

Master John S. Lake

S. S. No. 10 Percy

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JESSY GRANT, *Co. S. 1st.*

OR,

“Be not Conformed to this World.”

THE VICTORIA TALES AND
STORIES.

LONDON :
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BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



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ROM. xii. 2.



IT was Sunday morning. Jessy Grant was going to her god-mother's house to take her to Church with her; for Mrs. Ford was old and feeble now, and could not walk without help, and Jessy had been accustomed for years to fetch the old dame to morning service; and had always felt pleased to do so—but to-day she disliked this duty very much. I will tell you

why. Jessy was dressed very fine. She had on a violet dress, a black silk jacket, a hat and feather, and her hair was all bunched up at the back, as if her head had grown double. She felt sure that strangers would take her for a young lady, if she were not obliged to drag old Mrs. Ford on her arm all the way to church; and she felt quite vexed when she saw the nice neat old woman in her tidy shawl and poke bonnet.

“Aunt Ford,” she said, as they walked slowly towards the church, “I wish you would dress a little more in the fashion.”

“The fashion, child—and at my years. Why, what ails you? I never gave in to fashions much in my youth, and I ain’t a going to begin now. What put that in your head?”

“Only your bonnet is such a queer shape now,” said Jessy, colouring.

Mrs. Ford stood still and looked at her little companion from head to foot.

“Well,” she said, after a while, “I see that your mother has been led away, and has made you a sad fright. I am almost ashamed to go to Church with you, considering that I am your god-mother.”

“Why, Aunt?” asked Jessy. “I am sure my things are very nice and all the fashion. My hat is just like Miss France’s.”

“So much the worse. Don’t you know that I promised when you were baptized, Jessy, that you should renounce,—that is, *give up*—“the pomps and vanities of this present world.” And now

here I am walking arm in arm with you to Church with all the pomps and vanities you can get at, stuck upon you."

"I never knew pretty clothes were pomps and vanities," said Jessy. "And I don't see that it is worse for me to wear them than it is for Miss France."

"Ah, but it is," said her godmother. "They ain't pomps and vanities for Miss France. Her father is a rich man, and she is used to be dressed well, and we don't think about what we are used to have, Jessy. *She* can wear a hat and feather in Church and never think about it, but *you* can't. It's new to you and it will run in your head, I'm sure, and make you not heed your prayers, but be vain and thinking of others. If Miss France were to dress like a duchess or a grand

lady, then it would be “pomp” for her, but that which is suited to her station is not so. The fashions are all ugly enough just now, and I don’t think any Christian girls, whether rich or poor, should follow them quite, but it’s worst of all for poor girls to care for dress—it leads to much sin—it makes them want money—and waste money. A poor man’s earnings should be laid by for old age and illness, not wasted on hats and feathers. St. Paul says, “Be not conformed to this world,” and I take it that is just as much a Bible command as “Thou shalt not steal.”

Now Jessy was really a religious girl, who wished to obey God’s word.

“I did not remember those words, Aunt Ford,” she said, humbly, “or I

did not understand them. I will ask mother to sell the feather, and I will plait my hair neatly for next Sunday."

Jessy did so, and Miss France, whose good opinion she cared for very much, said to her mother as they drove back from Church,

"How pretty and neat Jessy Grant looked to-day, mamma—she was quite disfigured by her head dress last Sunday."

Jessy would have been pleased if she had heard those words; as it was, she was very happy, because she had tried to do right.



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