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A Teacher's Gift.



[See p. 45.]

A

# TEACHER'S GIFT.

BY M. B. L.

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“The first moral moulding of the infant mind should be such as time may safely confirm.”

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*Written for the New England Sabbath School Union, and revised by the Committee of Publication.*

Third Edition.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—**

Although you have already, I suppose, a great many books to read, you will, I doubt not, be pleased to see a new one; and as I have taught a great many just such children as you are, both in week day and Sabbath schools, and have endeavored to find out their way of thinking, and to ascertain what is pleasing to them, I hope I shall be able to give you something which will be interesting to you.

In this little book you will find a number of stories, which, I assure you, are all true; and with most of the little boys and girls about whom I tell you, I have myself been acquainted. Besides these, you will find several little hymns and poems, which were written on purpose

for you, and have never been published in any other book; these, too, I hope you will like to read.

But, as you have often been told, we do not live in this world merely to be pleased; for though we may be very happy here, we shall not live here long; and we ought to be prepared for another, a better home than this world can give. So, while I have sought to INTEREST you, I hope I have also written that which will DO YOU GOOD. But let me tell you how I wish you to read. In the first place, I would not have you read the *stories* only, and pass over the other part. This is a very bad way, and you will lose a great deal if you do so. Neither would I have you read those parts, which you may think not quite so interesting, in a hasty manner, so that you may get to the stories sooner; for this would be almost as bad as it would not to read it at all. Nor must you read the stories *first*, and leave the other part for the last, for that will make it seem dry, and you will not be near as likely to remember it. It will be much the best way for you to begin the book, and read every sentence, till you have finished it.

But this is not all; I wish you to apply to yourself what you read. Stop and think while you are reading, "Can I improve any by this?" If you are reading about



a good child, think for a moment, “Am I like this boy or girl?”—and if you are not, try to become so. If you read of a bad child, say to yourself, “Have I the same fault that this child had, and can I correct it?” If you read in this way, I hope that even this little book may be of some benefit to you.

May the Lord bless you, and give you new hearts and right spirits ; so that if you live to be men and women, you may be useful in this world, or if you die while you are children, you may live in Heaven, is the prayer of

Your Friend,

M. B. L.

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# A TEACHER'S GIFT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IRRITABILITY.

It was a bright sunny Monday morning, when Mary, Henry and Lydia Edson, with their books bound in a nice bundle, and their faces beaming with expectation, entered Miss Langly's school-room for the first time. Mary was eight years old, Henry five, and Lydia only three. They were intelligent looking children, and their clean dress and well combed hair led Miss Langly to think they had a kind mother at home, who took good care of her children; but I cannot now stop to tell you about Henry's curly hair, or Lydia's black eyes, or even whether they were handsome or not; for all children look well to their friends, when they are good natured, whether

they have rosy cheeks or pale ones, black eyes or blue, a colored skin or a white one; but those who are very handsome do not look well when they are unpleasant.

Mary was a bright little girl, and a good scholar for one of her age. She was a fine reader, was well acquainted with geography, and had considerable knowledge of grammar and arithmetic; and her lessons were not learned as I have known some children learn them, who repeated them just as they were in the book, without appearing to understand what they meant; but she learned them so that if her teacher asked her a question that was not in the book, she could give a correct answer. She loved study, and her behavior in school was generally very good; but she had one fault which was very disagreeable;—she was irritable.

If her little sister wished her to tie up her shoe, or hook her apron, or if her brother asked her to button his collar, she would often give them a sour look, and sometimes when she thought her teacher would not see her, she would say to them, “Why can’t you do it yourself?” or “Why did you not come

before I had taken my book?" or, "You are always troubling me."

At first, Mary was very careful lest her teacher should see her when she spoke so ill-naturedly to her brother and sister, and she was always pleasant to the other scholars; but, as she became better acquainted, she would sometimes speak hastily to her school-mates, and if Miss Langly requested her to review a lesson which was not perfectly recited, she would take her seat with a sudden step, and a look which seemed to say, "I got my lesson well enough, and you were unkind to make me learn it over." Yet this little girl was really affectionate, and if any of her companions were not well, or had hurt themselves in play, she was always sorry for them, and if any of the little scholars came in cold in the morning, she was the first to give up her seat at the fire that they might get warm; but she had so long accustomed herself to get put out at trifles, and to speak angrily, that she thought but little about it. Now when Miss Langly discovered this unhappy disposition of her pupil, she was very sorry and was anxious to correct it; but she chose mild mea-

sures rather than severity, and wished to convince her of her fault, and assist her to amend it. Accordingly she asked her one night to stop a little while with her after school was done, that she might converse with her. Mary was at first unwilling to speak about her own faults, but when her teacher told her that she made herself unhappy, became disagreeable to her friends, who were so kind to her, and, what was worse than all, sinned against God, who saw every angry look and heard every angry word, by her peevishness, the large tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, "I am sorry, and will try to be a better girl."

Not many days after this, Miss Langly called to see Mary's mother. Mrs. Edson, like all good mothers, felt anxious that her children should behave well at school, as well as at home, and she inquired of Miss Langly about the conduct of her children.

"Do my children improve in their studies, and are they generally obedient to the rules of the school?"

To this question Miss Langly could very readily answer, "Yes," but in a moment more Mrs. Edson said,



“I suppose you have discovered Mary’s fault?”

Miss Langly felt very sorry to say yes to this question; but you know it is always right to tell the truth, even though it may make us feel very unhappy to do so; so she was obliged to say, “Yes.” Mary was in the room when this was said, and she looked as if she would give any thing she possessed, if she could only be rid of this one sin; but you know, my dear little readers, that *wishing* a sin gone, and having it *actually* so, are quite different things; for while it takes but a moment to wish ourselves better, it takes a long time to break one bad habit.

The next morning Miss Langly called her pupil to her, and said, “Do you not think, Mary, you would give your mother pleasure, as well as be much happier yourself, if you could only learn to govern that wicked temper of yours?”

“Yes, ma’am,” answered Mary, “I know I should.”

“Well, my dear, I have something to propose. If you will try very hard, for one month, to conquer this bad habit, I will watch

you carefully ; and if you do not speak impatiently once, or make one of those sudden, angry motions, which children are apt to make when they are in a pet, I will call and tell your mother how much her little daughter has improved. You will find it very difficult at first to keep from speaking, or, at the least, from whirling away, when your brother or sister interrupts your studies, or you lose your place in your class, but you must govern your feelings, and it will soon become easy. Do you think, my dear, that you can be always pleasant for a whole month ?”

“ Yes, ma'am,” said Mary, as she stepped lightly to her seat, and commenced her morning lesson, with a heart full of good resolutions.

“ Do, sister, untie my bonnet,” said little Lydia, one cold morning the next week ; “ My fingers are so cold I can't get the knot out.”

Mary looked impatient at first, for Lydia had been trying to untie it herself, until she had drawn the strings into a hard knot, and her own hands were aching bitterly, but she soon smiled and said, “ Yes, if you will wait a minute till I get my mittens off.”

Lydia was very willing to wait, as Mary did not scold her for what she had done, and so every thing went on nicely; for when children or grown people feel right, every thing will pass well.

Day after day new trials came to Mary, and day after day she was so careful not to get out of temper, that you would hardly have known that she was ever ill-natured, if you had not sometimes seen her eye flash; but this her teacher excused, so long as she said nothing, because she knew that it was difficult to govern our feelings at first, and as a *wrong feeling* makes us *act wrong*, so if we cease to *do* wrong, we shall be likely after a while to cease to *feel* wrong.

The last week in the month of trial, and the last part of that week had come, and Mary felt almost sure that she should soon have the company of her teacher on a delightful errand. School was nearly closed for the day, but one class had not read; and as the teacher called the first class in her little school, many children, with happy faces and light steps, filled the class, and among them, with a glowing cheek, and shining eye, came Mary.

This was a fine class, and their teacher had taken much pains to have them become correct readers. Some children, you know, are very apt to miscall, or omit the little words, which almost spoil their reading; for leaving out, or calling wrong, even little words, such as *of*, or *in*, will sometimes change the sense of a whole sentence. Miss Langly did not wish her pupils to be such careless readers, so she allowed each one to watch while the others were reading, and if the one at the head read one word wrong, or left out one, or passed over a pause, the next one read the same sentence, and if it was read correctly, went above; if it was not, it passed to the next, and so on, till sometimes it passed through the whole class, and the teacher was obliged to read it for them.

At the time of which I am speaking, several had read the same passage, and all had made some mistake. It was now Mary's turn, and if she read correctly, her place was to be the head. She was, as I believe I told you before, a good reader, and this time she read so slowly and carefully that Miss Langly thought she would make no mistake; and so she

thought herself; but just as she had almost closed, one of her class-mates cried out, "A word wrong!"

This was more than Mary could patiently bear, and, without waiting for her teacher to decide, she said, "I read it all right, I know I did; she is afraid I shall get above her."

Poor girl! she did not long think about her place in her class, for she soon recollected that she had shown ill temper, and lost her reward.

A reward is generally something which gives pleasure because we have done right; but sometimes we say, when people are punished, or made to feel unhappy when they have done wrong, that this is a reward for their wickedness. Children are very apt to think a reward must be something which they can see and handle; but if a reward is something which gives pleasure for having done right, or pain for having done wrong, it need not always be any thing of this kind. Suppose your mother should tell you, that if you would learn all your Sabbath school lesson before Friday night, you might spend Saturday afternoon with your cousin; you would

be rewarded for getting your lesson, though you would not receive any thing which you could see, or keep, for you would receive happiness because you had done right. Well, Mary would have esteemed it a much greater reward, to have her teacher accompany her home, to inform her mother of her improvement, than if she had given her a costly present; but now she had lost her reward—she had done wrong, and was unhappy; and she covered her face with both hands and burst into tears. Sadly indeed did she suffer from a few hasty words, but it was now too late to recall them, and while the rest of the class took their seats with cheerful countenances, her eyes were cast down, and her bosom heaved with sorrow.

After school was done, Mary lingered as if she wished to speak, but knew not how to commence. “My dear,” said her teacher, “you have given yourself a great deal of pain, and lost a great deal of pleasure, by giving way to that unhappy disposition of yours; do you not think so?”

“Yes, ma’am, I am sure I have.”

“Do you not think this temper will make

you unhappy through life, if you do not conquer it?"

"Yes ma'am, I am afraid it will."

"I fear so too; but I hope you will yet be enabled to conquer it. Do you wish to kneel with me while I ask your heavenly Father to assist you in subduing it?"

Mary knelt beside her teacher, and sobbed continually, while Miss Langly, with tears in her own eyes, begged God to assist the weeping girl to govern her temper. "Now," said Miss Langly, "I shall not say any thing farther to you about your misconduct of to-day, for I see you are already very sorry; but I think you had better try another month, and perhaps you will succeed better than you did the last."

"I am afraid not," said Mary, as she warmly returned the kiss she received, "but I will try."

It was a happy day for Mary, when the first Monday in the next month came, and Miss Langly said to the whole school, "I suppose you have all known that Mary Edson has been trying for two months past to govern her temper. This is a long while for a little girl to

persevere, and last month she failed; but I am very happy to tell you that this month I have not once seen her out of temper; I think you must see yourselves that she has become quite an altered little girl."

"I do," "I do," said many of the larger scholars, while some of the little boys and girls, who hardly understood what the teacher was saying, cried as loudly as any, "I do," "I do," because they heard the others say so.

"Well," continued Miss Langly, "I intend to call on her mother to-night, to inform her of Mary's improvement; and do you not think Mrs. Edson will be well pleased; and will not Mary be well repaid for taking so much pains?" "Yes, ma'am," "yes, ma'am," said the children, while Mary looked happy indeed.

The little girl about whom I am telling you, loved school, and she loved study, but you will not be surprised when I tell you that on this day she often looked out to see where the sun was, and that she was the first to leave her seat when school was dismissed, and offer her assistance to fit the school-room for closing.



Soon the room was locked, and its noisy little inmates were all seeking their own homes. Miss Langly took the road to Mrs. Edson's, leading Mary with one hand, and Lydia with the other, while Henry ran gaily before for a while, and then stopped for his teacher and sisters to overtake him ; halloed to the other boys, or crossed the road to find the best sliding.

“ Father bought brother, and sister, and me, all new year's presents,” said Lydia, “ and I wished mother a happy new year before she was up, but I should not have thought of it if sister had not told me to.”

“ See how well I can slide, Miss Langly,” said Henry. “ Mary and Lydia are afraid they shall fall, if there's a bit of ice on the ground, but I wish there would be ice all winter.” Mary said nothing, but she held fast her teacher's hand, and often looked up and smiled.

When Mrs Edson heard from Miss Langly the trials and perseverance of her daughter, she was gratified indeed ; and do you not think, dear children, that Mary felt very happy when she went to kiss her mother, before going to bed that night ? and do you think she will

ever be sorry, as long as she lives, that she tried so hard to cure herself of this fault ?

And now, my little friends, let me ask you what is your fault ? You have a great many, I suppose, but what is your worst one ? Perhaps you have heard people speak of besetting sins, but do you know what they are ? They are those wrong things which we are most liable to do. I suppose you have some besetting sins ; now stop reading a moment and see if you cannot think what they are, and if you cannot think of them yourself, ask your mother to assist you in finding them out. Now will you try as hard as Mary did to overcome them ?

I may talk with you about other sins by and by, but at present I wish to converse with you about Irritability, which was Mary's failing. I have heard children say something like this: "I know it is wrong, but I cannot help speaking." They are mistaken ; it is not so. I have seen very little children hide from each other, and though their play-mates called them many times over, they would not answer one word for fear they should be discovered, and I dare say you could keep still

as long as any of them. So you see there is no *I can't* here ; if you can keep quiet once, you can do so again. No ! the reason that you are not willing to be still is, that it gratifies you to speak fretfully when you are offended, and you wish to do so ; but it is a wicked feeling which makes you like to speak so—it is because you wish to make those unhappy who have offended you. Perhaps you have never thought any thing about it, but I have, and I think this is really the reason. Now you know this is wrong ; Jesus never spoke so, and it is wrong in his sight. Will you not try to be free from this sin ? Watch over every word, and say to yourself every night, as you lie down to sleep, “Have I spoken as I ought not to have done once to day ?” and you will find yourself improving every day, and by the blessing of God, you may hope to overcome it.



## SUNSET.

MOTHER. "See, George, the brilliant sun has set,

And now the shades of night come on ;

Yet still his radiance gilds the skies

With robes of brightness, though he's gone.

How beautiful ! no painter's skill

Could boast a scene so bright, so fair.

Ah no, it is beyond his touch,

The mighty hand of God is there.

He guides aright the glowing sun

In his long pathway through the sky,

He lights the world's bright lamp, the moon,

And all the stars he placed on high.

His is the voice that rules the sea,

He bids its swelling surges roar ;

He gives command and all is still,

The foaming billows dash no more."

GEORGE. "So great his glory and his power,

Will he behold such worms as we ?"

MOTHER. "Oh yes ! oh yes, our feeblest sigh

His ear can hear ; his eye can see

The gentlest motion made on earth ;

He guides the sparrows as they fly,

While with their fluttering, tiny wings

They seek their nests, or soar on high.

He bids the lily, in the spring,  
Come from beneath the earth's cold breast ;  
He gives the rain, the sunshine's heat,  
And soon it smiles in beauty drest.

When he remembers things like these,  
Will he forget his people, love ?  
Oh no ! our every thought, and word,  
He sees, he hears them from above.

And will you, dear, forget that God,  
Whose kindness gladdens every day ?  
No, rather seek to learn his will,  
And all his pure commands obey.

And so, when life has fled away,  
And all your days below are done,  
You still shall leave a lingering beam  
Of beauty,—like the setting sun.”



## CHAPTER II.

### SELFISHNESS.

“James has got my place,” said William, one cold morning, when the children had come into school with their teeth chattering, and their hands and feet aching with the cold ; and their kind teacher had allowed them to gather around the stove to get themselves warm before sitting down to study ; “James has got my place—must not he let me have it ?”

“If James has taken any thing of yours,” said his teacher, “he should certainly give it to you ; for it is wrong to take even the smallest thing that belongs to another ; but we must talk about that. You say that James has taken something of yours, do you ?”

“Yes, ma’am, he’s taken my seat.”

“James has a seat, I see,” answered the teacher, “but I do not understand how it can be yours, for you are both out of your own

desks, and I did not know that you claimed any other in the school-room."

"I got it first, ma'am ; I had it before he came into school, and while I just went to my seat a minute, he came in and got it."

My readers, do you know what made William wish for the best seat, and think it belonged to him, only because he happened to take it first ? Oh, how many, many times have I heard children say that something was theirs because they got it first ! But why do they wish to claim things to which they have no better right than this ? It is because they are selfish.

Many children are very much afraid of being called selfish, but they do not always understand what selfishness is. If you were unwilling to give away a part of what you have given you, this would be selfish, but this is not the only way in which you can be so. If your mother wishes you to take care of your little brother or sister, and you prefer to play, this is selfishness, for you had rather please yourself than oblige your mother. If you and your brother both hear some news which you wish to tell your mother, and you run in and

tell the whole, without giving your brother a chance to say any thing, this is selfishness; for you wished to hear what your mother would say, and so did your brother, but you chose to tell the whole yourself, rather than to give your brother the pleasure of telling a part, and this was selfish. Understand me, children, it is not wrong for you to wish to be happy, if you do not injure others, or if you do not seek to be happy yourself, without caring any thing about others; but when we wish to have what we like, while others will be troubled by it, or even when we wish to make ourselves happy, without minding whether other people enjoy themselves or not, it is selfishness. Thus if you were in a room by yourself, looking at some prints, which your mother had given you leave to see, you would certainly be doing nothing wrong; but if your cousin should come in and ask you to let him look over with you, and you, because you could not see quite as well when he was looking too, should say, "No"—this, you will see in a moment, would be selfish. But suppose your cousin did not ask you to let him look over, and you did not even ask him whether he would



like to see the prints with you, this would be selfishness too, for in this case you would be contented with amusing yourself, without caring whether your cousin was amused or not.

The Bible says we must treat others just as we would wish them to treat us, if we were in their places, and they in ours. If you take your Testament, and find the seventh chapter of Matthew, and the twelfth verse, you will see that our Saviour said, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." So you see that the holy God disapproves of selfishness, and therefore it is very wicked.

Suppose Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had been selfish, where should we now have been? He was worshipped by angels, and needed nothing to add to his own glory; but when he looked on poor sinful men, and knew how miserable and wretched they must be forever, without something was done to save them, he pitied them, and he left his Father's bosom and came to dwell on earth. If he had been selfish he would never have done this, for he would have been content with his own happi-

ness, without saving us, poor worms, who had so often sinned against him.

Our Saviour, you know, owned all the earth; every thing that was rich or beautiful was his; all the silver and gold that men ever saw, and a great deal more that was hid in the earth, where men never found it, was his; all the fruits that Europe, Asia, Africa or America produced, and even all the men and animals in the whole world belonged to him when he came to live on earth. What would you do if you had the whole world? Would you not have every thing that you loved to eat, every thing you think beautiful to wear, every new plaything and new book that you might choose, with a nice house to live in, plenty of servants to obey you, and a fine horse and carriage to ride with whenever you pleased? Jesus did not so. He was born, as I suppose you have read a great many times, in a manger, and even after he grew up to be a man, he was poor and despised. He says of himself in the Bible, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Do you understand this? The Son of man means Jesus Christ; he used often

to call himself so; and when he says he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, he means that he did not come on earth to have people labor to serve him, but he came to do men good, and to make them better and happier. If you read the first four books of the New Testament, you will find a great many accounts of poor sick, and lame, and blind, and deaf people, who came to Jesus to be healed; and though he was, no doubt, often weary, yet he never sent any away, or told them to come another time when he could better attend to them, but he always healed them and sent them away rejoicing. But our Saviour not only went about doing good while he lived; after living so as to make others happy, he died that men might be happy after death, if they would but believe on him. He died that we through his blood might be saved.

Would you be like Jesus? You have not a world that you can give up, you cannot make sick people well, you cannot give the blind their sight, or cause the lame to walk, or the deaf to hear; how then can you be like him? I will tell you. Try always to make other people happy. When you are sick, you have

parents or other kind friends who watch over you and pity you, and who are willing to do every thing you need to make you comfortable; and children are apt to think that when they are sick, they must have every thing they want, and that people will never be tired of waiting on them. When Jesus was nailed to the cross, his hands and feet bleeding, and his spirit rent with sorrow, and he knew that death was fast coming upon him, he looked down and saw his beloved mother. Amid his own sufferings he did not forget her who had taken care of him when he was a little infant, and he requested John, one of his dearest friends, to take care of his mother. If, then, you would be like Jesus, you must think of other people, when you are sick as well as when you are well, and always try to do them as much good, and make them as little trouble as possible. I once had a little acquaintance named Emily. Emily had but one brother, and her only sister, Fanny, was several years younger than she was, for Fanny was only six, and she was ten. Emily was one of the best little girls in school that I ever saw; she was willing to study, and you might have

seen her sit for a whole week at a time without once speaking unless she had permission, although the little girl who sat next to her was often speaking to her. If she got down in her class, she sometimes cried, but she never looked vexed; if she was able to recite her lesson well she smiled; if she was requested to learn them over again, she only took her seat pleasantly, and studied harder than ever. She was kind to her companions; the older girls loved her, and the little ones were happy to be with her. Few in school ever saw her out of temper, and indeed her mother hardly ever knew her to be angry.

You are ready by this time, I suppose, to conclude that my friend Emily was a very good girl. But you must not be in too much of a hurry; read all I have to say about her, and then you may conclude about her character. If Emily's mother had cooked any thing which was a little nicer than usual, she was in the habit of helping herself to a large share. If you had looked into her mother's keeping room, on a cold day, you would have seen this little girl occupying one of the warmest seats by the fire. If a rocking chair was left empty

for a moment, Emily would soon be found filling it, and she would never think to offer it to any one, not even to her mother. If Emily and Fanny both had new bonnets or shawls at the same time, Emily would say, "Fanny never keeps her clothes nice; this will soon be spoiled, and I may as well wear it when Fanny does not, and save mine."

These were little things; but we judge of people, children especially, by little things. You recollect, I suppose, what a besetting sin is; and now can you tell me what was Emily's besetting sin?

I have two stories to tell you about selfishness, and then we will talk about something else.

### TRUE GENEROSITY.

John Flint was very fond of being thought a generous boy. He knew it was mean to be selfish, and he was unwilling to be thought so. He had sometimes been praised for being willing to give away a part of what he had, and he had become proud of his own generosity.

John had plenty of every thing that he needed, and when he gave away any thing, he had nothing to do but to ask his parents for more; and thus you see it cost him nothing. Sometimes he would say, "I gave away so much of what I had that I robbed myself; will you please to give me some more, mother?" When Mrs. Flint perceived this disposition of her son, she thought it necessary to take some method to show him that he did not possess true generosity; so she watched for an opportunity when she might do it in such a manner as to make him fully understand it.

It was now the early part of Autumn, and apples were just beginning to be ripe, and those children who lived in the country could run out and pick up the ripe apples as they fell from the trees, and sit in the cool shade and eat them; but the little boys and girls, who lived in cities and villages, could not get any except what the men brought in from the country and sold, and sometimes they were so scarce that they could not get them even for money.

One morning, John's aunt came in to see them, and she had hardly taken a seat when

the little boy cried out, "Oh! aunt Mary, there was a man here yesterday with apples, and mother bought a whole bushel; shall I run down cellar and get you one?" So saying, he ran out of the room, and had just put his foot on the cellar-stair, when his mother, who had heard all that he said, though she was in another room, called him to her.

"What say, mother?" said John.

"Come here, my son." John came into the room, and looked up into his mother's face.

"Do you want me, mother?"

"I wish to know where you was going."

"I was going down cellar to get an apple for aunt Mary, and one for sister Lucy, and one for myself. Shall I get one for you, mother?"

"Whose apples are those in the cellar, John?"

"Why—why, they are a part for me, a'n't they, mother?"

"You are a little boy, only five years old, and you have two little sisters, besides your father and mother; so if they are a part yours, it must be a very small part, must it not? But how came any part of them to be yours; did



you find a part of the money that bought them?"

"No ma'am, you paid for them all; but don't you like I should give aunt Mary one? She says the man with apples did not come to grandfather's."

"I am willing your aunt Mary should have one apple, and more than one if she likes, but I wish you, my son, to be truly generous."

"What does that mean, mother?"

"I will tell you by and by, but I wish you now to take this little basket and bring it to me full of apples."

"Yes, ma'am," said John; and he took the basket and ran down stairs. The little boy soon filled the basket as full as he could get it, and was running gaily up stairs, but he was in so great a hurry that before he reached the top, nearly half of his apples had rolled down stairs, and he was obliged to stop and pick them up. He picked them up, and wiped the dust from them, one by one, on his jacket-sleeve, and packed them again in the basket. This time he went up stairs more carefully, and he succeeded in carrying the basket, with all the apples in it, to his mother.

“ I guess I know what you mean, mother, by being truly generous; generous, I suppose, means willing to give things away, and it will be more generous to give aunt Mary a basket full of apples than it would to give her one by one. Are you going to send some to grandmother, too? Look here, mother, see what nice ones I got; I turned them over and over to find the largest and the reddest.”

John thought his mother looked very sober; but she took the basket, and only said, “Call Lucy to me.”

When Lucy came, Mrs. Flint took out two large apples, and gave one to Lucy and one to John. “There,” said she, “I shall not give either of you another apple till to-morrow. Now you may do which you choose, you may eat them yourselves, or give them to your aunt Mary.”

Both the children looked at their apples, and at first neither of them spoke, but in a moment Lucy said, “I will give mine to aunt Mary; it will soon be to-morrow, and then I can have another.”

“Can't I have one more, mother?” said John.

“Not one more to day, my son,” answered his mother.

“Well,” said the selfish boy, “if Lucy gives aunt Mary hers, she will have one;” and as he said this, he began to eat his apple, though he looked as though he felt almost ashamed to do so. Lucy held her bright red-cheeked apple in her hand, but she did not taste of it, she skipped into the other room and said, “There, aunt Mary, mother says I may give you this apple.”

“But is this all you have?” said aunt Mary.

“That is all I am going to have to day,” said Lucy.

When aunt Mary found that this was all the little girl had, she said, “You had better eat it yourself, my dear;” but Mrs. Flint said, “I had rather you would take it Mary, for I think Lucy will feel happier to have you take it, than she would to eat it herself.”

“Oh, yes, do take it, a unt Mary,” said Lucy, “I shall have another to-morrow.”

Aunt Mary took the apple, and brushing the curls off from the forehead of her little neice, she kissed her, and said, “Thank you, thank you my dear, I shall not soon forget

the little girl who had rather give her apple to aunt Mary than to eat it herself." Lucy looked up and smiled, and then sat down on her little cricket to try on her doll's new bonnet, with a happier heart than if she had eaten a basket full of apples. It was not so with John. He hardly spoke to his aunt while she staid, and he felt really glad when she was gone. "Now," said his mother, when they were alone, "come to me, John, and I will teach you what true generosity is. When you give away that which costs you nothing, and you know you can have plenty more, this is not generosity. When you could have the credit of giving away, and at the same time the pleasure of eating, you was quite willing to do so; but I was very sorry to find that when you had your choice, either to eat your apple yourself or give it away, you chose to eat it yourself. This was selfishness. Your sister chose to give hers away, though she knew she should not have another till to-morrow. This was true generosity. I have been watching you both, and I have seen by Lucy's cheerful countenance, that she felt pleased and contented. But you, John, have shown

by your actions that your heart did not feel happy; I have seen you, drawing your little waggon one moment, and the next hacking wood with your hatchet, and then again snapping your whip at flies, as if you could find no play that would amuse you; and the reason was that you did not feel right within. And now, my son, I hope you have learned a lesson to-day which you will never forget; that the true way to be happy ourselves, is to try always to make other people happy.

### THE CHOICE.

The school-bell rang merrily, and in one moment, that part of the Academy which was occupied by young ladies, was changed from unbroken stillness to noise and glee. Here you might hear one humming a part of a tune; there you could see two or three talking as fast as their tongues could move, and now and then a loud laugh broke upon the ear. If you looked out on the bright green in front of the Academy, you might see a group of smaller children, from the boys' as well as

girls' department, who had taken the first moment of liberty to escape to the open air. You would have seen one standing with his stick and hoop in his hand, another with his knife, making a whistle for his little brother, and others sitting on the green grass, busily engaged in conversation or watching the pretty birds as they flew from branch to branch among the trees.

Most of the young ladies in this school were older than ten, and a few older than twenty, but there were two little girls who were much younger; Abby, who was six, and Maria, who was only four. These little girls had no mother, and the teacher, who was their aunt, took care of them. At the time of which I speak, they, with several larger girls, were gathered around the teacher, and all appeared to take a great deal of interest in what was saying.

“Will you give me a cent, aunt?” said Abby.

“And may I have one, too?” said Maria, while both looked eagerly in her face to see if she would grant their request.

“What will you do with them?” said their aunt.

“I will buy a stick of candy,” said Maria.

“And so will I,” said Abby; “do give us some cents, aunt Eddy, it is but a little way to the store, and we will certainly be back before the bell rings. Will you, aunt?”

Miss Eddy took her purse out of her bag, and two cents from her purse, and the little girls were just going to get their bonnets, when their aunt said to them, “You recollect your father said you might go and see aunt Dinah, after school to-night. You know she is an old woman, and she loves tobacco as well as you do candy, and it is much more difficult for her to do without what she has used so long, than it would be for you to do without any thing. I will give each of you a cent, and you may do which you please; you may buy a stick of candy, or you may get a cent’s worth of tobacco for aunt Dinah.”

The old lady the children called “aunt Dinah,” was not their aunt, but a colored woman, who had taken care of them when they were little infants. She was a slave, when she lived at the South, where these little children were born, but now she was free, and lived in a small house not far from the

one in which their father resided. It was always a great pleasure for Abby and Maria to go and see aunt Dinah, for she remembered when their mother was a child, and she could tell them about their father's plantation, and describe the cotton fields, and the sugar-cane, and a great many other things which had nearly gone from their remembrance since they came to New-England.

But to return to my story. "I shall buy some candy," said Abby, "for I should be ashamed to ask for tobacco."

"If that is your only reason," said Miss Eddy, "we should never be ashamed of doing right; and you can tell Mr. Lindsay that you do not want it for yourself."

Abby still preferred to have the candy, but Maria said, "I shall get some tobacco for aunt Dinah."

By this time they had tied on their bonnets, and several of the larger girls offered to accompany them to the store across the green.

When people are too selfish to do what is right, they often wish to make others like themselves. It was so with Abby. She did not like to have Maria make aunt Dinah a



present, and receive her thanks, if *she* did not; so she said to Maria, "I would get some candy if I were you; I never heard of a little girl's buying tobacco, and I should be ashamed to ask for it; Mr. Lindsay will think you want to eat it yourself. You can get a great stick of candy for a cent, and I shall not give you a bit of mine if you do not get some yourself."

"I do not wish for candy," said Maria, "I want something to carry aunt Dinah, and I can tell Mr. Lindsay who it is for."

When they came to the store, Abby laid her cent on the counter, and said, "I want a stick of candy."

Maria held her cent in her hand, and Mr. Lindsay said, "Will you have a stick of candy, too, my little girl?"

"No, sir," said Maria, "I want some tobacco for my cent."

"Tobacco!" said Mr. Lindsay, "what can you want of that?"

Abby was beginning to laugh, but Maria said, "I want it to give aunt Dinah," and the girls who were with her told Mr. Lindsay the whole story.

When the shop-keeper heard this, he gave little Maria the tobacco, nicely wrapped in a paper, and besides this, he selected the largest stick of candy on his shelf, and gave her as a reward for her generosity.

A reward, you know, is something which gives us pleasure for having done right. Perhaps you have been thinking while you were reading, "I will never be selfish again."

I hope you will not, but you must not expect such a reward as Maria had, or even always to be praised as Lucy was, but you must look for your reward in your own bosom. Do you know what this means? It is this, that when you have tried to make others happy, you will feel that you have done right, and this happy feeling will be your reward. Perhaps nobody on earth will know that you have been denying yourself for the sake of giving others pleasure, but the Saviour, who went about doing good, said, "It is better to give than to receive," and he will look down upon you, and see that you are trying to be like him.

## WHY DO YOU FEAR THE THUNDER?

Look, daughter, see how pleasantly  
The sun is shining now;  
See how, beneath the bright rain-drops,  
The flowers in beauty bow.

The thunder, that you so much feared,  
God hushed—and it is still:  
He bade the flashing lightning cease—  
That too, obeyed his will.

The clouds that curtained o'er the sky,  
Have sought their hiding place,  
And left the heavens in their own blue,  
With calm and smiling face.

How sweet and fragrant is the air,  
That was so parched before!  
Hark, how the little birds sing out,  
Because the tempest's o'er.

You trembled at the lightning's flash,  
And feared the thunder's voice;  
But these our kind Creator sent,  
To make the earth rejoice,

His watchful eye is over us,  
And his kind ear can hear,

As well when raging thunders war,  
As when the sky is clear,

Then ne'er again, with fearful eye,  
Gaze on the clouds, my dear,  
Nor dread the coming tempest's power,  
For God is always near.



## CHAPTER III.

### REVENGE.

Some deaf and dumb children, who had been taught to read and write, were once asked, "What is revenge?" They wrote the answer on their slates. One of them wrote, "Revenge is when a boy will not give me some cakes, and I will fix it in my mind, and I will not give him cakes." Another wrote, "If my master is displeased with me, and I keep it in memory, and hurt his dog, it is revenge." Dear children, do you understand as well as these poor children did, who could never hear or speak, the meaning of the word revenge? I dare say you have often seen people revengeful, and it may be you have often been so yourself; but perhaps you may not have known exactly what this word means, and I will try to explain it to you.

When we injure others because they have injured us, or try to make them unhappy because they have made us so, it is revenge. But is this right or wrong?

I have known a very little child strike his mother or sister with a heavy plaything, so as to hurt them very much, and then look up and smile as pleasantly as if he had not given them any pain. This little boy did not know that he had hurt them. He did not understand that his mother would feel it any more, if he struck her with something hard, than she would if he laid his little soft hand upon her. He did not know that his sister would feel a hard blow, any more than a chair would when he made the house ring with his heavy strokes upon it. Do you think this little boy did wrong?

“Oh, no,” you say; “how could he, when he did not know any better?”

A cat would scratch you, if you should hurt her, even if you did it in trying to save her from being killed; but would she do wrong? You still answer, “No, for the cat does not know any better, either.” This is true. God has given her those sharp claws to defend herself with, and she always uses them for this purpose; she will not hurt you unless you hurt her, or she thinks you are going to hurt her, and then she scratches to save herself from

injury, and she does not know enough to think about right and wrong.

But *you* know more than a cat ; you know more than a very little child. The little child does not know that it hurts to strike ; but you know it, and you strike on purpose to give pain. You are not like the cat ; for you know whether people intend to hurt you ; and you would think it very mean and silly to strike one of your playmates, because he fell against you, and hurt you accidentally. So, you see, it is quite different for you to hurt any one on purpose, from what it would be for a little child to do it, and different from what it would be for a cat or any other brute to do it ; but still it may be different, and yet not be wrong.

Suppose a person hurts you, hurts you very much, and hurts you on purpose, and you hurt that person again in return ; is it right, or wrong ?

If you were sitting by yourself, on a warm afternoon, studying your Sabbath school lesson, and your little sister should come in and pull away your book, and you should tell her to go away about her business, and push her, so as to hurt her, would this be right, or wrong ?

I will tell you. It is wrong, very wrong, because the Bible says it is; and the Bible, you know, is the word of God, and every thing that this blessed book says must be true.

I have sometimes heard little boys say, "I did hurt him, but he hurt me first;" just as if that made it right. I have even heard men tell boys when they disagreed, to "*fight it out.*" But it does not make any thing right because children think so, or even because men think so; for boys and men often think wrong and act wrong; but if we wish to know whether any thing is right, we must look into the Bible, and see what God says about it.

A boy, of twelve years of age, once said, "If a boy struck me, I would strike him again; if he struck me a second time, I would give him another blow; and if he continued to strike me, I would strike him again, till I got the last blow, if I fought him till I died."

Perhaps some little boy who reads this, says, "Ah! he was a noble fellow; just so I would do; nobody shall impose upon me without my paying him for it." No, children, no, he was not a noble boy, for he was revengeful,



and revenge is wicked, and it is never noble to do what is wrong.

Little William never liked to give any one pain, or to see any one hurt. When he was a very little boy, if any of his playmates struck him, he would ask their parents not to whip them, but to "let them be better." At one time William came home from school, and said to his father, "Father, will you give me three cents?"

"What do you wish to do with three cents, my boy?" said his father.

"Why, father," answered the little boy, "Joseph Lathrop, who sits beside me at school, pinches me very often. I do not wish to pinch him again, and if I tell the teacher, she only says, 'You must not do so, Joseph;' and he does not mind her; but he says if I will bring him three cents, he will not hurt me again."

William's father gave him the money, and he carried it to Joseph, to prevent his hurting him.

"What a coward!" says some little boy. But how do you know he was a coward? Do you think so because he hired a little boy to

treat him well, rather than to hurt him again? No, William was not a coward, he was a fearless little fellow, and you would have thought so, if you had seen him driving about in the pelting storm; or had heard his loud shouts, and seen how active he was at play; or if you had been in his mother's room, when the little boy came in, after he had played till it was quite dark, to ask for his supper. No; he was not a coward, but he had a forgiving disposition.

The Lord Jesus Christ, you know, was perfect; every thing that was good and holy dwelt in him; *he* did not sometimes do *right*, and sometimes do *wrong*, as *we* do, but he always did exactly what was right. Now if you read through the whole New Testament, you will not find a single account of his being revengeful. "When he was reviled, he reviled not again;" that is, when people told wicked stories about him, he did not say evil things about them. He commanded his disciples to treat people well who treated them badly, and if any one struck them on one cheek, to turn them the other, that they might strike that also. He said, too, "If

any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also.”

At one time, Jesus was taken by some wicked men, and carried to the brow of a hill; and they were going to cast him down and kill him. What did Jesus do? He might have commanded fire to come down from heaven and consume them all,—he might have caused the earth to open, and swallow them all up,—but he did not do any such thing; he only escaped from them, and went away and left them.

After our Saviour had lived more than thirty years in this world, one of his disciples who had been with him, and heard his sweet words, and seen his holy life, was so awfully wicked as to betray him to those who wished to murder him. This wicked disciple, whose name was Judas, told the chief priests that if they would give him a sum of money, he would show them where Jesus was, so that they might take him. The priests sent some soldiers with swords and other weapons, to take him; and Judas went with them to show them who Jesus was; and as he went, he told them that he would kiss him, so that they might

know which was he. Now Jesus knew what Judas had done, for he knows every thing, but he only said, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

When he was nailed to the cross by the cruel Jews, while his hands and feet were torn by the sharp nails which they had driven into them, when death was coming fast upon him, even then he did not feel revengeful, he did not wish to injure them, but he looked up to heaven, and prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

O what a beautiful example has the blessed Saviour given us! Dear children, will you try to follow his lovely example? Will you try to forgive those who offend you, instead of offending them in return? I hope you will, and I hope you mean to try never to show a spirit of revenge again as long as you live.

If this is the case, I think you may like to have me tell you something more about this wicked passion, so that you may fully understand it. Revenge, you know, is when we injure people because they injure us, or wish to make them unhappy because they make us so. If you strike a boy because he strikes

you, it is revenge; if a little girl tears your book, and you tear hers, or do any thing else to trouble her, it is revenge.

But perhaps you do not strike those who strike you, and you may not do any thing to them; but if you wish to see them unhappy, and are glad to see them hurt, this is revenge too. I have seen some little boys and girls who did not return blows themselves, but who would tell their father, mother, or teacher, and appear to feel really happy while they saw those who had hurt them punished; but this showed a wicked spirit and a revengeful disposition. I will tell you a story, which will explain to you what I mean.

Benjamin Aiken had early been taught by his good mother that it was wrong to return a blow, and that we must never injure those who injure us; but though he dared not strike a boy who struck him, yet that did not prevent him from sometimes wishing that somebody else would do it. It is sometimes the case that we are afraid to do wrong, and fear may prevent us from doing what we ought not, but fear will not make us love to do right.

If your father tells you that if you go out

on the ice to play again, he will whip you, you may stay at home just because you are afraid of being punished; but if you keep thinking all the time that your father was cross and cruel, and that you would go and play if you thought that he would not know it, you can see in a minute that though you do not do wicked actions, you will have wicked feelings. Just so if we feel in our hearts that we wish to see others hurt, it is wicked, though we do not hurt them at all.

But I was going to tell you about Benjamin. He had one day been playing in the street, with several other boys, their merry feet running almost as fast as the horses' that galloped by, and their loud hurras making the whole street ring again, when one of the boys grew angry with Benjamin, and gave him several blows. Benjamin was highly offended at this, but as his mother had told him never to strike, he only said, "I won't play with you any more," and ran home.

When Benjamin's mother looked up, she saw that her little boy looked very angry, for his face was red with passion; and she said, "What is the matter, my son?"

“Why, mother,” answered the angry boy, “George Bates struck me very hard, when I did not do any thing to him, or say any thing to make him offended either; I did not strike him again because you say I must not; but I think he deserves a good whipping, and I wish you would send word to his mother how he has behaved, so that she may punish him.”

“But,” replied his mother, “it would not do you any good to have George punished.”

“It would make me feel glad, for he had no business to strike me for nothing.”

“No, Benjamin, he had no right to strike you; he did wrong; but this is no reason why you should feel wrong. The Almighty God, who is always looking on us, saw George when he struck you, and he will punish him; for the Bible says, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.’ By and by, my son, George, and you, and I, and your father, and your sister, and every body who is alive, will die; the Bible says, ‘It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment.’ There is a great day coming, when God will judge the world, and every thing which people have done will be known, and he will punish every

one who does not believe on his son Jesus Christ in this world, and try to be like him.”

When Benjamin heard this, he began to cry, and he said, “Oh mother, I have done wrong a great many times; I did not strike George, but I wanted to have him hurt, and I have done a great many wicked things; I have not always minded you, mother, and I have been a wicked boy.”

Do you know what made Benjamin wish to have George punished? It was revenge. He did not wish George's mother to know what he had done, so that she might tell him how wrong it was, and teach him how to do better; if he had, it would have been kind; but this was not what he wanted; George had hurt him, and he wanted him to be hurt in return.

This little boy had the spirit of revenge in his bosom. Is there any such feeling in your breast, my reader? If there is, drive it away, and let it not live in your heart any longer. When Benjamin's mother talked to him about the judgment, he forgot about the other little boy, and began to think of his own sins. Just so you should feel. When any body injures you, stop a moment, and think how often you



have sinned against God, and you will not be apt to feel revengeful towards your playmates. God says in his holy word, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Now suppose a boy strikes you; he is a wicked child; but if you strike him, it will not make him any better, but it will make you a wicked child too. What then will you do? Oh, tell him you forgive him, and then try to forget all about it. This will be the most likely to make him feel sorry for what he has done; and if it does not, it will make you feel that you have done right, and this is always a happy feeling.

If, then, you wish to have your sins forgiven, forgive those who have treated you ill, and remember that the eye of God is constantly upon your heart. He knows how you feel towards those who injure you, and he will remember it forever. Yes, though you may forget this week how many wicked things you did and how many wicked feelings you had last week, God will never, no never forget them. Every time you feel angry, every time you are selfish, every time you feel the spirit of revenge,

he is looking right into your heart; and he can see what is in it as well as you can see the trees, and the flowers, and the houses, when the sun shines.

The Bible says, you must pray for them that despitefully use you, and bless them that curse you. A little friend of mine once said to his father, "The boys treat me unkindly."

"Well, my son, what must we do in that case?" said his father.

"Why, father," said the kind-hearted boy, "I think we must pray for them."

Will you not try to be like this little boy? When people treat you ill, and you do not deserve it, they sin against God, and you ought, instead of feeling revengeful, to pray to your Father in heaven to forgive their wickedness.

## CONFESSION.

Lucy, I came to ask you to forgive  
The temper that I showed the other day,  
When you and Jane and I were on the green,  
And I became so angry in my play.

I cannot now remember all I said;  
But there were wicked words enough, I know,  
And even then I felt that it was wrong,  
And very rude to treat my sister so.

And many times I've thought of it since then—  
I have not once been happy from that day;  
I have not joined my playmates in their sport,  
And, worse than that, I have not dared to pray.

For when I knelt to pray to God on high,  
Then I remembered the Redeemer's word,—  
“Go and confess thy sin, then bring thy gift  
And lay it on the altar of the Lord.”

I wanted to confess my wickedness,  
Yet still I was too proud to come to you;  
And so I tried to live along without,  
And to forget—but that I could not do.

For every time I saw you, Lucy, then  
You spoke so gently and so kind to me,  
It almost broke my heart—I could not bear  
To see you smile on me so pleasantly.

And so this morning when I woke, I thought  
I'll to my sister go, this very day;  
I'll tell her how I feel, and then I'll come  
And kneel before the Lord and try to pray,

And ask my Saviour to forgive my sins,  
And give me such a mild and peaceful heart,  
That I may ne'er again, while life shall last,  
Act such a wicked and disgraceful part.



## CHAPTER IV.

### EMULATION.

You have seen people whip oxen and horses, when they did not obey them, or would not go as fast as they wished. You have seen even good people do this. But why do they do it? Cruel men and cruel boys sometimes hurt animals on purpose to give them pain, and seem to take a wicked pleasure in seeing them suffer; but this cannot be the reason why good men whip their horses. What then is the reason?

Some little boy or girl answers, "Because they will not go without whipping." Yes, this is one reason; sometimes a horse is lazy, and the gentleman who drives him wishes him to go faster, and he gives him a few lashes; the horse has been whipped before when he did not go fast enough, and he knows he shall be whipped again if he does not quicken his

pace, and so he starts off, for fear he shall feel the lash again.

Another man has a horse, who is in the habit of starting while people are getting into the carriage, and there is danger of his throwing them down and hurting them very much, and perhaps killing them. The gentleman wishes to teach him to stand still till he is told to "go along;" so he holds him firmly by the bridle, and whips him every time he starts too soon, and by and by the horse learns that he is whipped when he starts too soon; and so, for fear of getting whipped, he stands still as his master wishes to have him.

It is just so with other brutes; men have to whip them to make them do as they wish to have them. What would you think if you were to hear a man talking to his horse, and saying, "My dear horse, you must not start so quick when I am getting into the chaise; I am really afraid you will throw me down and hurt me, and I am sure you would be very sorry to do that, and I hope, kind horse, you will never do so again." Or suppose you should see a man driving a yoke of oxen with a load of wood, and when you came close to him,

you should hear him say, "Come, oxen, it is getting late, and if you do not hurry, I shall not sell my wood time enough to get home before dark." Would you not think these men were crazy?

But why would you think so? Because the beasts do not understand what is said to them. They sometimes understand a few words that people use in driving them, and with these people can generally make them know *what* they wish them to do, but they cannot make them understand *why* they wish them to do it. They have no reason.

You, my dear children, are different from the brutes; you know enough to do right for the sake of doing right. A horse never thinks of this; he does not know the difference between right and wrong, but you do. You would be ashamed to be so much like the horses and cows and oxen, who have no reason, as to have to be whipped to make you do right. But there is something else that sometimes makes horses do as their drivers wish them to do, besides whipping; they sometimes travel very fast, without any whipping, when they wish to excel, or, as you children would call it, to beat other horses.

I once started, on a pleasant afternoon, to ride to a city fifteen or sixteen miles distant. The road was fine, and we supposed we should have but two or three hours' ride, but the horse which drew us, though he was a stout animal, and fully able to carry us cheerfully to the end of our ride, was a lazy creature, and the driver was obliged constantly to urge him forward, and frequently to make him feel the smart strokes of the whip, in order to keep him even in a slow trot.

At first, the smell of the fresh fields and the sweet flowers, the sight of the lofty trees, gently waving in the breeze, the cattle enjoying their quiet meal, the fine houses which were scattered along the road side, and the many other beauties of the country, kept us quite contented; but as the sun sunk lower and lower in the heavens, we began to fear that we should not reach the place to which we were going till dark. Suddenly, however, a fine carriage passed us, drawn by a spirited horse, who carried it forward rapidly. The moment the horse with which we rode, heard the sound of wheels behind him, he started as if he had received a sudden blow,



and appeared to be trying, with all his might, to keep before the other horse; but soon the other carriage rattled by us, and now our horse needed no more the whip, or the voice of his master, for he knew that the other horse was before him, and that was enough to make him travel at the top of his speed. The horse before us travelled with quick step over hills and vallies, and as quickly did we follow. Trees, fields, houses, gardens and meadows—we passed them so quickly, that we had hardly time to look upon them before they were behind us.

For several miles we thus travelled, and we began to think we should soon reach the city; but the carriage before us turned into another road, and our horse became the same dull creature as before. You would hardly have believed that this was the same horse that but a few moments before went so lightly over the ground.

We now began to fear a second time, that night would find us still riding; when another carriage came from a by-road into the one we were on, directly before us. And now our horse again became a spirited animal, and

again the whip was laid aside, and we were carried quickly forward. Fortunately for us, the carriage continued before us till we reached the city, just as the setting sun cast his last rays on the gilded vanes of its high steeples.

Perhaps you may think it very strange, my little friends, that I talk to you so much about horses and oxen, instead of telling you stories about little girls and boys like yourselves; but we may learn something sometimes even from the lowest of God's creatures; and it is because I want you to learn something from what you have just read, that I have spent so much time in writing it for you. There are very few children who would be willing to have it thought that they did right from the fear of being whipped, as the horses do; but I am afraid there are a great many children who do right for the same reason that this horse travelled fast. Do you know what this reason is? Do you know what made the horse go so much faster when the other horse was before him? It was emulation. But I suppose you do not know what that means very

well, and I will try to explain it to you as well as I can; though I am afraid you will not understand it unless you pay very good attention to my explanation. When we wish to do any thing for the sake of doing better than others, it is emulation. The horse I told you about was lazy and did not love to go fast, but when another horse was before him, he went very fast for the sake of getting by him; this was emulation. I have seen little boys and girls who did not love to study, and who could hardly be persuaded to get a lesson tolerably well when they were reciting alone, but if others were in a class with them, they would study hard, just for the sake of reciting better than others; this too was emulation.

A great many people are so thoughtless, that they do not think any thing about the wickedness of this feeling. I have heard a teacher tell a little girl to try to do better than any others in the class, or a boy to be the smartest boy in school; I have heard mothers tell their children, as they went away in the morning to school, that they must try to beat all the scholars in school; and I suppose they did not stop to think how wrong it was. But

we should never do things without thinking whether they are wicked or good. Every thing we do is either right or wrong, and we ought to stop and think which it is. I suppose you sometimes do things for the sake of beating others. Well, now stop and think how you feel when you are doing this. Suppose you were quite at the foot of your class, and, instead of thinking, "I hope we shall not any of us miss a word, so that our teacher may think we are a good class," as you ought to think, you should keep thinking all the time, "Oh, I hope I shall get up;" then you would keep looking at the ones above you, and perhaps—yes, very likely—you might wish, when they were spelling, that they would spell wrong, so that you might get up; but if you did not feel so, you could hardly help feeling a little glad that they missed, or at least you would feel very willing that they should spell wrong, so that you might have an opportunity to get above them. Now you know the Bible tells us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and this is certainly not loving others like yourself. I have known some little boys even tell those who were above them how to spell

words, and tell them wrong, so that they might have a chance to get up. How very wicked this was; and yet it was emulation that made them do this.

The Bible says, we should esteem others better than ourselves; and in one place St. Paul, when he is speaking about murder, drunkenness, and a great many other very wicked things, puts emulation with them, and says, "They which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Now that you know it is wrong, I hope you will never study again for the sake of being thought a better scholar than other children; for there are a great many better reasons for studying than this is. When you learn to read well, it is that you may read history, which will tell you what people have done in your own land and in other countries, long before you were born; and travels and voyages, which will show you how people live in other countries; and memoirs, that will show you how great and good men have lived and died; and, above all, that you may be able to read the blessed Bible, which will teach you the road to heaven. Now, do you suppose you

will learn any more from what you read, because you happen to read a little better than some of your schoolmates? Or do you suppose you shall not learn so much, because some others read better than you? Oh, no! you should try to read as well as you can, and if others can read better than you, you should feel happy that they can do so; and if they cannot read as well, you should try to assist them, so that they may learn as much as you.

It is just so with all your studies, though children do not often think of it. They are apt to be thoughtless little beings, and sometimes they study because their teacher wishes them to, sometimes because they see others studying, and they do not wish to be the only idle ones in school, and sometimes because they wish to excel others; but I fear they seldom stop and think, "What am I studying for?" Indeed, I have sometimes heard children say, "I don't see what mother wants me to study so much for; I don't think geography, and history, and grammar, and arithmetic will ever do me any good." Perhaps this is the very reason why you have tried to

excel others, because you have not known any better reason or motive for studying. But this is a bad motive, and I think I can give you some reasons which will be much better.

Your parents wish you to study arithmetic. Perhaps you may think this very dull. Many little boys had rather trundle their hoops, join the merry group in playing ball, or slide down hill; and many little girls had rather dress their dolls, fix their baby-houses, or skip their jumping-ropes, than to study the addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables; but unless you learn to add, subtract, divide, and multiply, you will never know how to take care of money. It is very necessary, not only if we wish to know how to take care of ourselves, but also if we wish to do good to others, and obey the commands of God, that we should know how to reckon money. Men and women are very frequently obliged to do this, and even children may sometimes find it very useful.

Suppose your mother should give you nine-pence, and you wished to give your Sabbath school teacher five cents to put in the mission-

ary box on the next Sabbath. Well, suppose you were to go along to school, saying to yourself, "I am glad mother gave me so much money, for my teacher said if every scholar in my class would bring five cents next Sabbath, it would make enough to buy a Bible for some poor heathen child; and now mother has given me all this, I can have five cents for that, and some left for myself too." While you were saying this, suppose you should meet a man with toys to sell, at seven cents apiece. Now if you had never studied arithmetic, what would you do?

You would say, "I want one of those toys very much; I know mother would be willing I should buy one, for she said I might do what I pleased with my money; but I want to put five cents into the missionary box, and I don't know whether I shall have enough left. If I run home to ask mother, the man will be gone before I get back, and besides it will make me late to school." What would you do in such a case? Why you would either have to buy the toy, and run the risk of not having money enough for the Sabbath, or you would have to do without it, when you did not know



but you might as well have it as not. But suppose you had studied arithmetic, then you would say to yourself, "Let me see, seven cents—ninepence is twelve cents and a half, seven from twelve leaves five, and then there is the half a cent, if I spend seven cents, I shall have five cents and a half left." Oh, how much better this would be than it would not to know any thing about reckoning.

Men have to make use of arithmetic almost every day; if they did not, they could never tell how much money they could give away; they would not know whether they could support their families, and have something left to give away, or not. But by arithmetic they can tell how much money they have in a year, and how much of this it will take to support their families; and then they can know how much they can give to the Bible Society, the Missionary Society, and the Temperance Society, and how much to poor people around them.

Tell me now, children, will it not be a much better motive for you to study arithmetic, because you wish to be able to do good with your money, than it is to study for the sake

of beating others? Oh, yes, I am sure you must think it is; and then instead of those wicked feelings which emulation makes you have, you will feel kindly towards other children, and you will wish them to become good scholars as well as you.

Now let us see if we cannot find some good reason for studying geography. Geography will help you to understand what you read, or hear read. Suppose you were reading about the missionaries in Burmah—some children would not know whether Burmah is in America, or Africa, or Asia; but if you understand geography, you could take your atlas, and looking on the map of Asia, you would find the Burman Empire, and then turning to the map of the world, you could find your own country, and see which way the vessels go when they sail from our country to carry missionaries to poor heathen Burmah. Or suppose you were reading in the Bible about Jerusalem, the city where our Saviour was saluted by children, crying, “Hosannah to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord;” the city where the temple stood, in which Jesus found people

buying and selling, when he drove them out; and the city over which the compassionate Saviour wept; would you not wish to know where this city was situated? Well, you could easily find out its situation by looking on your atlas. In the western part of Asia, very near the Mediterranean Sea, you could find Jerusalem. Then if you had a map of Palestine, you would find down in one corner, a picture of Jerusalem, and you would see the temple, and a great many places that you read about in the Bible.

Geography will tell you, too, about people in other countries: you will learn from it, that some poor people cannot get bread enough to keep them from starving, and more have never even heard of the bread of life, and do not know any thing about the God who made them, but bow down before idols which they have made themselves, and sometimes worship even toads, serpents, and the most disgusting animals.

Who has made you to differ from these ignorant people? It is God. He it is who has placed you in this happy land, and given you an opportunity to learn what is right, and what

is wrong; has given you kind teachers, and affectionate friends, and his word to teach you how to live in this world, and how to prepare for another.

Do you not think it is much better to study that you may learn how other people live, and learn to be thankful that your heavenly Father has given you so many mercies, than it would be to study for the sake of getting before others? It is just so with other studies, though perhaps every one may not be quite as useful as geography and arithmetic; but I will not now stop to tell you the reasons why you should study each one of them, but if you try, I dare say you can find reasons for all of them much better than trying to excel others.

But it is not in school only that children feel the spirit of emulation; they show it in their play, about their dress, and many other things. How often have I seen a party of boys, while at play, each one endeavoring to run the fastest, throw his ball the highest, or skate swifter than other boys, and some appearing to wish that they might be before the others in every game; or a company of little girls, each one trying to show the handsomest

plaything, or the finest dressed doll, and to excel the others in various ways. It is a fine thing to see a party of children at play, when they are cheerful and pleasant; for it not only makes them happy, but it makes them healthy. If children were never allowed to go out of doors and exercise, they would become sickly, and the roses would fade from their cheeks. If a group of children are playing, they do it to make themselves happy; they do not all play that *one* may be happy, but that they may *all* enjoy themselves. Well, now suppose each one plays for the sake of playing, without caring whether he beats or gets beat, but if he beats, says, "I guess some of the rest of you will beat next time, for I am too tired to try very hard," and if he loses the game, says, "Well, never mind it, I have had a good run, at any rate, and I suppose the other boys like to beat as well as I do." If all should say so, and feel so, do you not think they would enjoy themselves?

But suppose, instead of this, each one tries hard to outdo the others, and wants every game to be his,—they certainly cannot *all* beat, and those who *do*, will feel a certain

kind of enjoyment, but it will not be a good kind; for people never feel true enjoyment when they are thinking only of themselves; and those who *do not*, will feel really discontented and unhappy. So you see this is not the best way if we wish only to be *happy*; and if we wish to do *right*, it is certainly not best.

I might tell you about the use of dress, and show you that it is given you to make you comfortable, and that it is wrong to wish to have your dress better than others. But perhaps I have written enough about emulation for this time, and so we will think a little about what you have read, and then we will have something else.

In the first part of this chapter, I told you why horses and other brutes are governed by the whip—because they do not understand enough to do as they are told for the sake of doing right. You would be ashamed to be governed by the fear of the lash; but I told you a story about a horse who was made to go by emulation—do you wish to be like him? This animal had no other motive for going fast, only that he wished to get before the other horses, and when there was no other

horse near, he was as lazy as ever. Just so it is with some children, who study, or do any thing else, just for the sake of surpassing others; they do well when they are afraid others will excel them, but when they are not afraid of this, they are really indolent.

And now, little friends, I have tried to tell you what emulation is, so that I hope you understand it. I have told you that it makes us feel wrong because we cannot wish to be before others, without wishing others behind us; and this is not loving others as ourselves. I have tried to show you that there are a great many good reasons for doing as we ought, without doing so from the wish of excelling others; and, what is more than all, I have told you that the Bible informs us that emulation is wrong. Let me ask you if you will not try to keep out of your breast, the wicked feeling of emulation.

## THE HOUR OF REST.

Come, James, the birds have sought their nest,  
The lambs have laid them down beside the sheep,  
And they are all at rest.

This time our God has given us for sleep,  
And now my little boy should take his bed,  
And on the pillow rest his weary head.

The little lambs sent up no thanks on high  
To Him whose care has kept them all the day ;  
The birds have ceased to fly,  
And snugly down in their warm nests they lay ;  
But not by them a single prayer was said  
To Him by whose kind care they all are fed.

But you, my son, should ne'er lie down to sleep,  
Without first sending up to Heaven the prayer—  
That He whose power can keep,  
May of his mercy grant his guardian care,  
Watch over you through all the silent night,  
And bring you safely to the morning light.

Nor this alone,—your hearty thanks should rise  
To him whose hand your every mercy gives,  
Who scatters from the skies  
His blessings down on every thing that lives.  
So shall you close your eyes in peace to rest,  
And wake to-morrow with a tranquil breast.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE WICKED HEART.

My reader, six, seven, eight, or it may be eleven or twelve years ago, you were a little babe. You were a poor, weak little thing, and could not even hold your head up yourself, and if but the light of the sun shone upon your eyes, in a moment you were fatigued, and you closed them to shut out its light.

The greatest pains were necessary to take care of such a tender little creature as you then were; almost every hour you required to be fed, and almost all the time some of your friends were obliged either to hold you gently in their arms, or sit by the side of your little cradle and soothe you softly to rest. If you cried, you were hushed in the arms of tenderness; if you were hungry, your mother was willing to go without her own food, that she might give nourishment to her little one;

and at all times kind friends were near, who were never tired of watching you.

As months passed by, and you grew older, you began to know those who took care of you, and to smile on them, and to amuse yourself with playthings; still you required constant attention; frequently, from sickness or peevishness, you obliged your friends to lose their own sleep to watch over you; yet they never complained. By and by, months and seasons fled away, and you learned to walk about, and to talk, and soon you began to show ill temper, and you would frequently do that which was wrong; still your friends did not get out of patience; they gave you clothes and food, and when you were old enough they sent you to school, and you have been taught to read the Bible.

What would you have done if your parents had left you when you were a tiny babe? You could not have taken care of yourself, and you might have died if they had left you. And what would you do now, if your parents should cast you on the wide world, to look out for your own support? You would suffer very much, and perhaps starve to death.

Tell me, now, do you love these parents, this father and mother, who have been so kind to you? I need not ask you this question; I know that you love them; many times in a day, you try in some way to show them your affection, and if they were taken away, you would feel wretched and sorrowful; the world would seem gloomy and sad to the poor little orphan, and as long as you lived, you would remember them, and often think of them with sorrow.

But there is another friend—one who has been kinder to you than father or mother, kinder than any friend on earth can be,—this friend is your heavenly Father. He brought you into being. The first breath you breathed was his air. He gave you your parents; and every blessing you ever had, came from his hand. If he had forgotten you, or ceased to take care of you, but one moment, you would have been dead. If your friends had forsaken you, perhaps some kind person would have taken care of you; but if God had forsaken you, not all the people on earth could have kept you alive. But he did not forget you; the Bible says, “His tender mercies

are over all his works." He has been looking upon you every moment since you were born; for "the eye of the Lord is in every place, beholding the evil and the good." When the darkness of night was around you, and your friends were sleeping, then his eye has been open; and he has kept you from danger when you have been sick, and your friends could only weep over you, but could not save you; he has raised you up, and it is his goodness that has preserved you till the present time. Children, do you love him?

Perhaps some child is ready to say, "Yes, I love God—I always loved him, ever since I can remember." Stop, my dear; this is a solemn question, and you must not answer it without thinking, and without feeling that you answer it in the sight of the almighty God, who is at this time looking into your heart. You cannot tell whether you love God, without looking into your own heart, and seeing what your feelings are towards him. If you do not do this, perhaps you may think you love him, when in reality your heart is far from him.

I wish to help you to look into your own

heart; and first I will tell you a story which will assist me in showing you what I mean.

### THE SAILOR'S SON.

Albert Smith's father was a sailor, and before the little boy could speak the name of father, he was far away upon the ocean. While Mr. Smith was sailing in the large whale ship, or venturing in a little boat over the high billows, to fasten the harpoon into the whale, his little son was safe at home, eating the food, and wearing the clothes bought by his father's money.

Albert soon grew from a little babe, to a boy that could talk and run about as well as any body. He was an affectionate little fellow, and many times a day he came to kiss his mother's cheek, or claim his seat on his grandfather's knee. He loved his grandfather, whom he called father, as well as he did his mother, and many a time you might have seen the little boy running by the old gentleman's side, while his merry little feet took two steps to his grandfather's one. Sometimes too, you

might have seen him holding fast his mother's hand while she walked by the sea-side and looked upon its changing waves. Mrs. Smith was often sad when she gazed upon the dark ocean and thought of her distant husband; but Albert could not remember his father, and though his mother often mentioned him, yet the little boy only thought of him for a moment, and then his mind was full of his play again.

“ I love you, mother,” said Albert, one day, as he walked with his mother by the sea-side; but his mother did not notice what he said, for she was watching the rolling waves, as they dashed one after another, on the hard beach; “ I love you, mother,” said he again, looking up into her face, and gently pulling her hand; “ and I love father too; he always lets me go with him when he feeds the pigs and the cows, and yesterday he carried me to ride, and he says I shall ride horse to plough, and go out in a boat, when I grow bigger, and—what makes you cry, mother? don't you like I should love father? ”

“ Yes, my child,” said his mother, “ I am willing you should love father, as you call him;

but I cry when I think of your other father—your *own* father—you do not remember him, and I am afraid you do not love him; though all your clothes, and food, and playthings are bought with his money.”

“Yes, I do, I love him, mother; won't he ever come home?”

“Yes, I hope he will come home very soon, if God spares his life.”

“I want him to come home now; I love him—don't cry, mother,” said Albert, as he stooped down to pick up the smooth white stones and throw them into the water, “see how the stones make the water fly.”

In this manner Mrs. Smith often tried to lead her little son to think of his father, and she endeavored to make him understand that all his comforts came from the provision his father had made before he left home. At these times Albert always said that he loved his father, and wished him to come home, but very soon, and perhaps while his mother was talking, his mind was busy about something else.

Mr. Smith had been absent three years, and Albert was three years and a half old,

when, one stormy afternoon, as Mrs. Smith was listening to the gloomy wind, and thinking it would be a hard night for sailors, she heard a knock at the door, and in a moment more, her husband stood before her.

In answer to his wife's hasty inquiries, Mr. Smith said, "I am well, and we have made a good voyage; but where is my little son?"

While the anxious father was thus enquiring for his son, Albert, who had crept away into the farthest corner of the room, was gazing at his father, with looks of mingled fear and curiosity.

"Albert," said his mother, "this is your father, your own dear father, come and see him, my son."

"No, that man is not my father," said Albert; "I don't want him for a father, I don't like him."

It was in vain that Mrs. Smith reminded him how often she had told him about his father, or that Mr. Smith offered him the playthings he had brought him; he would sometimes venture near enough to take the playthings, but if his father attempted to take him in his arms, he would cry out, "I don't want to come."



For many days Albert could not be persuaded to speak to his father. If any one asked him about his father, he would point to his grandfather, and say, "That is my father, and I love him; but I will never love that man that has come here."

After Mr. Smith had been at home several weeks, he remarked to a friend, "My son is beginning to understand that I am his father, and he must obey me, and he seldom refuses to do as I wish him to; but I cannot by any means persuade him to love me."

My reader, you have friends on earth, whom you dearly love, as Albert did his mother and grandfather; and when they tell you about your heavenly Father, and talk to you about his goodness to you, you may think you love him, just as this little boy thought he loved his father. But though Albert thought he loved his father when he was far away, yet when he came home, he did not love him. You have parents and brothers, and sisters, and friends, whom you love, and this love makes you wish to be with them; you are happy when they are all at home; if any of them are gone, you think often of the time when you expect them to

come, and you are rejoiced when the day arrives for them to be at home again. I have been in a family where the father had been absent only a few weeks, and I have seen how eagerly his little ones anticipated his return.

Now let us suppose that you and I are in just such a family, where the father has been away, and is expected home to-day. Now it is almost time for the stage to arrive, in which the father is expected. See, how the children gather at the doors and windows; look at that little girl—she is too small to look out at the window, when she stands on the floor, and she has climbed into a chair, so that she too may see when “father comes.”

The children begin to be impatient, and it seems to them the stage never came so late,—but hark! they hear the sound of wheels—and now one little boy, who has been watching out doors to catch the first sight of the stage, runs in and cries out, “Oh, it is the *stage*, and father’s in it, for I saw his trunk on the outside.”

They all leave the windows and follow him out. And now the stage is at the door, their father gets out, and only see how his little ones

crowd around him; he can hardly get into the house, for each one has something to tell him, and their hearts are so happy that they can hardly contain themselves.

And now he has got into the house and sitting down in the rocking-chair, which his children have placed for him close by the fire, he takes the youngest one in his lap, and listens to what they have to say.

“I have learned all my great letters,” says the little one on his knee, “and mother is going to teach me the small ones.”

“And I,” says a second, “am going to study geography next week, if you are willing; for my teacher says I can read well enough.”

“Oh, father,” exclaims another, “mother has given Ellen and I a shelf in the closet up stairs for a baby-house, and we have got all our playthings on it, and you don't know how pretty it looks.”

“Look here,” says the oldest boy, “see what a sore hand I have got, where I hurt me packing up wood for mother; but I don't care for it, for you said I must fill your place while you was gone.”

This is only a supposed case. I do not re-

collect hearing any little children say exactly the words here written; but I have heard a great many say words very much like them, and I have seen a great many children seem quite as happy to see their father, and heard them begin as soon as he came home, to tell him every thing that happened while he was gone. Do you not love your father, as well as any child? Oh, yes, I do not think you would be willing to exchange your own dear father and mother, for any others in the whole world, for you could love none so well. But do you feel towards your heavenly Father, as you do towards your earthly parents? Do you love to think that he is always with you? Do you love to think that he sees every action, and every thought, even that passes through your bosom? Do you love to go to him, just as you do to your parents, and tell him all your troubles and all your pleasures? If you truly love God, you will love to pray to him, and he will be dearer to you than your father or mother; for the Bible says, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." If you truly love God, you will love him better than your own self, for the Bible says, "If

any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me;" and true love to him, will make you willing to lose every thing on earth for his sake.

And now, let me ask you again, do you think you can truly say, with the eye of the everlasting God upon you, "I do believe I love my heavenly Father?" I am afraid many who read this will be obliged to answer, "No! I am afraid I do not." What! not love the great, the true, the merciful God? Angels love him, all good men adore him, and why do you not love him? I will tell you. It is because you have a wicked heart. Stop a moment, and try to think of every thing you have done since you can remember any thing. Have you never disobeyed your parents? Have you never been angry with your brothers and sisters, or your playmates? Have you never in your life said that which was not true? You have the Bible to tell you what is right; do you read it carefully to see what you ought to do, and then try to do just as it directs? Are you not sometimes fretful, revengeful, or selfish? Can you not remember a *great many* wicked things that you have

done, and a great many wicked feelings which have been in your heart? Now if you can remember so much wickedness, how much do you think God remembers? He never forgets any thing; and every thing that you have done since you were born is as plainly before his sight as what you are now doing or thinking; for the scripture says, "A thousand years are in his sight as one day, and one day as a thousand years." Well, if you have done so many wicked things that you remember, and so many more that you have forgotten, must you not have a wicked heart?

Suppose you were to see a party of boys sliding down hill, and you were to watch them, and see them, time after time, patiently trudging up the long hill, and drawing their sleds after them, just for the sake of sliding down again; would you not think they liked their play? And when you do so many wicked things day after day, must it not be because you love to do them? Supposing while you were looking at the boys and hearing them cry with loud voices, "Clear the road," "Clear the road," some one should say to you, "Those boys do not like their play."

Would you not think that person mistaken? "Why," you would say, "if they did not like to slide, they would not do it; they slide to please themselves." Just so it is about your doing wrong; you would not do it if you did not like it.

Then if your heart makes you do wicked things, must it not be a wicked heart? Yes, you can see, yourselves, that you have a wicked heart, and God tells you in his holy word, that you have such a heart. In one place we read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," in another, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one. For all men have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Another passage of scripture says, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great on the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," and that "Men have gone astray from their birth." The Bible also says that nothing unholy or wicked shall ever enter heaven, for "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

And now what will you do? You feel for yourselves, and the Bible tells you, that you

have a wicked heart; what can you do? Will you try from this time not to do any one wicked thing as long as you live? How can you do this, with your wicked heart? This bad heart has made you do wickedly ever since you can remember, and do you suppose it will make you do right now? No! you can never do right with a wicked heart. If you were walking in the fields, and should see a thorn-bush stretching out its prickly branches, you would not go to it expecting to find grapes on it; but if the owner of the field were to dig up this useless bush, and plant a grape vine instead, then you might expect to find grapes. Just so it is with you; as long as you have a wicked heart, you will continue to be a wicked child. Perhaps some child says, "I wish I could be good, I wish I could be like Jesus, but I don't know what to do; I wish I could get rid of this bad heart, and get a good one." Ah! my little friend, that is just what you want, you need to have your wicked heart taken away, and a new one given you instead. If you truly desire a new heart, and repent of all your sins, and come to Jesus, he will give you a new heart, and incline you to



love him. In the next chapter I will try to tell you what true repentance is, and the way to Jesus.

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### THOSE THAT I LOVE.

I love my mother's cheerful voice,  
I love her pleasant smile,  
I love to sit down by her side  
And talk to her the while.

I love, when she is tired and worn,  
To ease her of her task,  
Do all the little things I can,  
Nor wait for her to ask.

I love, when daylight's hours are o'er  
And father's work is done,  
To meet him with affection's smile,  
And prove a grateful son.

And when my father's old and gray,  
If I that day shall see,  
I hope I shall repay him then  
For all he's done for me.

I love my little sister too,  
With her bright curly hair,  
And all the fruit and toys I have  
I wish with her to share.

But there is one whom I should love  
Far more than all beside,—  
'Tis He who came to live on earth,  
And then for sinners died.

Jesus, thine own dear voice has said,  
“Let children come to me,”  
Wilt thou not teach me how to come  
With all my heart to thee?

Show me what true repentance is,  
And draw me by thy love,  
That I on earth may live to thee,  
And dwell with thee above.



## CHAPTER VI.

### REPENTANCE.

In the last chapter I promised to tell you something about repentance, and I will now try to explain it to you, as well as I am able. To repent means to be sorry for something that we have done, but it generally means to be sorry for sin. There are two kinds of sorrow for sin; one of which is true repentance, and leads people to Jesus, and the other is only selfish repentance, which does no good at all.

I said there are two kinds of repentance, or sorrow for sin, and perhaps I can better explain to you what I mean, by supposing a case. Suppose a kind father, who loved his son, should, for good reasons, tell him that he might play as much as he chose in the yard, but that if he went out of it, he should punish him. Suppose while he was happily

driving his hoop in the garden, a party of boys should pass by, and looking over the gate, ask him to go a few steps with them, just down to the corner, and play a game of marbles. The boy would at first tell them that he could not go; but if they continued to urge him, he might at last consent to go. While he was busy at play, he might not think much of what his father had said, though he would not feel really happy, even when at play; but when the other boys were gone, and he was walking slowly home, he would begin to think of what he had done, and he might say to himself something like this—"I am sorry I went out of the yard, for I did not take much pleasure just in playing marbles a little while, and now I shall have to be punished for it. I don't think there is any need of father's being so strict; other boys don't have to ask their father every time they go out of the yard; but I know that he will punish me, for he always does as he says he will. I do really think I had better have staid in the yard, than to be punished for going out of it."

Now this boy has done wrong and he is sorry for it; but is it a good kind of sorrow? No!

it is only selfishness. He is not sorry that he has offended so good a father; he is only sorry he did wrong, because he shall get punished for it; he thinks the pain of punishment will be greater than the pleasure he took in his play; and if he had been sure he should not get punished, he would not have been sorry at all.

But suppose, instead of this, the boy should say, "I am sorry I have disobeyed my father; I know he would not have forbidden my going out of the yard, without good reasons; for he always likes to have me happy, and he would have been willing I should go, if it had been best for me. How could I, just for the sake of playing marbles a little while, disobey so kind a father? What a wicked boy I have been! I know father will punish me, but I can bear that, for I know I deserve it; but oh, I cannot bear to think how sorry father will be when he knows how I have acted. How I wish I had staid in the yard! I hope I shall never do so again as long as I live."

In this case, you can see, in a moment, the sorrow would be very different from the other; for he would not be sorry because he should

be punished, but because he had disobeyed his affectionate father. He would not love punishment, but he would feel that he deserved it; and he would not feel so unhappy about being punished, as he would about having been so ungrateful to his good father.

My dear reader, you have sinned against your heavenly Father more times than you can count. The commands of God were all righteous, and if you had obeyed them you would have been much happier; but instead of this, you have disobeyed him all your days; and he has said, that "the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Men had all sinned, and they must have perished, if God had not sent his only begotten Son Jesus Christ to die for them, that "Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." We have all wicked hearts, and our wicked hearts continually make us do wickedly; but "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and all that believe on his name, shall have their sins forgiven, and new hearts given them. When Jesus came to dwell on earth, he became one of us; he was once a little

child, just as you are, only he never sinned; he passed through the same changes that we do now, but he was always holy; and after living on earth more than thirty years of toil and suffering, he was crucified. He did not suffer all this for his own sins, for he had never sinned, but it was all for our sins; and now he has said that all that truly repent and believe on him, shall be saved; but remember, we must have *true repentance*.

A boy once had leave from his father to visit one of his playmates, and stay one hour; but as he went out his father said to him, "Remember, James, you must not on any account, stay longer than an hour."

James went to the house where the little boy lived, and said to a lady there, "My father gave me leave to come and see George, and stay an hour, and he will punish me if I stay any longer; but I am afraid I shall not know when it is an hour."

The lady said, "I shall be sitting where I can see the clock, and I will tell you when you have been here an hour."

James went out to play, and it seemed but a few minutes, when the lady came to the

door and said, "You have been here an hour, James."

James was just in the midst of a fine play, and he thought he would stay only a minute or two, and finish it. Time passes rapidly when we are happily employed, and very soon the lady came to the door again, and said, "You have been here an hour and a quarter James, and as your father gave you leave to stay only an hour, you had better go home now, and come another time, and finish your visit."

"Oh," said James, "I have staid longer than father told me to now, and he will punish me at any rate, so I may as well stay till night."

Now supposing, after James had played till night, he should say to himself, as he was going home, I wish there was some way that I could get rid of being punished. I wonder if father would not forgive me this time, if I tell him I am sorry, and promise not to do so again. "I guess I'll try it and see." Suppose, too, that James' father had happened to be passing by, when his son told the lady he should stay till night, though he did not see him; do you suppose that when James told



his father he was sorry, he would have forgiven him? No, he would say, "My son, I happened to be passing by, just as you was saying that because you had already disobeyed me, and done wrong, and must get punished, you would stay till night. If you had felt really sorry for your fault, I might have forgiven you; but now I know that your only reason for being sorry is that you are afraid of punishment, and I cannot excuse you from the punishment you deserve."

My reader, after you have sinned against the Almighty God so many times, if you should begin to think of the dreadful pains of hell, and, without feeling any sorrow for having sinned against so merciful a God, you should, just for the sake of getting rid of punishment, pray to God to forgive your sins, do you think God would answer such a selfish prayer? No! you must have some other reason for being sorry for sin, or it will not be the right kind of repentance. And now I will try to show you what I mean by true repentance; and perhaps I can do this best by first telling you a story.

## THE DAY'S VISIT.

Mrs. Newhall was a widow, and her only son, George, was about nine years old. George loved his mother, and he was, on the whole, a pretty good boy, though he sometimes did wrong, like all other children.

George's grandfather lived at some distance from his mother's house, where he could not run in and see his grand-parents every day, as some children can, but it was a great pleasure, whenever his mother was willing, for him to go and visit his grandfather and grandmother.

One bright morning in the winter, Mrs. Newhall told George, that he need not go to school that day, for she was going to spend the day at her father's, and he might go with her. George was delighted to hear this, and he hastened to assist his mother in preparing to go. Soon every thing was ready; Mrs. Newhall locked the house, and they sat out on their walk. George bounded gaily along, sometimes running before his mother, and then coming back to ask her to look at some-

thing that he saw, and sometimes stopping by the road-side till she was far beyond him, and he was obliged to run to get up with her.

At length, after walking three-quarters of a mile, they came to the large, old fashioned farm house of Mr. Winslow, Mrs. Newhall's father. George, as well as his mother, was greeted with great kindness by the old people, and for a time he was well contented to sit by the warm fireside, and tell his grandparents about every thing that he had seen or heard of since he last saw them; but he soon became weary of sitting still, and asked permission of his mother to go out and visit his old acquaintances, the cows, horses, ducks, hens and turkeys.

"Your uncle and cousins are somewhere near, with the team," said his grandfather, "and if your mother is willing, you can go out and find them."

"May I go—may I go, mother?" cried George.

"I hardly know what to say, my son," answered his mother. "If I were sure your uncle would not go into the woods, I should be perfectly willing, but,—well, I will let you

go, and if your uncle goes into the woods, you can come into the house."

George caught his cap and coat, and ran out, and his mother scarcely saw him again, till it was night, except when he came in with his uncle to dinner.

It was nearly sunset when George and his mother started on their way home. As they walked along, George, instead of running as he usually did, or talking about every thing that he saw, walked soberly and silently by the side of his mother.

They had nearly reached home, and George had hardly spoken since he left his grandfather's, and now he drew still nearer to his mother, and taking hold of her hand, with his eyes cast on the ground, he said in a low voice, "Mother, I have done something very wrong to-day."

"I am sorry, my son," said his mother.

For a moment they walked on in silence, and then George said, "Yes, mother, I have been a very wicked boy, for I went into the woods to-day with uncle James, when you told me I must not; now, mother, I know I have been a wicked boy, and I want you to

punish me, but I hope I shall never do so again.”

Do you think this mother forgave her son? Yes! she was sorry he had been disobedient, but she was convinced, from his appearance, that he was sorry from the heart that he had been so, and she forgave him. Now, my child, if you would truly repent, you must not be sorry for sin merely because you are afraid of being punished after you die, but you must think how disobedient you have been to a kind and merciful heavenly Father. George was not sorry for what he had done, because he was afraid of punishment, for his mother did not know that he had done wrong, and would not have punished him; but I suppose he thought how kind his mother had been to him, and how ungrateful he had been, and he could not help feeling sorry.

So you ought to think of your ingratitude to God. Think of his loving kindness to you ever since you were born; think how many times you have sinned against him. If you should try to count your sins you could not, they are so many, and yet God has suffered you to live, and filled every day with mer-

cies. Oh! can you not feel sorry that you have sinned against so good a God?

Think of Jesus Christ. When men had sinned, and there was no way for them to escape the wrath of an offended Creator, then the Saviour offered to bear their iniquities. The scriptures say, "When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, then thine eye pitied, and thine arm brought salvation." Yes, the tender eye of the Saviour saw, and pitied even us, poor sinners as we were, and he said, "Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, oh God." He knew that we were guilty, and not innocent; he knew that we deserved to suffer; yet he came to take on himself our suffering, that we might be saved if we trust in him. We read in the book of Isaiah, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and

with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Does it not make you weep, to read this description of Christ's sufferings?

Read, in the New Testament, the life of Christ. From the time that he first came into the world, and was laid, a helpless babe, into the manger where the oxen received their food, till he was led away to be crucified, his life was one of suffering and sorrow. He said of himself, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" Sometimes he was obliged to flee from those who sought his life, and at others his enemies accused him of being possessed of a devil.

Thus he passed his life, and at last he was betrayed to his enemies; his disciples forsook him; he was brought before the judgment seat of Pilate; he was falsely accused, and un-

justly condemned. The cruel soldiers spit upon him and struck him; they put a crown of thorns on his head, and a purple robe on him, and bowed down to him in mockery; and at last, when they were tired of insulting him, they stretched him upon the cross, and pierced his hands and feet with nails. There he suffered, there he died.— And all this for sinners. He bore *our* iniquities; it was sin, *our* sin, that made him thus suffer.

Oh, are you not bowed down with sorrow, when you think how long you have sinned against so compassionate a Saviour? Does it not pain you that you are his enemy? Do you not wish to be his friend, and to serve him forever! Come then to him; tell him that you are sorry for your sins, tell him that if he condemns you, it will be no more than you deserve; and if you really feel this and give up your whole heart to him, he will receive you. This will be true repentance. But remember, you must give up your *whole heart*, and you must give it away, not try to *sell* it.

Maria L. had heard about Jesus, ever after she was a very little girl; and she had some-



times felt that she needed repentance, and for a little while she would feel sad; but she soon forgot her concern for her soul, and sought happiness in the world. In this manner she lived, till she was nearly seventeen years of age, and had never become a Christian; but at this time she became very anxious about her soul; she felt that she had sinned against a just and holy God, and that she deserved his wrath; she was distressed, and she knew not what to do. She was told that she must give her whole heart to God, and she thought she would try to do so, that she might obtain peace.

She went into her chamber, she knelt down, and said something like this, "Oh Lord God! I have sinned greatly against thee, and it is but just that thou shouldst cast me off forever; yet wilt thou have mercy on me. I will give up every thing to thee, if I may but be a Christian." Maria did not find peace; she had been trying to make a bargain with the Almighty; she was going to give him her heart, if he would make her a Christian; this was not the right way; the Bible says, "My son, give me thine heart."

For many days, Maria felt sorrowful for

her sins. When she lay down at night, she thought of her wicked heart, and it was long before she slept; when she awoke in the morning, she thought of her sins; and all day long she could scarcely for a moment think of any thing else. At last she said to herself, "I cannot live an enemy to God any longer; I will go and give myself wholly to him, to be his as long as I live, and try to serve him, even if I am such a sinner that he cannot save me." Again she knelt before the great searcher of hearts, and confessed her sins, and said, "Oh Lord, I cannot live an enemy to thee any longer; I come to give myself up to thee; take my heart, my all, and do with me just as thou wilt." Now, she did not try to make a bargain with the Almighty; she gave herself to him, and she found a peace which she would not have exchanged for the whole world; for she felt that her sins were forgiven, and she wanted nothing more.

My reader, will you not so come to Christ? Fear not to come, for Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Do you feel that your heart is very sinful?

Still you may not fear to come, for the Bible says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," are the words of the compassionate Redeemer.

## HEAVEN.

Above, above the bright blue sky  
There is the Christian's home;  
There falls no tear, there heaves no sigh,  
And sorrow cannot come.  
All in that world is bright and fair,—  
Say, children, say, would you be there?  
Then haste to have your sins forgiven.  
Repentance is the way to heaven.

There darkness never throws its shade,  
Day never yields to night,  
They need no beam by candles made,  
For Jesus is their light.  
Would you behold that perfect day?  
Then seek the straight and narrow way,  
And haste to have your sins forgiven—  
Repentance is the way to heaven.

There sweetest music strikes the ear,  
And harps, by angels strung,  
Wake sounds for God himself to hear,  
While his high praise is sung.  
Say, would you join that joyful throng,  
And raise with them the holy song?  
Then haste to have your sins forgiven—  
Repentance is the way to heaven.

There they behold a Saviour's face,  
And all his glory see,  
And there, in that pure spotless place,  
They learn like him to be.  
For those who dwell there never sin,  
They have no wicked hearts within;  
On earth they had their sins forgiven,  
And found the only way to heaven.

Dear children, would you dwell on high,  
In that fair sinless land,  
Above, above the bright blue sky,  
In joy at God's right hand?  
Haste then, to Jesus bend the knee,  
For none his face in peace shall see,  
Except they have their sins forgiven—  
Repentance is the way to heaven.

There is a certain way to heaven

And all the way is plain

And there is no one there

Who has been there before

For there is no one there

Who has been there before

And there is no one there

There is a certain way to heaven

In the light of day

And there is no one there

Who has been there before

For there is no one there

Who has been there before

And there is no one there





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