

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER:

AN

Illustrated Magazine for the Young.

VOL. XII. 1863.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF  
EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE,  
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW-YORK,  
AND 1234 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

# INDEX TO VOL. XII. 1863.

---

	PAGE
A Happy New-Year, . . . . .	7
A Monument, . . . . .	81
Alice and her Pupil, . . . . .	54
A Curious Praying-Place, . . . . .	127
Advent, . . . . .	177
Children's Service for Ascension-Day, . . . . .	76
Everlasting Crowns, . . . . .	156
Faith, . . . . .	17
"Follow Me," . . . . .	94
Good Words, . . . . .	160
Harry Gray's Lesson, . . . . .	10
How Can a Child be Saved, . . . . .	22
How to Read the Sky, . . . . .	113
Happy Charlie, . . . . .	114
"I'm Too Little," . . . . .	79
"I Couldn't Say Amen," . . . . .	120
Jesus' Promise to His Friends, . . . . .	105
Jesus Speaking, . . . . .	122
Johnny and his Ayah, . . . . .	164
Little Bob, . . . . .	51
Love One Another, . . . . .	166
Molly Jones, . . . . .	106
Marta and her Little Brother, . . . . .	130
New Joy in Heaven, . . . . .	103
One Way to do Good, . . . . .	47
Play, . . . . .	65
Reading the Bible, . . . . .	63
Ruth, . . . . .	68
Speak the Truth, . . . . .	39
Simplicity of Faith, . . . . .	109

The Banner of Love, . . . . .	6
The Garden on the Sands, . . . . .	4
The Children and their Donkey, . . . . .	26
The Mouse-Trap, . . . . .	28
The Good Shepherd, . . . . .	32
The Birthday Present, . . . . .	33
The Snow-Man, . . . . .	35
Treasures of the Snow, . . . . .	37
The Risen Friend, . . . . .	40
The First Theft, . . . . .	109
The Text of Short Words, . . . . .	129
The Poor News-Boy and Poorer Blind Woman, . . . . .	129
The Jew Boy and his Gentile Brother, . . . . .	131
The Two Miners, . . . . .	141
The Name of Jesus, . . . . .	144
Trust, . . . . .	145
The Lost Children, . . . . .	147
The Shepherd Boy and his Dog, . . . . .	161
The Water-Cress Sellers, . . . . .	179
The Hen and Chickens, . . . . .	175
Trust in God, . . . . .	179
The Two Christmas Days, . . . . .	183
Woods and Seeds, . . . . .	55
Whit-Sunday, . . . . .	74
What Can I Do? . . . . .	97

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1863.

NO. 1.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.



FEW months ago I spent the night at the house of a friend, where there was a dear little girl, who was disposed to be very sociable, and when she went to bed we parted excellent friends. On my way down-stairs, the next morning, I met her coming from her mamma's room. "Good-morning, dear little Annie," said I; but to my surprise the little girl hung back, and did not seem inclined to return my greeting at all. I was very ready to excuse her, however, when I found out the cause. The prayer-bell had rung, and her mamma had gone down-stairs before little Annie had come from the nursery to say her morning prayer, so when I met her she was feeling disappointed about that, and she thought she ought not to speak to any one until she had first prayed to God.

This little girl wanted to begin the day right, and now that we are beginning a new year, I wish every one of our readers would follow her example. How many resolved last New-Year's day, that during this year which has just passed, they would be better than they had ever been before, and yet how few have been able to keep their resolutions, and all because they did not begin right.

"It is of no use to try to be good," says one little girl; "the more I try the worse I am."

Ah! my dear child, many an older person can say the same thing. This was what the great and holy Apostle Paul meant when he said, "When I would do good evil is present with me;" yet afterward he could say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

This good fight that he had fought was against that very evil or sin which he said was present with him. And how had he been able to fight? By the help of God. And how had he obtained this help? He tells us by "praying always."

Now, each year is made up of days, and if you begin each day, as little Annie did, with God, not doing any thing or speaking to any one, if you can help it, before you have asked Him to give you His Holy Spirit to help you to please Him, you will find, at the end of this year, that although you may have

yielded to temptation many times, yet you have *often been enabled to fight a good fight against sin.*

Many times you will be in haste to get to your lessons in the morning, or to join your brothers and sisters in play, and it will be something of a trial for you to remain in your room for a few minutes. Then, too, some one else may occupy the same room with you, and it will not always be easy to have the room to yourself; but if you are in earnest, you will find some place in the house where you can be quiet, or you can even kneel down in the corner of the room when some one else is there, though it is better to be alone if possible.

These difficulties and many more will arise, and I doubt if you will take the trouble to overcome them, unless you love Jesus so much that you will want to be kept from sin because it displeases Him.

The Apostle Paul loved Him so much that he was willing to lay down his life for Him, and so he did not get tired of the fight.

*I am sure, if you think of all that Jesus has done for you, you can not help loving Him, and if you love Him you will want to keep His commandments, and you can not keep His commandments without His Holy Spirit to help you, which you can only obtain by praying for it each day.*

Begin this year, then, with God, and it can not fail to be a Happy New Year.

AUNT SOPHY SPY.



## THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS.

Once on a time, some little hands  
Planted a garden on the sands ;  
And with a wish to keep it dry,  
They raised a wall five inches high.  
Within the wall, and round the walks,  
They made a fence of slender stalks ;  
And then they formed an arbor cool,  
And dug in front a tiny pool.  
Their beds were oval, round, and square,  
Thrown up and trimmed with decent care  
In these they planted laurel-twigs,  
And prickly holly, little sprigs

Of ash and poplar, and, for show,  
Bright daffodils, and heart's-ease low ;  
*With pink-edged daisies by the score,*  
And buttercups, and many more.  
One rose they found with great delight,  
And stuck it in with all their might.  
This finished, then they went away,  
*Resolved to come another day.*

The sea meanwhile, with solemn roar,  
Approached and washed the sandy shore ;  
But all this time it did not touch  
*The little spot they loved so much ;*  
And many strangers passing by,  
The garden spied with smiling eye,  
But no one ventured to disturb  
A single plant, or flower, or herb.  
Still, when the children came again,  
They found their labor all in vain :  
The flowers were drooping side by side ;  
The rose and heart's-ease—all had died ;  
No one could make them grow or shoot,  
Because they had not got a root ;  
And then the soil, it was so bad,  
*They must have withered if they had.*

Now so it is that children fall,  
Just like the garden in my tale ;  
They have good wishes, pleasant looks,  
*Are busy with their work and books.*  
Their conduct often gives delight,  
And you may fancy all was right :

But by and by, with sad surprise,  
 We see how all this goodness dies :  
 Instead of being rich with fruit,  
 They fade away for want of root.

Oh ! pray that He who only can  
 Renew the heart of fallen man,  
 May plant you in His pleasant ground,  
 Where trees of righteousness abound ;  
 So shall you be in early youth,  
 " Rooted and grounded in the truth."

—•••—

#### THE BANNER OF LOVE.

" SPEAK gently : it is better far  
 To rule by love than fear ;  
 Speak gently : let no harsh word mar  
 The good we may do here."

" O DEAR ! what a dust Bridget has raised ! and the room is not half-swept now. I shall never be able to teach her to do any thing neatly," thought Mrs. Goodman, as she came into the parlor one morning, after getting the children ready for school. She felt vexed for a moment, but she did not speak till Bridget turned toward her, and asked :

" Please, ma'am, what shall I do next ?" in such a cheerful tone, and with a face so full of good intentions, that all Mrs. Goodman's impatient feelings vanished at once.

" You may sweep down the stairs and the hall, now, Bridget, and be very careful to do your sweep-

ing nicely. This room is not swept as well as it will be next time, I think," said Mrs. Goodman, gently.

"Indeed, ma'am, I swept it as hard as I could."

"*But you do not need to sweep so hard. Brush lightly, and sweep out all the corners; and be sure that you do not pass by a part of the carpet, as you have here,*" said Mrs. Goodman. "Don't be discouraged. You will soon learn to do your work well, if you really try," she added, in an encouraging tone, as she caught Bridget's anxious look.

The girl went to her work. She was good-tempered and industrious, but careless, and so ignorant of every kind of household labor, that, during even the short time she had been in the family, she had taxed Mrs. Goodman's patience severely.

But Mrs. Goodman was a wise and kind-hearted mistress, and she knew that to scold the young servant, or to find fault with her harshly, was not the way to do her any real good, or to get her to improve herself. Kind words and patient teachings; here a little and there a little; this was Mrs. Goodman's plan with all who were placed under her care.

*Bridget had the habit of thinking aloud, or "talking to herself,"* as the children said; and they were sometimes much amused at her comments on what she saw and heard.

"Only to think!" said she, when she was brushing down the stairs, "I have been here a whole week, and not a cross word has mistress said to me.

Mrs. Jones was scolding all the time. Mr. Goodman, too, and all the children are so pleasant. I wonder if it is the reading of the Bible, and the prayers they say night and morning, that make them so? Master said this morning: 'Let Thy banner over us be love.' I don't know what 'banner' means, but it must be something good."

"O Bridget! what a dust!" exclaimed little Willie Goodman, as he ran into the hall to get his hat. "Will you please to stop sweeping a moment? You will get my clothes dusty. And will you get my hat? It hangs up so high that I can't reach it," he asked. "O dear! my shoe is untied again. Will you please to tie it so as it will stay?"

"Yes, indeed, Master Willie, I will do any thing for you. You are so pleasant," replied Bridget.

"So pleasant? I have not any thing to make me cross, have I?" asked Willie, laughing.

"You had the dust."

"Oh! that is nothing. You must raise a dust when you sweep, I suppose."

Bridget reached Willie's hat, and then took her apron and dusted one of the hall-chairs for him to sit on.

"Please, Willie, what does 'banner' mean?" asked Bridget, while she was tying his shoe.

"A banner is a kind of flag, I believe," replied Willie. "Yes, I know it is; for we have a beautiful one in our Sunday-school; and I tell you, we felt grand enough when we marched under it last July.

One side of our banner is white, and the other is blue. On the white side is painted, in beautiful black letters edged with gold, the name of our Sunday-school, and the words, 'Feed my lambs;' and on the blue side, in silver letters, are the words: 'Little children love one another.' It is beautiful! Thank you, Bridget. I must hurry to school, or I shall be late. Good-by."

All day Bridget kept thinking of Willie's explanation, and trying to find out what Mr. Goodman meant in his prayer. That there was some connection between the 'banner of love' and the pleasant words and kind deeds of this Christian family she was sure; but she did not understand it, and did not like to ask her mistress.

The question asked by Bridget in the morning set Willie to thinking why it was asked, and when he came home from school in the afternoon, he ran into his mother's room, saying: "Mamma, what did papa mean by the 'banner of love' in his prayer, this morning? We have no such banner."

"Tell me the words he said, Willie, and then, perhaps, I can explain their meaning to you," said his mother.

"He said in his prayer, 'Let Thy banner over us be love,'" replied Willie.

"God's love has been over us all day like a banner, has it not, Willie? We have had a great multitude of blessings that we did not deserve, just because of His love for us. You remember, last sum.

mer, when we had the Sunday-school celebration, the children of each school marched under their own banner, and if they were not sure they were with the right company in such a multitude, they looked up to the banner. The motto on your banner was: 'Little children, love one another.' What would you have thought if the two boys who carried that banner had begun to quarrel, or if any of the children in that school had been cross to each other?"

"I think I should have wanted to point to the banner, and read the motto to them," said Willie.

"If we feel that God's banner over us is love, do you not think we ought to be very gentle and kind to each other and to all around us?" asked Mrs. Goodman. "I think we shall, if we love the motto, and wish to march through life under such a banner."

Bridget was in the room lighting a fire while her mistress and Willie were talking, and she thought to herself: "It's the banner of love they are marching under, that makes them never speak cross to me."

Would Bridget be able to say this, dear reader, if she came to live in *your* house

---

#### HARRY GRAY'S LESSON.

"THERE," said Harry Gray, as he threw down his catechism on Saturday evening, "I know every word of that long answer to 'What is thy duty to

thy neighbor?" I have said every word of it, without missing once, and I guess that is more than a good many of the boys can do. Why, there's Will Hartley, he can't even say the commandments without stumbling."

Sunday morning came, and Harry went to Sunday-school, and said his lesson perfectly, and then in the afternoon, when they all went into the church to say the catechism to the clergyman, Harry stood up boldly and answered the question, What is thy duty to thy neighbor? in a loud voice, without missing a word, though, as he had predicted, Will Hartley could not get beyond the first three lines.

"I am afraid you are too proud, Harry," said his mother to him, as he was boasting of his success in the evening; "you must remember that it is very easy for you to learn any thing by heart, and it may be much harder for Will. He seems like a good, industrious boy, and very likely tries more than you do to learn his lessons."

"Oh! yes, mother, he tries hard enough; why, in school, I can learn two lessons while he is learning one."

"Then, if God has given to you a better memory than he has to Will, you should be thankful, not boastful," said his mother.

Though Harry laughed at Will's dullness, he liked to be with him, he was always so kind and pleasant, and out of school he was his favorite playmate. Two or three days after this conversation

they were coming home from school together, when they met an old man, who lived about a mile from



their school-house, in the opposite direction from the one in which they were going. He was bending under the weight of a very heavy basket, and as he tottered along, leaning on his cane, it seemed as if he could never carry it all the long distance before him.

“There’s Uncle Simon,” for that was the name

every one called him ; " let's go and help him carry his basket home," said Will Hartley.

" Not I, indeed," was Harry's reply ; " why, it would take us all the afternoon, and then we should have no time for play. No, no ; I dare say he will get along well enough."

" Well, I shall help him, at any rate," said Will ; " I can't let such an old man toil along with such a heavy basket while I have strength to carry it for him ;" and, without stopping to listen to Harry's remonstrances, he stepped hastily forward, and almost before Uncle Simon knew what he was going to do, he had taken the basket from him, carrying it with one hand while he gave him his other arm to lean upon.

" Thank you, thank you, my boy," said the old man ; " I was just thinking that I did not know how I should ever get home with that heavy basket. The man at the store offered to send it for me, if I would wait until night, but I wanted the tea and sugar for my sick daughter, so I thought I would try and carry it myself."

Harry was very much provoked at Will for leaving him so ; he had hoped for a long afternoon's play with him, and now that had to be given up, all for the sake of an old man and his basket. So as Will passed him with Uncle Simon, Harry pointed his finger at him, saying, in a taunting tone : " Oh ! your most obedient basket-carrier to his majesty ; I hope you will get a sixpence for your pains."

But Will went steadily on, without minding what Harry said, and it is to be hoped that Uncle Simon was too deaf to hear what would have pained him so much.

Harry went home thoroughly out of humor. As he entered the sitting-room he was glad to find no one but his sister Julia, for he could grumble to her as much as he liked.

"I declare," said he, as he threw himself into the easy-chair, "I never saw such a boy as Will Hartley in my life. We were coming home together, and were going to have such a fine play, when we met Uncle Simon, and what must Will do but just go and carry his basket and walk home with him; and so all our fun was spoiled."

Harry had not perceived that the door was open into the dining-room, so that his mother, who was there, heard all that he said. Perhaps if he had known this he would not have gone on grumbling, and wondering why old men and heavy baskets must come along just as he was going to have a nice play.

In a few minutes his mother came into the room and took her work, which she had laid down a few minutes before Harry came in. "So it seems that Will Hartley understands what his duty to his neighbor is, if he can not repeat all that long question," said she quietly.

For a moment Harry was silent, quite abashed; but he was never very long without an excuse, so

presently he said: "Why, mother, I'm sure there's nothing in that question about carrying a basket for an old man."

"Isn't there?" said his mother; "suppose you repeat it."

Harry began, quite confident of gaining his point: "My duty to my neighbor is, to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do to me ——"

Here his mother stopped him: "Don't you think, Harry, if your grandfather were carrying home a heavy basket, you would be glad to have a little boy help him?"

"Oh! yes, mother; but then my grandfather would not be obliged to carry home any basket."

"You don't know, my son; he might be obliged to do so, and if he were, you would be glad to have some one else help him; so that Will only did what he or any other boy would be glad to have done for his grandfather. But if you will go on with your answer, you will find still another part of it which your friend Will obeyed."

Harry went on, until he came to the words: "To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters, ——" here his mother stopped him again. "Now, mother," said he, "You surely don't mean to call Uncle Simon, that poor old man, who lives in a little house with only two rooms in it, one of my betters?"

"Why not?" said his mother; "is it only to those who live in a larger house that those words

refer, or is it to those who are superior to you in age, in wisdom, and in goodness? Uncle Simon is superior to you in all these things, and the time will come when he will exchange the small, uncomfortable house, in which he lives here, for one of those bright mansions which Jesus has prepared for those who love him. Ah! my son, I am always glad when you learn to repeat your lessons well; but of what use will it be to you to learn the words, if you do not practise what they teach you? You have duties to perform to all, to the old as well as to the young, and *I should have been happier to have had you tell me that you had helped old Uncle Simon with his basket, than I was when you told me that you had recited your catechism so perfectly, for then I should have hoped that you were trying to do your duty as well as to learn about it. And it would have been more pleasing to God, for He has said: 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man.'*"

His mother spoke so seriously that Harry did not feel like trying to excuse himself any more, and besides, he felt convinced that he had not acted rightly. He did not feel as well satisfied with himself as he had done on the Sunday evening before, and he inwardly resolved that if he ever had another chance he would show some respect to Uncle Simon, and that he would never again laugh at Will Hartley for not knowing his catechism.

M. A. H.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

NO. 2.

F A I T H .



O you know what faith is? I think you do; and although it is very common to hear persons say they can not believe, I fear it is because they will not. You know what faith in your father or your mother means—a very young child can have faith in a parent.

A little girl, whose mother had always told her the truth, and in whom she trusted, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to live in the quiet country, and the bustle and the noise were alarming to her, for she was not strong, and her head soon ached, and her limbs grew weary, as they entered the town. A great crowd was gathered together to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for her heart beat, and she was frightened.

"Do not be afraid, Lucy," said her mamma; "I will not take you into danger—you are quite safe; keep my hand—nothing shall hurt you." And the child believed her mother and was happy. Well, this is faith in a mother whom she could see. It would be harder to trust in one she could not see.

Clouds had been gathering for some time, and soon the rain fell. The mother looked at her delicate little girl, and said: "Lucy, dear, I dare not take you any further; I must go, for I have business to do elsewhere. I must leave you in this shop; don't go away from it, and I will be back as soon as I can; but my errands will take me some time."

The child looked into her mother's eyes and said, "You won't forget me, I know;" and after a kiss and a blessing, the mother left her under the care of the master of the shop.

At first she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and the ladies coming in to do their shopping. But after a while she began to long to see her mamma, and to hope that she would come before dusk, for it was winter-time. She had a bun to eat and was not hungry, but she was very tired. A little girl older than herself now came into the shop, and they began to talk. Lucy told her how she was to wait there for her mamma, and how glad she should be when she came.

"Perhaps she will forget you," said the little girl.

"I am sure she will not do that," replied Lucy.

"How can you be sure? she *may*, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply; "she never broke her promise yet."

Another hour passed away. It seemed like a day to the weary little one. The gay customers had gone home, and the shopmen were putting away the goods. The gas-lamps were lighted, and still the mother had not returned. A woman came into the shop at this moment whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and seeing the little girl alone, offered to take her back in her pony-gig.

"No," replied the child; "mamma will come for me; I must wait."

At length the mother came, and oh! what love was there in her kiss to her trusting, patient child! The confidence of faith she had shown pleased her; and when they were once more by their fireside at home, and Lucy was nestling in her bosom, her mamma told her that this was the very kind of trust which God required of His children—to try no means to save themselves, but according to His word—to believe alone on the Lord Jesus for salvation, and to trust His promise which says, that "Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life." Without such faith, "it is impossible to please God."

## THE CHILDREN AND THEIR DONKEY



“O DEAR Papa! I am so tired,” said little Lucy Seeley, as they turned to walk up the steep hill which led to their country home.

“Are you, my darling?” said her papa; “then I will carry you. I am afraid our long walk has been

too much for you ;" and stooping down he caught the little girl in his arms, and carried her to the gate at the top of the hill. There they were met by Lucy's two sisters, Belle and Julia, who laughed as they saw their eldest sister in their papa's arms. But though Lucy was older than they, she was not nearly so strong, for she was ill very often, and was so thin and light that her papa said, as he put her down from his arms to the ground, that he should hardly have known that he had been carrying any thing. When they reached the house, Lucy was so tired that she had to lie down upon the couch until tea was ready. Her papa looked very grave as he saw this, and as he walked on the piazza with her mamma, he said : "We must find some way to have Lucy out in the air most of the time without getting so tired. Why, we took a very short walk this afternoon, and yet she was so tired that I had to carry her up the hill."

"What do you think of having a donkey for her?" said her mamma. "If you could get one that is well trained, she might ride it, and accompany the rest of us on all our rambles."

"The very thing," said Mr. Seeley ; "I will see about getting one to-morrow." Here Belle and Julia came scampering up the path, full of life and spirits ; and they all went in the house to tea.

Nothing was said to Lucy about the plan of getting the donkey, as Mr. Seeley thought it might be several days before he could find one which would

suit him; but the very next day he met a gentleman who told him that he had a donkey which his little son had rode for several summers; but that now his son had grown too large to ride it, and was going away to school; so he would be happy to sell it to Mr. Seeley. It did not take very long to complete the arrangements, and on the next day but *one after Lucy's papa had carried her up the hill*, Tote—for that was the name of the donkey—found himself on the steamboat sailing towards Lucy's home. Mrs. Seeley had brought all the children to meet their papa, as he came from the boat that afternoon, for she told Lucy that if she were tired, they would find a way for her to get her up the hill.

"Yes," said Belle, "don't you know that papa said he would as lief carry you as not?" for she had not an idea that her mamma thought of any other way of mounting the hill.

The children were all very much surprised, therefore, when they saw one of the men lead a little gray donkey off the boat and give the bridle to their papa, who came toward them, leading the little animal.

The three little girls ran toward him; even Lucy forgetting her weakness in her eagerness to find out *about the donkey*.

"O papa!" exclaimed Belle, "where did you get such a little beauty, and who is he for, and may we ride him?"

"That is the way that papa has contrived for tak-

ing Lucy up the hill," said their mamma, coming to their papa's aid, for he was quite confused with such a string of questions.

Belle and Julia looked a little blank at this.

"For Lucy!" they said, "and can not we ride *him* at all?"

"Oh! yes," said their papa; "you may ride him sometimes; but then you know you are strong and well, and able to run about without getting tired, and Lucy is not; and so I have bought the donkey for her, that she need not be left at home so often when you go off to take your rambles in the woods."

"Oh! that's good!" exclaimed Belle and Julia together, for the thought that Lucy could not go with them had taken very much away from the pleasure of their daily walks, and so they were perfectly satisfied to see their papa seat Lucy upon the pretty little side-saddle, which was on the donkey's back, and lead her off, while they followed with their mamma.

At first Lucy felt a little afraid, but the donkey was so gentle, and walked along so quietly, that in a few minutes she begged her papa to give her the bridle, and let her guide him all herself. Mr. Seeley did so, and the donkey carried her up the hill as easily and as pleasantly as her own papa could have done. Belle and Julia opened the gate for her, and the little animal walked straight to the house with her, just as if he had been always accustomed to go there.

Then Lucy begged her papa to lift her off, and let Belle and Julia have a ride; so they each in turn mounted the donkey, and he trotted with them round the lawn as if he liked it. The children could hardly be persuaded to leave their new pet when the tea-bell rang; but their mamma told them that he wanted rest a little while, and besides, he was hungry, and would like very much to eat some of the nice clover on the lawn. So Mr. Seeley took the bridle from the donkey's mouth, and left him to find his supper where he could, while the children went to get theirs in the dining-room.

Belle was the first to leave the table and run out to the piazza; but in a few minutes she came running in, exclaiming: "Papa, mamma, every body, do come and see what the donkey is eating." They all followed her to the piazza, and there they saw him putting his head over the fence which separated their lawn from the next field, and eating some thistles which were growing there.

"Oh! what a donkey!" said Mrs. Seeley, "to leave the beautiful sweet clover, which is growing here, to eat those prickly things."

"Don't they hurt him, mamma?" said Julia. "See how the sharp thorns stick into the sides of his mouth as he draws the thistles toward him."

"Oh! no," said Mr. Seeley, answering for their mamma, who seemed as much surprised at the donkey's taste as the children were, "the thistles don't

prick him ; the skin of his mouth is made hard on purpose to enable him to eat what he likes so much. *But now we will take him into the orchard, for that is to be his home for the present, and he can eat as many thistles as he likes.*"

So the pretty saddle and bridle were put in the house, and the little animal was led into the orchard, where a pail of water was given him, and he was left to eat or sleep as he liked ; while the little folks went with their papa into the house, where Lucy seated herself on his knee, the place which was generally given to her because she was the invalid, and Belle and Julia brought their little chairs and sat on each side.

"Now," said Mr. Seeley, "what am I to do? Must I buy three donkeys, one for each of you, or do you think you can all be willing to use this together? Can Julia and Belle let Lucy ride it whenever she feels like it, and when they are going too far for her to walk, and never be unhappy about it? and can Lucy be willing sometimes to stay at home and let her sisters ride?"

"O papa!" said Belle and Julia both at once, "I am sure that we shall never want Lucy to stay at home to let us ride, for we shall have chances enough to ride the donkey without that."

"And I am sure," said Lucy, "that I could not enjoy him at all if my sisters could not ride him sometimes."

"Then it is all settled," said their papa, "and you are to enjoy Tote together."

"Oh! is that his name?" said Julia; "I don't think it is pretty at all; I wish we could give him some other."

"But," said her papa, "people never give fancy names to donkeys; only plain and homely ones—and Tote, you know, means to carry."

"Does it?" said Julia; and all the children seemed more satisfied with the name when they knew that it had a meaning.

The children never forgot their promise to their papa, not to quarrel about their new pet, and they enjoyed him all the more because they were willing to share the pleasure of riding with each other. For when little children indulge envious feelings, and are displeas'd because their brothers and sisters have some pleasure which they have not, they make themselves more unhappy than the loss of the pleasure would make them. Little children who love one another, as the Saviour wishes them to do, will not wish always to have every thing that their brothers and sisters have, but will try to be happy in seeing their pleasure.

Every morning Julia and Belle and Lucy went into the orchard to feed Tote. They would gather clover-blossoms, and their mamma gave them a pair of scissors to cut thistles with, so that they need not prick their fingers, and with a hat full of those, they

would stand before the donkey, and let him eat as long as he liked, and then the boy who took care of the garden would bring him a pail of water to drink.

After Tote had eaten all he wanted, his saddle and bridle were put on, and Belle and Julia took turns in riding him to the gate and back again; and sometimes when the boy was going to the village, they would go too with the donkey, and ride and walk in turn with each other. This was the time when Lucy rested. But in the afternoon, when they went off for long rambles in the woods, Lucy always rode and the rest walked. Before the summer was ended though, Lucy became so much stronger, that her mamma would often let her walk a little in the woods, and then Belle or Julia rode.

The air and the rides did Lucy so much good, that *before the cold weather came, she was almost as strong and well as her sisters*, and that made them all very happy. But what made them happiest of all was the spirit of love and kindness which they showed to each other. Do you want to have your home like heaven, my little reader? Then be loving. No matter if your brothers and sisters are not willing to try to be loving too, do you try for yourself. The Bible says: "Whosoever loveth is born of God, for God is love." So the more we love, the more we are like God, and the better are we prepared to live with Him.

M. A. H.

## THE MOUSE-TRAP.



A LITTLE, squeaking, hungry mouse  
Espied within a tiny house  
A piece of cheese, so nice and bright,  
He thought he'd have a charming bite.

So up he crept. Do you suppose  
He did not use his little nose?  
Yes, that he did, but failed to find  
That little wire hid just behind.

No danger there! So in he went,  
To get the cheese his full intent.  
He nibbed the bait, when snap it sprung,  
And little mouse was good as hung.

Now, boys, I'd have you understand  
That traps are laid all o'er the land  
By Satan's imps, to catch within  
All they can lure by baits of sin.

Be careful, then, each word and deed  
And thought to shape by holy creed;  
Avoid all wrong, and truly love  
Your gracious Lord who rules above.

A. M. W.

—•••—  
"SPEAK THE TRUTH."

"AMY, my love, have you seen any thing of my ring? I left it on my dressing-table just before you went to school this morning," said Mrs. Mackenzie to her little daughter.

"What ring was it, mamma?" asked the child.

"My diamond one, dear. I should be very sorry indeed to lose it, for you know poor papa gave it to me, Amy."

"Yes, mamma, I know. Are—are you quite sure you put it there?"

"Quite, my dear; and as nobody has been in the room since, excepting yourself, I thought perhaps you might have meddled with it."

"No—n—o, mamma, I—I did not," said Amy in a low voice.

Mrs. Mackenzie did not notice the child's hesitation, or see the blushing cheek that was turned from her, as Amy quickly left the room.

Though search was made throughout the house, in every likely and unlikely place, the ring was not found, and its strange disappearance remained a mystery. Mrs. Mackenzie noticed that her little daughter's cheek looked paler than usual, and that her appetite was gone. For a few days she did not feel much concern; but when more than a week had passed away, and Amy still continued listless and melancholy, her mother became alarmed. A physician was called in, and a few days after, the once merry, laughing Amy was stretched on a bed of sickness: she had become a prey to scarlatina. Long and anxiously Mrs. Mackenzie watched by the side of her only child, and earnestly did she pray that God would save her darling, or take her to Himself.

The mother's prayer was answered—her little Amy began to recover. One day as Mrs. Mackenzie was coming into the room, she heard childish sobs mingled with broken accents of prayer. Wondering what could be the cause of her grief, she drew near.

"Amy, my dear, tell me what is the matter."

"O mamma! mamma! I have something to tell you. I took your ring. I heard Miss Delaine say one day at school, my mamma was poor, and could not give me such things, and so—and so—I thought I would let her see. But, O mamma! I never meant to keep it, but I lost it coming home. Do not turn away—you will break my heart. Do, do love me

again as you used to do, and forgive me; I am so sorry!"

"Amy, my child, this is indeed sad, sad news to me. Is there not One whose forgiveness you have to ask more than mine?" said Mrs. Mackenzie in a sorrowful tone.

"Yes, mamma, God's; but I could not pray *from my heart* before to-day. Mamma, supposing I had *died now*," and Amy shuddered convulsively.

"Thank God you did not, my child. You have had a lesson which I trust will prove a lasting benefit to you. 'Speak the truth,' is a maxim you must *ever remember*. *You have not been happy, Amy, since you have broken one of God's laws.*"

"No, oh! no; I never shall forget how wretched I was. I felt unworthy of your smile, and every kind word you spoke to me only made me worse; and then when I was so ill, mamma, I thought I should die, and papa was looking, and kind angels too, on me; but they all shook their heads sadly, and left me alone. Oh! I never will hide any thing from you again."

"Then you must ask God to help you, Amy; for without His aid our good resolutions are useless. Shall we pray together, my love, that He will watch over and help you?"

*And the mother knelt beside the little lamb brought back to Jesus' fold, and angels and arch-angels rejoiced over the one sinner repenting. Dear*

children, speak the truth. At all times, and in all places, remember the eye of God watches over you; He sees and marks all that is done amiss.

You are sure to have sorrow and suffering in *this* world if you break God's laws; and when the last day comes, and the Good Shepherd gathers His little lambs in His fold, you will be missing. Oh! serve God whilst you are young; begin not with the smallest sins, for they are great in God's sight; and, above all, speak the truth. D. M. S.

---

#### HOW CAN A CHILD BE SAVED?

How can a little child be saved?

His sin be all forgiven?

How may he on his dying-day

Stand at the gate of heaven?

He must repent with all his heart,

And strive to serve his God;

In simple faith he must rely

On Christ's atoning blood.

Through that alone is welcome found

At yonder pearly gate;

Thousands have entered young as we,

Nor shall we lingering wait.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



SOME years ago a friend of mine was in Greece, in the month of March. He was travelling in the country where the shepherds live.

They were out in the valleys, where the grass grow. *Every sheep had its own name. It would not come nor go if called by any other name; nor would it come or go if called by any but its own shepherd. Every shepherd knew all his own sheep. He knew their names also. If any one was about to go into a wrong place, he called it, and it turned back. If the way was narrow or steep, he would go before, and they would follow him. This is just like what the Bible says about Christ and His flock: "The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger they will not follow, but will flee*

from him; for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. I lay down my life for the sheep."

The day my friend saw the shepherds was a cold day. Some of the lambs were quite strong and full of play; but some of them were very young and tender. The cold chilled them, and they could not walk. So the shepherds took up the little lambs and put them in their bosoms. But they did not smother them. They left their heads out, so that they could breathe well. But they kept them snug and warm. It was a pleasing sight to see an old shepherd with his long gray beard, and his bosom full of lambs. Just so the Bible says of Christ. "He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom." Many little children have loved Christ; and He has never let such perish. He is as good to little children as to old people. He says: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Among the sheep were some old and feeble ones. They could not walk much. If the way was miry or steep, they could hardly go along. So the shepherds would come and put their crooks under their bodies, just behind their fore-legs, and help them along. They treated them with great gentleness and care. Just so "the Good Shepherd has pity on the weak, and gently helps them along." He never

leaves nor forsakes them. "His rod and his staff comfort them." He leads all his sheep into his fold for safety. He leads them out, that they may find pasture. If little boys and girls are wise, they will desire, above all things, to belong to Christ's flock. I hope all of you will commit to memory the twenty-third Psalm. It is beautiful. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." *DR. PLUMER.*

---

#### THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.



On the day when Marian Storms was nine years old, she received the best birthday present she had ever had. It was a little brother.

She had often wished for a sister or brother to

play with, and now that her wish was gratified, she was so delighted that she could hardly believe that the little baby she saw in her mamma's arms was indeed her little brother.

But when she was allowed to hold him in her lap, to rock him to sleep, and, above all, when he smiled in answer to her loving words, she thought she was the happiest little girl in the world.

When he became old enough to sit on the floor and play with playthings, it was her great delight to sit down by his side and amuse him, or to build houses of blocks for him to knock down.

But after a while he learned how to creep, and to make his way around the rooms, and then Marian's troubles commenced.

Her room was a small one adjoining her mamma's, and she took great pride in keeping it in perfect order. Her doll's bedstead and bureau stood in one corner, her little book-shelves in another, and various pretty little ornaments which kind friends had given her, were placed upon the little table.

Her mamma, pleased to see her little daughter disposed to be orderly, had encouraged her by allowing her to arrange her things just as she liked.

Now, however, that Master Fred was able to make his way around, it was not so easy to keep him from meddling with them. He was often in his mamma's room, and the crow of delight which he would give when he saw the door of Marian's room

open, and the rapid strides he would make towards it, as fast as hands and feet could carry him, showed how much he enjoyed pulling the things about, when once he was able to get in. If Marian was there, she would run and shut the door, saying, "No, no, little brother," and then amuse him until he quite forgot his forbidden pleasure. But Marian went to school every morning, and then sometimes when her mamma or Fred's nurse would be busily sewing, the little fellow would get in Marian's room, and have a fine time, pulling Miss Dolly's neatly folded clothes out of her bureau, or waking the young lady herself out of the nap which she was taking in the absence of her young mamma.

However, he was generally discovered before he had been able to do much mischief, and nurse would try to put the things away as nicely as they were before; though Marian generally discovered that they were not quite as she had left them; and she would give a little sigh of vexation as she proceeded to rearrange them.

One day when Fred was nearly two years old, and had learned to walk about the room without any chair or any one to lead him, Marian happened to come home a little earlier than usual. She ran up to the nursery, but there was no one there but the nurse, who was busily sewing.

"Where's Fred?" was Marian's first question. "I don't know" said the nurse; "he was here a

minute ago; I think he must have gone into your mamma's room."

Marian passed through the open door into her mamma's room. Her mamma had been called down to see a friend in the parlor, so she was not there, neither was Fred. Marian's heart beat quickly as she saw the door of her own room open, and thought of what might be the state of some of her cherished possessions, if little Fred had hold of them. Sure enough, there sat the little fellow in the highest state of excitement. He had pulled her work-basket, in the first place, from the table, and scattered its contents in every direction. Then he had opened the drawers of the little bureau and thrown every thing out of them on the floor, and now he was engaged in washing dolly's face with a wet sponge, which he had brought with him from the nursery. Poor dolly's eyebrows and rosy cheeks had quite disappeared, and her red lips were nearly ready to follow.

"O Freddy! Freddy!" exclaimed Marian, "you naughty boy; I declare this is too bad; I can't keep a single thing in order, and just because you are allowed to come here;" and so she went on scolding while she took the sponge and doll from him in no gentle manner, and proceeded to pick up her scattered treasures. Fred, who at the first sound of her voice had turned with a smile of pleasure to welcome her home, was quite frightened to hear her

speak in tones which he had never heard her use before, and he began to cry most lustily.

"Just see, mamma," said Marian, as her mother entered, "what Fred has done; he has ruined my doll, I declare I wish—" and unable to say any more she buried her face in her mamma's lap, and joined her cries to Fred's.

His nurse now came to take him away and Mrs. Storms had time to comfort Marian. She felt very sorry that poor dolly should be so spoiled, but she promised her a new head, and this time of china, so that the paint could not wash off, and she helped her put her work-basket in order again, so that by the time that was done, Marian's tears had all disappeared, and she was quite ready to have a merry play with Fred.

A few weeks after this, Mrs. Storms took Fred to spend two or three days with his grandmamma. Marian felt rather sadly as she saw them drive from the door; but it was just school-time, so she had not time to feel lonely very long.

But when she came home from school, and went up as usual to the nursery, and there was no little brother to welcome her, and then passed through to her mamma's room, and there saw the little empty crib, it seemed almost as if Fred had gone never to come back. "What if he were dead," she thought, and then the remembrance of that day when she had spoken so harshly came before her, when she

had almost been tempted to wish that she had no brother, and the tears fell upon the little pillow, as she prayed in her heart that God would forgive her, and never take her little brother from her.

The voice of one of her little playmates, who was down-stairs calling her, roused her from her sad feelings. She went down, and had a pleasant afternoon of play, so that she did not miss Fred again until she went to bed. Then she had always been accustomed to take a last good-night kiss as he lay in his crib, sleeping so sweetly and looking so lovely, and now his crib was empty. How she longed to see him there again, and how sure she was that she would not scold him again, no matter what he might do!

She did not forget how sadly she had felt at his absence when he came home, nor her resolution to be very patient with him. And whenever she was tempted to be cross because he interfered with her, as he sometimes did, she remembered how she felt when she saw his empty crib, and then she tried to be gentle and loving.

It was not always easy, but she prayed for help, for she was in earnest, and God heard her prayers, for he is always ready to give his Holy Spirit, to help little children to do right. M. A. H.



## THE SNOW-MAN.

WHAT boy is there who does not enjoy seeing the ground covered several inches with snow, when he wakes up in the morning? He does not mind the cold as he jumps from his warm bed—it only makes him hurry on his clothes a little faster. He is glad to feel it, for it makes him think that the snow will remain on the ground long enough to give him some fun; and visions of rills down-hill, snow-men, and

snow-balling mingle with the Latin grammar and sums which he has to prepare for school.

All boys understand this, but few can form any idea of the intense excitement Allen Richards felt, as he looked out for the first time upon the fields, gardens, and trees covered with snow. He was ten years old, but all his life had been passed in South-America, where his father had been engaged in business; and though Mr. Richards had often told his son of the pleasures of his boyhood, among the snow-clad hills of New-England, Allen had very little idea how they would really look.

Now he and his mother were spending the winter with his grand-parents in the very house where his father's boyhood had been passed, and ever since the cold winds of November had begun to blow, he had anxiously looked for a snow-storm.

The autumn had been an unusually mild one, however, and as morning after morning he had eagerly looked out for the snow, and had been disappointed, he had almost despaired of ever seeing it. But now it had really come, and he rushed down to the dining-room, as soon as he was dressed, to see if there would be time for him to have a run out of doors before breakfast; but he found his grandfather there with the Bible open before him; so he knew that the prayer-bell would ring very soon, and there would be no time to go out then.

"Well, my boy," said his grandfather, as he saw

Allen's animated face, "the snow has really come after all, and you look so happy about it that it almost makes me wish myself a boy again, that I may ride down-hill with you. How I used to enjoy that, and what famous snow-men I used to make!" "O grandpapa!" said Allen, "will you show me how to make a snow-man? I should like to make one so much."

"Yes," said his grandfather, "on one condition: that you will promise to finish it, if you commence it."

"Of course, grandpapa, I should want to finish it," replied Allen, quite surprised at his grandfather's conditions; but he had no time to discuss it, for his grandmamma made her appearance just then, and that was the signal for the prayer-bell to ring, to summon the rest of the family.

Allen's thoughts were so full of his expected pleasure that he would not have paid much attention to his grandpapa's reading, if he had not chosen a most interesting chapter about the resting of the Ark, and God's promise to Noah as he left it.

After Mr. Richards had read these words, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease," he closed the Bible and said: "We have this morning another example of how God keeps His promises. This first snow-storm shows us that winter is again here, and just so surely as it has followed

the flowers and fruits of summer, so will the months roll around, and summer will come again. As God keeps His promise in this, so He will in every thing. Let us never then allow ourselves to doubt any of His words."

"How grandpapa draws some lesson out of every thing!" thought Allen, as he knelt with the rest, and tried to join in his heart with his grandfather, as he offered up thanksgiving to God, for His faithfulness and truth.

Fortunately for Allen, this was Saturday, and there was no school, so that he could enjoy his new pleasure to his heart's content. The first thing he did after breakfast was to get his sled, which had been given to him a month before, on his birthday, in anticipation of the winter's amusement, and run with it for his cousin Walter, who lived quite near his grandfather's, to ask him to show him how to ride down-hill.

There was a famous hill in the orchard just behind his grandfather's barn, and there the boys went with their sleds, and Allen soon became as skillful as Walter in guiding his sled past the trees and stones in his way. He thought that he had never enjoyed any thing so much before.

They were in the midst of the fun, when they heard their grandfather calling them.

"Oh! I know what he wants," said Allen; "he is going to help us make a snow-man. Come, Walter."

And both the boys started to run towards the barn where their grandfather was.

He had chosen a nice place in the field at the side of the barn, nicely sheltered from the sun and rain, and there he told them they could make their snow-man. Walter had tried the winter before to make one, but he had become tired of it before he had half-finished it; but now he was sure that he would like it, because Allen was here to make it with him. Then their grandfather showed them how to pile the snow closely together, and by dinner-time they had nearly made their man tall enough to put his head on. After dinner Allen proposed that they should not return to their man, but have some more fun riding down-hill. Walter readily consented, and their grandfather laughed when he saw them going off towards the orchard with their sleds.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "if they will have perseverance enough to finish the snow-man."

The boys were not seen again that afternoon, however, until just before dark, when they came drawing their sleds home and well powdered with snow, owing to their frequent tumbles from their sleds.

"I have not forgotten my promise, grandpapa," said Allen, as he met his grandfather coming out of the barn, "but I did want to have a little more fun in riding down-hill. Can't I finish my man on Monday?"

"Oh! yes," said his grandfather, "I dare say there will be plenty of snow left then; but now you had better pour some water over him, which will pack the snow closer and freeze to-night, so that it will be hard enough by Monday.

There was a spring quite near the barn, and Allen and Walter each brought a pail half-full of water, and with a tin dipper, which they borrowed from the kitchen, they poured it upon the snow which they had piled for the body of their man.

On Monday there was another snow-storm, but the water had frozen, and their man was so firm that his shape was not spoiled at all; so that on Tuesday they worked at him again, after school, and on Wednesday he was all ready to have his face carved. This their grandfather did for them, making with a trowel a nose and mouth which would not have disgraced a Chinese sculptor. For eyes the boys stuck in two black walnuts, and then their image was complete. He was the admiration of the neighborhood, and the boys used to come from quite a distance to see him. He lasted all through the winter; for when an occasional thaw would reduce his size somewhat, Allen and Walter would add more snow; and once when the sun melted off his nose, their grandfather kindly cut him another.

The boys enjoyed their snow-man very much; and besides all the pleasure which Allen had from the snow that winter, it taught him two very import-

ant lessons. Can my little readers tell me what they were? H.

ONE WAY TO DO GOOD.

It used to make me shudder to have Willie H— pass the house; he was so profane. Many times I have called my little ones from their play, when I have seen Willie passing the house, as he drove a neighbor's cows to and from the pasture. Such vulgar and profane language I had never heard from the lips of a child. One day a lady called him to her.

"Do you go to school, Willie?"

A gruff "no" was the only reply.

"Can you read?"

"No, not much, and don't want to."

The lady pitied the boy. He had no encouragement or instruction at home. His parents were very poor, and what is far worse, vicious, and the people with whom he lived saw little to encourage them to instruct him. After a few kind inquiries: "Will you call a minute as you go back, Willie?" he assented, with a look of wonder, and she procured a nice New Testament, and wrote his name in it. In due time he called, seemed pleased at the interest the lady felt in him, and promised her that he would try and pick out at least one verse a day in his New Testament, and that he would go to meeting the next Sabbath.

A year has passed. Among those who steadily worship at yonder sanctuary, there is not a more punctual or attentive worshipper than Willie H— I love to watch him, as he sits with his eyes riveted on the minister, seeming to drink in every word he utters.



### TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.—Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—*JOB 37: 6; 38: 22.*

THE trees are all covered with snow,

Which silently came in the night:

My darling, arise, let us go

To gaze on the beautiful sight.

It seems like a mantle of love,

Which covers the faults of a friend;

As soft as the wing of a dove

That doth from the heavens descend.

And may it not also, my dear,

Resemble that raiment of white

In which every soul must appear

That enters the regions of light?

For 'tis when the trees are all bare

This dazzling array is put on;

Like that which the sinner doth wear,

Who finds his own righteousness gone.

The snow will soon vanish away,

It is but a shadow at best;

But join with me, dearest, to pray

That we in the substance may rest.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1863.

NO. 4.

THE RISEN FRIEND.



HERE was once a garden which belonged to a rich man, and though it was not near his house, he had taken great pains to have it made beautiful and attractive.

In one part of it there was a rock, which had been hollowed out, so as to form a cave; this had been done, so that when this rich man or any of his family should die, their bodies might have a safe and beautiful resting-place.

But before it was needed for any one for whom it had been prepared, One whom this rich man loved more than all on earth beside was put to death by cruel men, as a criminal. He knew that this dear Friend was pure and holy, and after His death he begged to have His body that he might bury it.

His request was granted, and with a few others who also loved the Suffering One, the body was carried to the beautiful garden, and laid in the new tomb.

The next day none of the friends came to visit the place, but early in the morning of the day after, some women might have been seen entering the garden, bringing sweet spices to place in the tomb of their beloved one. How great was their astonishment, as they approached it, to see the heavy stone which had been placed at the entrance, rolled away—the body of their Friend gone. One of them, whose name was Mary, ran, full of distress and fear, to tell other friends the strange story. But she had hardly gone when a bright angel appeared to the other women, and told them that their loved one whom they had buried there in so much sorrow was alive again to die no more. Oh! how joyfully they ran to tell the other friends the good news.

After a while Mary came back slowly and sorrowfully. She feared that the body of her dear Friend had been stolen by the cruel men who had put Him to death. She stood by the tomb weeping, and then she stooped down and looked in, and this time she saw two angels, who said to her:

“Woman, why weepest thou?”

She said: “Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have lain him.”

As she raised her head, some one came to her and asked the same question:

"Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

*She thought it was the gardener, and she said:*

"Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

His only answer was, "Mary;" but at that one word her heart leaped for joy, for there was but one who could ever speak so tenderly to her.

"Master!" was her reply.

*It was the dear One whose body had lain in that tomb, and who was now alive again. That was a joyful day, not only for her, but for us and all the world, for He who had thus risen from the dead was her Saviour and our Saviour. He had died on the cross, that all who believe in Him may have their sins forgiven and live with Him forever. Now, when all the trees and flowers are bursting forth into new beauty, we keep the Easter-feast as a special time of rejoicing, that our Saviour has died for us and risen again, and is now inviting us to come to Him and be His children forever.*

M. A. H.

—•••—  
LITTLE BOB.

SOME years ago there sailed from England a ship under the command of a captain who was a dreadfully wicked man. He was cruel to his men, and could hardly speak to them without a terrible oath. The ship had not been long at sea when the captain

was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. He went into his cabin and lay down upon his couch, suffering the most excruciating pains.



But he was so wicked that no one dared go near him. There was, however, a little boy on board of the ship who was called Bob. His business was to wait on the captain and the mate, and keep the cabin in order.

He felt very sorry for the captain, and wanted to do something for him, but was almost afraid to go into his presence; but after a while he ventured to

the door of the room where the sick man was, and in a gentle voice said :

"Captain, how are you?"

In a surly manner he answered :

"What's that to you? Be off!"

The next day the boy went again, and in the same sweet voice said :

"Captain, hope you are better."

By this time the captain was subdued by his pain, and answered very differently from what he did the day before.

"O Bob! I'm very bad—been bad all night."

"Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much."

The captain was pleased, and allowed Bob to bathe his head for some time; after that Bob shaved the captain and got him some tea, and made him as comfortable as he could.

By degrees Bob gained a great influence over the captain, and could make him do almost any thing he wished. The poor captain grew worse every day, and soon knew he could not get well. He became greatly alarmed, for he knew how wicked he had been. One day the captain said to Bob :

"O Bob! what shall I do? I'm a great sinner. Alas! Bob, I'm a lost man!"

"Oh! no, master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you."

"No, Bob, no; I can not see the least prospect of

being saved. Oh! what a sinner I have been! What will become of me?"

The captain and Bob had a great many talks together, and one day Bob brought his Testament, and the captain asked him to read some passages that told about sinners and salvation. And so Bob read for two hours and more, while the captain stretched his head out of the bed and listened with great eagerness.

Thus from day to day this little boy read the Testament to the sick and dying captain. After some days the captain asked Bob to pray with him and for him. This Bob was glad to do. One morning the captain called Bob and told him he had seen the Saviour.

"Yes," he said, "I saw Him smile. O my child! He smiled on me—on me, Bob. O my dear boy! He smiled on wretched, guilty me. My heart was too full to speak, but I ventured to look up, when I heard Him say, hanging as He did on the cross—O Bob! what sounds were these? Shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard Him say: '*Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee.*' Oh! this was not a dream. My sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more. I am now ready to die."

Bob was very much affected, and burst into a flood of tears, but he was glad his master had found the Saviour. In a few days the captain became very

weak, and just before he died he called Bob and said to him: "Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been very great; God will reward you for it. To you I owe every thing as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely He sent you to me. God bless you, my dear boy. Tell my crew to forgive me."

*That night the captain died and went to dwell with Jesus.*

---

#### WEEDS AND SEEDS.



WHAT a hum of voices might have been heard by *any one* who went past the row of trees that led to Mr. Hunt's country-house! And no wonder, for in the garden close by were five of his own daughters

in deep converse with three young companions, who had come to spend the evening with them. Tea was over, but the long summer day had not yet ended, and the glorious sun-rays seemed to linger lovingly about that spot.

"Come, let us try to match ribbon-grass," said Esther Hunt to one of the little visitors, "I never yet could find two leaves quite alike."

"Nor I, nor I," echoed every voice.

"How strange that is," added Esther; "but, after all, it is just like girls. There, I am taller than Mary, and stouter than Annie, and not half so good as Cousin Jane, who lies so patiently on her couch all day, and never complains of the pain she suffers."

"I am sure I would not wish to be like any one but myself," said Ellen Price, with a haughty toss of her head, and a look at her flounced frock, which strongly contrasted with the plainer dresses of the other girls.

"Indeed, then, I would," interrupted little Fanny, "for I am always wishing to grow like mamma."

"If mamma heard you say that, Fanny," said Esther, "she would tell you to be like some other person, who is altogether lovely."

"Oh! I know that," replied Fanny hastily; "but now let us try to match our ribbon-grass."

More than half an hour was spent in the search, but with the usual result; no exact matches were found. Sometimes, indeed, a joyous shout an-

sounded the discovery of such a treasure, but a closer look proved that in some points they were *not alike*. At length, wearied with this fruitless search, the girls agreed on returning to the house and talking to Cousin Jane until supper-time.

Cousin Jane was easily found, for weakness confined her to the sofa, and kept her from joining in the active labors she would have so much enjoyed. But as Esther said, she never complained, and was always ready to help the children in any way she could. They now referred to her the question under debate: why no two leaves were quite alike, or two faces exactly similar.

"I think it is very good of God to give us so much variety in nature," said Cousin Jane; "we should soon weary of sameness; and then, we have a proof of His great power in making so many things nearly but not exactly alike. What variety, also, there is in the minds of each of us, while enough of likeness remains to enable us to feel for others. You remember how the Bible tells us Abraham was remarkable for faith, Jacob for power in prayer, Moses for meekness, and Solomon for wisdom, and tells us also that it is to One greater than Solomon we must go to have sin forgiven, and be made, not like one another, but like Himself. Shall I repeat to you a poem I have been learning, or would you like to hear a story?"

"Oh! please, Jane, let us have the story," cried

every one; "it is so pleasant to hear stories in the twilight."

In a soft, clear voice Cousin Jane began: "There was once a large garden where a great many flower-beds lay side by side. These beds, however, were not filled with flowers, but weeds. The owner of this garden said that long ago a single weed would not have dared to spring up in any of the beds, every one of which had lovely flowers blossoming, and sweet fruit ripening to delight all who visited the spot. But some enemy came and spoiled the entire place by sowing a few weed-seeds, which soon sprang up and so choked the flowers that they withered and died.

"A great number of boys and girls lived near this garden, and the master of it said that each of them should have a bed to take care of and cultivate. He told them a very kind and skillful gardener would be there, to whom they must come whenever they wanted any thing, for that, without his assistance, he was sure they never could succeed in pulling up the weeds and getting flowers to bloom in their stead. Besides this, he showed them a picture of the most lovely garden that could be, and told them to go and make theirs like it. The children were delighted, each fancying that his own portion would soon be more beautiful than the rest. But you would be surprised to see the strange way in which they began their work.

"One boy, a strong little fellow, commenced to pull up the weeds as fast as he could; he tugged without success, for the roots were very deep down in the earth. What ought he to have done? Of course he should have gone to the good gardener and asked his help. But no; he thought of another plan; so he fetched a little sword he was in the habit of playing with, and, stooping very low, cut the stem of every weed just above the earth. Then taking his rake, he smoothed the ground so nicely that you would never suppose a weed had been there. 'Now, see,' said he to his companions, 'how quickly I have cleared my plat without the least help from the gardener. As to flowers, I do not much care for them; a nice clean garden is all I want.' Foolish little boy, the sunshine and the rain, which cause the flowers to spring elsewhere, will cover your plat with the weeds that are hiding under the soil.

"A girl near him having seen all this, said: 'I need not take the trouble of pulling up the weeds from my garden: they really look rather pretty; and then, it will spare me so much pains to leave them there. I shall just get some paper-flowers to stick among the weeds, and so my bit of ground shall soon be quite gay.' But very much ashamed she will feel by and by, for the first gust of wind will destroy all her painted flowers, while the weeds will remain in all their ugliness.

“At a short distance a very gentle little girl sat on the ground crying. All the morning she had been trying to pull up a single weed called Pride, and often thought she had succeeded, but the next moment was sure to find a new shoot springing up from the earth. In weariness and despair she now burst into tears. She felt in her pocket for the picture of the garden as it ought to be, drew it out, and spread it open on her lap. There she was surprised to see that, instead of the ugly weed Pride, a lovely little violet flower called Humility seemed to grow, and suddenly she thought: ‘I must go to the gardener.’ So, folding up her picture, she set off to look for him. The gardener was never far off, though the children sometimes fancied he was, because they did not always see him; and he kindly came to meet the little girl. How her heart beat when she began to speak to him. ‘Please, sir, do not be angry with me for troubling you, but I do so long to have my little garden like the pattern-picture.’ ‘I am glad to hear you say so,’ said the kind gardener. ‘But please, sir, I can never make it as I wish; all the morning I have tried to get up a single weed, but it will not come up.’ ‘I saw all, my child, and was pleased; but you should have come to me at once. Let us now go both together.’ So he led her gently until they came to her plot, and then, putting his hand on hers, told her to try again. How wonderful! the tall red weed yielded to that

grass and was flung away to wither, but at the same moment the gardener bent over the empty spot and dropped in some seeds of the violet flower, Humility.

"'Oh! please, sir,' said the little girl, 'do come to help me every day, for I am a poor weak child.' 'Let the little child then look for my help every day, and it shall never be refused.'

"Each morning after that the little girl might be seen weeding her garden, but a strong arm was always there to assist. Sometimes she worked hard to remove a black weed called Selfishness; it had long roots and a bitter taste; and when at length, by the gardener's help, it was pulled up, the plant of Love filled its place. This flower was a sweet one; for, having come from a foreign land, it always turned its blossoms to its former home, just as the marigold follows the sun. Its leaves had the sweetest perfume, and it also possessed the power of healing many sorts of wounds.

"The little girl's flower-bed began to look beautiful now, though she still was always trying to improve it. Here and there, where a poisonous plant called Unbelief had formerly grown, a sky-blue blossom called Faith might be seen, and each day the child used to run to the gardener and say, 'Please, sir, make that plant grow larger.' The old border of sharp thorns and great roots of bitterness was also removed, and the green leaves of Peace occu-

ped their place, not only adorning the spot, but keeping any intruder from putting a foot on the flowers.

"Let it not be thought, however, that this little girl was the only one in the entire garden who asked the gardener's aid. Other girls and boys who had labored many weary days to improve their plats, without much success, were glad to seek counsel and help. Under his care, flowers soon took the place of weeds. In one, the rosy hues of Love were mostly seen; in another the eyebright Faith, the golden petals of Hope, or the white blossoms of Purity, while here and there a sober-looking plant called Patience supported the twining tendrils of Gentleness. Each child seemed more pleased with his neighbor's progress than with his own, and always fancied that his garden was less like the pattern-picture than theirs. The reason of this was that every one knew his own portion best, and was used to search out the weeds which so often sprang up there. But the greatest wonder of all was, that while the same seeds were sown in the flower-bed of each good child, and every plat after a time began to bear a strong likeness to the copy which the Master had given them, there were not two alike."

The story was ended, and so was the daylight; but the children sat and chatted a little longer. It did not require much guessing to find out the meaning

of what Cousin Jane had told them. Some of those *young listeners were much interested in the subject*, because they had even before that evening been laboring at the cultivation of the garden of the heart. *To those who, like them, are making the effort*, we say, that the work of exchanging the weeds of sin for the seeds of grace, though difficult, *is not impossible. But every such effort must be made with earnest prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit.*

---

#### READING THE BIBLE.

"O MOTHER!" said Willie, "I have read *five* chapters this morning." A look of pride flashed on his bright countenance as he closed his Bible, and uttering these words, looked up in his mother's face. He felt he had done something great, and expected commendation; for the little boy loved praise, as many boys do. But his mother said nothing then, for she understood well his habit of reading. Many days, I am sorry to say, passed without *his reading a chapter*; and then, when told of his neglect, he would take a sudden start, and run over four or five chapters, and feel that he had retrieved his past negligence. But from such hasty reading little good came; it was too hasty, irregular, to make a deep impression.

This little incident led me to think of some hints

about reading the Bible, which I here offer to my little readers.

1. Read the Bible regularly. A good man of old says: "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food." This is the true idea. The Bible is daily bread, to be taken regularly, that the seed may grow thereby.

2. Read the Bible attentively. The *meaning* of the Bible is what is wanted. Unless he that reads gets the meaning, it will not do him any good. Hasty reading of a great many chapters at once is of no advantage. Read slowly, a little at a time, and think on what you read, and you will understand and remember it.

3. Read the Bible as God's book; not merely because father or mother wishes you to read it, but for a better reason—because God speaks to you in the Bible. When I have seen a little girl run in, her eyes sparkling with joy, crying, "O mother! here's a letter from father to me, for my name is on the outside," I always feel a wish she might thus look on the Bible, for it is a letter from our Father in heaven. So feel and so read, and you will not grow weary of the good book.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

MAY, 1863.

NO. 5

PLAY.



IKE most little children that I know, Henry Ford loved to play better than to do any thing else, and I do not think any the less of him for that, for God has made little boys and girls to like to run and frisk about, as well

as the lambs and kittens.

But I will tell you what I do blame Henry for: when he plays, he does not play cheerfully, or try to make those who play with him happy. I will tell you an instance of this.

One afternoon his grandmother invited him and all his little cousins to come and take tea with her, and as it was a stormy day and they could not run in the garden, she allowed the children to play in her large, old-fashioned kitchen. Harry's cousin Edward proposed that they should play blind-man's buff, and all the children agreed but Harry; he preferred *puss-in-the-corner*, but no one would join him

in that. Then he insisted upon being blind-folded, but the children drew lots, and he was not chosen; so he said he would not play at all, and went and stood in the corner by the clock. After a while he saw that the other children were having such a nice time, that he concluded it would be pleasanter to play with them, than to sit still any longer; so he



slipped out of his corner, and began to run about with the rest, trying to keep out of the way of the blind man; for though he was so anxious to be blinded at first, he did not wish to be caught any more than the others. At last he was caught, and when the blind man guessed his name, he was angry, and said he could see; but the others would not allow that; so he had to give up, and the handkerchief was tied over his eyes. But he did not tell

his cousin Jane who tied it, that it was so loose that he could see; and so he caught his cousin William almost immediately.

Now have any of my little readers ever known any one like Harry? Had they ever been like him themselves?

He spoiled the afternoon's play by four things: *he wanted every one to give up to him; he was ill-tempered about it; he was unjust to his cousin, for he accused him of cheating; he was unfair himself, and pretended that he was blinded when he could see.* But he did more than make his companions unhappy—he displeased God; for God sees little children when they are at play, just as well as when they are at their lessons. The Bible says: “*Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God*”—that is, do every thing for His service and to please Him. Now, little children can glorify God in their plays, as well as in any thing else that they do. When they are ready to please their companions, and try to be good-tempered and honest when they play, they glorify God, just as much as when they try to learn their lessons or to *obey their parents.*

They should never forget that there are times when they should not play at all: when the baby is asleep and their mother wishes them to be quiet, or when they are in school, or on God's holy day.

Now I will tell you some of the ways by which you can play to the glory of God :

1. Play at the right time.
2. Be willing to give up your wishes to others.
3. Never be unjust.
4. Be honest and fair.
5. Be good-tempered.

AUNT SOPHY SPY.

---

RUTH.

"DEAR mamma, how glad I am that you have come home!" said little Ruth Ellison, as she raised her head from the couch on which she was lying.

She looked so happy and smiling that you would never have supposed that she had not moved from that couch for several hours, and that many weeks had passed since she had walked at all.

Her mamma came and sat down by her, and seemed as glad to return to her little invalid daughter as Ruth was to have her. She very seldom left her for any length of time, but on that morning she had had business which obliged her to go to the city near which they lived, and had detained her for several hours. In her absence, Ruth had had her nurse to take care of her, and her dolls and books to amuse her, but none of these could take her dear mamma's place. But now her mamma had not only come back herself, but had brought a new book, and as

soon as she had told her where she had been and whom she had seen, she commenced to read it to her.

Ruth had disease of the hip, and she often suffered much pain, and was obliged to lie down most of the time. She could not run about or walk as other children did, yet she was generally very patient and happy. She used to say, sometimes, that she had so much to make her happy that it would not be right for her to fret.

Through the cold, stormy days of winter she had not felt her confinement to the house so very much, but *now* the warm sunny days of spring had come, just the days when she used to love to be out of doors, and watch the buds unfolding their leaves, and plant her little garden. Her mamma had noticed that lately she had cast many longing looks out of the window, and had asked many questions about the trees and the flowers, and several times she had said: "How I wish that I could see them!" Now that her mamma was with her, and was reading to her, she did not think so much about the garden until her brother Robert came in with some crocuses and hyacinths which he had picked for her.

"Oh! how sweet they are!" she exclaimed as she took them from him, and then her mamma noticed that the tears came into her eyes as she held them in her hand.

"My poor little girl," said she, "I know it seems hard that you can not go out to get these beautiful

flowers for yourself, but our Heavenly Father knows best, and it is His hand which has laid you here. He shows His love to you by making the flowers grow so that you can enjoy them, even though you can not go out to gather them. Do you know, my darling, that there are some little children sick, in the close streets of the city, who never see a flower or hear a bird sing?"

"Oh! yes, mamma," said Ruth, "I often think of them, and that they can not have their mothers with them all the time as I can. I will try not to feel badly any more, for God is very good to me." And when she looked at the flowers again, it was with the same sweet, patient smile with which she had greeted her mother at her entrance.

That evening, after she had gone to bed, her mamma related the conversation to her papa, saying, as she finished: "How I wish that some means could be devised for taking her about the garden, now that the weather is so pleasant."

"We will think what can be done," said Mr. Ellison, and, as his wife left the room, he smiled very meaningly, as if he had already decided what it should be.

The next day was another bright, warm, spring day, and as Mrs. Ellison moved Ruth's couch close to the open window, that she might enjoy, as well as she could in the house, the singing of the birds and the perfume of the flowers, she sighed at the

thought that her little darling could not go out to enjoy them.

Ruth did not notice it, however, she was so much delighted at the sight of the lilac-tree, close by the window, which was just beginning to blossom. She did not even perceive Robert come to the door, and call her mamma out of the room; neither did she know that she was not by her side, until she heard the door open, and saw her mamma come back again, looking very smiling.

"Would you not like to go out, my little daughter, and see your garden this pleasant morning?" she said.

"Oh! yes, mamma, indeed I would," said Ruth, her face flushing with pleasure, "but you know Mary could not carry me so far."

"We can find a way to take you, if you would like to go," said her mamma, laughing.

It did not take long to wrap Ruth up in a shawl, and put on her bonnet, and then Mary carried her to the piazza. But she did not have to carry her any farther, for there, drawn up close to the steps, was a little carriage, just large enough for Ruth to recline in comfortably, and so light that even her mamma could draw it. Robert stood there now, with the handle in his hand, as if he had made up his mind that he should have the pleasure of giving his sister her first ride.

Almost before Ruth had time to express her sur-

prise and pleasure, Mary had placed her on the soft cushions, and Robert had commenced to draw her gently down the broad walk of the garden.



“Oh! how nice! oh! how delightful!” exclaimed the child, as her mamma walked by her side, almost

as much pleased as Ruth; "but where did the carriage come from?"

"Why, papa had it made," said Robert, "and this morning I went into town with him and brought it out."

It would be impossible to describe Ruth's pleasure at being thus taken about the garden and lawn. Her mamma said that now she should go out every pleasant day, and that they could take her all over the fields and woods. They went a short distance, on that morning, down a shady lane near the house. Her mother drew the carriage a little while, and Robert drove his hoop before them, stopping now and then to ask Ruth if she were tired.

After they had reached home, and Ruth was again on her couch, she could talk of nothing but her nice carriage. "How very kind papa was to have it made for me!" said she; "did you know that he was having it done, mamma?"

"No," said Mrs. Ellison, "it was as much of a surprise to me as it was to you. We were speaking only last night of our great desire to have you taken out to enjoy the pleasant weather. Do you know what I have been thinking of since it came home? Of those sweet words: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Now it was your papa's pity or compassion for you which led him to think of having this carriage made for you. Your Heavenly Father pities you in the

same way, and He is able to do much more for you than any one else. No doubt your papa's pity for you is so great that, if he had the power, he would make you well at once. Your Heavenly Father has the power, but He is the wisest, and though He pities you just as much, He does not think it best. Let us trust Him, then, and think that all He does is right."

"I will, dear mamma," whispered Ruth, "for I know that when He thinks best He will make me well."

All through that summer the little carriage, which her father's love had provided for Ruth, was a great source of pleasure to her; but she did not lose her trust in her Heavenly Father's greater love, and though several years passed by before she was entirely well, her heart rested in His love, and she was kept in perfect peace, because she trusted in Him.

M. A. H.

---

#### WHIT-SUNDAY.

AFTER Jesus had ascended into heaven, His disciples returned to Jerusalem, and on the first day of the week after, they were all gathered together in an upper room to worship God, when suddenly they heard a great noise—it sounded as if the wind were blowing very hard in the room where they were sitting. They saw flames of fire, looking like tongues, resting on all the apostles. Then they all began to

speak different languages. There were a great many strangers in Jerusalem then from all parts of the world, and they all came to hear the apostles speak. Every one was astonished to hear his own language spoken.

Every child knows how long she must study before she can speak French. Yet here were men speaking several different languages, without any study at all. God had sent the Holy Spirit to enable them to speak them, that they might go every where to preach the Gospel to every nation. And all who heard them on that day believed in Jesus, so that there were three thousand people who became Christians. We celebrate this wonderful event on Whit-Sunday. In olden times the children used to come to the church dressed in white, as an emblem of how the Holy Spirit purifies the heart; so they called it White-Sunday, which has now been changed to Whit-Sunday.

It is not necessary now that persons should learn in a moment to speak several different languages, for there are more persons to go to preach now than there were then. But there is a language which the Holy Spirit is always ready to teach, and that is the language of prayer and praise. No one can truly pray or praise without being taught by the Spirit. God has promised to give it, for He says that He is more willing to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask it, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICE FOR ASCENSION-DAY.

## PSALMS FOR THE DAY.

PSA. 110 : 1.—The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

PSA. 68 : 18.—Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive : thou hast received gifts for men.

## COLLECT.

O Lord Jesus Christ! who hast ascended into heaven, and now sittest at the right hand of God the Father, grant unto us, thy little children, such love toward Thee, that we may daily lift up our hearts to Thee, and obey Thee in all things, so that when our life on earth is ended, we may dwell with Thee in heaven, for evermore. Amen.

## EPISTLE.

COL. 3 : 1, 2, 4.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.

## GOSPEL.

MARRK 16 : 14-20.—Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them

with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but *he that believeth not shall be damned.* And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

## SERMON.

MATT. 28: 20.—Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Dear children, Ascension-Day is a day set apart by our Church to call to your minds Christ's ascension into heaven. You have just read, that after His resurrection He appeared again to His disciples on earth, and we are told in Acts, that He remained with them forty days. They were happy days to them, for He taught them many things. He told them to what a glorious place He was going, and that after they had fought the good fight of faith on earth, they should live with Him in heaven. He taught them not to grieve that they were to be left by themselves, because, although He was going to heaven, He

would be with them by His Spirit; and after He had finished speaking to them of these things, a bright cloud covered Him, and He was hidden from their sight. While they were gazing up after Him, two men drew near to them in white clothing. These were two angels who had come from heaven to tell them where Jesus had gone, and that one day He would come back to earth again to judge the living and the dead. Now, dear children, when the Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," He meant, that He would not only be with them, but with all who loved Him from that time until the world should be no more. Little children who love and obey Jesus are His disciples; so the promise is to them, just as much as to grown-up Christians. This truth ought to make you very happy; for no real harm can come near the child who is close to Jesus. That blessed Saviour will lead him safe through all the evils and dangers of life, and will comfort him in all his sorrows.

## HYMN.

HARK! the precious promise  
Sounds again to-day;  
Children who love Jesus,  
He is near always:  
In the quiet night-time,  
He gives them peaceful sleep;  
In the busy daylight  
He guides their little feet.  
When the evil spirit  
Tempts to disobey,

And from Jesus' presence  
Tries to make them stray,  
Then their loving Shepherd  
Quickly hears their cry ;  
Ever near to help them,  
Bids the tempter fly.  
Oh! let little children  
Cling to Jesus' love,  
Then when life is over,  
He'll welcome them above.

—♦♦—  
"I'M TOO LITTLE."

*THESE words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson,* as she came into the parlor one afternoon. She found her three children seated on the sofa, Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her younger brother and sister. She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little girl who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of this excellent child, for the benefit of Ella, when their mother came in.

"Too little for what, Ella?" asked Mrs. Wilson, pausing before the children.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katie Lee, and when I said she must be good, and do as Katie did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years *are* rather small," said Mrs. Wilson, "but my Ella isn't too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I'm sure," said Ella; "I can't do such things as she can."

"What things?" asked mamma.

"Why, bringing in the milk-pitcher. I'm afraid I'd spill the milk, and then Susan would say: 'Oh! you are a plague.'"

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for poor little Ella was called "a plague" very often.

"If you couldn't bring the milk-pitcher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said.

"Oh! no, I can't, I'm too little," persisted Ella.

Mrs. Wilson sat down and took the child upon her lap. "Now, listen to me; you can pick up my ball when it rolls on the carpet, and get papa's slippers, and fetch me a book or my work-basket, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do *those*," said Ella.

"Well, then, are you too little to be useful?"

"Why, is *that* being useful? I thought it meant real great things," said Ella, opening her eyes very wide in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things," said her mother. "You are a little girl now, and so your heavenly Father only wishes you to do little things; but then my darling must try to do them willingly and pleasantly. You should always be ready to do what mamma asks, *at once*, not say, 'I'm tired,' or 'I don't want to,' because, though you are only four years old, you are not *too little* to be useful."

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1863.

NO. 6.

A MONUMENT.



PERHAPS the children who read this will be ready to ask what is there in a monument that can interest one? If they will read on, they will see. I am not going to tell about Bunker Hill Monument, nor Brock's Monument, nor about the beautiful monuments in Greenwood, or in any other burying ground.

All the readers of THE STANDARD-BEARER have visited graveyards. They have seen the beautiful monuments which have been erected in memory of the loved ones whose bodies lie sleeping in the ground. *Perhaps they have been to the grave of their own father or mother, or little sister.* But the

monument I wish to tell about is very different from any of these.

A few years since there lived upon the banks of a beautiful river near one of our cities, a family, consisting of the father, mother, and one little daughter. They had a lovely place, and were very happy. The father and mother were very fond of their little girl, and did every thing they could to keep her well and have her enjoy herself. She had her play-house, her dolls, her tea-sets, and a great many other nice things.

Her bright, pretty little dog, which always went with her in her walks and runs about the grounds, was called Trip. I suppose they gave him this name because he was so nimble and frisky. And then there was Kitty, with a pink ribbon around her neck, always ready for play. Every body who visited the family thought how bright and beautiful every thing was. But by-and-by a cloud came. Little Grace—for this was her name—was taken sick, and after suffering for some days, the blessed Jesus took her away from her parents and from her happy home, to live forever with Him. He had prepared another home for her. Her father and mother did not know how to part with her, for they loved her dearly. But when the Saviour called, they could not keep her any longer. After she was buried and all her playthings were put away forever, her fa-

ther thought he would like to have some monument which should always remind him of his little daughter, now an angel in glory. He visited different cemeteries and examined the marble monuments of various kinds, but found nothing which pleased him. Many of them were very costly and beautiful to look at, but they were not what he wanted. After thinking over the matter a great many times, he made up his mind that he would take the money he was going to spend for this purpose, and do something with it which would be useful to others. He thought this would be the best monument he could have for his darling child. And so the father and mother finally agreed that they would have a neat stone chapel built in a neighborhood where a Sunday-school was needed. And this should be the monument to little Grace. Within a year this chapel was built and furnished, and since then a very nice Sunday-school has been held there every Sunday.

It is called "Grace Chapel," and it is the only monument little Grace has.

I think my readers will agree with me in saying that this is the best kind of a monument, and that it must be a great comfort to her parents to feel that in this chapel so many children are learning about Jesus, and preparing to live forever with Him.

D. H.

## ALICE AND HER PUPIL.

ALICE WESTON was a little girl who lived in England. One summer when she was recovering from a severe illness, her mother took her to the sea-side for a few weeks, that she might have the benefit of the fine breezes there.

You know that England with Scotland and Wales, is an island, so that as there is water all around it, there are many pleasant places on the sea-coast. The children who visit them enjoy very much walking on the soft sands, and looking for shells and seaweed, but the greatest treat of all is to ride on a donkey along the cliffs or through the quiet lanes. For there are always donkeys to be hired by the day or hour, with boys to take care of them, and walk beside them as the children ride.

Alice generally rode for two or three hours every day, because she was not strong enough to walk very far, and yet it was needful for her to be out in the air as much as she could.

The boy who went with Alice when she rode out, to mind her donkey, was named Joe. He was a sunburnt-looking lad, with shabby, threadbare clothes, and a face and hands that were seldom very clean. But Alice found that he was civil and obliging to her and kind to the donkey, so she soon began, as they went along, to ask him questions about himself. She found that he could not read



or write, that his father was dead, and that his mother was poor.

“But you should go to school, and then you

would learn to read," said Alice. "Such a large boy as you are, should know your letters."

"How can I learn them, miss? I have not time to go to school, for I am out all day with the donkey, and if I wasn't, mother could not spare any money to pay for my learning, for it is as much as she can do to get us bread to eat, and she can hardly do that sometimes."

Alice was silent for a little while, and then she said pleasantly :

"Would you try to learn to read, Joe, if I were to teach you?"

The boy seemed surprised. He twisted his fingers in his rough hair, half-smiled, and said bluntly :

"I don't know but what I would, miss, if you would not mind the trouble ; but perhaps the lady might not like it, and besides, I have only a bit of the evening to myself."

He meant by "the lady" Alice's mother.

"Oh! I will ask mamma about it first," said Alice, "though I am almost sure that she will not object, and if she does not, you may come when it suits you. It would be such a good thing to learn to read, you know."

Joe seemed very much pleased, though, to tell the truth, he cared for learning to read more because he thought it would get him a good place than for any other reason.

When the ride was ended, and the little girl was

with her mother again, she began directly to mention her wish about the poor donkey-boy. Mrs. Weston looked rather grave. She liked her little girl to be useful, she said, but she was afraid after a while she would get tired and not want Joe to come any more.

"Oh! no, mamma," said Alice; "if Joe does not get tired I do not think I shall. And even if I were tired, I would not give him up, because it would be such a help to him."

Her mamma, seeing how very much in earnest she was, gave her consent, and proposed that he should come for half an hour every evening after they came home from their walk.

The next morning, when Alice again took her ride, she invited Joe to come to their lodgings that evening for his lessons, at which he seemed much pleased.

He came exactly at the hour which Alice had named, and he was so neat and clean that Alice was surprised. His face was bright and shining, for he had put a quantity of soap upon it, and rubbed it dry with a coarse towel. His clothes were old and shabby, but they were patched, and that was a good sign, because it looked as if his mother did the best she could for him.

Alice was a simple, straightforward girl, and she went to work with Joe as simply and as quietly as if she had always been accustomed to it. Joe looked

rather shy and awkward when he first came in, and when his shyness wore off he seemed to be half-amused at the shapes of the letters ; but Alice was so grave and steady that he could not help giving his whole attention to his lessons, and he got on very well. He was much pleased when Alice pointed out to him the letters he must use in spelling his own name.

The next morning Alice was much pleased to find that Joe had remembered his lesson, and he took even more pains to learn his new one. Before he went away Alice read him a few words from the Bible, and taught him one short text to repeat to his mother. The text was this : "I am the good Shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

When Joe could say the words without missing, Alice asked him some questions that she might see if he understood their meaning. But she was both sorry and surprised to discover that he scarcely knew any thing about the Saviour. In her own warm and loving way, Alice hastened to talk to him about Jesus, and about His love for sinners, how He died for them, and how willing He is to save them, and Joe listened to her as one who hears for the first time a wonderful story. Ah ! it is a wonderful story, my reader, only you have heard it so often that it makes but little impression on your heart.

Alice did not grow tired of teaching Joe to read ; it was nice employment for her a little while of an evening, when she could not go out, and had not much to occupy her in-doors. Joe, for his part, was an excellent scholar ; he tried to do his best, he minded all that was said to him, and he did not forget *what he had once learned*. *He really liked his lessons*, so he got on much more rapidly than Alice had at first expected.

It was not only the reading and spelling which attracted him ; he was very fond of the Scripture stories which Alice told him ; he never seemed weary of hearing them, and he would often ask for a favorite one to be repeated again and again until he knew it almost as well as Alice herself did.

Alice loved to tell him of the precious things which she had gathered for herself out of God's holy word. She loved Jesus, and she longed to have Joe love Him also. So Alice did more for Joe than simply to teach him to read.

His mother never went to church herself on Sundays, and had never cared to have her boy go, but now he had a desire to hear more of the wonderful things which Miss Alice had told him, so one Sunday he *bent his steps towards the house of God*. You may be sure that Alice was very glad to see him there, and gave him one of her brightest smiles as she met him when they were coming out. After this she saw him there every Sunday, and he also commenced to attend Sunday-school.

During Alice's stay at the sea-side her birthday came. Her mother had long promised her a new work-box as a gift, on that day. So she proposed to Alice that she should go with her to choose it, for there were some very good stores in the place where they were staying. Alice thanked her mother, but she did not seem quite satisfied; she said she had rather changed her mind about the work-box.

"Have you, dear?" said her mamma, "then what else would you like? A writing-desk, perhaps?"

"No, mamma," Alice replied, with some little hesitation; "if you do not mind, I should like the money to spend as I please. I have been thinking how nice it would be if I could buy a new jacket for Joe to wear. He has only one, and it is so very old and shabby, not at all fit for him to go out in on Sundays."

"But, Alice, it will be a long while before another birthday comes, and you so much wished for a larger work-box."

"Yes, mamma, but I can do without it for another year. The work-box that I have holds all that is really necessary for use, and it is not half so much worn out as Joe's old jacket is. His mother can not afford to get another for him, and now that he goes to church and Sunday-school he ought to be a little better dressed."

"Joe certainly deserves to be encouraged," said

Mrs. Weston, "so if you choose to spend the money for him, Alice, you shall have it for that purpose, only I can not give you the money and a work-box as well; you must choose between them, my dear."

"I have chosen, mamma, thank you," said Alice, "and now how shall we manage about the jacket? Because if we were to buy one without his trying it on, it would very likely not fit him; and yet it would hardly do to let him have the money to take home with him, since his mother might use it for *something else*."

"This afternoon, while we are out," said Mrs. Weston, "we can call at a store where boys' clothes are sold, and have two or three jackets suitable for a boy of Joe's size and age, sent to our lodgings. Then when Joe comes, he can have the one which fits him best, or which, for any other reason, he happens to prefer."

Alice at once agreed to this plan, and she did not rest until her mamma went with her on the important errand.

In the evening Joe came to his reading. He had no idea that he also came to try on a new jacket. His delight was very great at so new and unexpected a gift. It was the first new jacket that he had ever had, for since he had been big enough to wear jackets, the best that his mother had ever been able to procure for him had been a cheap second-hand one, and it was only by long and careful saving that she could obtain that.

Alice was as pleased as Joe was, and she felt no regret either then or afterwards that she had given up her work-box. The happiness which she found in helping Joe quite made up to her for its loss. Our Saviour has Himself said that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Joe ran home with his treasure, "as happy," he said to himself, "as a king." Ah! many a king with a grand crown upon his head, might have envied the light heart and simple innocent joy of the poor donkey-boy. You may be sure that Joe's mother shared in his gladness. She had often sighed over his threadbare garments, and had vainly wished that their scanty earnings were not so soon swallowed up in rent, and food, and firing; for though she did not much care what her own dress was, she had all a mother's pride in seeing her son look decent and respectable. She admired the new jacket very much, and felt as if she could hardly be thankful enough to Miss Alice and her mamma for it.

"Now, mother," said Joe, as the jacket was at length laid aside, "I want to make a bargain with you."

"Well, lad, what is it?" said his mother, pleasantly.

"Why, that the first time I wear my new jacket, which will be on Sunday, you know, mother, you will walk with me, when I have it on, to the house of God."

Joe's mother at first refused, but the boy would not be contented until she promised to go. It was a *foolish promise to make*, she said, for she could not understand any thing if she went; but she would go just to please him.

But she went afterwards from a better motive than that. For although that was the *first* time for many years that she had been inside a church, it was not the *last*. She learned to love God's house, and the truths which were taught there.

Joe has now ceased to be a donkey-boy. He has a situation in a grocer's shop, where he is learning the business, having good wages, and giving great satisfaction to his master. So Joe has already risen in the world, and bids fair to make still further progress, for he is honest, and steady, and diligent, and has the fear of God before his eyes.

Joe gratefully says that he owes all his success to Miss Alice, for if she had not offered to teach him to read, he should most likely never have made a beginning, nor have had the wish to go on improving himself. But after she left the sea-side he went to an evening-school, and there he learned writing and arithmetic in addition to his other lessons, and thus fitted himself for better work than that of running after donkeys all day long.

Alice went home with rosy cheeks and strong, healthy limbs. She could take long walks now without being in the least tired. She had gained

benefit from her visit to the sea-side, and she had been the means of benefit to others, two things for which to be thankful. As she grew older, Alice learned to do good in many ways; but she always looked back with pleasant feelings to the happy hours which she spent, when a little girl, in teaching poor Joe, the donkey-boy, to read.



“FOLLOW ME.”

LITTLE Nanette lived in Switzerland, among the mountains. One day she went with her mother to work in the fields, for in that country the women work out of doors as much as the men. On their way they had to cross a stream, but Nanette did not feel afraid, for her mother carried her in her arms, and though there was no bridge, there were stones placed at little distances apart, and her

mother stepped lightly from one to another as easily as possible.

But when they came home it was very different. *Then her mother had a bundle of hay on her back, which she was carrying to the cow, and she could not even lead little Nanette; she could only say, "Follow me, my child; step just where I do," and though the poor little girl was very much afraid, and sometimes when the stones would shake as she stepped on them, she thought she would fall into the stream, yet she tried to follow her mother, and paid attention to her directions, and so she got safely across.*

This makes me think of Jesus. He says to all little children, "Follow me," and those who do follow Him, He leads safely to their heavenly home.

But perhaps you say: "How can I follow Jesus? Little Nanette saw her mother, and so she could follow her, but I can not see Jesus." This is what He says:

"My sheep *hear my voice*, and they follow me."

Do you not sometimes feel something within you telling not to do some wrong thing which you are about to do? That is the voice of Jesus telling you that you are not following Him, and that is one way that He speaks to you. Then everywhere in the Bible you may read what He wants you to do, and you follow Him when you obey His will, and every time that you go to the Bible to read what He

wishes you to do, you listen for His voice. He has himself walked all through the path He wants you to take. He was once a child upon this earth, just as you are a child; He had a mother as you have, and He wants you to obey her, because He always did. He was patient, and He wants you to be so too. He did not get angry when people treated Him unkindly, and He does not wish you to be. He went about doing good, and He wants you to do the same. He came to make others happy, and He wants you to follow Him in this.

Do you feel discouraged as you think of this, and wonder who can so follow Christ? No one can without His help. Nanette's mother could not have helped her if she had slipped into the stream, but Jesus will lift you up every time you slip down on the way, or sin, which is what I mean, and He will give you the power to follow Him if you ask Him. Nanette's mother could not have made her little girl able to walk if she had not had the use of her limbs, but Jesus not only shows the way, He gives the power too.

Little Nanette followed her mother to their pleasant cottage-home. Jesus leads His followers to glorious mansions in heaven, where there is no more pain, or sorrow, or suffering, but all is joy and peace forever.

M. A. D.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1863.

NO. 7.



HAT CAN I DO?

You need not wait till you are grown up before you begin to do good.

If you really love the Saviour, and really wish to get others to love Him, just ask Him to show you what to do, and He will surely find work for you, and bless your little efforts. I will give you some true accounts of what children like yourself have done.

A gentleman who visited a Protestant school in Ireland says: "I noticed two little boys, and on asking how they

came there, I was told that their cabin was near the school, and that as the girls passed, these little things used to stand at their door and *curse* them. Every Sunday, after church, when the weather was pleasant, some of the girls went to a quiet nook on the hill-side, and there, with the blue sky overhead, and the broad ocean below, they sang praises to God. By dint of gentle kindness, these little boys were coaxed to join the party, and to learn to sing. Gradually the enmity which had been put into their hearts wore away. They learned texts and listened to Bible-stories till they longed so much to go to the once hated school, that they gave their parents no rest. The father was very bigoted, and long refused, but they cried all day about it, and he at last consented, though with such ill-will that he afterward said: 'I could hardly keep myself from running a knife through every Protestant I met.' The word of God came home with power at length to this man's heart, and he is now one of the most intelligent and consistent converts."

Now I will tell you what a little girl did for her drunken father. He could not read, but she read the Bible to him, and tried to teach him to read it. Then she got him to go to church. He soon became regular in attending, and persuaded a fellow-workman to go with him. In a few weeks he got four others to join them, and soon he was converted

to God. Here were a drunken father and five strong men brought to church by a little girl.

An agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society was staying at the house of a friend who had four little daughters. One morning, the eldest of these little girls presented him with a sealed packet, asking him not to open it till he had left the house, and saying it was a small donation from herself and her sisters to aid in sending Bibles to those who were without them.

A gentleman who had breakfasted with them was present, and listened to the words of the child with marked interest. These two gentlemen were alone together during most of that day, in a long journey, and when both were seated in the car, the packet was opened, and found to contain five pounds. When the agent spoke of the little girl who had given it, his companion's eyes filled with tears. "She is, indeed, an interesting child," he said; "but she is much more—she is a pious Christian. To that child I am indebted for all my happiness on earth, and all my hope of heaven." He then told that he had been an open unbeliever in the truths of the Bible, and that on one occasion this child, then only nine years old, was present when her father was trying, but in vain, to convince him of his error. When her father left the room, she asked this gentleman to walk with her in the garden, and when there, she begged leave to ask him a question

"Have you ever read the New Testament through, with a real wish to understand it?" she modestly inquired.

"No," he answered, "I never have."

"I thought so," she said. "You never would have spoken of it as you did just now, if you had." And in an earnest tone, she added: "Oh! *do* read it, and *do* wish to understand it." And so the gentleman continued: "That dear child's entreaties did what no argument had ever done. They led me to the Bible, and the Bible led me to my Saviour."

A little pale boy was sitting by his mother's side, reading the Bible. At length he exclaimed: "O mother! when I think of all that Jesus has done for us, I can't help wishing to do something to show *my love to God*."

"But you are too weakly to work; and what can you do, my child?"

"I know that, mother; but I think if I had a Missionary box, I would try and get some money, and even if it were very little, Jesus would accept it for the poor heathen."

"I am quite willing, Richard, only you must not be asking the ladies who come to see you for money."

"No, mother, I won't. But I might sell the little wooden knives that I can make, and cut some of those paper ornaments that Mrs. Williams liked, and may be she would buy some."



In a week he had some little articles finished and laid in a tray, upon which was a card with the words: "For Sale, for the Missionary Society."

When the next Missionary meeting took place, a poor woman, with a black ribbon on her bonnet, put a box into the collector's hands, saying :

"It is my son's box, sir—Richard Johnson."

"Richard Johnson!" said the gentleman. "Why, that is the lame boy who lives in — street."

"He is dead, sir," said the mother, with tears in her eyes.

A gentleman then rose and related the particulars I have been telling you, adding that Richard had been taken with a sudden illness, of which he died in a few days. "The last time I saw him," said he, "he was sitting up in bed, working away at his little wooden knives. I asked him why he taxed his failing strength, and he answered :

"My time is very short, and there is no work nor device in the grave, you know. It is so good of God to let me live long enough to show that I would do something if I could. And I have so prayed that my little money may help some heathen to know and love Him.'"

The box contained between three and four dollars.

Now, my dear young reader, I have only room to beg that you will ask yourself in earnest :  
"What can I do?"

ANNA.

## NEW JOY IN HEAVEN.

FANNY returned from the anniversary so happy, and with so much to tell sister Mary, who had been confined to her room for several weeks, and was too feeble to attend.

“O Mary! if you could only have been there! every thing went off so pleasantly. It was crowded, but not uncomfortably. The children sang the hymns so sweetly. How you would have enjoyed it! And then, the other exercises—if I could describe them! But then I can give you no idea of the manner and voice of the speakers — one in particular—the last one—I think I shall never forget it. I never thought of his text in that light before. If I only could tell you all he said! But here comes mother. O mother! please sit down and tell Mary all that you can remember that last speaker said.”

“My dear child,” replied her mother, “I, too, was much impressed by the earnest and solemn address of the stranger. I think he began by saying:

“If a stranger were to arrive on our shores on the fourth of July, he would be surprised at the happy holiday appearance of every thing he saw. He would notice the turning out of the soldiers in their gay uniforms—the firing of cannon and other noisy demonstrations—crowds of well-dressed people, old and young, going to and fro — banners dis-

played, flags flying, and every thing denoting a universal holiday.

“ ‘ If he were to pass from city to city, he would find, nearly in every place, the same signs of gladness and rejoicing, and he would, in wonder, naturally be led to ask : “ What is it that has caused a nation thus to rejoice ? ”

“ ‘ But he would cease to wonder at the general gladness and happiness, if he were told that this day was the anniversary of one upon which we had declared our independence—our freedom from tyranny, oppression, and injustice ; and it was thus our nation took occasion to celebrate the happy event by every outward sign that could be devised.’

“ He paused and continued : ‘ And now, my young friends, let us think of another scene and time of rejoicing very different from, but far more important and interesting in its character and relations to you.

“ ‘ Let us picture to ourselves all the inhabitants of heaven ranged round the great white throne, singing praises to Him that sitteth thereon forever. All is sweet harmony and happiness there—not a note of discord : pure, high, and holy is that strain of heavenly music chanted by the blessed ones above.

“ ‘ But hark ! that celestial harmony is—interrupted ?—no ! but a new impulse is given to its thrilling melody. There is a fresh outbreak of

praise. A burst of rejoicing music is given forth from every golden harp, and every string is newly attuned to gratitude and gladness.

“What means all this? What wonderful event has caused this? What has given new joy to the inhabitants of heaven? It is the welcome tidings that one penitent sinner on this our earth has given his heart to the Saviour! And who is it? Has he rank or power or greatness? Or is he poor and humble and unnoticed? No matter who or what he is, if he is a penitent sinner, and loves the Saviour. He may be among the lowliest, among the aged or youngest, even among you, ay, among you, my dear children, who has caused or may cause such a thrill of rejoicing in heaven. It must surely be a great, a very important thing to give joy to the heavenly host.

“And now, as you separate to go to your several homes, bear in mind what you may and must do. Give your heart to the Saviour; and never forget the precious verse: “There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.”” H. M. S.

---

JESUS' PROMISE TO HIS FRIENDS.—“If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.”—JOHN 14: 23.

## MOLLY JONES.

WAS Molly Jones a good girl? Some people thought she was very good, but some thought she was not. Which of these were nearest right I can not exactly say, for Molly was a little of both; she *had some good things about her, and some not so good*. She was very neat, always keeping her clothes and her face and hands clean. She could not bear dirt; if she saw a speck on her plate, or in her cup, she would not use them; but instead of quietly exchanging the soiled plate for a clean one, she usually made considerable of a fuss, calling every one at the table to look at it. Now it was right for Molly to be neat, and even particular; but it was not necessary for her to be quite so noisy about it. Then, again, Molly was very affectionate. She loved her mamma very much. It was beautiful to see how devoted she was. But she was not very obedient. Oftentimes, when her mamma asked her to do something, she would pay no attention to it, but keep on with her play or her reading; and when asked the second or third time, she would answer in *an impatient manner, and appear to be very much vexed*. Sometimes, when told she could not go out with her mother, she would fret and make herself very disagreeable. When her bed-time came, and she was reminded of it, she would try in every way

to put off going; and finally when she did go, it would often be in an unamiable spirit. But when Molly was sleepy and wanted to go to bed, she was as sweet as she could be. She had a kiss and a gentle, pretty "*good night*" for every one.

I have said Molly was very neat about her clothes. She was not only neat, but careful and particular. She kept her things very nice, and made them last a long time. Some little girls are very thoughtless, and soil and tear their clothes when they need not. But Molly's mamma never had much trouble with her about these things. She was very good and very thoughtful. Sometimes, when Molly wore a new hat or a new dress for the first time, she put on some small airs, and seemed to say: "Don't I look pretty fine? I think every body must admire me." Now I presume every body did admire her, for her mother had excellent taste and judgment, and always selected what was very pretty and becoming, and Molly was bright enough to know this, and so she was a little proud of her appearance.

But was Molly Jones a good girl? She was pretty, she was graceful, affectionate, and kind. *She kept her clothes nice, and was careful; and more than this, she was very much liked by her playmates and all who knew her.* But Molly Jones was not a *good* girl. And why? Because her *heart* was not right. A pretty face and pretty manners do not make a little girl good. If her heart is not good,

she is not a good girl. Molly did not love Jesus. She went to Sunday-school and to church, and she learned to sing many beautiful hymns; she also said her prayers every night. But she did not love Jesus. Her heart, therefore, was not good, and without a good heart nobody can be good. Perhaps some one will say: Molly was not big enough to love Jesus. But she was big enough to love her mamma. She did love her dearly. When a girl is *big enough to love her mamma or her little sister*, she is big enough to love Jesus. Molly Jones did not love Jesus, and therefore Molly Jones was not a real *good* girl.

JOHN LOOKWITHIN.

---

### THE FIRST THEFT.

"WHAT nice, ripe currants!" said Harry Maitland to himself, as he passed Farmer Jones's garden, and saw the currant-bushes growing close to the fence, laden with fruit. "How I wish I could get some!" and he looked around to see if any one was near him. No, there was no one in sight; so he commenced picking and eating all he could reach. There were some branches hanging through the palings of the fence, full of most tempting fruit, and others which he could easily reach from the top. He only meant to eat a few when he commenced, but they were so good, that he did not



want to stop; so he kept on picking and eating, until he was startled by the sound of wheels. He looked up, and there, coming from the barn, right

through the lane where he was standing, was Farmer Jones himself, in his little wagon, and he must pass directly by Harry. If he had been used to concealment, Harry would just have walked on as if nothing had happened, and very likely Farmer Jones would have suspected nothing; as it was not unusual to see persons in his lane, for it connected two roads which were extensively travelled. But Harry had never before taken any thing that did not belong to him; and as he saw the farmer coming, his first thought was that he would be found out; so he started to run at the top of his speed, and never stopped until he was inside of his mother's gate, which was not far off.

Farmer Jones, seeing a boy running away from him in that manner, naturally supposed there was some reason for it. "Ah!" said he to himself, "there is one of the young rogues who has been stealing my garden-tools lately; yes, there he has a rake in his hand now." And he whipped up his horse, and drove after him. Harry had a little the start of him though, so that he did not overtake him until he was just at his mother's door.

"Here, you young rascal!" shouted the farmer, "stop and let me see that rake; where did you get it?"

At the first sound of the farmer's voice, Harry turned toward him, pale and trembling, but he was very much relieved at hearing him ask about the

rake. He went boldly to the wagon with it in his hand. "It is mine, sir," said he as he handed it to the farmer.

"I believe it is," said the farmer, as he examined it; "it is not mine, at any rate; but what were you doing with it in my lane?"

"I was coming from my grandmother's, sir. I had been raking in her garden."

"Then you are not one of the boys who has been stealing my tools lately?"

"No, sir," said Harry promptly.

"But then what made you run so fast, when you saw me coming?" asked the farmer.

Harry looked down and hesitated; but he could not add to his sin by telling a lie, so he stammered out: "I was eating currants, sir."

"Ho! ho! then you were stealing," said the farmer. "I was not so far wrong after all." But then, seeing the tears fall from Harry's eyes, he added kindly: "The next time you want currants, go to Mrs. Jones, and she will give you as many as you will pick, for there are more than we shall ever use; and remember this: 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion.' Do what is right and then you need never run away from any one."

Farmer Jones drove on, and Harry went into the house; but there his mother met him.

"Why, Harry," said she, "what did Mr. Jones

want with you? and you've been crying too, lad—what's the matter?"

It was of no use to try to conceal any thing from *the loving eyes of his mother*; so Harry told her the whole story. "But, O mother!" said he, as he finished, "I will never take any thing that does not belong to me again. I don't see how a boy can want to be a thief, and feel as frightened as I have felt. The boys that I know do take the farmers' fruit though, and say it is no harm, and that they would just as lief they had it as not."

"I know they do, my son," said his mother; "but ask them if they would do it if the owner saw them, and they couldn't say yes. Farmer Jones is willing to give you currants, but he is not willing to have you take them without leave. You may be sure that whenever you are afraid to be seen doing an action, that action is wrong. I hope, indeed, that the suffering which this first theft has caused will make it your last. Many a boy who has commenced by taking a few currants or apples which did not belong to him, without being found out, has ended by being sent to prison for stealing much greater things.

"But if you will always remember to look up when you are tempted to steal, you will be kept from sin, for you can hide nothing from God."

M. A. H.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

AUGUST, 1863.

NO. 8.

HOW TO READ THE SKY.



RAIN! Rain!! Rain!!! that is always the way; whenever I expect to go anywhere, the rain is sure to come and spoil my pleasure. Why couldn't it wait until to-morrow, I wonder?"

This was what a little girl said, as she looked from the window upon the rain which her Heavenly Father had sent in kindness to water the earth, that she might have the vegetables and fruit which she liked so much, and to cause the flowers to open their buds and beautify the garden. But she did not think of this; she only thought how her day's pleasure had been spoiled. She ought to have heard Uncle Philip telling Jenny how to read the sky. He said that *the sky was to him a sort of lesson-book, and when he looked at it all clear and bright, the lesson he read was: "Love God."*

But sometimes it was covered with dark, heavy clouds, threatening a storm; then he thought the leaf was turned over, and he read: "Fear God."

And then again the clouds broke away, and the sun showed himself, and the lesson then was: "Praise God."

But when it was cloudy and threatening in one part, and patches of blue sky appeared in another part, the lesson he read was, "Love God," "Fear God," and "Praise God," all on the same page.

Jenny thought these were easy lessons, and she would read the sky every day. But Peter (who did not think she was much of a reader) said, if she did, she would be sure to read it wrong, and when the lesson was, "Love God," she would read, "Fear God."

"No matter," said Uncle Philip, "never mind that, Jenny; for you will please God, whether you love or fear or praise Him. He wants you to do all three, and all three are the lessons of the sky."

---

#### HAPPY CHARLIE.

EVERY one who saw Charlie Gay pass out of his mother's gate, and walk briskly down the road toward the brook which was at the outskirts of the village, wondered at the bright, happy smile which lighted up his face. There was nothing in the day

to make him look so happy ; for though the rain was no longer falling as it had done all night, it was now being whirled about by the cold north-east wind, which blew so hard that Harry was often obliged to turn directly around and stand



still, while the blast nearly took him from the ground. Still after each gust he would press steadily on, looking as happy and smiling as ever. He was not going skating, that was clear, for it was not the weather for it, and besides, instead of his

skates, he had a basket on his arm covered with a white napkin, and which he seemed to carry with great care.

If all the curious people in that village could have known what was passing in that little boy's mind on that morning, I think they would have learned that there might be better employment than trying to find out what their neighbors were doing, or where they were going. Charlie had determined to be one of God's little ones; he had come to Jesus, and asked Him to forgive all his sins, and be his Saviour forever. He believed that his prayer had been heard, for he had that Saviour's own promise, that whatsoever he would ask should be given to him. He was so very happy, that he wanted to do something to show his love and gratitude to Jesus; but what could he do? When He had lived upon the earth as man, those who loved Him could shelter Him in their houses, and provide food for Him when He was hungry; but of course no one could do that now. Charlie was dressing as these thoughts passed through his mind; but before he left his room, he took up his little book from which he learned a Bible-text every morning, and these were the words for that morning: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"That is what I want," he thought. "I will see

what good I can do for some one to-day, for the sake of Jesus," and he soon had an opportunity.

While they were at breakfast, his mother said : "I should like very much to send some breakfast to Mrs. Jones this morning ; she is too sick to prepare much for herself, and her daughter has gone to sew for Aunt Phebe, and I know was not able to get home last night."

Charlie glanced at the clock ; it wanted three quarters of an hour to school-time. He would just have time to get to Mrs. Jones's and back again before the bell should ring. To be sure he would miss the pleasant play which he always had with the boys in the morning, and they could have capital fun with their sleds, there had been such a fall of snow ; but he did not stop to think of that, he was so glad that now he could do something for Jesus.

His warm overcoat, fur mittens, and comforter were on by the time his mother had the basket ready, and he set off, thinking all the time of his text, and how blest he was, to be able thus to prove his gratitude and love to his Saviour. This was what made him look so happy on that cold winter's morning.

He found Mrs. Jones with some dry bread upon her table, and trying to warm some coffee which had been left from the day before. But she looked so weak and sick, that he knew she was not able

to do even that. He could not wait to see her unpack the basket, or hear her exclamations of pleasure as she saw the nice breakfast which Charlie's mother had so contrived to pack, that it was still almost smoking hot. It was nearly school-time; so he had to tell Mrs. Jones that he would call again for the basket, and hurry away. But he did not need her thanks to make him happy; it was not for those that he had given up his play and faced the cold wind, but that he might do something for Jesus.

That evening, after his sister was in bed and his father had gone out, his mother asked him about his morning's expedition, and as he told her all that had been passing through his mind — for he loved to have his mother know all his thoughts — *her heart was filled with joy that her child had been so taught by the Holy Spirit.*

"You remind me, Charlie," said she, "of a little German boy of whom I read the other day, who *learned the same lesson which you have learned, only in a different way.* In Germany there was a good man, who wanted to show his gratitude to his Saviour by blessing some of His little ones. All his own children had been taken to their Father's house above, so he determined to take into his home some of the poor and destitute children who had no one to care for them. He soon gathered there a number of children, who before

they came to him had known nothing but wickedness; some of the boys had even been in prison for stealing. He taught them of the Saviour whom he loved; and there were many who became in after-life honest tradesmen, lawyers, and artists, and even clergymen. He used to teach the boys to say as a grace before their meals: 'Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided.'

"One evening at supper, one of the little boys, after he had repeated these words, said: 'Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes.'

"'Dear child,' said his kind teacher, 'only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation.'

"'I shall set him a seat,' said the little fellow. Just as he had done so, there was a knock at the door; it was opened, and there was a poor, half-frozen man, who begged for a night's lodging. He was made welcome; there was a chair standing empty for him; and every child wanted him to have his plate; one lamented that his bed was too small for the stranger.

"The little boy who had placed the chair had been silent, as if thinking; at last he said: 'Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor man in His place; is that it?'

"'Yes, dear child,' said his kind protector, 'that's just it. Every piece of bread and drink

of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoner, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So you see, dear Charlie, the Holy Spirit taught this little German boy the same lesson He has taught you."

Charlie went up to bed with the same happy smile he had worn all day; and when his mother went into his room before retiring for the night, to see that he was warm and comfortable, and saw his face wearing the same expression, even in his sleep, she prayed in her heart, that as he had begun he might continue, and never be weary in well-doing.

M. A. H.

•••

#### THE TEXT OF SHORT WORDS.

THERE is a text in which the longest word has only five letters, so that even a very little one could say it. I should like you to learn it first, and then see what I have got to say about it. This is it:

"Thy word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path." (Psalm 119:105.)

A light! Even the little baby who can not speak turns round to look at the bright gas-lamps in the street, and crows with delight when a candle is brought into the room.

"And I love a light very much," says Jane. "I remember when mother went out one day to work, and left me at home to take care of my little brother; we were very happy all day, but when



evening came, and Charlie went to sleep, and the fire was nearly out, and the candles were locked up, it seemed so dull and lonely in the dark room; till presently mother came in and lighted a candle, and then, though she went away again, I did not mind any more; the candle made it all cheerful, and I got my work and learned my Sunday lessons till father came."

Another little girl named Katie lives in a farmhouse which stands almost by itself. Between it and the nearest town is a steep hill-side with a wide furzy common at the top. There is no regular road over the hill, but only a little narrow path; but Katie has gone across it many, many times, and knows the way quite well when it is light. She can make way-marks of the old crooked trees which stand here and there by the path.

One day Katie's mother was obliged to send her over the hill late in the afternoon; it was a pleasant walk, while the birds were singing their last sweet song, and the sun shining in the sky before he went down. Katie did not go on quite so fast as she might. When her errand was done, however, and she got back on to the common, she tripped along fast enough, for the sun was gone, and instead of the bright streaks where he had been, hung heavy gray clouds, and the wind swept up the hill with a low sound.

Katie ran fast now, for she had often seen a storm come on like this; but before she was half across the common, the thick gray mist had gathered over the whole hill-side, and the rain fell fast. She could not now see her way; the footpath seemed to grow so narrow, she soon lost it and got in among the furze. If she stood still, the prickly bushes hurt her feet, and the water crept into her shoes, and if she ran on, she only seemed to get further from the path.

*Poor Katie! how much she wished for a light!* She kept on bravely in the dark a little while, but at last she sat down on a stone and cried. It was dark, cold, and dreary, when on a sudden she thought she heard a sound like some one calling. Again and again a distant shout was heard, and in a minute or two she saw far down the hill a little glimmering spark of light. She felt sure it was some one come out to meet her with a lantern; so she called loud, and presently some one answered; then the light came nearer till it was almost close, and even by its tiny spark she could see the way in which she should go. The light was from a lantern carried by the plough-boy, who had come to meet her. The road was just as steep and long, and the rain fell as fast as before, but Katie's tears were gone, and she ran on with a light heart, for she knew that home was not far off, and the light had shown her she was in the right way to get there.

Now, I wonder why the text says the word of God is like a light and a lamp? There are two or three reasons which we will try to learn.

First, it is like a light, because it makes us happy. You remember Jane did not feel half so dull and lonely, though she was alone, after the light came. There is a little boy whose father and mother are dead, and who has nobody in all the world to love him and take care of him. He feels very sad, poor boy, and often goes out and sits alone to cry. But

one day he took his little Bible with him, and opened it and found this verse: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." (Psalm 27:10.) He dried up his tears, for he knew God was too good and wise to say what He did not mean. Then he went home a happier child, with this word of God for a lamp to his feet and a light to his path.

God's word also comes, like the lantern to Katie on the hill, to show us things we could not see before. There is a child whose mother says that she is so cross and fretful and disobedient, I do not know what to do with her. And if you asked the girl herself if she was happy, she would say: "Oh! no, I am not."

Poor child! she would like to be happy, but, like Katie on the dark common, she can not find the way. Is there any light for her? Yes, God's word says: *A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you*; and I will take away the stony (hard) heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." (Ezek. 36:26.) Is not this what she wants? She fears that God will not forgive her, but the light of God's word shows how Jesus has borne her sins in His own body on the tree, and that if she believes in Jesus, God will forgive her all sin. Surely God's word is for her "a light shining in a dark place."

Then it is like a light to show us the way to heaven. You sing in one of your hymns:

"Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand."

Did they get there from the dark lands where  
there is no word of God to give them light?  
*Hear what another verse says:*

"On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb."

Who told these little children in the hymn that  
this was the *right way*? Oh! it was God's own  
word, which came like a light to their path, and a  
lamp to their feet, and showed them that God, of  
His own great, free love, invites the children to His  
happy land, and that Jesus is the way.

Dear children, who have this good word of God,  
*look much at it and use it aright.* I am sure Janie  
did not put out the candle, and leave herself in the  
dark again; I am sure Katie did not shut her eyes  
and run away from the lantern. But there are  
many people who do *not* like the light of God's  
word, and shut their eyes that they may not see it.  
Our Lord Jesus Christ says of them: "Men loved  
darkness rather than light, because their deeds  
were evil." (John 3:19.) They are not happy  
people; and one who loves you very much, dear  
children, prays that none of you may ever be like  
them.

## "I COULDN'T SAY AMEN."

"MAMMA, why do we say 'Amen' when we pray?" asked a little girl of six summers. The mother carefully explained to her that by so doing we set a seal to our petition, to prove that we really mean what we say, and believe that our Heavenly Father will hear and answer us.

Some few evenings after this conversation, the little girl had, as was her custom, repeated her evening prayer at her mother's side; the loving good-night kiss was exchanged, and her mother turned to leave the room, when a low sob arrested her attention. In an instant she was at the bedside of her child, with an anxious: "What ails my darling?"

"O mamma! dear mamma! I couldn't say Amen to-night; I have been so naughty to-day."

The mother's arm encircled the little girl, as she asked an explanation.

"Why, to-day," continued the child, "when little Willie broke my baby-house, he said he did not mean to do it; but I said I knew he did, and then he wanted to kiss me, but I would not let him. (Here the child sobbed out.) And now he's gone to sleep, and I have not kissed him since. I'm so, sorry! and that's why I couldn't say Amen."

The loving mother spoke gentle words of counsel and comfort, and then took the weeping child to

the crib where Willie lay sleeping. She kissed him tenderly, and said she'd tell him in the morning how sorry she was.

The evening prayer was again repeated, and as she bade her mother good-night, she whispered: "*I am so happy, mamma; for God will hear me now.*"

—•••—

#### A CURIOUS PRAYING-PLACE.

THERE was a little chimney-sweep, only ten years old, and his Sunday-school teacher said to him:

"Do you ever pray, my child?"

"Oh! yes, sir," said the boy, smiling.

"Where do you pray? You go out early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; I am only half-awake when I leave the house. I think about God, but I can not say that I pray then."

"Where, then, do you pray?"

"Well, you see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not mind our resting awhile when we are at the top. Then I sit at the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say, my child?"

"Ah! sir, very little," replied the boy. "I know no grand words with which to speak to God."

God does not ask for grand words from little children. If they pray with the heart, in Jesus' name, they are sure to be heard.

—♦♦—  
 JESUS SPEAKING.

HEAR the gracious lips of Jesus,  
 Breathing tenderness and grace;  
 Bidding every youthful nature  
 Welcome to His sweet embrace.

He has promised—oh! how kindly—  
 Little ones to love and bless;  
 Cheering them with smiling kindness  
 Through this earthly wilderness.

When their little hearts with sorrow  
 Tremble like a falling leaf,  
 And the starting tear-drops quiver  
 In the swimming eyes of grief;

Jesus whispers then so sweetly  
 In the little mother's ear,  
 That his bosom ceases trembling,  
 And his eyes refuse a tear.

See His mercies ever shining  
 Clear and pure as morning dew,  
 Hear His tender accents calling,  
 Oh! so graciously, to you.

With His blood He bought thy ransom,  
 Suffered every pang for thee;  
 Heed, oh! heed His gentle whisper:  
 "Give your tender heart to me."

—GILDENGATE.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

NO. 9.

THE POOR NEWS-BOY AND POORER BLIND  
WOMAN.



HARRY was a poor little news-boy. One day he laid out all but two pennies of his little capital in a small stock of newspapers. But he had hardly left the office before a drenching shower fell. He hurried to the shelter of a friendly awning, and waited until it became clear again. But the rain and damp had almost spoiled his papers; and the little fellow trudged off, looking as downcast as a broken merchant; he had scarcely spirits enough left even to try to sell his damaged stock of papers.

After walking awhile in silence, he paused near to a poor old blind woman, who was seated on a door-step, holding out her wrinkled hand. Harry stood gazing on her, with his hands in the pockets of his ragged coat, his papers under his arm, and

looking very sad, for the blind woman's mute hand had touched his heart.

Three times his fingers clutched one of his remaining pennies, and three times the thought of his half-spoiled papers caused him to drop it again to the bottom of his capacious pocket. At last his heart won the victory. Out came the penny, and with earnest good-will he dropped it into the blind woman's palm. Then Harry's eye brightened. He turned away with an elastic tread, and his voice echoed loudly along the street as he cried: "News-papers! this day's papers!"

*The fact is, that gift of half his remaining fortune to the old blind woman had warmed his sad heart and cheered his fallen spirits, as generous deeds always do. If Harry was a penny poorer, he was a great deal happier than before he divided his little all with that blind sister of poverty.*

Children! if you wish to have warm hearts yourselves, you must do good to others. As the good God pours streams of blessings on you, you must scatter His good gifts upon others. If you have much, do much; if little, like the newsboy, do little; but be sure to do some kind act or speak some kind word to some one every day of your life. Thus you will be like Jesus, who went about doing good.

## THE JEW BOY AND HIS GENTILE BROTHER.

THE Jews mostly live in the east of London, where it is not uncommon to see the little Jew boys in the ragged schools learning lessons with Christian children. They learn lessons of redemption by the death and resurrection of the Jewish *Messiah and the Christian Saviour*. These children not only learn together, but play together, and are often found doing acts of kindness for each other.

Not long since an act of this kind was noticed by a teacher. One of his scholars was a boy of about ten years of age, whose father was in prison, and whose mother gained a scanty living by selling old umbrellas in the streets. He was confined at home through illness; but as evening approached nothing could prevent him from attempting to attend his school. To quiet him, his mother sent a little Jew boy (his mate as he termed him) to the master, requesting him to return a message, forbidding the boy to come to school, which was done. Very shortly the young Jew returned, and, with downcast looks, informed the master that George would come, nothing could prevent him. At the same moment George entered; and to the inquiry how he dared to disobey his mother, he replied: "Oh! please sir, I'm all right when I'm up; it's only when I'm in bed that I'm bad; and, besides, I must come to school." A few days after this he was un-

able to walk, owing to an abscess having formed in his thigh, and which would have completely prevented a less earnest-hearted scholar from attempting to teach school. He called to his assistance his



little Jew mate, and, to the master's great surprise, who should walk into the school but the Jew boy, with his Gentile brother on his back?

When the faithful friend had deposited the sick boy in his place, it was difficult to say which of the two, Jew or Gentile, was more gratified with the performance. This was repeated until George was able to walk without assistance.

Well done, little Jew boy! May thy Gentile brothers imitate thy example!

We all may do good,  
Whether lowly or great,  
For the deed is not gauged  
By the purse or estate;  
If it be but a cup  
Of cold water that's given,  
Like the widow's two mites,  
It is something for Heaven.

— \* \* \* —

#### MARTHA AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

MARTHA TERRY had been very industrious all the morning, because her mother had told her that if she finished her work she might go to the village after dinner, to sell the butter which she had helped to make.

This was a great pleasure to Martha, for, although her father was not so poor but that he could get enough for his family to eat and to make them comfortable, he was obliged to work hard for it, and expected every member of his family to do the same; so, as they kept no servant, Martha had to

help her mother with the house-work and sewing, when she was not at school; consequently, she had very little time for play.

On this particular morning she had had a good deal to do. There was the strawberry-bed to weed, then she had to take her turn at the churn, then to prepare the potatoes for boiling, and to set the table for dinner while her mother fried the pork, which was to be the principal dish at that meal. Besides this, she had to look after her little brother Tom, who was just old enough to be in every body's way, and to get in all sorts of mischief, without being able to be of the least assistance. When she told him that he might help her weed the strawberries, he trampled down the vines, and pulled up as many plants as he did weeds; so she had to stop him there. He was anxious to help churn, and she let him try; but he was hardly strong enough to move the dasher; so he had to give that up. To be sure, he could wash the potatoes, though he made his apron all wet by the operation, and he was a little help in putting the dishes on the table; still Martha thought she could have got on faster if he had not been with her. She was very patient with him, however, for she was thinking all the time what a beautiful walk she should have through the woods, and that she would come home by the way of the brook, and take off her shoes that she might cross it without fear of wetting them. Perhaps, too, the

storekeeper would give her some candy—he did the last time—and then she would bring some home to Tom. She meant to try to steal off without letting him know that she was going, for she could not take him, he would be such a plague, she thought.

She worked, as I said, industriously and steadily; and as soon as dinner was over, the kitchen all in order, and her mother ready to sit down with her knitting, Martha put on her clean frock, tied on her sun-bonnet, and, taking the basket in which her mother had placed the nice fresh rolls of butter, set off on her walk. Rover, her brother Dick's dog, which, when his owner went to sea, was left in her care, jumped up from his place at the kitchen-door, where he had been taking a nap ever since he had eaten his share of the pork, and trotted along by her side, for he always thought he had a right to go wherever her brown sun-bonnet went.

“Yes, Rover, you may go,” said Martha, as he looked up in her face to see if his company was agreeable. So they went on together, while Tom, poor little Tom, who would have enjoyed a walk in the woods as much as either of them, was left at home, because it would have been some trouble to take care of him. Martha had given him her slate and pencil to draw a picture for her while she was changing her dress, and then, while he was deeply engaged with it, she had slipped off unobserved. She was thinking how cleverly she had managed thus

to get rid of him, when she heard a little voice calling: "Mattie! Mattie! oh! wait for me." She knew whose voice it was well enough; but she never turned her head, for she did not want to wait. Again and again she heard the call, but she still walked on as before; then the words were rendered very indistinct from the sobs which accompanied them, and, finally, they were merged in a loud cry.

Rover could not stand this, if Martha could. He stopped, pricked up his ears, looked at his little mistress as much as to say, "Don't you hear that?" and finally ran back to see what he could do. Martha stopped then too, for she felt ashamed that the dog should be kinder than she was. "O dear!" she said to herself, "there, I have got to take that little plague after all. I am sure I have had enough of him all the morning, and I shall have to walk slowly and give up coming home by the brook."

As soon as Tom (for it was he who had been calling) saw his sister stop, his crying ceased, and he ran up to her as fast as his little bare feet could carry him, while Rover bounded on before, wagging his tail as if he thought he had done a very praiseworthy action in thus guiding the little boy to his sister. And so he had. The dog, who could not speak, nor go to school, nor learn to read, had shown more kind affection than the little girl, who could do all these, and had learned, moreover, to

write in her copy-book, only a short time before: "Little children, love one another."

"Well, here you are," said Martha, in no very gentle tone, as her little brother came up to her. "Did mother say you might come?"

"Yes," said the little fellow; "she said if I would run fast I would catch you. But oh! why didn't you wait, for I am so tired;" and as he took off his little sun-burned straw hat, with its fringed brim, he looked red and hot. No doubt he would have been glad to sit down under the shade of the great oak-tree which was near them, but Martha never offered to stop.

"I think you might have put on your shoes and your other hat," she said crossly, as she hurried on; "mother always likes us to look nice when we go to the village."

"*But I was afraid I could not catch you if I did,*" said Tom; "it would have taken me so long. But no matter; I will take off my hat when I get to the store; and bigger boys than I am don't wear shoes."

Martha made no reply; she felt too cross to talk; so they walked on in silence, neither of them very happy—and why? The moss was just as soft and green as ever it was, doing its best to beautify the gray rocks and stumps of trees which were by the side of their path; the birds sang just as sweetly, and the wild flowers were just as pretty and abun-

dant as when Martha passed there the last time; but her selfish unkindness to her little brother had made them both so unhappy that they could enjoy nothing.

When they reached the store, the owner of it, Mr. Ward, praised the butter and bought it all, paying Martha in bright silver pieces, which she tied in the corner of her handkerchief, as her mother had told her, and then he gave them each a piece of candy; but even that did not taste as sweet as the last time, when she had been glad to have Tom with her.

As they started for home, Rover bounded on before, until he came to the place where the path which led across the brook branched off from the one they had taken on their way to the village; then he stood still, waiting to see which one Martha would choose. She, in her turn, hesitated. There were only stepping-stones by which to cross the brook, and they were hardly near enough together for Tom to step from one to the other; still it was so much pleasanter, and that decided her.

"I don't see why I must always give up what I like to Tom," she thought, as she took the path to the brook. It was quite a wide stream, and though not at all deep, the water ran very rapidly over the stones. When they reached it, Martha took off her shoes for fear she might wet them, placed her sun-bonnet and Tom's hat in her now empty basket,



which she slung on her arm, and started to cross. Rover went before her ; he did not need to use the

stepping-stones, not he; he preferred to walk through the clear cold water. Tom followed Martha as she stepped from stone to stone; but she had not yet recovered from her ill-humor, so she never offered to help him, or took the least notice of him. He did not care, however, for he was a nimble little fellow, and liked the brook as much as Rover did; in fact, he would have preferred his way of crossing if his coat could have been as easily dried as the dog's.

Martha had just stepped on the large stone which was nearly in the centre of the stream, when Tom, who was close behind her, could resist the clear cool water no longer, and put one foot in it, keeping the other on the large rock, while he put out his hand to steady himself against his sister. She saw what he wanted to do, but she felt too cross to be willing to wait to gratify him, so she prepared to go on, and the little fellow, deprived of the support which he expected, lost his balance and fell over into the water. Rover, who had turned his head continually to watch the children, as they followed him, as if he thought they needed his care, heard the splash, and, in an instant, was by Tom's side, and, taking the skirt of his coat in his teeth, dragged him on to the stone. The water was not deep enough to drown the child, though he got a thorough wetting, and cut one of his feet on the side of the rock as he slipped. Martha, a second

time shamed by the superior kindness of the dog, tried to soothe and comfort her little brother, who was a good deal frightened by his sudden bath. She took hold of his hand and helped him over the remainder of the brook. And when they reached home, some dry clothes, and a little sticking-plaster on the cut on Tom's foot, repaired all the mischief that had been done.

Mrs. Terry did not inquire how her little boy happened to slip, and Martha did not tell her. She was ashamed of her crossness, but she was not penitent, or she would have confessed her fault; and though she inwardly resolved that she would never be so unkind to Tom again, yet, when she said in her evening prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," the thought that her unkindness was one of the sins for which she prayed to be forgiven never came into her mind.

Was that the best way? It was not what one of Jesus' little ones would have done. M. A. H.

---

### THE TWO MINERS.

HAVE you ever asked yourself this question, my dear reader: Do you know where you would go if you were to die? Your body would remain in the ground till the last great day; but where would

your soul go—your never-dying soul? Where would you stand in that last day?—at the right or left hand of God?—amongst the sheep or amongst the goats?

I once heard of a man who *did* know where his soul would go when he died.

You have read perhaps of the large tin mines in Cornwall. In these mines many men are employed to work for the tin. It is very hard work to get it, and when parts are too rocky so that it can not be dug out, the pickaxe and gunpowder are obliged to be used. Fire is put to the gunpowder, which lights and blows up the rock in which the tin is. Of course the workmen have to get out of the way whilst this is going on, for fear of being blown up too. Well, one day two workmen were left to set a light to the gunpowder, and, as it takes a minute or two to light, there was just time enough to let a basket down to draw *one* man up out of the way; but the people above forgot that there were *two* men to be drawn up!

When the workmen saw the mistake they did not know what to do; there was no time to draw *one* man up first, and then let down the basket for the other man; nor was there time to fetch another basket; and if both got into the basket the rope would break. What were they to do? *One must* remain behind, and no time was to be lost. Now I must tell you that one of the men was a follower of

Christ, and he knew where he would go if he were to be killed—to heaven; but the other man was careless and wicked, and was not fit to die.

So the good man said to the other: "You go up in the basket, and I will stay down here; I am not afraid to die, for I know I shall go to heaven." The careless, thoughtless man at once jumped into the basket, and was drawn up in safety. The good man then knelt up in one corner, and prayed God to take care of him.

The blast went off, the stones came tumbling down, and where was the good man? Was he a mangled body? No; quite safe and sound in the *same corner*; the *gunpowder had not touched him*, but had mercifully been kept away from that place.

Oh! how he thanked the Lord, his deliverer, from his heart! As to the other man, I believe it was the means of his conversion.

If you have never asked yourself this question, *dear reader*, "*Am I ready to die?*" pray do it at once. There is no time to be lost. You know not when you may die. Fall upon your knees and beg the Lord to show you your own heart; to give you a new one; to make you love and serve him as your Father. O dear friends! *do—do* be Jesus' lambs. He will fold you in His arms, and keep you from every snare. He will and *does* love you. He wants you to love Him; He says to each of you: "Lovest thou me?"

Come to this loving Saviour; you will be much happier if you are His lambs in His fold. Many children *have* loved and *do* love the Saviour now.

Jesus will, if you come to Him, be your Saviour and your Guide, and at last take you to his blessed abode, to heaven, where you will see all your good friends, whom you love; and, much more, will always be with your blessed Saviour, happy forever and ever.

AMY.

\*\*\*

### THE NAME OF JESUS.

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus."—MATTHEW 1: 21.

'Twas God who gave the precious name  
Of Jesus to His Son,  
Because He knew His gracious work  
By Him would well be done.

The name of Jesus, Saviour means,  
And such He is, indeed,  
To all who feel the weight of sin,  
And peace and pardon need.

His name was Jesus when on earth,  
His name is Jesus now,  
And God declares, that to that name  
All heaven and earth shall bow.

And truly happy is that child  
Who loves that precious name,  
He soon shall Him in glory see,  
Who once in mercy came.

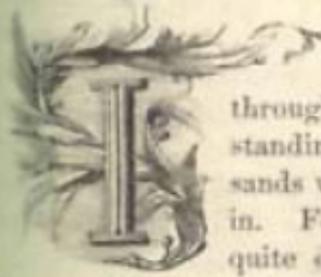
THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1863.

NO. 10.

TRUST.

 I SAW a little boy one day,  
who got into sad trouble  
through not trusting. He was  
standing on a low rock upon the  
sands when the tide was coming  
in. For a time the rock was  
quite dry, and the little fellow  
kept jumping up and down with great glee.

At last the waters came rolling very near, and a gentleman who was standing by thought it was time for the child to get down and go further up the beach. But, no, he did not believe there was any danger, until a great wave came dashing up and surrounded the rock, turning it into a little island.

For a moment then he looked pale; but the wave rolled back again, and the little boy laughed merrily

at his own fears. But the water came nearer and nearer, until the rock stood quite in the middle of a pool. The gentleman then stepped into the water, and held out his arms. "Come," said he, "my brave little fellow, trust to me—quick! before the next wave comes." But the child began to cry: he would not let the gentleman take him; perhaps from not knowing him, or not thinking that his arms were strong enough. I do not know the reason.

At that moment a great roaring wave came billowing up, and the poor boy, to save himself, jumped—not into the gentleman's arms, but quite the other way—and fell down into the water, where, if he had not been snatched up directly, he must have been drowned. As it was, he was thoroughly wet, covered with sand and dirt, and very much ashamed that he had been so foolish as not to *trust* the strong arms held out to save him.

My dear children, there are greater dangers all around us. If left to ourselves, sin and hell will swallow us up forever. But there is a mighty arm held out to us. Jesus says: "Trust in me; I will save you from your sins, and make you blessed forever." If we will not obey Him, there is no other way. We must perish. Unbelief will be our ruin.

## THE LOST CHILDREN.

"COME, Sam," said Maggie Jones to her little brother; "I am sure we have got wood enough; let us tie it up now, and be on our way to the vil-



lage, or we shall not be home before dark." Sam was tired enough to be very willing to stop, for he and Maggie had been gathering sticks ever since they had had their dinner at twelve o'clock, and it

was nearly three now. So he laid the wood which was in his hand on the large pile which he had already gathered; and after Maggie had tied up her own bundle securely, she came to help him, and then they trudged on together. Sam tried to put his bundle of wood on his head as Maggie did, but his arms were too short for that; so he contented himself with carrying it on his shoulder. They were going to the village, about a mile distant, where there was a baker, who was glad to take all the sticks which the children would bring him, and give them some loaves of his nice bread in exchange.

It was easy enough for them to find the sticks in the woods, for the branches were often broken from the trees, by heavy winds or by boys nutting, and these soon dried, making excellent wood for kindling or for heating an oven. The little cottage where they lived was right among the tall trees; there had been a small space cleared just around it, large enough to plant a few potatoes and other vegetables, but everywhere else, on all sides of their home, as far as they could see, it was one unbroken forest. And very happy these children were in their woodland home. Their father was away all day, at work for the farmers in the neighborhood, and their mother was sometimes employed in the village, to do a day's washing or cleaning; so that they were often entirely alone from sunrise to

sunset; but they did not mind that, for they had plenty to occupy them.

Maggie had one little doll which a lady for whom her mother worked had sent her, and several paper ladies and children, which her mother had cut for her. For these she and Sam made beautiful baby-houses on the rocks, which were covered with moss and fern. To be sure, sometimes the squirrels or the turtles or the toads would come to make them a visit; but they were all their friends, and the children were glad to see them.

But Maggie and Sam did something besides play. When the berries were ripe, they went to a cleared place about half a mile from their house, where they grew in abundance, and picked them by the pailful. Sometimes their mother would let them go to the village to sell them, and sometimes they had them for their supper, with the nice milk which Dolly their cow gave them. *Dolly lived as they did, in the woods.* As soon as she was milked in the morning, she wandered off to eat the plants which grew among the trees, finding here and there a patch of grass, and if she did not come home in time in the evening, Maggie and Sam went for her. They generally found her quite easily, by listening to the tinkling of the bell which was tied on her neck.

When the berries were gone, they gathered sticks, and besides what they sold, they supplied their mother with all the wood which she wanted to

burn in summer. In winter, of course, they had to have larger logs, which their father generally procured from the farmers when he was employed by them to cut down trees, and prepare their wood for winter. When the cold weather came, and the snow was often so deep that no one could go far from their cottage for days together, Maggie and Sam learned to read and to sew, as well as knit; but though they were very obedient to their father and mother who taught them, and though they tried to be diligent, they were always glad when the spring and summer came, and they could be out of doors again.

But while I have been telling you all about their home and their amusements, the children have reached the village, taken their wood to the baker, and are on their way home again, with two nice loaves of bread for their supper and breakfast. Their bundles of sticks had been very heavy, and they had rested a good many times as they carried them; then they had waited to look at the flower-garden which was by the side of the baker's house, and which his little girl had shown them; so that it was nearly dark when they entered the woods to go home. Still they did not mind that, for they had lived too long in the woods to be afraid, and they thought they knew the path perfectly; they had certainly travelled it often enough. So they walked gayly on, talking of the nice supper

they would have, and wondering if Dolly had come home; and Maggie planned how she would try to have just such a garden as the baker's little girl had, next summer. But as they talked it grew darker and darker, until the little foot-path, which even in the daytime in many places was quite indistinct, became entirely obscured.

"O dear!" said Sam, "what shall we do? I can't see where to step at all; and the trees are so close together, I am sure we are off of the path."

"Never mind," said Maggie; "I guess we shall get home if we keep right straight along, and don't go where there is much underbrush."

But it was not so easy to go straight along without any guide, and so after a while they found themselves completely surrounded by underbrush, with no light to show them their way but what came from the stars, whose twinkling could be only now and then discerned through the waving branches of the tall trees above their heads.

Sam cried outright, and even Maggie felt somewhat discouraged; but she had a good deal of energy and perseverance, so she was not ready to give up. "O Sam!" said she, "don't cry; let's climb on this rock, and sit down and rest awhile, and I'll break off a piece of bread from this loaf—I am sure mother will not mind—and after you have eaten something, you will feel more like trying to find your way again."

So the children clambered on to the rock, and sat down to eat their bread, while the crickets chirped around them, and the katy-dids told them over and over again that Katy did and Katy didn't. They had not noticed these familiar sounds before, and they felt quite reassured when they heard them; so by the time they had finished eating they were talking quite happily again. When Maggie proposed, however, that they should start again to find their way, Sam said:

"Do wait a little longer, I am so tired." So they waited; but in a minute or two Sam's head fell over on Maggie's shoulder, and he was asleep. She folded her shawl for a pillow, and then laid his head gently upon it on the rock; then she lay down beside — just to see that nothing happened to him; she said to herself; but in five minutes she was asleep also.

Long before this, Dolly had come home and been milked, their mother had got their supper all ready for them, and their father came whistling along the path to the house, wondering very much that the children did not run to meet him as usual.

"What can keep them?" he said, as his wife told him how they had gone to carry their wood to the baker's, and had not yet returned; "they have had time enough to get home before this."

"Oh! they'll be home soon now, I think," said their mother; "they have likely stopped to rest

on the way, not thinking how soon it would be dark ; but they know the path, so I don't fear for them."

But as night came on she showed that she did fear for them, for she went every few minutes to the gate, to see if they were coming ; and when it became too dark to discern any thing but the tall, forms of the trees, she said to her husband : " I begin to be afraid that something has happened to the children ; suppose you take your lantern, and we will go a little ways down the path, and see if we can not meet them."

Now Peter Jones had been hard at work all day, and his supper was all ready and waiting for him ; but he never considered how tired and hungry he was, he was so anxious to find his children. So he lighted the lantern, and went with his wife along the path, calling " Maggie !" and " Sam !" until the woods rang again ; but they heard in reply only the chirping of the crickets and the song of the katy-did, with now and then the far-off hoot of the owl.

They walked on until they reached the place where the children had been gathering sticks ; it was by a tree which the storms of the last winter had blown down, scattering many small branches around.

" The children have certainly been here," said their mother, " for the sticks are all lying round ;

perhaps we had better go on to the village and see if they have been there."

So on they went to the baker's shop. Yes, the children had brought him the sticks, and had started to go home just before dark; then some one else had seen them cross the stile which led into the woods.

"They must have missed the path, then," said Peter when he heard this, "and they are very likely now wandering about the woods;" and he turned to seek them there, his wife following, now too much frightened to be able to say much. They looked closely all along the path, trying to find some marks of their footsteps to tell them where they had left the path; but they could see none. Then they would wander off in one direction, then in another, until it was past midnight and the moon had risen; still no children were to be seen. These parents did not think of feeling tired or hungry; they were only anxious to find their little ones.

At last they thought they heard a faint answer to their oft-repeated calls. They called again and listened. Yes, it was Maggie's voice crying, "Mother!" and this time it was louder than before. They called again, and again they were answered; and so they went on calling, each time hearing the answer nearer to them, until they came close to the rock where Maggie and Sam had been sleeping, and there they found their dear children safe and sound. It would be hard to say which were the happiest,

the parents or the children. His father took Sam on his back, and her mother led Maggie, and so they went home. They had the moon to guide them now; so they soon found the path, and then it did not take them long to get to the house. Dolly lowed from her shed as they entered the gate, as if she understood all about it, and wanted to tell them how glad she was to hear them coming home. The fire was nearly out, but their mother soon made it up, and then they all had supper together. Maggie told how she had broken a piece of bread from the loaf in the woods, and how, after they had eaten it, they both fell asleep; she was just waking up, feeling a little cold, when she heard her father's voice. Her answering had awakened Sam, and "Oh! how glad we were," she said.

Their little bed had never seemed so comfortable before, as it did on that night, when they had taken their first nap on a rock under the trees, with no pillow and nothing to cover them.

This father was very kind to go out in the night, when he was tired and hungry, to look for his lost children; but Jesus our Lord and Saviour left his glorious home in heaven, and came to this world to seek his lost ones. All the little children in the world have wandered so far from their Heavenly Father's home, that is, they have sinned so much, that they never could find their way there without this precious Saviour. He came to save

them, and He says to every one: "Come unto me, I will be your Saviour."

Suppose Maggie had not answered when her father had called, but had said to herself, "I can find the way; I don't want any one to come for me; I am not lost;" would she have got home that night? So those who refuse to come to Jesus, when He invites them, will never live with Him in heaven.

Maggie called to her father, and he heard her; so little children have only to pray to Jesus, and tell Him that they want to be saved, and He will hear and save.

M. A. H.

---

#### EVERLASTING CROWNS.

"MAKE haste, Gerty, to come down, for mamma says she will take a walk with us;" and standing at the foot of the stairs, Charlie swung his sister's tiny straw hat impatiently around, till some of the wild flowers fell out. Then he was sent up for a pin, and in a few minutes made his appearance, hurrying little Gerty down.

"Mayn't we go across the meadow, mamma?" begged the little girl; and when her mother said "yes," both children clapped their hands. No wonder they wanted to take that lovely walk over the new-mown hay, under beautiful elms, where the little brook, after its leap down the mountain-side, rippled merrily along, when the

wind seized lofty bushes and haughty golden rods, forcing them to bow low on both sides of the little stream.



Soon the mother stopped to rest; but her children rambled on, now kneeling upon a log to drink

the sparkling water, laughing as little Gerty shook back her long wet curls, now trying to catch the glittering fish that almost jumped into their hands.

"Suppose we gather some wild flowers for mamma; you know she loves them better than any others," proposed Charlie. Then the children wandered further away, and did not return till laden with golden-rods, hare-bells, and immortelles.

"Isn't this a lovely little one? What is its name, mamma?" asked Gerty, holding up a small white flower.

"Yes, 'tis one of my favorites. Its French name is *immortelle*, but here it is generally called 'everlasting.'"

"Doesn't it die like the other flowers?" and Gerty raised her dark eyes in surprise.

"It will last a very long time, dear. Suppose I make you a crown of them as I used to do years ago."

Then the child, seated upon the grass, watched her mother lay the white flowers side by side, till at last the wreath was completed and little Gerty crowned.

"Look, Charlie, look!" she exclaimed. "Isn't my crown beautiful? It's made of everlastings, and will never fade."

"It will last a long time," said the mother, drawing her child close to her side; but there is only one crown which is truly everlasting, only one—

the 'crown of glory that fadeth not away'—and with that I trust my little Gerty will one day be crowned."

"Do you mean when I go to heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, darling; and I want both my children to think very often about 'the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.' Does Charlie remember what prayer at baptism was offered for him and Gerty?"

Charlie thought for a moment, then said: "That we should fight manfully under Christ's banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and continue His faithful servants and soldiers unto our lives' end.

"Quite right, my son; and if we truly love Christ, we will prove ourselves His faithful soldiers, by following in the footsteps of our great Captain, and striving, with His aid, more earnestly every day to obey His commands. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,' are Christ's words to his little soldiers; and if my children fight faithfully under His banner against temptations to do wrong, they will be happy while on earth, and crowned with everlasting life and joy in heaven."

"We'll try, won't we, Gerty?" whispered Charlie; "and, mamma, I mean to write down some of those crown texts, to hang in our play-room under Gerty's wreath." And before that afternoon had

ended, under the crown of everlastings were the verses :

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

“Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

And, lastly, one which both Charlie and Gerty thought they had better read very often.

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.”

If you will only love Him, dear little reader, that crown will be promised to you — promised by One who on earth wore a crown of thorns, that in heaven you might wear “a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

K. M.

---

### GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE children, do you pray—  
Call on God from day to day?  
Do you pray that God may keep  
And protect you when you sleep?  
Do you in the morning pray  
God to bless you through the day?  
Little children time should spare  
Every day for humble prayer.

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

NO. II.

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS DOG.



ALPH'S mother, one Saturday evening, was taken very ill. The cottage they lived in was far away among the mountains, far away from any path. The snow fell in large, heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole, with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife.

"Father," said little Ralph, "I know the sheep-path better than you, and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doc-

tor, and do you stay and comfort my mother." Malcolm consented.

Ralph had been accustomed to the mountains from his early infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making many jumps and grimaces. They went safely on. Ralph arrived at the village, saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. "Go on, Shag," said Ralph. Shag would not stir. "Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy; "we are nearly at the top of the glen." Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; and at last Ralph advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm was waiting patiently for his son; but no son came. At last he heard the bark of his faithful dog Shag. "My son, my son!" cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage-door opened, and Shag entered without his master. "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother. At the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor. "Our boy

lives," said the shepherd; "here is the medicine vied with his handkerchief. He has fallen into some of the pits, but he is safe: trust in God. I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child." In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy, as they both issued from the cottage. You may imagine the misery the poor mother suffered while her husband was absent. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog; but she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of both.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Ralph had fallen. At last Malcolm stood at the lower edge of the pit into which his son had fallen. He hallooed; he strained his eyes; but could not see or hear any thing. At last Malcolm succeeded in getting to the bottom, and Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock which was nearly imbedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and, after a long search, found what appeared to be the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and wrapping Ralph in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended. Ralph was placed in a bed, and

with great exertion roused from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised and his ankle dislocated, but he had no other hurt; and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were: "Thank God; but did you get the medicine, mother?" When he fell, Shag had descended after him; and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left, tied the medicine round the dog's neck, and directed him home with it.

—•••—

### JOHNNY AND HIS AYAH.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

CAN any of my little readers tell me where these words are to be found, and who spoke them?

Yes, they are in the Bible, and were spoken by the Saviour, and He meant to teach us that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.

Does God only hear grown-up people? Does He not also hear little children?

Yes, He does; and the story I am going to tell you is one of many instances that God hears and answers the prayers of even little children.

There lived a lady in Madras. Can my little friends tell me where Madras is?

Yes; it is in India, where many English people live amongst a multitude of heathen and Moham-medans. *This lady had several children, and she*

brought them up to know and love God. One day a poor native woman came to her, begging. She looked very poor, was very dirty, and in rags. The lady said to her: "This is a very idle way of getting your living: if I give you something to-day, you will again be hungry and in want to-morrow. Why don't you work for your bread?"

The poor woman said: "I don't know what to do."

The lady asked her who she was, and whether she had any children.

She said: "I am the widow of a sepoy, [or black soldier,] and I have no children."

"Well, then," said the lady, "suppose you come into my house and help my ayah [or black nurse] to take care of my children."

The woman said she would be glad to do so. So Hoossainee—for this was the woman's name—came the following day, and having cleaned herself and put on decent clothes, she entered upon her duties.

Hoossainee was a Mohammedan, and believed that Mohammed was the prophet sent by God. She did not know the true God and our Saviour; but after she entered the lady's service she heard the Bible read by the Scripture-reader, who used to visit the house regularly to read the Bible to the servants in their own language.

Hoossainee was very grateful to the lady, and proved diligent and faithful. After she had been

some time in the lady's service, the lady rewarded her for her good conduct by giving her the entire charge of one of her little boys. Thenceforth she was little Johnny's ayah, or nurse. Hoossainee was very kind to Johnny, and the little boy became very fond of her.

One day, when he was reading to his mamma, and she was speaking to him about the love of Christ to sinners, and what a precious Saviour He is to those that trust in Him, Johnny said: "O mamma! I wish Hoossainee was a Christian. Do you think, mamma, if I asked God, He would make Hoossainee a Christian?"

His mamma replied: "God is a hearer and answerer of prayer, my dear, and I doubt not, if you pray to Him, He will hear and answer you."

Immediately Johnny went on his knees and said: "O God! make my dear Hoossainee a Christian, for Jesus' sake." Then he added: "Mamma, I intend to pray this every day."

Johnny continued to pray for his nurse.

After some time, Hoossainee came to her mistress one day, and said: "Please, ma'am, may I speak with you?" The lady listened, and she continued: "I wish very much, ma'am, to be a Christian."

The lady replied: "I am delighted to hear it, Hoossainee; but it will be necessary that you should be perfectly instructed, and that some missionary who knows your language should see that

you understand what it is to be a Christian, and what is required of a Christian, before you can be baptized. I will send you to a good missionary."

The lady then sent for her little boy, and said: "I have something to tell you, Johnny, that will make you very glad."

"O mamma! what is it? Do tell me, do tell me."

"What have you been asking God for, my dear?"

"That Hoossainee may be a Christian."

"Well, my dear, I hope God has heard and answered your prayer."

My little readers may imagine what joy Johnny felt when he heard the good news.

His mother said to him: "If you had asked papa for any thing, and he gave it to you, what would you do?"

"I would say, 'Thank you.' O mamma! I understand what you mean. Since God has given me what I asked for, I should thank Him."

So Johnny knelt, and returned thanks to his Heavenly Father for having heard and answered his prayer for his dear nurse.

The missionary was satisfied that Hoossainee was sincere and in earnest; he therefore baptized her, and gave her the name of Mary.

Now, my little friends, you must remember that this lady had several heathen servants, yet it pleased God that Hoossainee should be the one to whom He

gave a new heart and a new spirit in answer to the prayers of a little child.

Should not this encourage you to pray for your own souls and for the souls of others, and to continue in prayer? for if we are earnest, we do not only ask once or twice, but we continue to ask till we get what we want. God loves this persevering faith, and will always reward it.—*Children's Friend.*

---

#### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

SARAH and Fred had learned many times the words, "Be ye kind one to another;" "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." And yet they did not seem to heed them. They were never willing to give up to each other, and were always ready to quarrel. If Sarah took Fred's book to read, and he saw her, he would run up to her, and try to get it away from her; though, as she was the taller, he did not always succeed. Then, in return, if Fred had any thing of Sarah's, she would snatch it from him, and could not be induced by any entreaty to let him have it. Now what was the reason that these children did not obey these words which they heard so often, to love one another? It was because they did not love Him who said them. In that same Book in which they are to be found these words are writ-

ten: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love;" "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." So then the only true



love is that which springs from love to God in the heart. The little girl who has come to Jesus to be saved, and loves Him because He is her Saviour, will be so happy that she will feel like loving every

body, and then every one will love her. Such a little girl, after thanking her kind Father in the morning for having taken care of her all through the night, and asking Him to be with her all the day and keep her from all sin, will leave her room prepared to be kind and gentle and loving to every one, and then she will be surprised to see how kind every one will be to her. You have all heard of the little girl whose father asked her, "why every one loved her?" and her simple answer: "I don't know, unless it is because I love every body."

First love Jesus, and then you will be sure to love every body else, and every body else will love you.

M. A. H.

---

### THE WATER-CRESS SELLERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "WIDE, WIDE WORLD."

DEAR little readers, who have fathers and mothers and pleasant houses to live in, and cakes and tarts to eat, would you like to know something about another sort of little people, who have none of these good things? You would not think *their* fathers and mothers good things. Perhaps they do. But you would say, you would rather have none. The children I mean are a set of little London children, who get their living in the street.

Not by begging. You never saw any body, per-

haps, that worked so hard for a living as these children do. They sell water-cresses.

Where do you suppose they get them?

Water-cresses grow where sweet spring-water runs in a shallow bed, only an inch or two deep, and runs fresh and sweet all the time. Nothing so fresh and sweet is in all London, or in any other very great city. The poor little cress-sellers can not go where it grows, to gather it for themselves; if they could, their faces would be a little less old and miserable, for the cress grows where the springs run, far, far away among the green fields and farms. Where do they find it?

You could not go to see, even if you were in London, for your mothers would never let you be up and out in the streets so early in the morning. You must be content to fancy you go, and let me tell you what you would see.

It is *early, early in the short November morning*, long before daylight. This is the time the little cress-sellers must go to the cress-market, for if they are not about the streets with their bunches of cresses in time for the mechanics' breakfasts, they will lose their labor. They don't sell the cresses much to rich people. It is carpenters, and masons, and cobblers, and smiths and such people, that are their customers; and those always go to their work early. So it is dark and cold when the poor little cress-sellers turn out of what beds they have, and set off toward the cress-market. Almost every

body else is fast asleep. The lamps are burning in the streets, not a door nor a window-shutter is open, and nobody to be seen but a policeman or a sleepy cab-horse. It is not pleasant to be sent out. It can not be pleasant for the poor naked feet, and the very thinly-clothed little bodies, which are pattering along now toward Farringdon Market.

When we get to the market, we see a large open place inside the rails. That is the place; but nobody is there yet. All is quiet; the market-shops are shut; there are bright lamps burning over the iron gates; but no people. You can hear an early cock crowing from some yard near by. He knows, somehow, that it is morning. May be he is crowing to warm himself. The first thing we see is a man who comes hurrying up with a great tin can in each hand, and a stall, or wooden frame, upon his head. That isn't cresses; it's coffee. He pitches his stall just by the gates, and lights some charcoal under his cans, and sets a row of mugs on the stone wall, between the railings. He knows people will be here directly who will want breakfast. He has bread and butter, too, besides the coffee, in his cans, and perhaps he has sandwiches. You don't want any? No; but don't forget to thank Him who has given you something better.

The cresses are brought to market in great hampers from the country; but they are not here yet. The customers are coming though — creeping up one by one, and dressed in all sorts of rags.

O children! children! thank God again, that He has made you something happier than a little London cress-seller. Look at them as they come; it is the very poor that come to this market, for it needs no stock in trade beyond a few half-pence and a basket. Look at them; some of the boys carry handled baskets slung over their heads; others have shallows, as they are called—*shallow baskets*—sometimes broken, and mended with rope and twine, or lined with oil-cloth or bits of tin; and one little tattered girl holds in her blue fingers a rusty, bent, old iron tea-tray. They walk up and down, stamping their feet and rubbing their hands together for cold; and a few get the coffee-man to let them warm their fingers over the charcoal-fire. O children! to whom God has given homes and comforts, and who sometimes have a few pennies of your own to spare, do all the kindness you can—help every body you can, for the world wants a great deal of help.

At last come the hampers of cresses, and the women who sell them, tucking their hands under their shawls for the cold. But these women look comfortable. Each one has a bit of candle stuck in the centre of her open hamper, which lights up the green cresses and the faces of the children and poor old people who crowd round to buy. The cresses are sold at so much a "hand," and a "hand" will make five ha'penny bunches. The children take their cresses to the pump when they have bought them, and freshen them up, and then make them

into ha'penny bunches. They sit down on the stones to do this, curling their feet under them; and of a summer's morning you may see them there by the hundred. In this cold time there are not so many.

Meanwhile it is growing light, and the gas-man comes and turns off the gas. The bustle of the morning begins; market-men are hurrying about, and the children are crying because their feet are stepped upon, and the buyers are hurrying off with their cresses. Many children, better off than they, think nothing of stealing sixpence for their pleasure. There are plenty of bad examples around them to teach the bad lesson; but these little water-cress sellers choose rather the early rising, the cold walk, with bare feet on the stones, and the hard-earned pennies, to a living got by dishonesty.

Buy my fine spring water-cresses :  
For breakfast or for tea,  
Nothing can nicer be—  
Fresh water-cresses!

Buy my fine spring water-cresses ;  
Fine they are as any ;  
Two bunches for a penny—  
Fresh water-cresses!

Buy my fine spring water-cresses ;  
Oh! do not turn away ;  
Please, take a bunch to-day—  
Fresh water-cresses!



## THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

See the chickens round the gate  
For their morning portion wait;  
Fill their basket from the store,  
Open wide the cottage-door;  
Throw some crumbs and scatter seed—  
Let the hungry chickens feed,  
Call them—oh! how fast they run,

Gladly, quickly—every one!  
See the hen, how kind and good  
To her rough and callow brood!  
With what care their steps she leads?  
Not herself, but them she feeds;  
Picking here and picking there,  
Where the nicest portions are.  
Throw some double handfuls out—  
Now how fast they run about!  
When she calls, they flock around,  
Bustling all along the ground:  
Till their active labors cease,  
And at last they rest in peace.  
Then the little tiny things  
Nestle close beneath her wings,  
Where she keeps them safe and warm,  
Free from fear and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend—  
In the Lord you have a Friend,  
Though unseen by mortal eye,  
Dwelling far above the sky:  
Faintly does that hen express  
His kind care and tenderness.  
As her little brood she guides,  
Cherishes, and food provides:  
So are you by day and night  
In your heavenly Father's sight;  
His protecting wings are spread  
Over your defenseless head;  
All the children of His care  
In His tenderest pity share;  
He in whom all goodness dwells—  
He whose love all love excels—  
He your every want supplies,  
And His mercy never dies.  
May you by His love be taught  
How to trust Him as you ought!  
And to Him unceasing raise  
Daily prayer and daily praise.  
—London: *Infant Scholars' Magazine.*

THE  
STANDARD-BEARER.

---

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1863.

NO. 12.

---

ADVENT.

**A**DVENT comes just four weeks before Christmas; and children love the season very, very much, though they may not exactly understand about it, or even think of its being Advent.

The word Advent means "coming." Christmas, the birth-day of Jesus, is coming, and we must be ready for it. So our mother—as some good people love to call the Church—has given us four weeks for preparation. And on the four Advent Sundays the Bible chapters which are read at service tell us all about how the blessed Jesus came into the world a little baby, that he was born in a stable, and laid in a manger, in the village of Bethlehem. And about the shepherds who saw the beautiful light in the sky, and heard the music, and saw the angels who told that Jesus was come, and of the wonderful star which the wise men in a far

distant country saw, and followed, thinking it would surely lead them to the cradle of a great prince; but it stopped right over a stable. How surprised they must have been! But they went in, and there they found the Virgin Mary, with the infant Saviour, and they worshipped Him, and gave Him presents. The Father had given His Son to save from hell those wise men, and you, and me, and every body who should believe and worship Him as they did. And I suppose this is the reason why, ever since, Christ's birth-day has been the time for giving presents. Advent Sunday is the Church's New Year day, or the beginning of a new Church year; for her seasons are not regulated as the common year is, by the "motion of the sun, but by the course of the Sun of Righteousness." Perhaps you would like to know how the minister knows exactly when Advent Sunday comes. I will tell you. St. Andrew, who was one of the Apostles, was the first person converted by the preaching of Jesus, after he became a man, and the Church commemorates the event on the thirtieth day of November, and Advent comes the nearest Sunday to that day. The Bible lessons which are read during Advent also direct our minds to the great truth that Jesus is coming again to this world; not as our Saviour, but as our Judge. So it is highly important that we should spend each Advent, as it comes to us, in getting ready to meet Him then. If we make Him

our friend, by striving to please Him in every way we can, the day of His coming as Judge will be the happiest in our lives. Now we know, from many things he has said, that it especially pleases Him when we remember the poor; and if each child who shall read this article will, during Advent, make or give a single warm garment as a Christmas gift to a poor child, I shall feel a thousand times repaid for my trouble in writing it. I know of a school where this has been done for at least two Advents; and if the happiness which these simple gifts gave, both to the givers and the receivers, could be weighed against their more beautiful presents, I think, as a source of happiness, if for no higher reason, we should all begin, without delay, to knit mittens, and tippetts, and sleeves for the poor.

S. S.

---

### TRUST IN GOD.

MANY years ago, in a little thatched cottage in one of the southern counties of England, lived honest John Houghton, with his wife Mary, and their two children, Tommy, a boy of eight, and his little sister Susy. John was a day laborer, industrious, and sober. He loved his wife and children, and labored cheerfully, from early dawn to sundown, to provide them with food and clothing. Mary, too, was very industrious. She seldom spent

an idle moment, but busied herself from morning to night in the care of her house and children, and in cultivating the little plot of ground attached to their cottage. She took great pains with her gar-



den, and many a nice mess of early peas or lettuce, and many a nosegay of flowers, was she able to carry to market in the neighboring town, thus adding quite a nice little sum, in the course of the year, to her husband's earnings.

They were a very happy family, for they loved and feared God, and were contented with their lot. But one night John did not come home as usual from his work, and Mary, after waiting a long time, gave the sleepy children their supper and put them to bed. She then walked down the lane, expecting every moment to meet her husband, but could see nothing of him. She sat down on a stile, and waited as long as she dared leave her little ones alone, then sadly turned her steps homeward again. Her heart was full of anxious fears, for never before had such a thing occurred; but she tried to cast her care upon the Lord, and, asking His protection, lay down to rest beside her sleeping children.

Morning came again, but no tidings of the missing husband; and so day after day passed away, each *one taking something from the hope of his return*, till poor Mary's heart grew sick within her with hope deferred, and her eyes were dim with weeping.

The neighbors sympathized with her at first; but it was a time of war, and many of them had sons and brothers in danger, and so they soon forgot Mary's troubles in attending to their own.

Mary struggled hard to support herself and children, and Tommy did his best to help her. He was up every morning as soon as it was light, hoeing and weeding in the garden. Then, when his mother had gathered the vegetables, and tied up the flowers in bunches, he would trudge off to market with

them, whistling and singing as he went, and there was something so pleasant in his smiling face and obliging manners that he seldom failed to secure a purchaser for all he had to dispose of, and sometimes even had a few pence presented to him; but he never spent one penny for himself, but always carried it all home to his mother.

They had a cow, too, and it was Tommy's business to carry the milk to their customers every day. A small quantity was always kept for Susy, who was a sickly child, but all the rest was sold, and Tommy and his mother seldom tasted any thing but a little brown bread and cold water. Mary took in spinning and knitting, and all day long, and often half the night, her fingers were busy. Tommy and Susy, too, were able to do a little in the same way; yet, with all their exertions, they could scarcely do more than pay the rent and buy food for themselves and the cow; and when winter came, and they had nothing from the garden, and the cow gave less milk than before, they had a hard struggle indeed, and so it happened that they fell behind with the rent, and the man whose business it was to collect for the landlord began to look threateningly when Mary begged for a little more delay. Yet he waited pretty patiently, for he knew they had always been punctual, and that they would pay it when they could. At last spring came again, and once more they dug and planted their little garden. The cow,

too, was fresh again, and Mary hoped, if the man would only wait, she should, after a while, be able to pay her rent.

But one evening he came in very cross indeed, and told them he must have his money at once, for he would not wait any longer. Mary explained how impossible it was for her to pay him then, and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to wait a few weeks longer.

"No," said he; "I've waited already two months or more, and I'll not wait another day. If the rent is not made up by to-morrow night I'll take your cow, and you and your brats may go to the work-house, or wherever else you like, for I mean to have somebody in here that will pay the rent."

So saying he strode angrily away, and poor Mary, sinking down on a chair, covered her face with her apron, and sobbed aloud.

"Don't cry, mammy," said Tommy, the tears running fast down his own cheeks, "God will take care of us; you know you've often told me so."

His mother shook her head.

"I don't see any way, Tommy," said she; "I believe we'll have to go to the work-house, for you know we've sold every article we could possibly do without; we've but one bed and one chair left, and so there's no way at all to raise the money."

"May be daddy might come back," suggested Tommy, in a hesitating way, as though he feared to pain his mother by the mention of the name.

"Oh! no, no," sobbed Mary, "he's dead and gone, or he never would have left us a whole year without a word from him."

There was a little pause. Then Tommy spoke again :

"Mammy," said he, "you've often told me that God hears prayer; let us ask *Him* to help us, and I *know* He will."

"Yes, Tommy, you're right," said his mother. "I've been very wicked to be so faithless. We'll ask Him now."

So they knelt down, and the children joined earnestly with their mother in asking help from their heavenly Father in this their time of sore distress. They then lay down to rest with hearts more than half lightened of this load of care. They rose early as usual on the following morning, and Mary's first thought was, "Where is the rent to come from?" But Tommy said, as he started off with his bucket of milk :

"Never fear, mammy, I *know* it will come somehow; for didn't we ask God last night and this morning too? and doesn't He say He will give to those that ask? and He cares more for us than for the sparrows. Oh! I *know* He will take care of us."

"Yes, I believe it, my son," replied his mother, smiling cheerfully as she took up her rake and went to work in the garden. Tommy walked briskly

along, stopping now and then to rest himself, or to deal out his milk.

As he was thus passing along, intent upon his work, a voice suddenly cried out: "Hollo, Tommy Houghton!" He turned and saw the postman coming towards him with a bundle of letters in his hand. Quickly selecting one, he reached it out to Tommy, saying:

"There, I 'spose that must be for your mother. Mary Houghton—that's her name, isn't it?"

"Yes, and that's daddy's writin'," shouted Tommy, dropping his milk-bucket, and throwing up his cap; "hurrah! hurrah! now *won't* mammy be glad!" and forgetting his milk, the postage, and every thing else, he darted off like an arrow with the precious letter in his hand.

"O mammy, mammy!" he cried, rushing up to her as she was still at work in the garden, "here is a letter from dad!"

His mother had turned to look at his first exclamation, and ere he had concluded she had dropped her rake, and snatching the letter from his hand, she tore it open. She saw at a glance that it contained money, and more than enough to pay her rent; but the tears of joy and gratitude came so thick and fast that it was some time ere she could see to read it. It was indeed from her lost husband. He told her that on the evening of his disappearance he had worked later than usual, and on

his way home had been seized by a press-gang, and forced to become a sailor on board of a ship-of-war. He had had no means of letting her know his situation, as the ship sailed immediately. He had seen some fighting, but had been preserved unharmed through it all; he had gained some prize-money in addition to his wages, and as the war was at an end, was now on his way home, and would soon be with them again.

"There, mammy, didn't I tell you so? I knew God would take care of us," said Tommy, as his mother finished reading the letter to him and Susy; "and now daddy's comin' home, and we'll be better off than ever with all the money he's got."

Dear children, go to God with all your wants and sorrows, for "He is a very present help in every time of trouble."

M. F.

---

## THE TWO CHRISTMAS-DAYS.

BY THE AUTHORS OF "A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS."

[THE following lines, as our readers will perceive, were written for the children of England, but we are sure they will also please and instruct the children of this country. We have no place here exactly resembling the work-house, but there are many institutions in the land where children are gathered, who are homeless and friendless, and who, perhaps,

can remember happier days, just as the little girl in the story; such would be very glad to secure many of the playthings which are scattered about the



houses of some of our readers, or hidden away in some closet as worthless. Let a collection of such be made by every one, and sent to some child too

poor to buy, or even some new toys might be added without much self-denial, and the heart of many a little one will be made to dance with joy.—EDITOR STANDARD-BEARER.]

## HAPPY AND RICH.

- " Oh! Christmas-day—it is Christmas-day—  
How merry we all shall be;  
With plenty of toys for girls and boys,  
And a beautiful Christmas-tree.
- " Kind Uncle John will bring me a doll,  
That opens and shuts its eyes;  
And aunt has bought me a baby-house,  
And books for a Christmas-prize.
- " And dear mamma has a beautiful thing,  
She hasn't yet told me what;  
But I got a peep at a little teacup,  
And the lid of a small teapot.
- " I know what it is—and they are for me—  
And cousins will soon be here,  
And I shall make tea for them all to-day,  
And again on the good New Year.
- " And Harry—oh! he has some charming things!  
A top, and a wagon, and ball,  
And he has a large new rocking-horse,  
And that is the finest of all.
- " And dear little baby has got a cart,  
And a white pussy-cat that mews,  
And a nice soft ball, and a barking dog,  
And a dolly with scarlet shoes.

"Oh! Christmas-day—it is Christmas-day—  
The happiest day in the year;  
With presents and toys for girls and boys,  
And many kind people here."

---

THE LITTLE WORK-HOUSE GIRL.

"Oh! don't go back to work, mother,  
But stop and talk to me;  
They say to-day is Christmas-day,  
I think it can not be.

"Last year we were at home, mother,  
Poor father he was there;  
He sat beside the bright fireside,  
Propped in an easy-chair.

"I wish we were at home again,  
To spend our Christmas-day;  
We were so happy there, mother,  
We had such merry play.

"And you gave me a little doll—  
Where can my dolly be?  
I wish I had my doll again,  
To nurse upon my knee.

"And on last Christmas-day, mother,  
Poor Tommy had a ball,  
And father smiled, when Tommy threw  
It up against the wall.

“ And Tommy went up to the wood,  
And climbed a holly-tree;  
And as he cut the berries off,  
He threw them down to me.

“ We stuck them in the window-panes,  
To make a pretty show—  
I wonder where poor Tommy is?  
I never see him now.

“ How dull it is to-day, mother,  
Although 'tis Christmas-day;  
I thought it was a happy time,  
I wish 'twas passed away.

“ But if I had a little doll,  
Then Kate should play with me;  
I think 'twould make her smile again,  
To nurse it on her knee.

“ Her mother's dead, and she's alone,  
*That* makes her cry and fret,  
But if she had a pretty doll,  
Perhaps she would forget.

“ But in the work-house here, mother,  
There are no toys at all,  
Not even a pretty doll, mother,  
Nor yet a little ball.

“ But if we had some cakes and nuts,  
And pretty toys—oh! dear!  
We still might have a happy day,  
Though in the workhouse here.”

## A CHRISTMAS PETITION TO HAPPY AND RICH.

KIND children of merry England,  
Before your pleasure and play,  
Remember the work-house dwellers,  
And make them a happy day.

*Turn out your old toys and treasures,*  
Consider what you can spare ;  
The poor little work-house children  
Have no pretty playthings there.

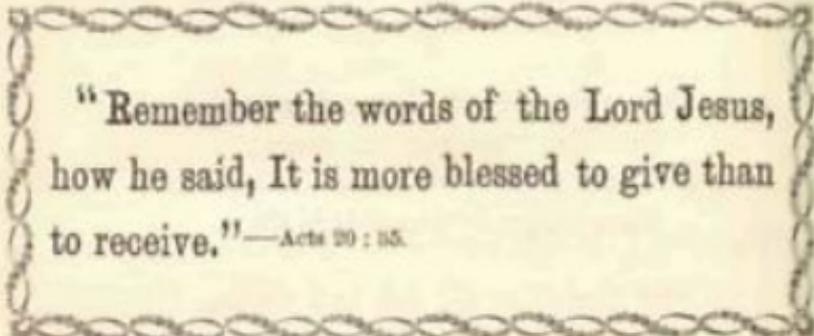
Ah! there's an old doll and wagon,  
A whistle, a top, and ball ;  
Send some to the work-house children,  
They'll thank you for any, for all.

And look up some patchwork pieces,  
Scraps, pictures, send every one ;  
Remember the work-house children—  
The poor work-house children have none.

And have you no apples or raisins,  
Nuts, candy, or something to spare ?  
Oh! hasten with these to the work-house,  
There's many a little mouth there.

And when you have witnessed their pleasure,  
Then shut to your drawing-room door,  
Enjoy your own bountiful measure,  
With pleasure untasted before.

The dear Lord, who came down at Christmas,  
Is waiting to sweeten your share,  
When the poor, and the widow, and orphan,  
Have tasted your pity and care.



“Remember the words of the Lord Jesus,  
how he said, It is more blessed to give than  
to receive.”—Acts 20 : 35.

#### SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

THE Saviour said that one must become as a little child in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. Here is a beautiful record of childhood's faith.

“What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?” asked a child who had a mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead.

“Mother told me whom to go to before she died,” answered the little orphan. “I go to the Lord Jesus. He was mother's Friend, and He's mine.”

“Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you.”

“I do not know any thing about that,” said the orphan; “all I know, *He says He will, and that's enough for me.*”

