandmamma's, and that night, when Mrs. Price went up for her candle, she heard the little girl's voice in prayer to God. *The door was partly open, and as she paused there for Annie to finish, she heard her thank her Heavenly Father that the wind did not blow any harder, or the rain come any faster, and that they had reached home in safety. Then she prayed that she might always be cheerful and happy, and be willing that God should do as He thought best.*

Now her grandmamma had found out the secret of her cheerfulness; it was because she felt that God was her Friend, and that all disappointments came from *His loving hand, and she had learned to pray to Him for every thing she might need.*

When Annie had finished, her grandmamma went in for her lamp. She did not tell her what she had heard, but her warm embrace and fervent, "God bless you, my child!" showed how deeply Annie's prayer had affected her.

God will make every little child who loves and trusts him as Annie did, as happy and cheerful as she was.

M. A. H.

JESSIE; OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S
A WAY.

"ALICE," said Herbert to his sister, "did you ever see such a beautiful sunset?"

"No," said Alice slowly, "I don't think I ever did."

Certainly it was a lovely scene that lay before them. The ocean stretched beyond them as far as the eye could reach, and to the right and left, and in the background, were huge masses of rocks, that looked as if they had stood there for ages, and should stand forever and ever. The sun was just about to set, and it tipped the waves with such a glorious light as seemed the very reflection of heaven itself. Herbert and Alice sat on the shore in silence, gazing at it, as it sunk lower and lower, till the waves reflected back its last smile, and it was gone.

They were silent for some moments. At last Alice said: "Don't you remember, Herbert, when we were coming here, we both agreed to try and do some good to somebody before we went home? and now our vacation will soon be over, and we haven't done a bit."

"Yes," said Herbert; "but, Alice, we haven't had

a chance, you know. But look, Alice, there's that *lame girl* whom we see so often. Why, she seems scarcely able to be out at all, and how poorly she's dressed. Would not you like to know something about her?"

"Herbert," said Alice hastily, "you know you said we hadn't had any chance to do good, and you remember that mother has often said, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' Perhaps this is a chance—let us go and speak to her."

The girl had seated herself on the shore, at a little distance from them, and seemed evidently exhausted with the exertion she had made. They went up to her.

"Are you sick?" said Alice timidly, by way of beginning a conversation. "You look very weak."

"Oh! yes, Miss, I have been sick for several years, but I have been much worse for some weeks past."

"Do you live far from here?" asked Herbert.

"Oh! no. Do you see that little cottage where the smoke is coming out of the chimney? That's where I live—my mother and I, all alone. But I must go home now, for mother told me not to stay late, and she'll be uneasy." She rose as she spoke, and was about to walk on, but staggered, and would have fallen if Herbert had not rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

"Don't try to walk," said he, as she raised herself faintly; "I'll carry you home—I'm strong;" and

before she could object, he lifted her up and walked on, followed by Alice. "Alice," he said, "you had better run on, and prepare her mother; she will be frightened when she sees me carrying her in."

Alice ran hastily on, and in a minute or two arrived at the door of the cottage. She knocked, and as there was no answer, she lifted the latch, pushed open the door, and went in. The room in which she found herself was almost destitute of furniture, and had a most desolate look, though perfectly neat and clean. A woman was sitting on a low stool, with her face buried in her hands. At the sound of the opening of the door she raised her head, and at sight of a stranger, rose, with a rather surprised look, and offered her a seat.

"No, thank you," said Alice hesitatingly; "I just came to say that your daughter is not very well, and——" She had no time to say more, for at this moment Herbert appeared at the door with the girl, and the mother ran over to her. "Why, Jessie!" she exclaimed.

"I'm better now, mother," said Jessie. "I was only a little faint, and this young gentleman was kind enough to carry me home. I'm sure he's tired, mother; won't you give him a seat?"

"Never mind me," said Herbert; "I'm not tired at all. It's getting late, and we can't stay now, but we will come in the morning and see how you are. Come, Alice!"

The woman followed them to the door, and as they were going out Herbert said to her, in a low voice: "Have you had the doctor for Jessie, ma'am?"

"Oh! yes," she answered sadly, "but he couldn't do her any good. He was one of your grand doctors, who don't seem to understand much about poor people, and he recommended nourishing food and wine, though even with that he didn't give me much encouragement. He said she was far gone in a consumption, and that the disease hadn't been taken in time."

"Has she any appetite?" said Alice.

The poor woman looked confused, hesitated, and then burst into tears. At last she said: "I may as well tell you, Miss, for I couldn't hide it much longer, that we have neither of us tasted any thing to-day; and I think it was hunger that overcame my poor child, instead of sickness. We have often been in want of many things, but I have always managed to have bread to eat; to-day I couldn't get even that, and I don't know what will become of us."

Alice and Herbert looked at each other in dismay. They seemed to read one another's thoughts, and hastily saying a few comforting words to the woman, they left. "O Herbert!" said Alice, as soon as they were out of hearing, "isn't it dreadful?"

"Yes; but, Alice, we have no time to waste in lamentations. How much of your pocket-money have you left?"

"Only seventy-five cents, Herbert; and you?"

"I have got a dollar and a quarter; that will make two dollars, which will go a good way toward getting them something to eat. But we must first run up to the house, and tell Mrs. Martin what is keeping us."

This Mrs. Martin had once been a nurse to Herbert and Alice, but had married many years before the story begins, and had come to live on the small farm where she now was, and which was situated at a little distance from the sea-shore. Here Alice and Herbert were sent almost every summer to spend their vacation; their mother generally accompanied them, but this summer circumstances had prevented her, and she had sent them alone, which, as Herbert was now about fifteen, and Alice thirteen, she had no uneasiness in doing. As she bid them good-by, she said to them: "Now, my children, see if, before you return, you can't find some opportunity of doing good. Remember, 'Where there's a will, there's a way;'" and they had firmly resolved that they would follow her advice, although in the pleasures and excitements of the sea-shore they had nearly forgotten it. Now, as we have seen, it was brought to their remembrance again.

As they ran up to the house, Mrs. Martin came out to meet them. "Well, children," she said, (she still called them "children," from old habit, "I'm glad you have come; I was just thinking of going to look after you. What has kept you so long?"

Herbert hastily told her the circumstances, and added that he and Alice wanted to go up to a little store near by, and get some food.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Martin; "you won't do any such thing! Come in with me, and I'll make you up a basket of things in a minute. Well, to be sure, if it isn't poor Mrs. Alford! Why, I hadn't the *slightest* idea that she was in want, or that Jessie was so much worse. She goes to the village once or twice a week, and gets sewing to do. The neighbors all think her proud, and don't go much to see her; but dear, dear! if we'd only have known."

While she was saying all this, she was going backward and forward, getting some substantial food ready. Herbert and Alice watched her with much satisfaction, as she put into the basket tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, and, at Alice's suggestion, some arrow-root for Jessie. The minute it was ready, Herbert took it up, and followed by Alice, set off for the cottage. They were scarcely ten minutes going, and, quite out of breath, arrived at the door. As they were about to knock, they were arrested by hearing a soft, faint voice singing in a low tone; as they paused, the words came distinctly to their ears:

"The birds without barn or store-house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'"

A moment, and the voice went on again :

“ No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
But since we have trusted in Jesus' great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.”

It ceased now, and Herbert knocked. The door was opened by Mrs. Alford, who seemed slightly surprised at seeing them back so soon. “ How is Jessie now ? ” said Alice, as they entered.

“ Oh ! I'm better, thank you,” said Jessie herself, as Alice went over to her—she was lying on a bed which stood in a corner of the room. “ Mother has been singing to me, and you can't think how much good it has done me ; it makes me forget my pain and weakness.”

While they were talking together, Herbert drew Mrs. Alford aside, and said : “ Mrs. Alford, we have brought you a few things that we thought Jessie could eat, and Mrs. Martin says that if you want any thing else you must send her word, and you shall have it immediately.”

Tears rolled down the poor woman's cheeks, as she thanked him, and she said : “ A few minutes before you came, I was almost in despair, and Jessie, seeing my distress, said to me : ‘ Mother, ‘ the Lord will provide ! ’ Do sing me that hymn ; ’ and so, to please her, though I hadn't faith to feel it in my heart, I sang it, and as I went on, it seemed to com-

fort me. I took courage a little, and you see 'He is faithful that promised.'"

After telling Jessie that they would come the next day to see how she was, Herbert and Alice hurried home, as it was now quite late. The next morning Mrs. Martin went with Alice to see them, and found out what they were most in need of, and sent it to them. Mrs. Alford told her that her present distress was owing to her not having been paid for some sewing that she had been doing, but that if she was paid regularly, she made enough to keep them from starving, but very seldom any thing over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—•••—
O L D A G E .

It always makes me sorry when young people shun the company of aged persons. It is a privilege to have a grandfather or grandmother in your home, and you will have a part in the promise appended to the Fifth Commandment, if you are attentive, respectful, and affectionate to your aged relatives.

Last Sunday, while walking to school with a fellow-teacher, the conversation turned on this subject.

"There is something nice about an old person," he said. "I like to listen to their talk—they have so much experience."



"Yes, and if it is *Christian* experience, it is doubly valuable."

"I remember just as well as if it was yesterday," he continued, "the day I left Ireland, though it is more than thirty years ago, and I was but a little boy. I had been round among my friends to bid good-by before we sailed, and when I left them, an aunt of mine, who was ninety-eight years old, walked ten miles with me on my way. At last we stopped upon a rising ground, and taking off my hat, she laid her hands upon my head and blessed me. I shall never forget her venerable figure, and the long black oak staff she always walked with, nor the beautiful landscape before us. There were the green fields and trees, the farms and villages, and Belfast lay beyond. It all seems like a picture in my memory now."

"I daresay that benediction helped to shape your course through life," I said.

"I do believe it did," said he.

I once knew an old lady who was loved and admired wherever she went, though she was a little, homely, hump-backed woman, feeble and suffering. She was *so cheerful and loving, that she carried sunshine* wherever she went in her round of usefulness.

She had once been a thoughtless, selfish girl, very fond of dress, which she put upon her deformed person to make it more attractive. She had a

pious grandmother, who often said to her: "Ah! Mary, how far you are from God!" The warning was not heeded till her grandmother died; but as Mary stood beside her coffin, these words sounded in her ears: "How far you are from God!"

Many solemn thoughts came to her mind, and she said to herself: "Who will take my grandmother's place in the Church of Christ?" By the grace of God, she was enabled to give herself to Him, and walk, from that time, in her grandmother's steps.

"A hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." ANNA.



PARTING WITH A CHILD.

MOURNFULLY, tearfully, cold in the ground,
Early we laid him under a mound;
Calm be his slumbers through the long hours,
Under the waving grass, under the flowers.

Hands sweetly folded, eyes sealed in sleep,
Gentle stars watch him, summer clouds weep.
Sadness and sorrow reign now in our home—
There shall the missing one nevermore come.

Nevermore near us his voice shall be heard,
Softly as roses gently wind-stirred;
Now its low melody warbles above,
While we in silence mourn for his love.

THE
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NO. 10

THE TWO GARDENS.

It was a bright morning in spring, a morning when every one feels like being at work. The birds were as busy as they could be, building their nests, and making them soft and comfortable for the little ones who were so soon to lie there so tender and helpless. The farmers were diligently ploughing or sowing the seeds which the industrious crows and chickens consider their work to scratch out of the ground, while the ants lost no time in preparing the store-houses which *they meant to fill with food for the coming months.*

No wonder then that little Fanny Howard should feel like being at work too. Not at lessons. Oh! no, she was thankful that it was Saturday morning, the children's holiday, for she felt more like being at work out of doors on that particular morning, when every thing in the garden, the fields, and the woods was so busy. She was very glad then when her mother told her that her little garden had been

prepared the day before, and that this morning she might sow the seeds which she had been preserving so carefully all winter. There they all were in a little box, each kind in a little paper bag, neatly labelled, just as she had arranged them when she had gathered them. It did not take her very long to carry them out to her garden, and determine just how she would plant them. The morning-glories must be placed next the fence, of course, for they love to climb. The four-o'clocks in the corner, and the sweet-peas here and there, to diffuse a delicious perfume. "And here is my darling mignonette; I must not forget you," said Fanny, talking to herself, as she spread them out before her; "and the larkspurs and the lady-slippers, for grandmamma likes these." And so she went on with such a variety, that you would not have supposed she could find places for them in that small garden of hers; but she did, and put the sticks which her brother James had prepared for her wherever she had planted them, so that she might know where to look for each little green leaf. For Fanny knew that although the seeds were little, dry brown things, and that after she had placed them in the ground her garden-bed looked just the same as it had looked before, excepting the sticks which were strewn rather plentifully over it, yet only a few days of alternate rain and sunshine would pass, and then she would see some little green leaves peeping out,

which would grow and grow until the little buds could come, which after a while would burst into flowers, very unlike the little brown seed, it is true, but still coming from it.

So Fanny worked on all the morning, just as industriously as the birds or the bees or the ants, and *she had just finished when the dinner-bell rang.*



After dinner her mother proposed a walk, and Fanny was soon ready to accompany her. They rambled for some distance through the woods, picking the wild flowers, which grew in profusion around

their path, and then they turned to come home by the road. As they passed the churchyard, Fanny noticed that the gate was open. "Do let us go in for a few moments, mamma," she said. So they entered, and walked quietly along, pausing now and then to read the inscriptions on the white stones, which told who were sleeping beneath them. As they were thus occupied, they were startled by the deep tolling of the bell in the church-tower near them. They looked up and saw a funeral procession coming slowly in and going towards a little grave which had been newly prepared, and which they had not noticed before.

"Ah! that must be poor Mary Jackson's baby," said Mrs. Howard. "I heard yesterday that it was dead; let us go near and listen to the service."

Fanny followed her mother, and as she listened, she heard the clear voice of the minister repeating the beautiful opening words of the service: "I am the resurrection and the life: whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Fanny and her mother stood at a little distance from the group of mourners, though near enough to hear all the service, until it was over, and then they walked to the other side of the churchyard, to give those who had followed in the procession time to disperse.

"Waiting for the resurrection of the last day," repeated Mrs. Howard, as they walked slowly on.

"Can you tell, Fanny, why the burial of that little baby reminds me of what you were doing this morning?"

"Why, no, mamma; I was planting flower-seeds. I *don't* see what that has to do with a funeral," replied Fanny.

"Why, you buried the seeds in the ground prepared for them; so this dear baby's body was buried, and just as surely as the plants will spring from those seeds, will a bright and glorious body arise from that little grave. Your flowers will be much more beautiful than the seeds which you planted, will they not?"

"Oh! yes, mamma."

"Just so will the little baby's body, which will be raised from this seed, be much more beautiful and glorious; and then the soul which has now gone to be with God will live in this beautiful body. But unlike the flowers, it will never fade or decay again."

"Why, then, mamma, this whole churchyard is like a garden," said Fanny, "and all these stones mark where the seeds are planted."

"Yes," said her mother, delighted that her little girl seemed to understand so well what she had been trying to teach her, "and that was a beautiful name which the English used to give their burial places, 'God's Acre,' for they are gardens with much precious seed sown in them. There is this

difference though in the gardens: you know when to expect your plants to come up from the seeds, but of that day and of that hour when God shall raise the dead knoweth no man, no, not even the angels in heaven."

"I am glad that you have told me about this, mamma," said Fanny, "for it made me shudder when I saw that baby's body lowered into the grave; but I do not think I shall ever feel so again, now that I know that it is buried seed."

Fanny took a great deal of pleasure in her garden all through that summer, but she scarcely looked at it without thinking of that other garden where the seed was still buried in the dust. M. A. II.

GOLD-APPLE WORDS.

THERE are some words, the Bible says, which are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Many suppose this phrase would be better translated "baskets of silver;" but it does not matter much. The point is, that there are some words as precious and beautiful as gold apples in silver baskets. What words can they be? for there are idle words, careless words, cross words, wicked words, words of counsel and of caution, parting words, flattering words. *Ah! none of these, but a "word fitly spoken."*

The gold-apple word, then, is a fit word. It fits

the occasion. It fits the truth. Love and kindness fit it. What a precious word it must be!

You remember, Naaman, the great Syrian general, took captive a little Jewish maid, and he carried her home, and gave her to his wife. The child did not forget her pious education, but she loved and feared God. Naaman was sick of a sad disease. No human skill could help him. "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would cure him," said the little maid to her mistress. Her mistress told it to her husband, and Naaman took a journey to Samaria, and he saw the prophet of God, and he believed in his word, and was healed. Those were gold-apple words of the little maid.

A poor woman lost her husband, and she took on piteously, afraid lest her little family might be pinched with want. "Is not our heavenly Father living, mother?" asked her little son. Indeed He is. She forgot, but he remembered; and her little boy's gold-apple words comforted her.

These words drop not from the wise and grown-up only. Small lips speak them. We should try to have none others in our families. Home should be full of them. There is no other spot so full of opportunities for words of truth, of love, and of kindness. They fit every where, up-stairs and down, in the kitchen and the parlor, in the school-room, and in the roadside walk.

Scarce as gold is, we may each of us have our

"apples of gold in silver baskets." They are beautiful and precious, "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." Do not fail of a good supply, and give them to every body as you have opportunity.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

ALICE went every day to sit awhile with Jessie, who grew weaker and weaker all the time, and was now confined entirely to bed.

One morning, two days before their vacation was over, Alice went in, and found Jessie lying alone, and looking very pale, and much worse than she had ever seen her look. "Why, Jessie," she said, "are you all alone?" "Yes, Miss Alice; mother was obliged to go to the village to-day, but she said she would be back soon, and then I expected you this morning, so I thought I would get on very well."

"But don't you feel worse this morning, Jessie?"

"Yes, Miss Alice, I feel much weaker, but I dare say I'll be better by and by."

After talking a little while longer, Jessie made some allusion to her lameness, and Alice said, with a little hesitation: "Were you always lame, Jessie?" A shadow came over her face. "Oh! no, Miss Alice, I have often wanted to tell you about it, but somehow I could not; now, however, if you will

kindly listen to me, I feel as if it would be a relief to tell you all.

"When I was about ten years old, we lived half a mile from here, just back of those high rocks that you see from that window. We weren't very poor then, for father was alive, and though not rich, still we never knew what it was to want. I had a little brother, who was about three years old. Ah! Miss Ailee, if you had ever seen him! He was so bright and beautiful, and yet so sweet and gentle. But I was a willful child, often disobedient to my parents, and fond of having my own way in every thing. I don't know what I might have come to, if it hadn't been for what I am going to tell you.

"Just a little way from the shore there was a large rock, which, when the tide was low, was quite dry, but when the tide came up the waters would gradually surround it, till after a while it would be entirely covered with the waves. Upon this rock I loved to climb, watching the tide gradually coming up, until, *just in time*, I would jump off, always waiting, however, till the very last moment that I could do it with safety. One evening, my father found me in this position; he saw the danger of it at once, and told me that I must never go there again while the tide was coming up. I said nothing, but got off, and walked slowly home, determined to disobey the first time I could do so without the chance of being found out. Father used often to

go to the village, where he had business. He would stay there all day, and not come home till night, and it was at these times that I felt I could do as I chose, without the risk of being found out.

“One lovely summer evening, I took my little brother by the hand, and went down to the shore; mother called after me not to keep Harry out late, and I promised I would be back soon. When we got down to the shore, the tide was just coming in, but it had not yet reached my rock. A sudden idea seized me. ‘Harry,’ I said, ‘would you like to get upon that rock with sister?’ The child looked delighted. Without another word, I climbed up myself, and then stretched down and lifted him up, too. I set him down beside me, and put my arm around him to keep him from falling off. I had some pebbles in my pocket, and for a long time amused him and myself by throwing them into the sea, and watching the circles widening gradually more and more, till we could see them no longer. Suddenly, I gave a great start; we had been sitting with our faces toward the sea, and I had entirely forgotten the rising tide. I looked back, and saw that the waters had closed in far behind us, and were rising higher and higher every instant. I saw at once, that by giving a great jump, I might possibly save myself. But Harry! I knew very well that I could do nothing with him in my arms. There was but one thing to be done. ‘Harry,’ I said hastily,

'stay here a minute, like a good boy, and I'll be back directly, with father.' He looked a little frightened. 'Oh! no, Jessie,' he said imploringly, 'Harry wants to go with you.' 'But you can't, Harry,' I said, 'you couldn't jump into the water as I can; I'm going to get father to carry you.' Always easily satisfied, and trusting fully to me, he made no more objection, and after telling him to sit very still, and hold on fast, I gave a violent spring, and though the waves caught me and dragged me back, still with a great effort I managed to get on dry land.

"I stopped an instant to get my breath, and while doing so, turned and gave a look at Harry. I shall never forget how it all looked then; it's constantly before me, night and day. The sky dark and cloudy, *except in one place, where the moon had broken through*; heavy rocks to the right and left, and the vast ocean, stretching away out until it was lost in the blackness. And that solitary rock, with the waves closing in around it, and the little baby form, so unconscious of his danger. He was sitting just as I left him, the moon shining full upon him; one little bare leg hanging over the rock, and the other drawn up under him, *in a way he was fond of sitting*. He was looking toward me with an expression of patient waiting on his face, yet without the shadow of a doubt or fear. Ah! Miss Alice, when I see him in heaven, I don't think he will look more beautiful than then.

"Again calling to him not to move, I turned and rushed up the steep rocks before me, instead of



going a little distance round, where there was a path, but which would have taken me out of my way. I had nearly reached the top, when my foot struck against something which I had not seen in the darkness, and I fell heavily to the ground, striking my knee violently against a rock as I fell. I immediately lost consciousness, and O Miss Alice! how shall I tell what followed? When about three

hours after I opened my eyes, I found myself in my own bed, with father and mother bending over me, and both crying. 'Harry,' I exclaimed, as a sharp pain shot through me. They turned away without speaking; but that was enough, I knew it all then, and for several days they almost thought I should never have my reason again. It was not for nearly two weeks that I was able to hear what happened after my fall. Father had not returned until very late that evening, and finding that we had not yet come home, he set off to look for us. On his way down the path to the shore, he caught sight of something lying at a little distance on the rocks, and climbing up, he found me as I had fallen an hour before. He carried me home, and leaving me in mother's care, started again to look for little Harry. When he got down to the shore, almost the first thing that met his eye was the body of our darling, which had been washed ashore by the waves. He was quite dead, and had evidently been so for some time, but on his little face there was a half-smile, as if he hadn't found it hard to die.

"It was many weeks before I was able to be up, and then it was found that my knee was so much injured that I would always be lame; and the doctor said I had also received some internal injury which would shorten my life. Well, I am ready; *the Lord* has forgiven all my sins, because I have trusted in His holy name, and I am willing, yes,

Miss Alice, and glad to go, as soon as His time has come." She paused, and such a deathly paleness came over her countenance, that Alice was quite frightened. Jessie lay quite still for a few moments, and then she said: "Miss Alice, I think I could sleep if you would be kind enough to read to me a little. My hymn-book is there, won't you read 'The Lord will provide.' " Alice took the book and commenced reading that beautiful hymn in a soft, low voice. She came to the last verse:

"When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide."

She paused, and as Jessie lay quite still, with her head turned slightly aside, she quietly got up and bent over her. Ah! the Lord *had* provided! Never more would she need to sing the song of faith. She had now seen that the Lord was gracious.

"Blessed is every one that putteth his trust in Him." z. z.



In wisdom's right hand are length of days, and in her left hand riches and honor. Look to which hand you will, and you will find it full.

The following lines, by one who has often interested and instructed the readers of THE STANDARD-BEARER, were addressed to a little friend who has been an invalid for the greater part of her short life. We feel very grateful for permission to publish them, for among our many readers there are no doubt some sick and suffering ones who will be cheered and comforted by them.—*Ed. STANDARD-BEARER.*

THE BOOK-MARK.

A sponson's gift of love,
I rightly guessed, as o'er its leaves I turned,
 And read the cherished owner's name and age ;
So few in years she hath but newly learned
 Its sacred lessons, as along the page
 Her fingers move.

I laid the volume down,
 But from its fids a broïdered token fell,
 That sent me wandering in a maze of thought ;
Its pictured legend I could plainly spell,
 With mingled pain and consolation fraught :
 "No cross—no crown."

What canst thou have to do
 With these grave mysteries, O little one ?
 Hast thou already tasted pain and loss,
 Whose mortal journey is but just begun ?
 Art thou compelled to bear the rugged cross ?
 'Tis even so !

And thou a crown shalt wear—
 Nay, even now dost wear, for thy young brow

Is circled with pure love and sympathy,
 More rich and deep than other children know;
 And Jesus' love upon its front shall be
 A jewel fair.

May other jewels shine
 Around that central stone, and draw from thence
 Their lustre—Patience, Kindness, Cheerfulness,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, with influence
 Of marvellous power to guide, and heal, and bless;
 Such gifts be thine.

And, O transcending boon!
 Since thou the mystic fellowship hast known
 Of suffering with the Son of Man to bear;
 The Prince of Glory shall the kindred own,
 And in His blissful presence thou shalt wear
 A heavenly crown.

ANNA.



A CERTAIN person, on seeing a Christian woman go cheerfully to prison, said to her: "Ah! you have not yet tasted of the bitterness of death." She cheerfully answered: "No, nor ever shall; for Christ hath promised that those who keep His sayings shall never see death." A believer may feel the *stroke* of death, but he shall never feel the *sting* of death.

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NO. 11.

A SONG IN THE SNOW.



THE wind was blowing, oh! so cold; the snow was falling, oh! so fast; the night was gathering, oh! so dark, in a little town in Germany; yet notwithstanding the cold, the snow, and the

darkness, there was a singer in the streets of the town, and people who had closed their shops and warehouses, and were bent on supper, heard that singing; though I regret to say they did not open their hearts, their purses, and their casements and throw a coin to the minstrel. Those who gave any attention to the song, heard such words as these:

- " Lord of heaven, lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee :
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me :
I shall neither faint nor die
While I walk beneath Thine eye !
- " I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour Master leads—
He will give me daily bread ;
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor ;
He will feed me from His store.
- " Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest ;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest :
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.
- " If I live, He'll be with me ;
If I die, to Him I go :
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know :
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely."

It was a plain, simple song, and though the voice that sang it trembled with the cold, there was something in it which seemed to say the singer means what he sings. He commenced his song again, and this time the sound reached the ear of a good citizen of the town who loved music.

"That is a fine, clear voice," he said, as he sat by his comfortable fireside. "Dear heart! to think of *such a voice being spoiled by such weather. Listen!*"

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

So sang the voice, and the tears came up into the eyes of the sober citizen, and when they had blurred his sight for a moment, fell over the lash and rolled down his cheeks.

"That's a woman's voice," he said. "Poor soul! to think of a woman, with such a voice, being out in *such weather.*"

"I think," his wife remarked, "that is the voice of a child, and not that of a woman."

"A child! Ah! now you mention it, my dear," said he, "I think you're right. Suppose we settle the *matter by calling it in. You have no objection?*"

Was it likely she would object? Ah! no; she never heard a child's voice but she thought of her own little Hans, somewhere in heaven, and took pity on the *stranger-child for the dead child's sake.*

So the sober citizen, first of all, opened the *casement*, but the snow was falling so thick and fast, that he could see nothing, and the wind was so piercingly cold, that to escape it even the snow rushed into the

warm room, and melted in the comfortable heat. Then, closing the casement, he put on his big cloak, in which his wife helped him, then a slouched hat, then took a lantern, and out into the street he went, to look for the singer.

He had not far to look. Three or four doors off he caught a glimpse of a poor ragged child, and called to him to come that way. The child ceased his song, and came toward him, saying softly :

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake. God be gracious to you, as you are gracious to the poor."

"Come in with me, little one," said the citizen. "Let the birds have their nests, and the foxes their holes — this shall be your nest to-night, poor little snow-bird."

The boy bowed his head, and said : "Thank God."

The heat of the room into which the poor child was supported by his preserver was too much for his strength, and he fainted. No mother could have been more solicitous than was the wife of that sober citizen in reviving her little charge, and her efforts succeeded at last. The boy came to himself, opened his eyes, and asked : "Is this heaven ?"

They told him he was not in heaven, but that he was with good friends, who would take care of him. Then they served the supper, and made him sit down with them ; and when supper was over, and he had in some degree overcome his fatigue, they asked him who he was, and what brought him to that town.

He told them he was the child of a poor miner ; that he had been used to gather sticks in the wood, and to help his father as well as he could ; that he had been taught to love and serve God, and that the earnest desire of his heart was to do something in God's service. He wanted to learn, he said ; and that if an angel from heaven came and asked him what he would like to be, he would say, a priest. Oh ! if he could but be a priest—if he could but live in a monastery, shutting out every thing but God, he should be so happy. That with this idea he had wandered away, and had lived on the money people had given him for singing his songs ; but that he had received nothing that day, nor any thing the day before, and thought he must certainly die, unless God turned the snow-flakes into manna, or commanded the stones to be made bread.

The sober citizen and his wife would not let him talk much, because he was so weak, but they promised to do all they could to help him ; then they made him retire to a little bed-room which had been made ready for him. When they went in an hour afterward, to see if he was asleep, they found him kneeling before a crucifix at prayer.

Both were pleased. They thought him a religious child, and that certainly he had been sent to them by heaven. Who can he be, they said to each other ; perhaps, after all, some holy visitant, such as those who came to the Patriarchs in olden times

They remembered the text of Scripture which says: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

They went back into his room, and he was asleep; a pleasant smile lighted up his expressive features. He had happy thoughts in his dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE IDLE BEES.

THERE WAS NO excuse for them, such a pleasant home they had—down by the spring-house, where the wind could not reach them in winter, and where in summer it was always cool and shady. They lived under a snug pent-house, in a neat row of patent hives, all painted white, and made so that no enemy could get inside. By opening a door at the back, you could see the glass boxes of pure, beautiful honey, placed one above another; and you could remove them when full, without disturbing the bees, or touching their store of winter food below.

There was a pond full of gold-fish close by, and all round were large willow and maple-trees, with rose-bushes, lilacs, and other shrubbery. Not far off was a garden with more kinds of flowers than I can tell you, and besides this, there were terraced beds of hyacinths and tulips that would cover an acre.

Better than all, there were luxuriant fields of red

and white clover, pasture-grounds, sprinkled with buttercups and dandelions in their season, and fine



patches of buckwheat, which is one of the best things in the world to make honey of. But instead of

"Gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower,"

they spent their time, from morning till night, half a mile from home, at neighbor Smith's cider-press. How they swarmed and buzzed round the heaps of sour punice and half-rotten apples! It was a matter of taste, truly, to prefer such food to beautiful, fragrant honeysuckles and roses. They not only staid all day, but night often found them so cloyed and stupefied by the fermented juice, that they could not fly home, but spent the night there in the dew and cold, and many a bee was dead before the sun rose. I never knew until lately that "the little busy bee" could so far forget her character. Was it not strange?

Of course when we came to look for nice heavy boxes of honey, not a box was full—in fact, some were quite empty, and some, though full of comb, had not a drop of honey in them. Most probably the inside of the hive, which ought to be filled with honey for their own subsistence when they can^{not} leave home, is in the same condition. I shall not be surprised if they are all dead by next spring.

Well, we all condemn the idle *bees*; but what do you think of *children*, with reasoning powers and immortal souls, acting in the very same way? Last Sunday, not half our school was present, though it was a bright and lovely day; and at church it was still worse; for many who had satisfied their consciences by coming to Sunday-school were off across the fields before their teachers missed them, as soon

as school was out. And this has happened more than one or two Sundays this summer. Where did the children go?

As you went to church, you might see in the distance a tall flag-staff with the stripes and stars floating from its top, and round the base clusters of white tents. Every road and path which led to this centre of attraction would be full of men, women and children, going to swell the already troublesome crowd that filled the camp. It looked very much like the swarm of bees round the cider-press. I do not blame the soldiers for it. They like society, it is true, but they can have enough of that on week-days, and it is hard that they should not have one day of rest and quiet preparation for the danger they must face so soon. There is no time to sit and read a good book, and no place to be alone if the soldier wishes it, and when the men are drawn up round the chaplain for service, the prayers and sermon can not be heard for the confusion and hum of voices in the crowd all round.

The children (still more the men and women) do harm by flocking to our camps on Sundays. But this is not the worst of it. They get much evil, they hear idle, sinful talk, they learn profane language, their minds become distracted and unable to fix themselves on Sunday-school instruction, and they get into the sad and dangerous habit of neglecting the house of God. Sabbath-breaking is a dreadful sin, and it brings sorrow after it sooner or later.

In Sunday-school, at church, and in Christian homes there is sweet and precious food for their souls, yet they prefer bad company and idle talk, which, compared with it, is as the refuse of the cider-press to the rose and the clover-blossom.

And when the winter of old age and sickness comes, they will be like the bees who laid up no honey in their hives. Children, beware how you neglect the sweet flowers of the church and Sunday-school for the cider-press of the camp and the street.

ANNA.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

POOR little Annie More! That is what every one said when her mother died, and she was left an orphan, without a friend in the world. They had lived together in a little cottage at some distance from the village, and her mother had been able to earn enough by sewing to support them both. But first Annie was taken sick, and her mother's time was so taken up with nursing her, that she could not sew as much as she had done; so she was obliged to run in debt. Annie had hardly recovered, when Mrs. More became ill, and unable to sew at all; then they had to run deeper in debt; and when her mother died, Annie was left not only without any money, but even the furniture which was in their cottage had to be sold to pay their debts. People might

well say: "Poor little Annie!" But she had a Friend who was better able to take care of her than father



WILLIAMS

or mother, and to His care her dying mother commended her. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Annie had

learned these words long ago, and now she was to find out their truth.

A neighbor who had been very kind to her mother during her illness, took Annie home with her, and though she had four children of her own, and her husband had to work hard for their support, she said that Annie should share with them until a better home was provided for her. Mrs. Simpson was very kind to Annie in her way; but her way was very different from Mrs. More's. She never caressed her children as Annie had been accustomed to being caressed. She thought that if she took care that they had enough food and clothes, and taught them to do right, her duty was done; she had no time for any thing else. Her children had never been used to them, so they did not miss the loving words and kiss which Annie pined for, and which she had received from her mother so many times during the day. No wonder that she grew paler and more listless every day, and failed to eat the food which Mrs. Simpson kindly provided for her.

Mrs. Simpson thought that if she had more to do, she would be better; so she gave her a share in the light household tasks performed by her own children, and Annie tried to do them well.

One day she undertook to go for water to the spring, which was at some distance from the house, but the heavy pitcher, filled with water, was too much for her strength, and before she had gone

many steps from the spring, it slipped from her hands and broke into pieces. Poor child! what could she do now? The first thing she did was what most little girls would have done in her place. She sat down and cried. It is certainly not the best thing to do generally; but Annie was very sad and lonely, and there was more excuse for her in crying than there would have been in most cases. She was afraid to go home, for she did not know what Mrs. Simpson would say to her. What if she should speak as sharply to her as she had spoken to her own little girl the day before, for only breaking a tea-cup—how could she bear it? Then she remembered the Friend who her mother had told her was always ready to help her; and she did what I fear few little girls would have thought of doing—she prayed to Him to keep Mrs. Simpson from being very angry with her. She had scarcely finished her whispered prayer, and her face was still hidden in her apron, when she felt a hand laid gently on her head, and a pleasant voice said: "Poor little girl, what is the matter?"

The touch and voice was so much like her mother's, that she felt encouraged to look up. There was a lady standing by her, with a little girl holding her hand, and they both looked so kind, and so sorry for her, that she could not help telling them how she had broken the pitcher, and how she feared to go and tell Mrs. Simpson about it.

The little girl by the lady's side pressed the hand she held still more closely, when she heard that Annie's mother was dead, for it was her own dear mamma who was with her, and she thought how dreadful it would be to have to live without her.

"But you say that Mrs. Simpson is very kind to you," said the lady, when she had heard Annie's story. "I think you had better go and tell her at once. Come, shall I go with you?" she added, seeing Annie still hesitate.

Annie took the hand held out to her, and led the way to Mrs. Simpson's cottage, feeling that she could not be afraid of any thing by the side of such a kind lady.

Mrs. Simpson looked very much astonished to see Annie come home thus accompanied, and without her pitcher of water.

"I have brought home a little girl whom I found crying by the side of the road, because she had broken her pitcher," said the lady pleasantly. "I am sure you will excuse her, when you know it to be an accident."

"To be sure I will," said Mrs. Simpson; "for I could not find it in my heart to scold the poor child, and her mother just dead too. But I am much obliged to you, ma'am, for your kindness."

Annie could hardly help crying again for joy when she heard Mrs. Simpson speak so kindly. Now she was sure that God had heard her prayer. She

was glad when the lady asked her to take her little girl out to the garden, and show her the flowers there, for she did not want to be seen crying again. When the children had gone, the lady made many inquiries of Mrs. Simpson about Annie and her mother. She was so much pleased with what Mrs. Simpson said of Annie's gentleness, that she said she *thought she knew a lady who would like her to live with her and amuse her baby and learn to sew.* Of course Mrs. Simpson knew it would be the best thing for Annie, and *gladly consented to let her go.* The next day the lady came to say that her friend would certainly take Annie, if she would like to go. Annie was pleased with any thing that the kind lady might propose; and so in a few days she went from Mrs. Simpson's to the new home thus provided for her.

She was very happy there, for she tried to do her duty, praying every day to God for His help, and she loved to think that though she had neither father nor mother, God was her Heavenly Father and Friend.

M. A. H.

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I DARE not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

THE INFANT-TEACHER.

THE door of the nursery was swung,
I heard the voice of infant tongue,
And thinking friends had called unseen,
I hastened with a welcome mien ;

But softly looking in with care,
I saw a kneeling child at prayer :
But two years and a half her age,
And yet the Saviour's words engage.

Her bended doll, embraced beside,
Was being taught of Him who died :
"Our Father," 'twas the baby said,
And thus her doll's devotion led.

And pausing oft, as mothers do,
That babes may learn the Lord's Prayer through,
She reverently said, "Amen,"
Then sought her childish play again.

I've fastened many a loving gaze
On one so winning in her ways ;
But more of loveliness was there,
When Janie knelt with doll in prayer.

O ye, who sow in suppliant tears !
Half doubting that Jehovah hears,
God will reward you for the cost ;
No purpose right, with prayer, is lost.

All ye who thoughtlessly demean,
When nothing but a babe is seen,
Take warning of the awful power
Of your example every hour !

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A SONG IN THE SNOW.

PART SECOND.



As time passed on, the boy lived with the good people, and attended school in the town until he was old enough to enter a monastery. Then the dearest wish of his heart was gratified, and he became a monk. The library was given into his charge, and he delighted to spend all his leisure time there.

This was several hundred years ago, and no one knew how to print books; they were all written with a pen, so that they were exceedingly valuable—and most all the books in the world were in monasteries.

One day, as this monk was looking over the books in the library, he came to a book that was quite strange to him. It was written in Latin, but he could read that language as well as his own native German.

He found much in it that he was in the habit of hearing read to the people on Sunday ; but much also that he had never seen before. He became so much interested in the book, that he spent all the time he could spare in reading it. It taught him of his sinfulness ; but he knew so little of that Saviour of whom he had sung when a boy, that he did not go to Him to take away his sins, but he tried to merit forgiveness, by inflicting suffering upon himself, and by good works. This was the way he had been taught by the priests of his Church, and as yet he had not learnt the true way from his dearly loved book, which no doubt my readers have imagined by this time was the Bible. After a while he was appointed a professor in one of the German universities, and he lectured every day upon the Bible ; but though he had not yet learned from it that Jesus Christ alone can forgive sins, he lectured upon it so differently from any of the other priests or monks, that crowds of people came to hear him, saying that he taught a new religion.

Still his sins weighed upon his conscience, and he determined to go to Rome, to see if he could not there do something to merit their pardon.

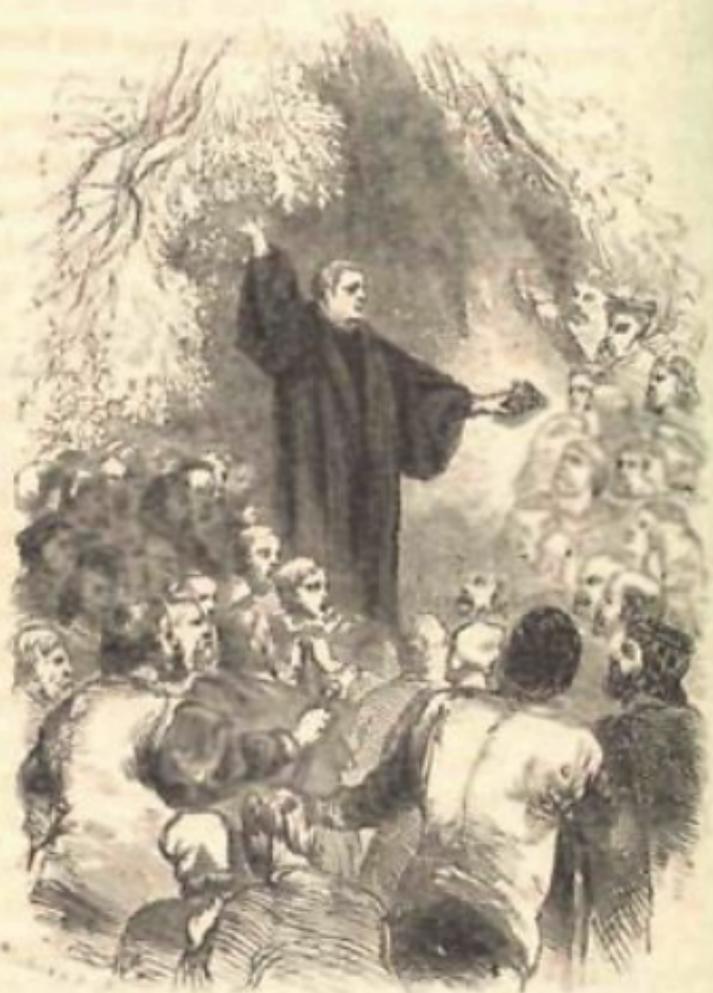
There is a stair-case at Rome which is called Pilate's Stair-case, and which the monks say was the stairs which Jesus ascended when He went into Pilate's judgment-hall, and which they say had been brought from Jerusalem.

The Pope, who was the head of the Church to which this monk belonged, had promised, that *whoever should ascend these stairs upon his knees, should receive a full pardon for a certain number of sins.* The poor sin-burdened monk determined to do it, that his sins might be forgiven. The stairs were of stone and very steep, but he did not stop for that; he went up step after step until he had gone half way up the stair-case—then he seemed to hear some one say: "The just shall live by faith." Those words he remembered were in the book which he studied so constantly, but he had never thought of their meaning before. Now, the Spirit of God, which had brought the words to his mind with such force, that it seemed as if he had heard a voice speaking them, taught him what they meant: that it was only by trusting in Christ that he could hope to have his sins forgiven.

He started up in horror that he had thought of any other way, and descended on his feet the stairs which he had gone up on his knees, and determined henceforth to preach that Christ alone could forgive sins.

And he kept his word; and when he returned

home, the name of this monk, Martin Luther, was sounded throughout Germany, as the man who



dared to teach differently from the Church to which almost every one belonged. He could not often get

a church to preach in, but he would take his stand under the shade of a linden tree, and preach to the people of the Saviour whose sufferings and death could alone take away sins.

About this time the way to print books was found out, and Luther wrote a great many, which were printed, and so those who could not hear him preach could read his explanations of the Word of God.

The Pope and monks were very angry, and tried to take Luther and put him in prison, and burn him to death; but God took care of him, and gave him friends who were so powerful that the Pope did not dare to burn him. One of the princes of Germany hid Luther in one of his castles, and few people knew where he was. There he remained nearly a year, and commenced to translate the Bible from Latin into German. When he left the castle he finished it, and it was printed, so that the people could read for themselves of Jesus, and thousands learned to love and trust Him as Luther did. Many of them were persecuted, but that did not make them give up their new belief.

The monks believed that they could do more for the pardon of their sins if they lived together and did not marry. But when Luther learned that he could do nothing himself for the pardon of his sins, but trust in Christ, he would not live any longer as the monks did, and soon after he came out of the castle he was married.

So the last years of his life were spent very happily in a little home of his own, with his wife and children. He was poor but he was contented, for he remembered that the Lord Jesus, "though He was rich, for our sakes became poor."

Luther has been dead many years, but as long as the world stands, his name will be remembered as the great Reformer, who, when the people were ignorant of the Bible and Jesus, was chosen of God to teach them of His free salvation.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BENNY was a little lame boy. All day long he used to lie in his bed, playing with a few toys, or looking at a picture-book, while his mother had gone to her work; for his mother was poor, and had to leave him nearly every day, in order to earn money to provide him with food and fire. So Benny was often very lonely in that little attic-room, which was his home; and when he would get tired of the little wooden horse, which never could stand up because one of its legs was broken; or of the soldier which was broken so he could not drum; or of the many colored pictures in his book, he would say to himself over and over again: "How I wish my mother would come!"

Some days his mother staid at home with him all day, and oh! what happy days they were. She often sang for him, as she worked, some of the hymns she had learned when she was a child, and which he loved to hear. Sometimes she told him about the little boys in the family where she went every week to work, how they played horse in the yard, or built houses with blocks, and how sometimes, when their mother called them to come in, *they waited a long time before they obeyed her*, and Benny wondered if little boys who could walk always did so. Still he thought they could not be very bad boys, for they had sent him his wooden horse, and his soldier, and his picture-book. Then when his mother was at home, he always had a hot dinner; when she was out, he used to eat the bread and butter and cold meat, and drink the milk which she placed on the table by his bed-side, when he heard the large bell in the factory near them ring for twelve o'clock. *But the happiest time of all was on Sunday, when his mother did not work at all, but only left him for about two hours, when she went to church, and the rest of the time she held him in her arms, and rocked him in the chair which a kind lady for whom she worked had given her, while she told him of Jesus. He loved best to hear how He had made the lame man walk, just by speaking to him, and he used to wish that Jesus would come and make him well.*

His mother was poor, and ignorant about most things, but she could read the Bible, and she loved the Saviour of whom it teaches. So Benny loved the Sabbath-day, and used to go to sleep at night sorry that it was over, and thinking heaven must be a very happy place, if, as his mother told him, it was always Sunday there.

After a while Benny had a dear little companion in his solitude, which made him very happy. It was a pretty little white kitten, which his mother brought home with her one night in a basket, from one of the houses where she had been working. It was a playful, affectionate little creature, and amused Benny greatly. She would roll a spool about the floor, or chase a piece of paper, or play with a string by the hour, and Benny was never tired of watching her. When she did not want to play any more, she would climb on the bed, and curl herself up as close to him as she could, sometimes even against his cheek, and go to sleep. When dinner-time came, she was always ready to wake up, and she used to sit by Benny, and he would share his meat and bread with her, eating a piece himself, and then giving her a mouthful, and so taking turns until it was all gone. Then he had a little saucer in which he poured part of his milk for Kitty, and while she lapped hers, he drank his, and so Benny always had company when he dined. He talked to her sometimes, and she would say "mew," exactly as if she understood all

that he said ; she certainly did understand that he loved her very much. The few weeks that followed Kitty's arrival, Benny's mother was absent from him every day, so he would have been very lonely without his little pet.

The week before Christmas his mother was working all the time at the house where the two little boys lived, and when she came home at night she had a great deal to tell him about the preparations that were being made there for Christmas ; how there had a large evergreen tree been sent home, and locked up in the basement, which was seldom used, so that the boys should not see it. And their mamma and eldest sister used to bring home beautiful things and put them in there too, all ready to hang upon the tree on Christmas Eve.

Christmas came on Friday that year, and on Wednesday afternoon Benny was quite surprised to hear his mother's step on the stairs long before the sun had done shining on the houses opposite.

"Why, mother," said he, as she came into the room, "are you sick?"

"Oh! no," said she cheerfully, "but I had finished washing all the windows, and so Mrs. Blake said I had better not begin any thing else to-day, but come home and spend the rest of the day with you."

And then she put away her bonnet and shawl, and took him on her lap, and told him how Mrs. Blake had taken her into the basement and showed her all

the beautiful things that she had bought for her children's Christmas presents. Kind Mrs. Blake! she knew that it would amuse Benny to hear about them, and that his mother would describe them all to him, and so she had taken the trouble to show them all.

"There was a large doll," said Benny's mother, as she went on to tell him of the various things, "which looked just like a live baby; when it was laid down its eyes closed, and when it was lifted up they opened, and when it was patted it made a noise something like a real baby crying—that was for Carrie, Frank and Harry's little sister; and there was a drum, and a trumpet, and a soldier-cap, and a horse for the boys." And so Benny's mother went on. But I can not tell you all the things she described to him; if you will imagine all that kind parents, who have plenty of money, generally buy for their little children, you will know pretty well what they were.

The next day, after his mother had gone to her work, and Benny was left alone, he thought over all that his mother had told him, and he wished that he too could have a Christmas present, just one; he never dreamed of more than one. He wondered why those little boys should have so many, and he none at all. He began to think it was very hard that his mother was so poor, while theirs was rich. Poor little Benny, he had been generally happy and

contented before, perfectly satisfied if he could have his mother at home with him, and now he was getting discontented. Little Kitty played as merrily as ever, and then jumped on his bed, and told him as plainly as she could purr, that she loved him, but it did not make him any happier.

The tears had just begun to fall when he heard footsteps on the stairs; he listened—could it be his mother? No, the steps were lighter and quicker. The only other person who occupied that floor was a dress-maker, who was only at home on Sundays; could it be she? But the steps stopped at his door, and there was a gentle knock. "Come in," said Benny, and the door opened and a lady entered. She smiled very pleasantly as she came towards the bed, and said: "Are you the little boy they told me about down-stairs, who is lame?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she took a seat in his mother's rocking-chair, close beside Benny, and began to ask him about his Kitty and his mother so pleasantly, that Benny soon forgot she was a stranger, and told her all about his mother, how she went out to work, and he had only Kitty for a companion, and how *glad he was when his mother came home, and a great deal besides.*

And then the lady told him that she had come to that house to see if there were any little children who would like to go to Sunday-school, and that she wished he could go. And she asked him if he knew

what the next day would be, and he said: "Oh! yes, it would be Christmas-day." And did he know why Christmas-day was kept? the lady asked.

"Oh! yes; his mother had told him that it was because Jesus Christ was born on that day, and she had read to him out of the Bible, only last Sunday, about how he was a little baby laid in a manger, and she sang a beautiful hymn to him sometimes, about shepherds watching their flocks by night."

"And do you know," said the lady, "that this Saviour who came down from heaven, a little baby, is your Saviour? He was the first Christmas gift, for every one, and He loves you and pities you, and will make you very happy, if you will love Him. Now I dare say you may sometimes think it is very hard that you have to lie here alone and have none of the beautiful things your mother tells you of, no Christmas present at all, perhaps; but I want you to remember, that no one is too poor to have a Christmas gift, for Jesus has given Himself a Saviour for every one, and He is your Christmas gift." Then the lady gave Benny a card with a painted picture on of Jesus as a little baby lying in a manger, and promising to come again very soon, she bade him good-by.

Benny felt very happy after she had gone; he lay still and looked at his picture, and thought of all that she had told him, and though he could not quite understand all that she had said, he felt sure

that Jesus loved him, and was looking at him then, and he was comforted.

His mother came home early again that afternoon, and what a basketful of things she brought, which Mrs. Blake had given her! She placed the basket on the table by Benny's bedside, and first she drew out a pie, then a chicken, all ready to roast to-morrow, with potatoes and other vegetables, and papers of tea and sugar; last of all she took from under her cloak a parcel, which she gave to Benny to open; it contained a new book, full of pictures, and some building-blocks.

Benny was a happy boy on that Christmas Eve; first he had the kind lady's visit to think over, and his mother was as pleased as he when he told her about it. Then Mrs. Blake's basket of good things, and his new book and blocks, gave him great delight; but he rejoiced most of all when he remembered what the lady had told him of the Saviour, as the best Christmas gift, which all may have, the poor as well as the rich.

M. A. H.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

ON the next page is a pretty picture of a Christmas tree. It is in the house of Martin Luther, a very wonderful man, who lived in Germany several hundred years ago. His family are all with him, and they seem to be enjoying themselves very much. They are all looking up into the tree very earnestly, to

see the various toys hanging on the twigs. One little boy is trying to jump up and catch some of



them. You see how happy Mr. Luther is. He ap-

pears to be playing on a guitar. We read that he was very fond of music, and that when a little boy he used to earn money by singing in the streets before gentlemen's houses. There is a pretty story about his singing one cold night, but I have not time to tell it now. No doubt he and Mrs. Luther are just as happy as they can be. Parents are always happy when their children are. I think they enjoy Christmas trees just as much as children do.

I can not tell when people first commenced having Christmas trees; but I know it was a great many hundred years ago, very soon after the blessed Saviour came into this world as a little babe. I hope the custom will always continue, for I think it is a good one. I am always sorry for those children who never have a Christmas tree, and almost sorry when children grow too large to have them. I have seen so many little people made happy for days and weeks by them, that I should very much regret to have the practice discontinued.

Last year I saw a beautiful tree with a great many nice presents on it. In the city of New-York there is a fine large house where there are about one hundred boys and girls—it is called the Orphans' Home. The children who live there have lost their parents, and have no homes of their own. But some good people have built this house, and furnished it, so as to make the little ones very comfortable and happy. The ladies who have charge of the Home thought it would please the children to have a Christmas

tree arranged for them, and so they set to work and got a large nice tree, and on all the branches and twigs they hung sugar-candies, toys, and dolls. The tree was covered over with small wax candles, and when all things were ready these candles were lighted, and the great folding-doors were opened, and the children came in. They were entranced by the sight, and it was hard work for them to keep from shouting. As soon as they got their places on the raised seats they sang a beautiful chant, and then the ladies commenced giving the presents from the tree. On each toy, or doll, the name of the child was put, so that when it was taken off the little boy or girl for whom it was intended received it without any noise. They all seemed delighted with their presents. One little tot was so tickled with her doll that she took it around and exhibited it to the other children. I presume it was the first wice doll she ever had, and she thought it was the prettiest thing she ever saw. I did not see one unhappy boy or girl that evening, and I thought the ladies and gentlemen present were just about as much pleased as the children.

I might tell about other Christmas trees I saw last year, but I have not time. I hope a great many children will be made happy this year by their Christmas trees, and their Christmas presents; and that they will remember that this great festival is kept to remind us of the coming of the child Jesus into the world.

UNCLE PETER.

