

DEAN'S
Illustrated Farthing Books.

THE PIOUS FARMER.



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SOON after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were for a time stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened one day that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland regiment, were sent to forage

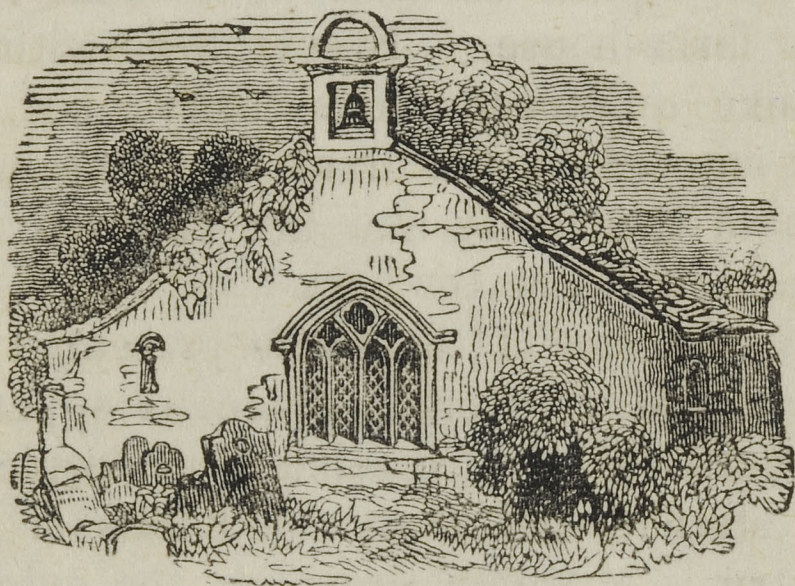
among the neighbouring farm-houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm-house. Everything without bespoke quietness and security; but, as they entered by the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out of the back.

The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station, and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fire-place, and a neat book-case, well-filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book; it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page.

At this moment the farmer entered by the door through which his wife and children had fled. One of the soldiers, by

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signs, demanded provisions; the man stood firm and undaunted, and shook his head. The soldier who held the book approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked up to Heaven. Instantly



the farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children, laden with milk, eggs, bacon, &c. which were freely tendered: and when money was offered in return, it was at first refused. But as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the chagrin of their companion (who swore griev-

ously he would never forage with them again) insisted upon paying for all they took.

When taking leave, the pious soldier intimated to the farmer, that it would be well for him to secrete his watch ; but, by significant signs, he gave them to understand that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God, and that though his neighbours, on the right hand and on the left, had fled from their habitations, and, by foraging parties, had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees. “ The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.”



THE SEED AND THE PRAYER.



“MAMMA, I’ve often heard you say,
That God is listening when we pray,
And, if I do indeed believe,
That what I ask I shall receive.

“Why will He not, then, take away,
My naughty, sinful heart to-day,

And make me humble, meek, and mild,
A quiet and obedient child?

“ I ask Him every day and night
For a new heart that’s clean and white ;
You know I have not got it yet—
He hears my prayer—can He forget ?”

“ No, darling, God does not forget,
Although He has not answered yet !
And if you’ll listen, I will try
And give you now a reason why.

“ I once pulled up a garden weed,
And in its place I dropped a seed ;
Because they told me God’s great power
Could change that seed into a flower.

“ I was a little child, you know,
And thought the seed would quickly grow ;
But days and weeks went slowly round
And still it lay deep in the ground.

“ At length there came some gentle rain,
And when the sun shone forth again,
I hastened to the spot alone,
Wherein my little seed was sown ;

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“ And then I saw the softened ground
Raised in a gently heaving mound,
And in the middle there was seen
Two little leaves of brightest green.

“ And day by day, and hour by hour,
I watched until there came a flower ;
And thought how good that God must be
That gave such pretty flower to me.

“ And now, my dear, your little prayer
Is like the seed I dropped in there ;
God gives it in your hand to sow,
And promises the seed shall grow.

“ And if you wait, and watch, and pray,
The seed will spring up, day by day,
And God will bless it, like my flower,
Both with the sunshine and the shower ;

“ Until at length, one morning bright,
You'll find a heart both clean and white.
And evermore your song will be,
' How very good God is to me ! ' ”