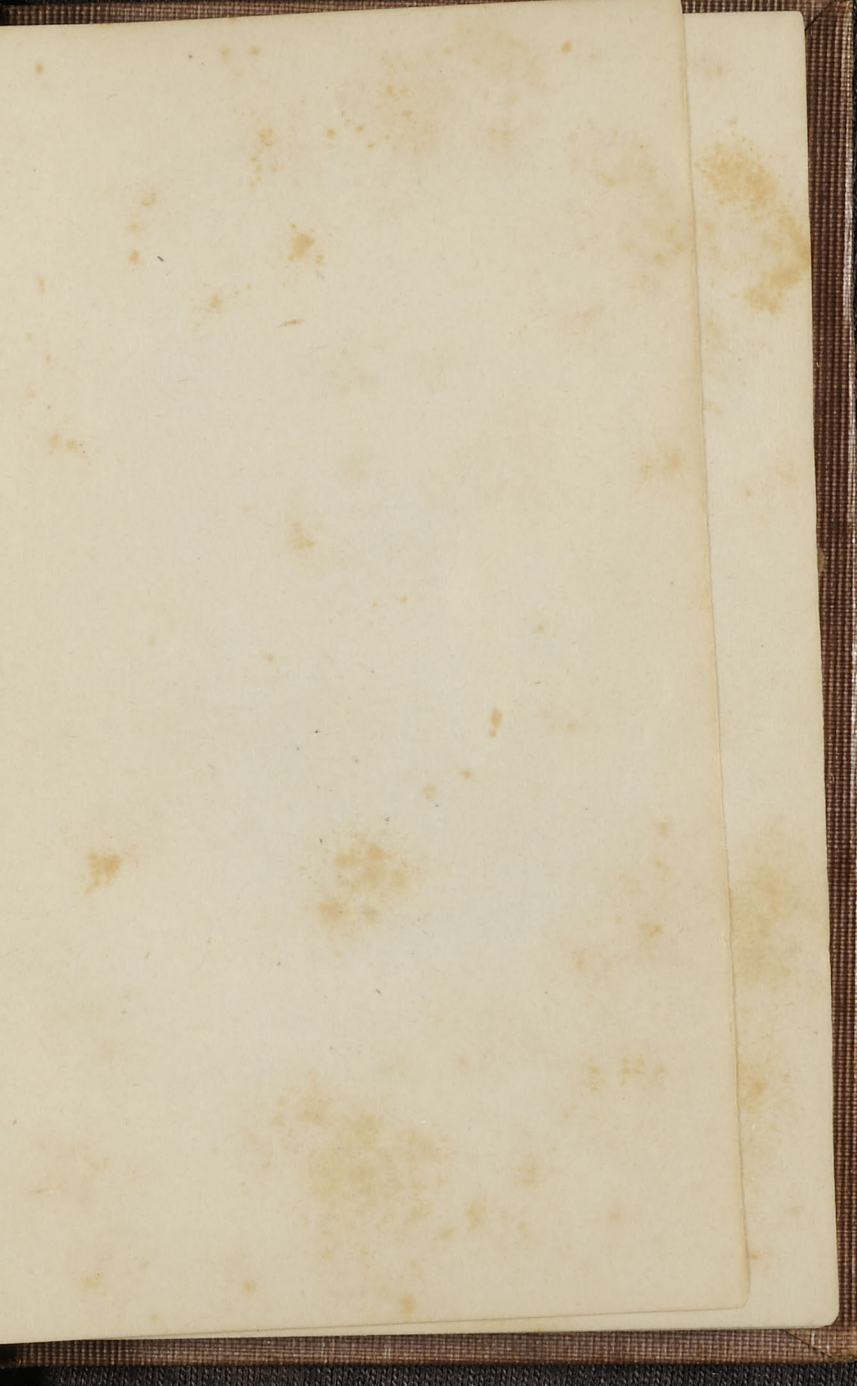




To Mary F. Poore  
From her Pastor  
E. W. Kirk



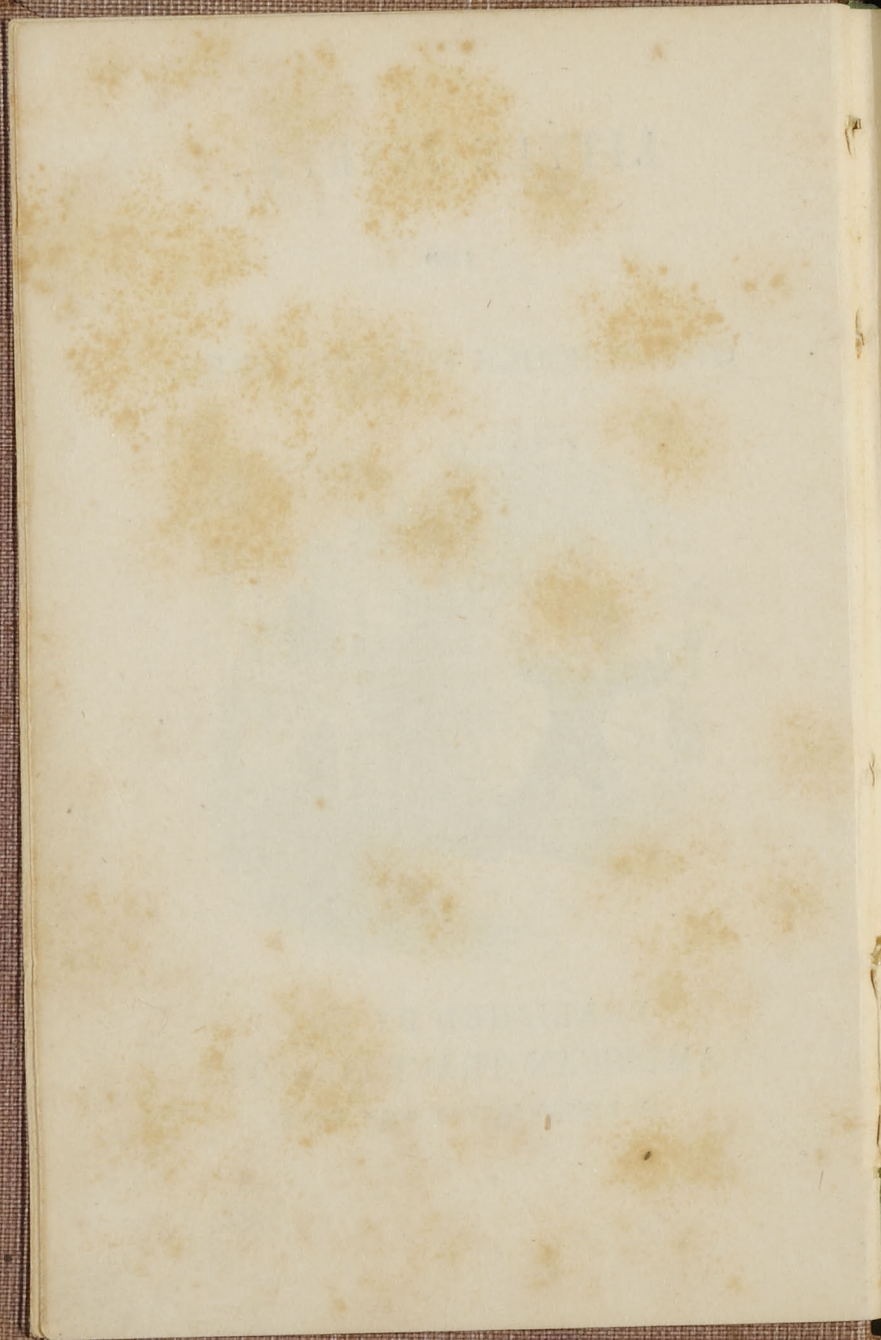




LITTLE JOSEPH,  
AND  
OTHER BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
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GOD'S LOVE  
TO  
WICKED LITTLE JOSEPH.



—113—

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150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

GOD'S HOUSE

WICKED MEN  
AND  
UNBELIEVERS

GOD'S LOVE  
TO  
WICKED LITTLE JOSEPH.



THE little boy of whom I wish to tell you, was commonly known by the name of "little wicked Joe Jago." The word "little" was probably used to distinguish him

from his father and grandfather, both of whom were called Joseph Jago. He was indeed a very wicked boy. He was so artful in his wickedness, that his parents hardly knew what to do with him. He used to curse and swear, get angry, call his playmates ill names, and quarrel and fight with them. Though a little boy, he was a great sinner. But God in great mercy manifested his love towards him, stopped him in his mad career, and showed him his sinfulness, by nature and by practice, and that he must be pardoned through the merits of Christ, or be lost for ever and ever.

On the 21st of August, 1846, poor Joseph began to be unwell, and grew worse and worse until in one month he died, September 21st, the very day he was 14 years of age. He was not at once confined to his bed; but all knew that he was not well, for he walked about the streets so quietly, and seemed so different from the noisy Joe we

had been accustomed to see. His parents and grandparents were very kind, and did all they could for him, but after two weeks he was unable to go out any more. His parents then called Dr. L—— to attend him, who immediately said he was very sick, and led them all to fear that he would never get well.

While Joseph was able to walk about, I had seen him several times, and asked him how he did; to which he generally replied cheerfully, "I think I am a little better, thank you, Mrs. H——." But the last time I saw him out, he said in answer to my inquiry, "I am very weak." Two days passed, and on inquiring for him, I was told he was confined to his bed.

I had long felt much interest in Joe, wicked though he was; for, some years before, while teaching a day-school, he became one of my scholars. I had often talked to him, as well as the rest in the school, about the blessed Jesus as the Sav-



iour of poor sinners, and told them that they were lost and ruined by nature, and that they must be washed in the precious blood of Jesus Christ, or they could not go to heaven.

On learning that Joseph was so ill, and while thinking of what I had said to him, I became very desirous to see him, and to



know if any thing I had then tried to teach him, was brought to his mind; and also to speak more plainly and pointedly to him about his own sins, and his need of salvation by faith in Christ.

I went to his home, and found him very sick, and that no one had spoken to him about his soul. I sat down by his side, and asked, "How are you to-day, Joseph?" "Very bad, Mrs. H——," he replied. "I see you are, my dear boy; and if the Lord should see fit to take you away, do you think you are prepared to die?" "I do not know," he answered. "Do you not know that you are a sinner, Joseph?" "Yes, I do." "And you know that 'the wages of sin is death.'" "I know I shall die," he said. "But, my dear, I wish you to understand about the *second death*, which means a great deal more than the death of the body. The Bible teaches us that all the wicked when they die, must go to hell." "No," he answered; "do you think so?"

I replied, "You must remember it is against *God* you have sinned." He answered quickly, "Oh, I did not know I had sinned against *God*. I know I have sworn hundreds of times, and have done many bad things, but I did not know I had sinned against *God*." "But so it is, Joseph; every oath you have uttered, every angry word, and all your sins, have been against *God*." "Oh, then, what shall I do?" he exclaimed.

I opened the Bible and read to him the story of the jailer, and his earnest inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer of Paul and Silas, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I also read other portions of the word of God which I thought could inform his mind concerning what Christ had done for every poor guilty sinner. Among these was the 19th chapter of John, where Christ's sufferings are spoken of; and I directed his attention especially

to the 30th verse, the words of Jesus from his own most truthful lips, "It is finished;" "and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost." As I was guiding his thoughts to Christ, he said, "I can't lay hold;" meaning I don't understand. I reminded him of a fruit-tree in his grandmother's garden which bore good fruit, because of its being grafted; and told him that when a poor sinner believed in Jesus as his Saviour, he was then grafted into Christ, and partook of Christ's nature, and would grow up into Christ as the graft into the tree. He then said, "I seem to see, now, how it is: if I believe, the blood of Jesus Christ will save me; it is like the sap of the tree, which makes the graft grow." "Yes," said I, "the blood of Jesus Christ alone can save you. It will wash away all your sin, if you trust in him as your Saviour." After a short time, he said, "I do believe. I hope the Lord will save me." I told him he must look to God for help; and

after exhorting him to think much about what we had said, I left him.

In the evening I went in again. His mother was weeping. She told me she had found him praying many times since I left him in the morning. On going to his bedside, I asked him, "Joseph, how are you now?" "Very weak," he said; "I wish I could see my brother John." "Why do you wish to see him?" I asked. "O, to tell him I am not afraid to die. But I want to know what fruit I must bear to Christ." I told him if he loved his brother, and wished to see him to tell him of Jesus' love to a poor sinner, that was fruit; and if he loved his soul and wished to tell him so, and tried to lead him to be happy by believing in Christ, that was fruit also.

"Oh," he replied, "I love my father and mother and sisters, and I wish they were all happy, and my grandfather and grandmother, too." While he was saying this,

his uncle came in to see him, and said, "My dear boy, you are very ill." "Yes, uncle." In love to his soul, his uncle said, "You must pray to Jesus." He replied, "Uncle, I *have believed*."

His uncle afterwards told me that he was much surprised in talking with him after I left, to find that Joseph, though so young, was able to answer his questions so well.

The next day I called to see him, and asked as usual, "How are you, Joseph?" He replied, "I am much worse; I shall never get any better; the doctor's medicine does me no good." I said, "My dear, we do not know what God is about to do. He is able to raise you up, as well as to bring you down." "I know he is able," he answered quickly, "but I do not wish to live." "Why do you not wish to live?" I asked. "O, I am afraid I shall get out with wicked boys and get into sin again; for I have been thinking of them to-day,

and I do not know of one good boy among all I used to go with." I said, "True, you may not know of one, yet if the Lord is pleased to spare you longer, he can keep you from evil, for he says, 'My grace is sufficient for you.'" To this he replied, "I hope God will keep me, that I may never sin again."

Alluding to his uncle's visit, I said, "I suppose you had some good advice from your uncle yesterday." "Yes, I had; but he ought to have prayed with me before he went away." I said, "I don't know, my dear; perhaps your uncle saw that you were too weak to bear it, and thought it better to pray for you in his closet." "Then," said he, "I have thought wrong; but I did not mean any harm." "It was no harm for you to wish for prayer," I replied. He said, "I love prayer, and I hope you will talk to me about good things. Shall I know my uncle, if I die? shall I know John, and my brothers and sisters?"—

referring to several who had died in infancy. I told him he would; and that I hoped they would rejoice together in heaven. Seeing that he was very weak, I thought it best to go, though he begged me to stay longer.

I visited him again in the evening, and found several of the neighbors with him. Hearing some one come in, he asked his mother who it was. I stepped forward to his bed, and said, "It is I, Joseph." He said, "O, I am glad you have come; please sit down by me, and tell me more about heaven, and about hell." I said to him, "My dear, heaven is for you now, if you love Jesus. Jesus spoke of that blessed place to those who loved him, when he was in this world." I repeated to him a part of the 14th chapter of John, and other portions of Scripture where those blessed mansions are spoken of, that Jesus has gone to prepare for them who love him. "Oh," he exclaimed with increased strength,

How I love Jesus; I *do* love Jesus." "I trust that he has saved you from hell torments, dear Joseph; you said just now you wanted me to tell you of hell. It is a place of darkness, where the wrath of God is poured out without mercy. It is called 'outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,' a place where all people deserve to go because of their sins; and whoever goes to that dreadful place, will never, no, never come out again; for 'the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever,' and there is no end." "O," he exclaimed, "you have said enough about it; this makes me love God and Jesus more than ever."

Just then a boy passed his window, whistling a song tune, one which he had often whistled himself. "Hark," said he, "do you hear that poor fellow? O, poor fellow, he is as dark as I was. I was like him. I would not be back like him, for a thousand worlds."





After he first thought he believed in Jesus as the one who died for him on the cross, he never looked back, or seemed to desire to live here longer. All he said to those about him, showed that he was greatly changed, and led us to hope that this dear boy was truly born again of the Holy Spirit; and that his affections were

weaned from earth and set on things above, where he desired and longed to be.

When I saw him again, he was near death; yet he talked of the love of God to him, a poor sinner, and upon this his mind was dwelling.

I was sick myself the next day, and unable to see him. When told that I was very ill and could not come to him, and asked if he would like to have any one else to see him, he said, "No, the Lord is with me." To his father and mother he said, "I wish to meet you in heaven."

His weeping mother told me, after his death, that his mind was staid on the Lord to the last moment. Though suffering much bodily pain, he bore it very patiently, and departed in peace, trusting in the Lord.

F. H.

CATHARINE PRYOR,  
OR  
THE HALF-CENT PREMIUM.



—114—

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150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

CATHY HAYE BOOK

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

CATHARINE PRYOR,  
OR  
THE HALF-CENT PREMIUM.



As I was returning from my class in the city of Baltimore, May 22, 1854, I met a woman whose dress and manner indicated extreme poverty, and she asked me

if I was a Sabbath-school teacher. Telling her that I was, she said her little girl was lying very sick, and wished to see some one who was a Sabbath-school teacher. I readily and gladly agreed to go with her at once, and she led me to a small two-story dwelling in the eastern part of Alice-Anna-street.

In the upper apartment, upon a humble bed in one corner of the room, I found the little girl. She had been confined there for four months in a lingering consumption. Her name was Catharine Pryor, and she was twelve years old.

Previous to her sickness, she had attended the Bethel Sabbath-school, where she received her first impressions of the existence and character of God, and of the necessity of repentance and faith in the great atonement, and a preparation while on earth for a happy eternity. On her dying-bed she testified to the fidelity of her teacher in speaking to her of Christ

and of his willingness to save all who come unto him. This teacher seems to have sowed in her mind that seed which, as we have delightful evidence, sprang up to everlasting life.

Catharine had received in the Sabbath-school a little premium, called "Nathaniel," published by the American Tract Society—one of the fifty-two Bible stories by the author of the Peep of Day, sold in a packet for twenty-five cents; so that this little tract cost but half a cent.

It contained the hymn, "Will you go?" which is here given; and I trust that the reader will commit it to memory, apply to some Sabbath-school teacher for the tune, and that it may lead him to the feet of Jesus Christ, where by a sincere and genuine repentance and acceptance of the terms of mercy, like Catharine, he may be able to testify that the Lord has pardoned all his offences.

During her illness, Catharine became

much concerned for the salvation of her soul, and often thought of what she had heard in the Sabbath-school. She esteemed her little premium, with its beautiful hymn, as her greatest earthly treasure. She had heard the hymn sung, it had become her delight; and she wished to see a Sabbath-school teacher who would sing it to her again.

After having some conversation with her about the salvation of her soul, during which she manifested great concern, she asked her mother to look into her drawer and get out her little book, and then handed it to me, with a request that I would sing the hymn. I began and sang it through, verse after verse, during which time she covered her pale face with her little white handkerchief, and wept incessantly. I exhorted her to look to Jesus, who had invited even little children to come unto him.

While engaged in these very solemn,



yet interesting exercises, a coarse, rough-looking man stood over her bedside, whom she called "father," and for whose spiritual welfare she exhibited the deepest anxiety. She entreated him with streaming eyes, "to cease from his wicked ways, become sober and prayerful, treat her mother and the children right, and prepare to meet her in glory."

Many a time during her continued illness did this wicked and degraded man stagger to her bedside, and mingle with the horrible fumes of whiskey and tobacco smoke with which his breath was poisoned, his still more horrible oaths and curses. But in these trying circumstances, this little Christian would pray for her father. Expostulating with him on one occasion, she was heard to say, "O, father, I hope the Lord will teach you to repent and become a better man."

Nor did she stop with exhortations to her father; for when the family on the first

floor, and several of the neighbors came up into the chamber and gathered around the sick and dying-bed of the youthful Christian, though far less advanced in years than they, she hesitated not to exhort them too to turn to the Lord, saying, "Come, let us follow after Christ." "Will you go? Will you go?"

I soon called again to see her, and found the interview on this, as on the former occasion, very interesting and profitable. Her mind was calm and clear; a heaven-born sweetness seemed to rest upon her countenance, and I could almost imagine that I heard a voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

She said Jesus was precious to her soul, that she had been praying to the Saviour to prepare her for her change, and she believed He had pardoned all her sins. She then requested me to sing her hymn once more, which I did.

The great earnestness which Catharine

manifested for the salvation of her friends, was indeed one of the most attractive features in her short history.

With so little means or opportunity for instruction or improvement, as she had; with irreligious parents, one of whom was a drunkard; and almost without friends, how can we account for her ever entering the doors of a Sabbath-school? It must have been effected through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, whose gracious influence opened the portals of religion to her sight.

When but one year old, her father died, and the person whom I have alluded to as filling this important relation, was such by a second marriage of her mother. She received from him much ill treatment, and doubtless it was a source of great consolation during her trials, to think that her Maker would be a Father to the fatherless, and that she might claim him as her heavenly Parent.

The teachers in the Sabbath-school knew

of Jesus, and faithfully recommended him to the youthful Catharine, who listened with eager ears to the soul-inspiring sound of salvation for the penitent, believing sinner. What a consolation to this young child, that when suffering deep and bitter trials, she found her Saviour near to comfort her, and be a friend who would stick closer than a brother.

Catharine was an industrious child; she assisted her poor mother in every possible way to earn a livelihood for the family. Her father brought very little home for the support of his family, spending nearly all his meagre earnings for drink; so that the entire responsibility of procuring the means of subsistence was thrown upon the mother, which was shared by the daughter to the utmost of her ability. Even when confined to her sick-bed, she would sit up and sew for her mother, so that her feeble aid might still contribute something towards the support of the family.



But in the latter part of Catharine's life, she must have suffered much, for in the last four weeks the joint efforts of mother and daughter only produced one dollar, to be applied to all the wants of a family, with those of the afflicted child.

On Sabbath, May 28, 1854, as I went to visit my little charge, I found that her spirit had gone to God who gave it. On this morning before daylight, "the silver cord was loosed," and her days on earth were ended. Death had entered this chamber, but Jesus was here too, and placed upon the pallid countenance the marks of a soul that had departed in peace. Every expression seemed to show that the Master had come and taken his jewel home. She had retained her reason, and spent most of her last night on earth singing her little hymn :

WILL YOU GO ?

We 're travelling home to heaven above ;  
    Will you go ?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love ;  
    Will you go ?  
Millions have reached that blessed shore,  
Their toils and trials all are o'er,  
But still there's room for millions more ;  
    Will you go ?

We're going to walk the plains of light;  
    Will you go?  
Far, far from death, and curse, and night;  
    Will you go?  
The crown of life we then shall wear,  
The conquerer's palm we then shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven share;  
    Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb;  
    Will you go?  
With joyful songs to praise his name;  
    Will you go?  
Our sun will then no more go down,  
Our moon will no more be withdrawn,  
Our days of mourning past and gone;  
    Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
    Will you go?  
Repent, believe, be born again;  
    Will you go?  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"  
And thou shalt my salvation see;  
    Will you go?

O, could I hear some sinner say,  
    "I will go,;"  
O, could I hear him humbly pray,  
    "Make me go,;"  
And all his old companions tell,  
"I'll not go with you down to hell,  
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell:  
    Let me go."

Almost her last words were addressed to her mother, nearly as follows:

"Mother, say to the Sabbath-school teacher who has so kindly visited me, that I died happy in my Saviour; that he has forgiven my sins, and that I am not only ready, but willing to die.

"Mother, put away all my little things except the Sunday-school premium, containing my beautiful hymn; give that to this teacher, and tell him that little book was the means of leading my mind and heart to seek and learn of Jesus Christ."

In a neat graveyard near the city of Baltimore, now repose the mortal remains



of this sweet little girl, who gave such satisfactory evidence in life, and in her dying hour, that her happy soul now rests in the bosom of Jesus.

It is the fervent prayer of the writer, that this little narrative may be instrumental in strengthening and encouraging Sabbath-school teachers in the discharge of their important duties. Remember that the promises of God are sure, and that if you are faithful, you shall reap a rich harvest, and your precious labor on earth be crowned with the salvation of souls.

---

“SHED NOT A TEAR.”

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,  
When I am gone.

Swear when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,  
When I am gone.

Keep not for me when you stand round my grave;  
Think who has died his beloved to save;  
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,  
When I am gone.

Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,  
When I am gone.

Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,  
When I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's day ;  
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray ;  
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,  
When I am gone.

Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my head,  
When I am gone.

Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,  
When I am gone.

Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care ;  
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share ;  
Look up on high and believe I am there,  
When I am gone.

NOT AFRAID OF RIDICULE.



—115—

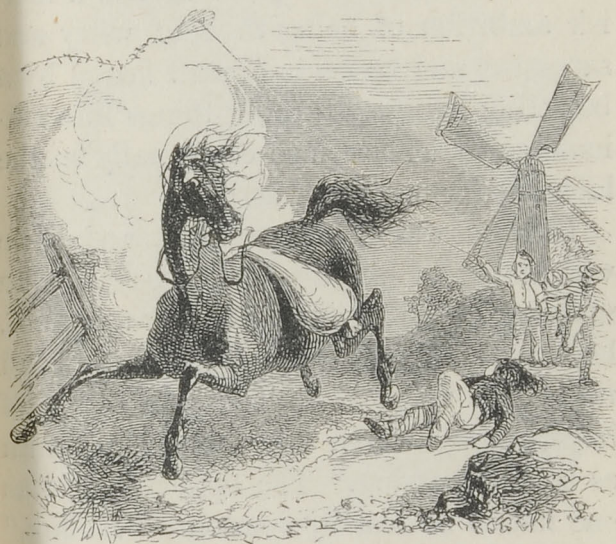
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## NOT AFRAID OF RIDICULE.

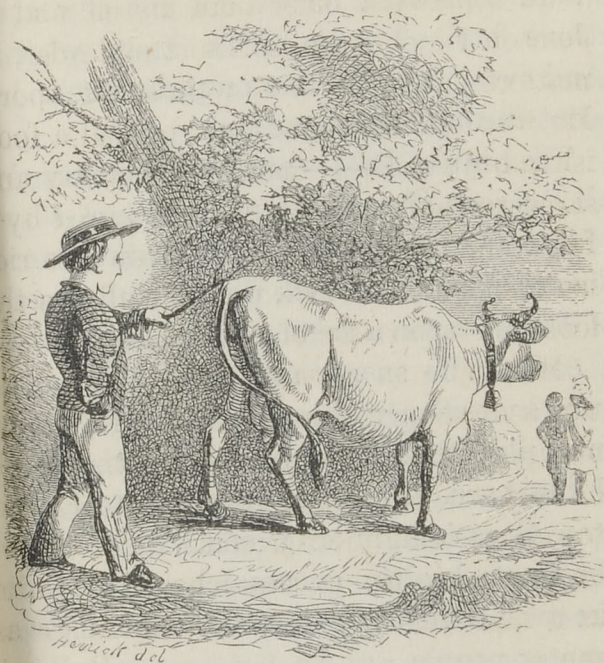


I SHALL never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at the academy in B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They

were somewhat older than myself, and to Jemson I looked up as a sort of leader, in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look-out for matter of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa," he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots."

Hartley, waving his hand to us with



pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the inclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered school with the rest of us. After school

in the afternoon he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B—— academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good-nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, "I sup-



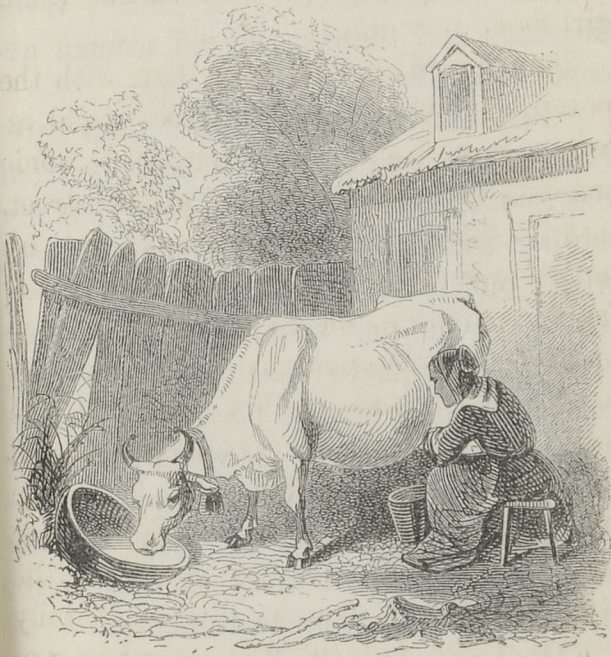
pose your daddy means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartley. "O, nothing, only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all." The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy

who received one, was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow, of which she



was the owner. Alas, what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, help-

less. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow.' With blessings and thanks, the old woman accepted his offer.

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the academy, that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept



on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he

was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives; and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy’s conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard: You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face.”

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke

the general approbation of his conduct. The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet, seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

See here an illustration of the conscientious discharge of duty, in the sight of God. "Every one that exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted." Let us not seek the praise of men, but the honor that cometh from God. Let us love him with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy, and we shall receive all needed good in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jem-



son, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners.



“Think no more of it,” said Hartley, with delightful cordiality; “let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation.” The boys, one and all, followed Jemson’s example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was.

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## NOT ASHAMED OF HIS RELIGION.

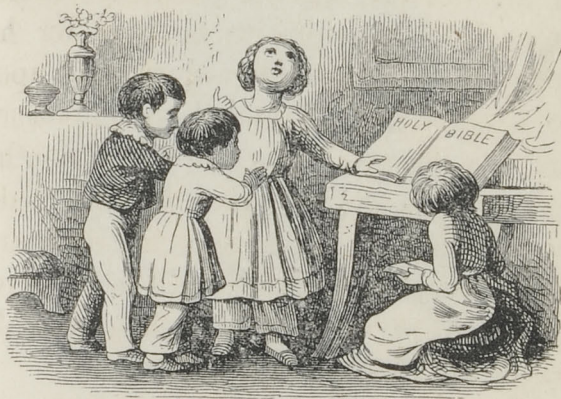
DARTMOUTH college, on the Connecticut river, at Hanover, New Hampshire, is one of the oldest and most respectable colleges in our country. It was named in honor of Lord Dartmouth, an English nobleman, who gave a large sum of money to endow it. There is a fine picture of him in one of the college halls. He was young, and handsome, and rich, and accomplished; but he had something far better than all these, he had *piety*. He loved and honored his Saviour, and although at the

time when he lived it was the fashion to mock at serious things, he was never ashamed of his religion. The king and some noblemen agreed on one occasion to take an early morning ride. They waited a few minutes for Lord Dartmouth. On his arrival, one of the company seemed disposed to call him to account for his tardiness. "I have learned to wait upon the King of kings, before I wait upon my earthly sovereign," was Lord Dartmouth's answer. No matter what he had to do, or who wanted him, reading the Bible and secret prayer were duties which he never put off. Let us remember his example, and be faithful to God as he was.

# HELEN;

OR,

## THE BEAUTY AND JOY OF EARLY PIETY.



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# HELEN;

OR,

THE BEAUTY AND JOY OF EARLY PIETY.



THE mother and child had just risen from their knees in prayer; in which Helen had expressed such love to Christ, and such concern for the salvation of souls, as greatly to surprise her mother.

“Helen, my child, do you love the Saviour?”

“Yes, dear mother, with all my heart.”

“But when did you begin thus to love him?”

Helen related, with beautiful simplicity, the dealings of God with her soul; her concern for salvation; meeting with her school companions to seek God's favor, and spending the time of recess in prayer for pardoning mercy. Though young, she had felt herself to be a great sinner; but we doubt not she had given her heart to the Saviour; she loved Him, and was happy, *happy*, more so than she could express.

Helen was at this time twelve years of age; of an amiable, cheerful disposition and bright intellect, hopeful and earnest, but of a naturally delicate constitution. Trained by Christian parents, she loved to commit to memory precious hymns, and to search the Scriptures. She had been

taught to pray daily, which habit of her childhood was maintained from principle, and was a source of sweet communion with God, after her conversion, as long as she lived. She made a public profession of religion in the fourteenth year of her age, and spent most of the three following years at school, making evident progress in scriptural knowledge and piety; exhibiting, both at home and abroad, a beautiful example of youthful devotion to Christ.

She was in the habit of conversing with, or writing to her young friends, urging the claims of religion. She often gathered those of her own age into little meetings for prayer; using her influence to win them to Christ; and especially to promote the missionary cause, in which she hoped some day personally to engage.

At the age of sixteen, she wrote, "Trusting in Christ, and looking to Him, I will try, 1. To live nearer to him. 2. To keep

my heart and lips better. 3. To be a better daughter, and more helpful to my mother. 4. To be more careful of my influence over the children, and more careful of my example. 5. Break off procrastination. 6. Watch and pray, trust in God and think on my vows." With such purposes, she diligently improved her time, saying, "We should be thankful that all we are charged with is to improve the *present moment*; not vainly to regret the past, or look distrustfully into the future. By living *now*, the past will begin to brighten; and as for the future, is it not the *eternal present* rolled up, and measured off to us one moment at a time?"

At seventeen, the scene of life began to change. Her mother, who had often kneeled with her in prayer, now watched the symptoms of disease. In her journal, April 22, she wrote,

"Dear Helen has been sick some time,



and we fear dangerously. To day, after some pleasant conversation, she began with her feeble voice to sing—

“My Saviour, be thou near me  
Through life's night;  
I cry, and thou wilt hear me—  
Be my light.

My dim sight aching,  
Gently thou'rt making  
Meet for awaking,  
Where all is bright.

Oh, through time's swelling ocean,  
Be my guide;

From tempest's wild commotion,  
Hide, Oh, *hide*.

Life's crystal river  
Storms ruffle never:

Anchor me ever  
On that calm tide.'

“Then she spoke of life as never ending, and pointing to her body, said, ‘*This is not me, only the case*; when we leave this world, we go to a brighter, better sphere.’ Then she spoke of the plans and prospects

for doing good which she had entertained; but 'God could raise up other instruments, to fill the places of those taken away.'

"After a shower of rain she said, 'I wish we could have a revival of religion, that would come down gently, like this shower.'

"I asked her how her mind was.

"She replied, 'Quiet and cheerful.'

"Are you willing that God should do as he pleases with you? 'Yes,' she replied.

"I fear, my dear child, God is going to take you home.

"She said with some emotion, 'Well, it will not be hard to part; we shall soon meet again, and perhaps converse in heaven as we do now. I believe I shall not recover of this sickness;' pausing a moment—'*Ah, what a comfort to be in heaven with Jesus, and never sin any more.*' Then she added, 'I should like to do what good I can; talk to the children, and write something.'

“She also expressed her confidence in the Saviour, saying, ‘He will carry me safe through. ‘I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.’

“At another time, Helen said, ‘Dear mother, my treasure and my heart are *somewhere*, and I am going to them by and by. Oh, how thankful we ought to be, that this world is not our home, our hope, our end.’

“‘It gives you comfort to look forward to another life.’

“‘Yes, it does; and it will not be long.’

“‘Is the Saviour near and precious?’

“‘Yes, I think I feel his presence, and am thankful to go to him while young.’”

In September, after the stated communion-season in church, the sacred ordinance, at her desire, was administered to her at home. In the evening she said, “We had a refreshing communion. I have felt bet-

ter all the afternoon. All seems clear and bright; I shall go home to my Saviour before long, and if he is willing, I will come back to watch over you; and you will come soon too."

Talking of the ministration of angels, she said, "I should love to hover over you all." She then spoke of several whom she thought she should meet in heaven; of the great enjoyment she had experienced since she professed religion, and of a text which had been mentioned to her: "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." All this was spoken in a whisper, with a cheerful and a happy countenance. She added, her eyes beaming with joy, "I shall be with the angels, and praise Him, praise Him; I shall have my health too, and my voice once more, I hope."

A few days after, Helen said to her mother, who was sitting by her bedside

fanning her, "Dear mother, what a happy family we belong to : God for our Father ; Christ for our Saviour ; in a little while you will have one child in heaven. I shall be there to welcome the rest as they come ; I hope that will be a comfort to you when I am gone, and you are alone."

On her seventeenth birthday, she finished a mark, which she presented to her mother with her "Daily Food ;" saying, "This is my *last* birthday ; years are not marked in heaven."

Exercised with much pain and restless on her bed, though uncomplaining, prayer was offered for her. She sweetly said, "I feel that the Saviour is near to me, and does all for me that I need ; I feel thankful and happy. He does the very best thing for me. Oh, what could I do without Christ now ? Miserable and wretched, had I no support in him ; when nothing else relieves me, I can pray and find comfort. I hope

E—— will not put off religion to seek when she is sick. She will *need* it then."

Declining gradually, Helen had already survived longer than was expected; but opportunity was thus afforded for the exercise of patience and submission, and for an illustration of the fulness of divine grace to give support and triumph in prospect of death. "I hold out a great while," she said, "but I feel as though God would carry me safely through. His arms are around me: I do not fear the pains of death."

As she lay in sweet composure, with a countenance indicating peace and joy, "How thankful," she whispered, "I ought to be for so many *Christian friends*, to sympathize with me and pray for me. I have been greatly, greatly blessed through life, and I hope I shall praise Him for it."

During most of this sickness, she was visited frequently, not only by older Christian friends, but by many of her youthful

associates, who were anxious to see her, and for each of whom she had some kind word, expressive of her desire for their spiritual welfare. One, on retiring from the sick-room, said, "She is the happiest person I ever saw. She seems all ready and waiting to go to heaven."

Helen's room was usually cheered with beautiful flowers, the gifts of friends. These were pleasant to her, and she often expressed gratitude to the donors, and to the Giver of all good, who put into their hearts such thoughts of kindness to her. But Christ was ALL—her support, her strength, her joy.

She had taken leave of all the pleasant objects and scenes around her: of the garden in which she used to walk; of the trees, flowers, and pleasure-spots of her childhood; of the chamber where she had first communed with God; and of one after another of her young companions, bidding

them all farewell. "I have hoped," said she, "to live and to do good in the world; but now I hope that my early death will be the means of life to many."

To her father, who often went in to read, converse, and pray with her, she said, referring to the labors and trials of ministers, "It is a privilege to die. I have enjoyed seventeen years of happy life on earth, but now I go to my *holy* happy home in heaven. There all are holy as well as happy. I go first, and shall be there to welcome you, as one after another of the family shall arrive."

The day before Helen died, select passages were read to her. "The Lord shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Isa. 60 : 20. "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21 : 2, 3.



“In the blest realms of endless day,  
The Lamb shall all our wants supply;  
And God’s own hand shall wipe away  
The falling tear from every eye.”

“That,” said she, “is the *home* I am going to.” After a season of much distress, when apparently near her end, her mother said, “Do you want any thing?” “Only love to Christ: he is kind to me; he does not forsake me. I have so much of his presence manifested to me, that ‘I know, I *know*, that my Redeemer liveth.’ He will take me; I have committed all to him. I shall praise him in a day or two.” Being told that she could not probably live through the day, she said, “I thank you.” The family being together, she repeated, “I know that my Redeemer liveth: I am going to realms of glory. I am not afraid.” Then she sweetly addressed each one present with words of love and comfort.

In the evening it was evident that death

was near. Helen's mind was unclouded and happy. She recognized all who were about her. To the questions, "Is it light?" "Is the Saviour near you?" she responded, "Yes." "Do you enjoy his presence?" "Yes." Then she whispered, "Father, pray." He commended her departing spirit to Christ. The last distinct words which she uttered were, "*It is light, all light now.* The Saviour is with me."

Thus lived, and thus died, Helen Ann, second daughter of Rev. Asa P. Tenney, of the West parish, Concord, N. H., aged seventeen years, a happy illustration of the beauty and joy of early piety, and of the text preached from at her funeral: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A  
YOUTHFUL PILGRIM.



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## YOUTHFUL PILGRIM.



SARAH ELIZABETH HARVEY, daughter of Joshua and Elizabeth Harvey members of the Society of Friends in Dublin, was born the fifth of sixth month, 1834. She gave early indications of vigor both of body and mind. When retiring to rest, she would say

a little verse, or a few words of prayer of her own suggesting, sitting very seriously the while, and then quietly lying down for the night. She often astonished us by the language she used in these little prayers. She was not afraid of being left alone in the dark, saying, "Our heavenly Father can see us in the dark as well as in the light."

Her father, one night at bedtime, said to her seriously, but gently, "My dear, recollect thou wast a little naughty to-day." She immediately became very thoughtful, sighed once or twice, and made a solemn pause; then, as if desirous of knowing whether others experienced the same struggle between good and evil, she looked at him, and said sweetly, but with evident anxiety, "Papa, does thou ever do wrong thyself?" He replied at once, "I do indeed, my child, and say wrong, and think wrong; but our heavenly Father would help us all

to be good, old and young, if we desired it and asked Him *as we ought to do.*"

To those who are made sensible of the evil of their own hearts, through the convictions of the Holy Spirit, how unspeakably precious is this truth, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," a merciful High-priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and ready to succor us in all our conflicts with the enemy.

When about four years old, Sarah Elizabeth was sent to a select day school for a short time. "One day as we were walking home together," her mother writes, "a beggar-woman with a child followed, importuning us for a half-penny. Sarah Elizabeth was very anxious to give her one. I told her why I did not, and added, I should have no objection to give her a piece of bread or food of some kind. She then said, 'Well, if we were at home,

would thou give her a piece of bread? Not replying instantly, she added with her usual promptness, 'Jesus Christ did not send away the people without giving them something to eat.'"

In the night of a tremendous storm in 1839, she was awaked by its violence; but if alarmed, as she naturally must have been, she neither cried out, nor attempted to disturb her parents. Our house, comparatively low, was felt to shake. Her father, who had been some time awake, did not speak, hoping his dear little one would soon fall into her usual rest again. He heard her repeat in a very low, gentle voice, "Great storm, great storm," several times, and then some other words in a solemn manner, which he could scarcely catch. She soon after fell asleep. In the morning, the storm had abated, and only general remarks were made about it, until night drew on. Before she left the drawing-room.



to go to her little bed, her father took her on his knee and conversed quietly with her, referring to the storm of the preceding night. At length he said to her, "I believe, my darling, I heard thee saying a little prayer in the night, when the storm was so very, very great." She answered, very gently, "I did say a little prayer, papa." "And what did thou say, my child?" She then put her arms round his neck, and whispered in his ear, "I said, Great and good heavenly Father, be pleased to stop the winds, and have mercy on the poor sailors, and save us all. Amen."

She was remarkably ready to share any thing she had with others, and would frequently say, "My friends are too kind. I have too many things, more than I want." After asking me to buy her some pretty thing in the shop windows, she would check herself and say, "I believe papa has not much money," and would be content.

I never knew Sarah tell a falsehood, or equivocate in the slightest degree. She seemed to have no idea of concealment.

The night of her birthday, being then five years old, she spoke very sweetly, and among other things, she expressed herself thus in her little prayer before lying down : "Oh, great and good heavenly Father, be pleased to spare me, thy only little child in this house, a little longer to my father and mother ; and spare us all a little longer together on this earth, if it be thy holy will." The whole was very touching to a mother's heart. Another night, she said we did not know what to pray for as we ought ; and that the disciples, though they were big men, asked the Saviour, "Lord, teach us to pray ;" and she then repeated the Lord's prayer very solemnly.

On returning from a visit to Bloomsbury, her father presented her two little hymns which he had composed for her use, and

printed with a pen, that she might have the pleasure of reading them herself. She was delighted with them; and from that period to her death, often repeated them.

## MORNING.

Dear Lord, another day has come,  
And through the hours of night,  
In a good bed and quiet home,  
I've slept till morning light.

Then let me give thee thanks and praise  
For thou art very good;  
And teach my little heart to raise  
Such prayer as children should.

Keep me this day from faults and sin,  
And make me good and mild:  
Thy Holy Spirit place within;  
Grant grace unto a child.

Make me obey my parents dear,  
For they are very kind;  
And when the hour of rest draws near,  
Another prayer I'll find.

## EVENING.

The day is gone—the silent night  
Invites me to my peaceful bed ;  
But, Lord, I know that it is right  
To thank thee, ere I rest my head.

For my good meals and pleasant hours,  
That I have had this present day,  
Let me exert my infant powers  
To praise thee, nor forget to pray.

Thou art most good. I can't tell all  
That thou hast ever done for me ;  
My Shepherd, now on thee I call,  
From dangers still preserve us free.

If I've been naughty on this day,  
Oh, make me sorry for my fault ;  
Do thou forgive, and teach the way  
To follow Jesus as I ought.

And now I'll lay me down to rest ;  
Myself, my friends, all safely keep :  
May thy great name be ever blest,  
Both when we wake and when we sleep.

Little Sarah Elizabeth played with great spirit and heart. She directed the little pastimes of her play-fellows, though some of them were a good deal older than herself; and I can scarcely recollect any serious difference that she had with any of them. We are never better prepared for innocent enjoyment than when we feel that our best and highest duties have had the best and highest place, when our heavenly Father is in our hearts and affections, "first and last, and midst, and without end."

It was truly gratifying to see papa and his child at lively play; sometimes talking together right merrily, at others seriously. When she begged her father to play with her, or do something for her, if he were not engaged he was wont to answer her promptly, "With the greatest pleasure." She seemed to catch this spirit, and when I called her to do something for me, she would reply, "With the greatest

pleasure, mamma ;” or if she happened to be much engaged with her childish concerns, the answer would be, “ In one little minute, mamma.” When I was putting her to-bed one night, not being quite well, she said, in a very feeling manner, “ Oh, great and good heavenly Father, be pleased to grant me patience ; and be pleased to grant all the little children in the world that are sick, patience, for they don’t always have patience ; and be pleased to grant my little cousin J—— P—— patience ; and be pleased to take him to thy holy kingdom, if it is not thy holy will to leave him any longer on this earth.”

Another night, after giving thanks, and naming many of the good things she had received through the day, she added, in a very serious manner, “ And be pleased, O Lord, to make us love thee, and bless thee, and obey thee ; and if it be thy holy will to take us to heaven—father and mother

and little child—it will be very comfortable. We shall not have pain or sickness; we shall not want food, nor rest, nor sleep, nor any of the things we have on this earth; and be pleased to take care of us this night, and of all our friends. Amen.”

Once on a pathway she met with very rude usage. Two well-dressed boys were doing something to a little cart they had. The child stopped to look at them, when one of them very roughly pushed her off, and struck her. Her feelings were deeply hurt, being unable to form an idea why this act was done; but astonishment and grief appeared to possess her mind, without any desire of revenge. She repeated, sorrowfully, several times, “I was doing nothing at all to them.” Her father endeavored to soothe her, telling her of our natural proneness to evil, until changed by divine grace; and how dependent children are upon the training of their parents. She

seemed afterwards to have a kind of Christian pity for the boy, more than any other feeling.

Sarah Elizabeth had the measles in the early part of 1840, from which she appeared to recover. Many things were read to her during this illness. On getting to the end of Pilgrim's Progress, she said, "I'd like to hear every word of that book over again." In the third month she appeared to have a heavy cold, which resulted in a spasmodic cough. The fits of coughing exhausted her much; her pulse became quick, and her breathing short. She took to her bed, from which she was never raised up. She wished to have her mother always with her, asking her to repeat hymns very often. Leaning over her one night when she was suffering much, she asked, "My darling, dost thou love thy mother?" "I do, and that's the reason I don't like to die." Her father had several times in-



timated, that he believed her heavenly Father would, before long, take her to himself.

She desired one day to be left alone a few minutes; on returning, I asked her the cause. She replied, "I wanted to say a little prayer alone."

At length, after many weeks of pain and suffering, she was gently released. An expression of heavenly joy passed over her countenance, as her spirit took its flight to

"The bosom of her Father and her God;" and we believe she is now united to that countless number of little ones who praise their Redeemer for ever and ever.

She was interred twenty-third of sixth month, 1840, in Friends' burial-ground, Cook-street, Dublin, aged six years.

Yes, there are little ones in heaven,  
Babes such as we around the throne;  
To whom the King of kings has given  
A glory like his own:

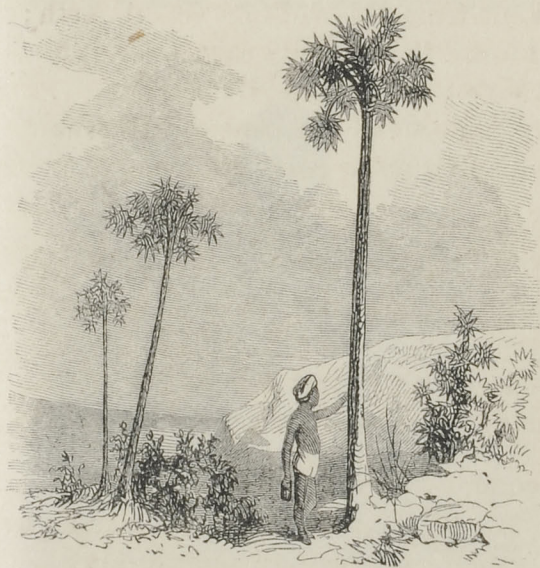
Jesus, thy mercy, rich and free,  
Hath suffered them to come to thee.

Those blessed children in the sky,  
Went from this sad and sinful earth;  
How were their spirits raised so high  
Above their native birth?  
They came to Christ, and so will we:  
Lord, suffer us to come to thee:

To come with lowliness of mind,  
With simple faith and earnest prayer,  
To seek thy precious cross, and find  
Peace, joy, salvation, there.  
O, set our sin-bound spirits free,  
And suffer us to come to thee:

To come while we are young and gay,  
While life, and joy, and hope run high;  
To come in sorrow's gloomiest day;  
To come when death is nigh.  
Lord, in that day our guardian be,  
And suffer us to come to thee.

THE  
LITTLE HINDOO GIRL.



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THE  
LITTLE WOOD-GILL

THE  
LITTLE HINDOO GIRL.



CHINNATUNGKUM was the name of a little Hindoo girl whose home was in Ceylon. Her parents were heathen, and like most

children in that land, she early learned to worship idol gods of wood and stone.

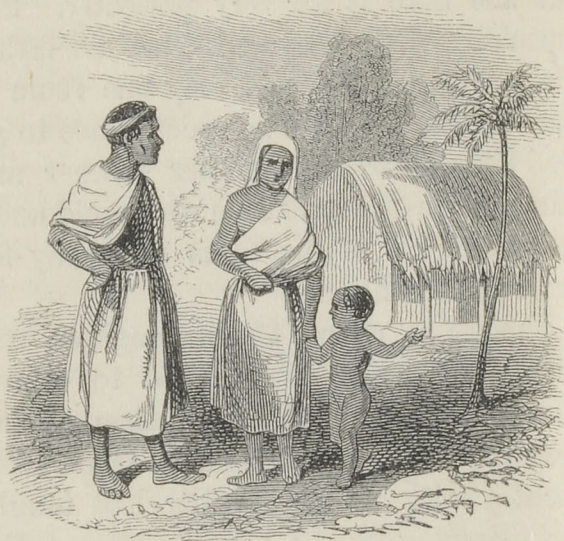
When about five years old, a missionary persuaded her father to send her to one of the mission schools, and there she first heard of the living and true God. She learned very fast, and was soon able to read the Bible; but before she could read she had learned many Bible stories from her teacher. She liked very much to hear about good little Samuel, and about Daniel, who was not afraid to do right; but more than all she liked to hear about Jesus Christ, and how he suffered and died for her.

What she learned at school, she would tell at home. She refused to pray to "Swamy," the heathen god, or to have the sacred ashes rubbed on her forehead and arms, because the teacher said it was wrong, and was displeasing to Jesus. Sometimes her friends were angry, and scolded her, and sometimes laughed at her for this,

but she bore it all very patiently. She especially loved prayer, but as her father was poor, and they had only one room in their house, she had no quiet place to go to. So she would ask her mother and others to be still, and then she would kneel in one corner of the room and pray for them and for herself.

Though so young, Chinnatungkum was faithful in trying to do good to others. She often talked with her heathen mother and other friends, and tried to teach them about Christ, as her teacher had taught her. Sometimes she would gather a few of her playmates and have a little meeting with them.

We hoped that this dear child would be spared to be a light in that dark land; but our heavenly Father had purposed other things for her. When about nine years old, she was taken sick. As she grew worse her father came and said she wished to see me. I went the next day



to their house. It was so low that I had to stoop when I entered, and as there was no window, it was so dark that at first I could hardly see the sick child. I found her very ill, and lying not on a nice clean bed such as children in Christian lands have, but on a coarse mat spread on the mud floor.

I had hardly seated myself by her side



when she said in pleading tones, "Please to pray with me." When asked what we should pray for, she said, "That Jesus will take away all my sins, and make me pure and clean in heart." And immediately covering her face with her hands, she began to pray, first for herself, that Jesus would wash her in his own blood and make her clean, as she expressed it, and then she prayed for her parents and brothers and sisters, that God would give them new hearts and make them his own children. She closed by slowly repeating the Lord's prayer. She was suffering greatly, and many times her voice faltered, and for a moment she was unable to go on. When her prayer was ended I saw the tears trickling down the face of her heathen mother, who sat beside her, and heard her father sobbing in the corner of the room.

I said to her, "In your prayer you said you loved Jesus; why do you love him?" "O," said she holding up her thin little

hands, "He is *so good*, and he has taken away my sins." "Why do you think he has taken them away?" "Because he said he would, and I have asked him to." "And do you love to think of Him and feel that he is near to you?" I asked. "O, yes, and he *is* here all the day, and night too. I cannot see him, but I can feel that he is right here, and he helps me bear my pain." "Yes, my dear, He is here; trust wholly in him and you are safe; He loves you better than you do him; He suffered much more pain for you than you ever can have." "Yes, yes, he did," was her quick reply.

In talking more with her, I found she wanted very much to own Christ publicly before she died, because, as she said, she was Jesus' child, and he had told his children they must confess him before the world. I told her we would see about it. "But, soon," she replied, "for I have much pain, and I think I shall die."

As I rose to go, she said, "Come again, and please pray for me in your house, and ask Mr. M—— to pray too." "What shall we ask for you?" "That Jesus will forgive my sins and take me to heaven." "But," said I, "are you willing to leave your father and mother and brothers and sisters?" "Yes, I want to go; but pray for them too, that God will make them ready to come, and then we shall all be there together, and that will be joy indeed." As she said this, she raised her head; her face lighted up with joy at the thought, and her pain was forgotten.

The next day several of the missionaries went to see Chinnatungkum, and they felt that she gave such evidence of being a child of God, that they could not refuse her earnest request that she might show her love for her Saviour in a public manner. So on the same day we went to her home just at sunset, where we found her friends, native Christians, and others gath-



ered together, in the name of our only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to worship Him instead of the dumb and polluting idols they had ignorantly served. They were seated on mats under the shade of a Margosa-tree, before the door of the house, which was too small for all to enter. It was a very pleasant scene, and we almost forgot, in that precious

little meeting, that we were in a heathen land.

No one enjoyed it more than the little girl. When asked what name she would have in place of her heathen one, she replied, "Give me one that will please Jesus." *Mary* was mentioned as the name of one whom Jesus loved. "Call me *Mary*, then," she said. A sweet peaceful smile was on her face, and she seemed just on the verge of heaven. When the closing prayer was ended, she begun praying herself, but was too weak and tired to go on, and was carried back to her low bed.

During the night she spoke of the meeting with great delight; and said she was glad to show to others that she loved Jesus Christ.

The next day she was worse; she suffered much, but she bore all patiently, and wanted only prayer. Whenever a Christian entered, she would not rest until he had prayed with her. If her heathen

friends came, there was no such request, but she would try to tell them of the Saviour. In the evening she talked with her father, and told him that she should soon die, that she was not afraid, but she was troubled about him, because he was not a Christian, and was not prepared to die. She begged her mother to leave off heathen ceremonies, seek the true God, and be ready to follow her to heaven.

The next morning, while one of the native Christians who had gone in to see her, was at her request praying with her, she said, "I cannot hear; speak louder;" but death was closing those ears, and she was already losing the sound of prayer in the sweet songs of heaven.

In the afternoon she was buried in the mission yard near our house, and there lies little Mary's body; but her soul, we trust, is with Jesus, the good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep, and who carries the lambs in his bosom.

Mary's happy death made much talk among the heathen. "Why is this?" they said. "She, though a little child, was not afraid to die. It is not so with our religion, it does not make people so happy."

Nor did Mary's mother forget that peaceful death; her child's dying words were sounding in her ears: "Mother, do not go to the idol-temples any more; leave off heathen ceremonies, and go to the place where the missionaries preach about the true God, and about Jesus." The next Sabbath found her in church; and there she came Sabbath after Sabbath. Though so old, she wanted to learn to read, and would sit for hours hearing her children repeat the stories of the Bible, and saying after them their hymns and catechisms. In less than a year from Mary's death, her mother seemed to be truly a follower of Christ, and was received into the church. She is still alive, and is a happy Christian. Her very face is changed, and it is good to

see and talk with her. She says she blesses God for taking away her little girl, for thus her own eyes were opened, and she was led to seek the Saviour. Mary's two sisters have also, we hope, given their hearts to God; and thus Mary's prayers are being answered, and she "being dead, yet speaketh."

Many who read this short history, are in the habit of giving their pennies to send teachers to the heathen. It was in the schools that you help support, that Mary was taught of Jesus. Is it not better to give your money to save precious souls, to help in bringing such children where Jesus is, than to spend it for useless things for yourselves?

But while giving for others, take care that you do not lose your own soul. How sad, if after having aided in bringing others to heaven, you should yourselves fail of reaching that happy home. This may be, it will be, if you do not, like little



Mary, repent of your sins, trust in the Saviour, and love and obey him. May you be able to say as she did, "I love Jesus because he is so good, and has taken away my sins."

"I saw a cottage, low and drear,  
 In a far heathen land ;  
 And angels bright were lingering near,  
 A spotless happy band.

I wondered much that angels there  
 Should pause on glittering wings ;  
 But hark ! upon the silent air  
 The name of Jesus rings.

And now I see a little child  
 Wasting by death away ;  
 And now I hear her accents mild—  
 What does the dying say ?

'Jesus is with me ; he is near  
 All through the night and day ;  
 I am his child, and cannot fear—  
 He's washed my sins away.

O, pray for me, that I may go  
 To heaven, my happy home ;  
 And pray for those I leave below,  
 That thither they may come.'

16 THE LITTLE HINDOO GIRL.

Ah, well may angels bend in love  
O'er such a scene as this,  
And joyful wait to bear above,  
The rescued soul to bliss.

Dear children, 't is a blessed thing  
One heathen soul to save :  
To aid this work your offerings bring—  
Think what the Saviour gave."

JOHNNY LATHAM;

OR,

THE APPLE-TREE.



—119—

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THE LIFE OF

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## JOHNNY LATHAM.



JOHN LATHAM was the son of a poor but pious widow, who hoped he would grow up to be a support and comfort to her in old age. He had been some years at the Sunday-school; and having made

great progress in Scripture knowledge, he was removed to the highest class but one in the school.

One Sunday afternoon, as Johnny was coming down the lane where his mother lived, he met Robert Wilcox, a boy who had left the school, and who asked Johnny to take a walk with him in the fields. Johnny thought of the text he had learned: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away," Prov. 4:14, 15, and he resolved not to go with him; yet he thought, as it was so early, he could talk with Robert a little longer before he went on to school. Robert enticed him into the fields, and when he entered the Sabbath-school, he was half an hour too late.

Now was the time for Johnny to be tried. Conscience said, "Confess at once to your teacher, for he is very kind, and will help you to keep from the temptation again."

But self-love stepped in, and said, "No, no; if you tell this to the teacher, he wont think so well of you;" and self-confidence added, "You know you are not going to do it again." Conscience whispered again, "Pray for help;" but Johnny had no wish to be helped, or to pray; so poor Johnny was taken captive by his sins; and, with his head hanging down and blushing deeply, he said his mother had sent him with a message to an aunt that afternoon. The falsehood was told, and now Satan had got the complete mastery. He was very unhappy all the rest of that day, and was glad when bed-time came, for he had never felt so miserable before; yet his heart was already beginning to be hardened.

Some Sabbaths after, Robert met him again. Johnny was more easily persuaded than before to go for a walk with him. They strolled together for some time, and then Johnny found he would be very late at school, and taking Robert's advice, he

stayed away all that afternoon, and told a falsehood about it the following Sunday. After this, he was often absent from school. His teacher no longer trusted him; he became more and more unhappy, and was not so kind to his mother as he used to be.

And did his poor mother not know any thing about his staying away from school? O yes, Johnny's teacher told her all, and it made her heart very sad. She talked to Johnny; but she knew that was not enough: she prayed for him too. She asked God to save her boy from the bad way in which he was walking, and he who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you," soon answered her prayers; but in a way, perhaps, that you would never have expected.

One bright Sunday afternoon, Johnny had arranged to go for a walk with Robert Wilcox. He met Robert with a bag on his shoulder, which he had brought to put some wild nuts into. They amused themselves on the way by catching butter-





flies in their caps, till Robert tore his jacket in trying to get through a hedge after one. He got very cross at this, and Johnny was tired and heated, and began to think he should have been happier at school, listening to the Bible stories that their teacher used to explain to them, or receiving a ticket for good conduct, which he knew would help to get him a reward-book at Christmas.

“I wish I had not come with you,” he said at last, in a very angry tone, to Robert.

“Well, nobody asked you.”

“I am sure you did.”

“Not I,” said Robert, “I told you I was going for a walk; but I never asked you to come.”

“Well, any how, it was you that took me away from school at first, and then told me to tell a lie about it; and now when I tell the truth, the teacher will not believe me. I wish I had never hearkened to you; I have been miserable ever since.”

A fearful oath fell from the lips of Robert at this confession, such as Johnny had not heard before, and he gave him a more angry reply in return. Their quarrel would soon have come to blows, had not Johnny perceived that Robert was looking very attentively at a large apple-tree they were just approaching, which extended its branches over a wall. They were laden with fruit, but too high for the boys to touch. Robert, without saying a word, took up a stone and cast it at the bough.



“Those apples are not ours,” said Johnny; “you have no right to do that.”

“Hold your tongue, and do n't preach to me,” returned Robert. Saying this, he took up another stone, and knocked down one of the finest.

Johnny looked wistfully at Robert while he was eating it, as he saw the rich juice flow till it fell in large drops on the ground. “Why cannot I do the same?” thought he. The words, “Thou shalt not steal,” came across his mind, but Johnny had so often broken God's commands, that he found it

an easy thing to do so now; and breaking through the hedge, he clasped the tree with all his might, and soon reached the top.

All this time, widow Latham is sitting in her quiet cottage, reading the word of God; and every now and then she draws a deep sigh, and many tears fall on the book. Her son Johnny had told her openly that afternoon, for the first time, that he did not intend to go to school; and then rushed away without staying to hear her remonstrances. The widow turned back to her house and her Bible with a heavy heart.

As she was sitting thus sadly, Mrs. Latham thought she heard the sound of distant voices. They came nearer, and she was just rising to see what it was, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and a little boy, breathless with haste, rushed in, exclaiming, "O, Mrs. Latham, your Johnny was stealing apples this afternoon from farmer Hodge's orchard, and he fell off the tree and broke his arm."

“What, *my* Johnny?” said Mrs. Latham, trembling from head to foot. “Where is he?” But without waiting for an answer, she rushed into the street, and in a moment was by Johnny’s side. He was pale and weary-looking, and his eyes were swelled with crying. Mrs. Latham asked one of those who were with him to run directly for a doctor, and taking his arm as gently as she could, she led him into the house. She scarcely spoke; she thought this was not the time to reprove him. The punishment was enough, but she prayed to God that this accident might be overruled to the saving of his soul. Johnny was all the time groaning and sobbing with pain, and seemed to think it very hard that he should suffer so much.

The doctor arrived soon, and set the arm; that is, he fixed the broken bone so that it would grow together again. This was so painful, Johnny could scarcely bear it, and all night long he suffered a great

deal, and tossed from side to side in bed, without being able to get any rest.

He said little to his mother, who was in the same room with him, listening to every movement, and rising from time to time to see if she could make him more comfortable, or to offer him something cooling to drink.

But though Johnny did not speak, he thought a great deal, and those thoughts were more serious than any he had had for a long time. He wished to speak them out to his mother, but did not do so then, and towards morning he fell into an uneasy sleep. He awoke starting, and saw his mother bringing in his breakfast.

“Where am I?” said Johnny, rising suddenly, and looking bewildered; “mother, is it you?”

“Yes, my boy; here is your breakfast. I have brought you a cup of tea. Do you think you could drink it?”

“Oh, mother, I do n't deserve it; I have

been a wicked boy. Can you forgive me, mother?"

Mrs. Latham kissed him, and told him she had forgiven him long ago, but she hoped he would ask God to do it.

"O, mother, I am afraid. I had a frightful dream this morning: I thought I was stealing apples again, and the branch broke under me, and I fell down, down, down to a deep pit that had no bottom, and I heard a voice, saying, 'Depart from me.' I looked for some way to escape, but could find none; and then I awoke and saw you coming in, and could not believe at first that I was not in that terrible place: but do n't you think, mother, that God sent me that dream to tell me he would not pardon me?"

"No, Johnny, God has allowed your conscience to tell you what you deserve; but he says in his blessed word, 'Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy;' and, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Prov.

28:13; 1 John 1:7. We need not be afraid to ask him for the Holy Spirit, and to trust his promise to save all who believe in Christ Jesus. Do you remember reading to me about the prodigal son?"

"Yes," said Johnny, sadly; "'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'" Luke 15:20.

"You are a great way off, Johnny; but God sees your wish to return, and he has the best robe ready for you, even the righteousness of Christ. That will cover all your sins."

"But I don't think any body was ever as wicked as I am," said Johnny.

"Jesus says, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,'" replied his mother. "Do you remember that hymn?"

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.'"



Johnny made no answer, but he seemed pleased to listen to the many beautiful texts his mother continued to repeat.

Have you ever, little boy or girl who are reading this book, wished to come to Jesus, but thought that you were too wicked? Oh, think of this message which God sends to you now: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Do not wait to become better, but trust in Christ as you are, and he will receive you.

Johnny felt it very hard to believe that God would forgive him; but he asked his mother to pray with him. She knelt down by his bedside and asked God to pardon him, and give him his Holy Spirit, and make him one of his flock, and never suffer him to wander. Johnny prayed too, and told his mother he felt more happy than he had for a long time.

After this he had many weary days and nights to pass before his arm got well again. The Sunday, however, came at last when he was able to go once more to worship and to school; and a bright sunny day it was. Johnny's heart was light, for he had determined, not in his own strength, but looking to God for help, to choose Him for his portion, and to keep henceforth from bad companions.

That evening he came into the cottage, on his return from school, with his old happy face, only it seemed to be brighter than ever, telling his mother that he thought he had never spent such a pleasant afternoon before; and, "O mother," he said, looking very grave, "I have often thought that if I had not broken my arm, I might have gone on from bad to worse, till I had ended my days in misery."

# THE BURNT CHILD:

A NARRATIVE.

BY HER PASTOR.



—120—

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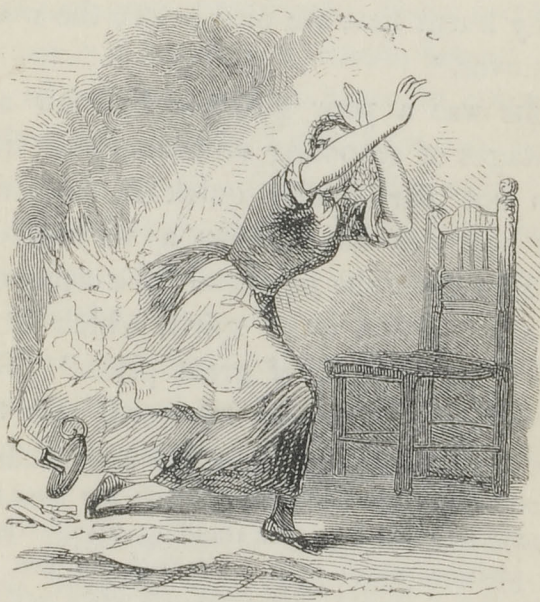
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THE GREAT BRITAIN

AT THE GREAT BRITAIN

THE GREAT BRITAIN

## THE BURNT CHILD.



SARAH D—— was in her Sabbath-school on the Lord's day. Three days after, she got up in the morning in health, little suspecting that any danger was near.

She went down to the kitchen to light the fire; her clothes caught fire, and before assistance could be given her, she was so badly burnt that she died before the week was over.\*

She was a poor girl, and had few advantages of schooling or education. She was not particularly quick in learning, but she was nevertheless a very lovely character, for she possessed "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." She loved God's house and his word. On the

\* Let me here beg of you, my dear children, to remember this simple fact, that fire goes upwards; so that a person standing upright is in the position which will most feed the fire. If your clothes should ever catch fire when you are alone, throw yourself on the ground, and wrap yourself up in the rug, or in any thing of woollen which you can lay hold of: to run about, or rush into the open air, is only to make the fire burn the more fiercely.

last Sabbath she spent on earth a circumstance occurred which proved this: she was going away the next day, and she had just got a new frock. Some one said to her, "If I were you, Sarah, I would not spend my last day at home in going to school and church; I would take my pleasure with my new frock." She said, "As it is my last Sunday, I should have much more pleasure in going to church and to school than in staying at home."

Now, my dear children, let us compare her feelings about the Lord's day and the Lord's house with the Scriptures. Read Psalm 84:1, 2, 10: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in

the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Isaiah 58:13, 14: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

A similar circumstance happened in the evening. As she was going to evening service, some girls of her acquaintance tried to persuade her to spend the evening with them, instead of going to the house of God; but she steadily refused. Thus her last Sabbath on earth was spent



as became one who looked forward to a Sabbath in heaven—not because she knew it to be her last Sabbath on earth, for how could she foresee what was to happen? but because she really preferred so to spend it.

I have heard from her mother, that whenever she had a moment of leisure, she would spend it in reading some good book, and especially her Bible; and she particularly delighted in searching out proofs in the Bible, although she was not a very good reader, and was obliged to spell the hard words. And she was so anxious to learn her lesson for the Sunday-school, that after a hard day's washing, when she was sitting with her mother and sister at her needle, she would keep her book before her on her knee, that she might learn while at her work. Her teacher told me, that for some months past especially, she had

brought her many questions for explanation, most of them relating to the Lord Jesus Christ, his person and his work. How encouraging is it to teachers to see those whom they desire to lead to the Saviour, thus anxiously inquiring about him. When our Saviour, at twelve years of age, was in the temple among the doctors, he asked them questions. Be like him, my children, and ask questions about the Bible, of your minister and teachers.

Sarah was a dutiful and industrious child at home: she would not be five minutes idle, but would go to her mother when she had finished her work, and say, "Mother, what can I do next? How can I help you? She was very neat in her dress, and afraid of being too smart, and she could not bear rude or loose conversation. I have heard of her refusing on this account to keep company with one whom

she liked very much. I may mention one thing more; she was a humble girl, and willing to yield to others. Her teacher told me, that if ever there was a dispute in the class about places, she always found that Sarah was the one to give way.

I will now give you a few particulars about Sarah's death. When the accident was known, many persons came in to see her, but she begged to be left quiet. She said, "Oh, mother, do not let so many people come in; I have been a great sinner, and I want to think about my Saviour." She was quite sensible that she should not recover, and was exceedingly anxious that her teacher, the superintendent of the school, and her minister, should come and see her. While Miss R——, the superintendent, was with her she was in great suffering, and could not find rest in any position. At one time she heard her med-

itating aloud to herself in this way: "God knows us all; God knows every thing; we are great sinners; God forgives sins through his Son—only through his Son. Merciful God, forgive me my sins; forgive us all, through thy beloved Son."

She joined most earnestly in the prayers which I offered up, repeating them after me; and she also repeated all the texts of Scripture which I began; and when I had ceased praying, she prayed with great simplicity and earnestness for the pardon of her sins, through the merits of Jesus. Oh, how thankful did I then feel that we had a Sunday-school, and that the poor sufferer had been taught in it the way of salvation. She had not then, amidst the agonies of her body and the terrors of approaching death, to ask the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" She knew that Christ is the way, the only way

whereby sinners can come to God. She had, I believe, long sought him. She sought him still; nor did she seek him in vain.

The accident happened on Thursday morning, and she lived till three o'clock on Saturday morning. There was a marked difference in her state of mind on the Friday from that in which she was on the day preceding. On Thursday she seemed to be seeking Christ, with earnestness and singleness of mind, yet with doubt and anxiety. On Friday she was resting upon him with calm, unhesitating confidence, and never seemed to doubt his faithfulness to his promises, nor her own interest in them. Mark this, my beloved children. Sarah was what we may, in one sense, call a good girl, and one more dear or more regretted could not, I believe, have been removed from the limited circle by which she was

intimately known; yet, had she in death been leaning upon her own goodness, she would have been most miserable. She utterly rejected it; she utterly cast aside every hope and every refuge save one, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come; and, safe under his protection, she passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and feared no evil.

On her death-bed she showed the greatest anxiety about the souls of those whom she loved; indeed, no one can be truly anxious about his own soul, without feeling deeply concerned for those of others; and in the course of the preceding week, she uttered a remark which made a deep impression on the mind of her mother—O that it may prove a lasting and effectual one. The mother and sisters were talking together in the house, and their conversation turned upon religion, when Sarah

said to her mother, "O mother, it is you that ought to pray among us." Children, what a blessing might you often be the means of bringing into your own house, if each of you tried thus to persuade your parents to commence family prayers.

From the time the accident happened to her, she made it a subject of earnest prayer that she might live till her father came home. Her father drove a wagon, and it happened that it was the week for his returning on Thursday evening. She was always a most affectionate child; and as soon as she saw him she lifted up her poor arms, which were so dreadfully scorched that she could hardly bear to have them touched, and put them round his neck, and kissed him; and she earnestly prayed him to make haste and turn to God. Her mother told me that she prayed earnestly and particularly for her father

and mother, her brothers and sisters, her friends and relations, that God would forgive them for the sake of Him who shed his precious blood upon the cross on Calvary.

The night before her death, when her father came in, she again put her arms around his neck, and spoke to him solemnly about his soul: "O father, do pray, and become a converted man, and follow me; and make haste." Afterwards she spoke to her dear mother in the same strain, pressing upon them both the necessity of making haste and turning to Christ, and she repeated many texts to them; one of them her mother remembered: "Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Precious, encouraging text! May you all, dear children, take to yourselves the dying counsel of your



school-fellow, and "make haste" to turn to Christ; and let this sweet promise be your encouragement, "Every one that asketh, receiveth." No one ever sought Jesus in vain. Now he is to be found; now he is near: seek him now, and the gracious influences of his Spirit will be given to you, to lead you in the ways of pleasantness and peace. Whether you live, you will live unto the Lord; and whether you die, you will die unto the Lord.

Dear children, remember that this is not a matter which can be put off; not only may sudden death deprive you eternally of the blessed opportunity, but I am particularly anxious to impress this truth upon you, that every hour you live in an unconverted state, you are doing the devil's work, doing unspeakable mischief to others, and adding fearfully to your own guilt, and to your own eternal punishment.

It is the greatest mistake for any one to think that he is only injuring himself by putting off repentance. Whose work were those doing who endeavored to tempt their dear school-fellow to spend the last Sabbath of her life in sinful pleasure? Were they not doing Satan's work? And so every person who loves sin must needs be a tempter to sin. Every one who hates holiness will turn others, as far as his influence reaches, from holiness. Oh, then, as you would dread the thought of being the murderers, not of the bodies, but of the unspeakably precious souls of those nearest and dearest to you, turn now to Christ, and yield yourselves living sacrifices to him who loved you, and gave himself for you.

