

Pictou, 14 March 1857

Little Willie's Story,

Dr George & Anna

Do any of you ever think of committing an act of Disobedience, which you hope may escape the Notice of your Parents or Teachers, it would be well to think of these Salerny words we have in the Bible, "Thou, God, seest me".?

You may suppose that you are alone in a Room, in the Shady woods, or in the fields; you may look around; and, perceiving no one near, say to yourself, I may do it quite safely, for I see no body near, and no one will even be aware of it. Ah, my dear George & Anna, you are mistaken, for tho' you see no one, you are not alone. The Great God, who made the Blue Sky and the bright Stars, the Green Earth, and the beautiful Flowers, the Mighty ocean, and a number of other things, is close, quite close beside you. His Eyes never slumbers nor sleeps; and it matters not where you are, they are ever on you, watching over you every thought word and action. His Eyes can penetrate through the Stone Walls, through the thickest leaves of the

Forest, and thro' the darkest gloom  
of night. You can hide Nothing from him;  
He sees your simplest action - hears your  
faintest whisper, and notes your every  
thought. and, would it not be strange  
if it were otherwise, when can the  
Tiny Sparrow, which we regard as  
being of so little value, cannot fall to  
the ground without the knowledge  
of our Heavenly Father.

I once knew a little lame Boy, who  
very often repeated the words, "Thou God,  
Seeist me". One day I was sitting beside  
him, at the Parlor window, and we had  
both been watching for some time a  
number of bright, happy Boys, who  
were running & leaping and playing  
at Ball, in the street before the house  
where, all at once, Willie (for such  
was his name) turned suddenly away,  
and murmured very sadly to  
himself, "Thou God, Seeist me".  
I was surprised, and wondered what  
he was thinking about; for he had  
been laughing just a few minutes  
before, at a little Boy who could  
not catch his Ball; the wind always  
blowing it away, just as he was  
about to lay hold of it, and said,

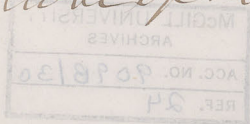


These are favorite words of young Willie, but why do you repeat them so sadly at present!" He looked up and his large Blue Eyes filled with Tears, as he replied very mournfully, "I was just thinking that, if I had once loved these words as much as I do now, I might have been playing with these boys in the Street at present, instead of being a little lame boy with a crutch, who can only look at the fun, and wish in his heart that he was sharing it."

Poor little Willie! his heart was very full, so he tried mournfully to keep down the sob. I passed my hand softly over his fair curly hair, and said "I know your lameness was caused by an accident, my dear boy, but I do not know the particulars; will you tell me them?" and I drew his little head soothingly down on my shoulder. After a while Willie told me his sad story, and I now repeat it in his own simple words for your instruction.

More of this story next week

I am over



I am quite glad to hear that  
you and W B have got over your  
Colds, I hope you will take care to  
keep your feet dry, so as not to catch  
more Colds.

Do you know, little  
Mary Harris has got a young  
Cinnamon Bird only two weeks old,  
How glad she will be to let you see  
it if any of you comes here in  
the summer time - Little George  
Craw is growing to be quite a stout  
Boy - he knows me quite well  
and can suck a sweetie when I  
hold it in my hand.

My love to you both  
and W B.

Grandpa

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