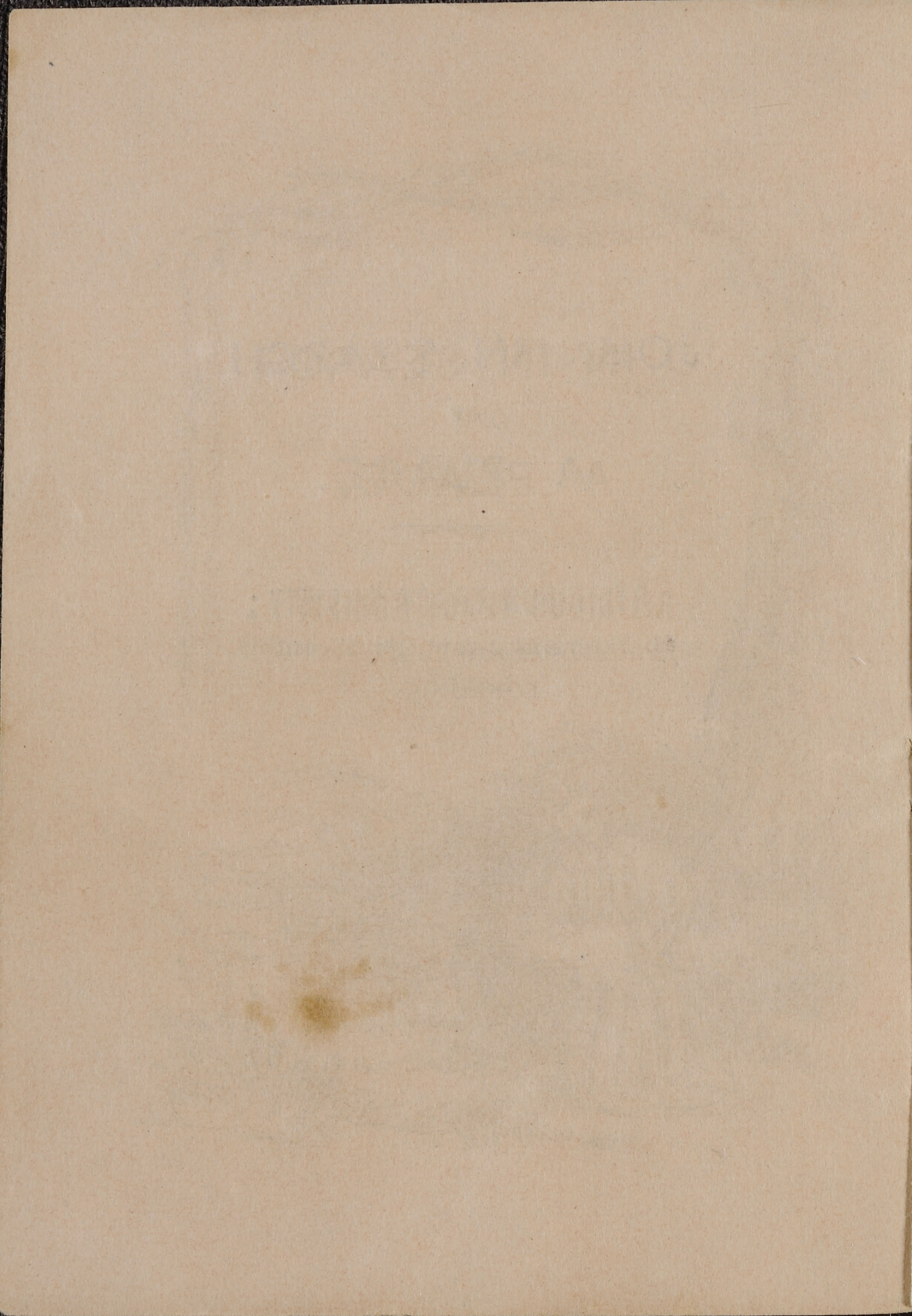


JOHN IN SEARCH
OF
A PLACE.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;
56, Paternoster-row ; 164, Piccadilly,
LONDON.





JOHN IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.



“WELL, John, have you succeeded to-day, my son?”

“No, mother; I have been nearly all over the town, and no one would take me. But I think if you had been with me I should

have stood a better chance. You look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so have taken me; but nobody knew me, and no one saw you."

It was a cold bleak night, and John had been out all day "looking for a place." He had tried hard until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking his mother must be tired of waiting for him.

John's mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had kept herself by needle-work till a severe trial of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more. She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she got him some food. The fire and the supper were very scanty; but John knew they were

the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with so kind a mother, than sit at the best-filled table with any body else who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence the boy looked up into his mother's face and said, "Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday-school teacher about a place?" "No, my child, not if you have no other time, and I think that he would be a very proper person; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place." "Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy kneeled down together to pray. She asked God to bless them with his Holy Spirit, that they might truly repent of sin, and through faith in Jesus Christ obtain pardon. She prayed that God would care for them as a Father, give them his rich grace, and do that which he knew to be best for them, for Christ's sake.

"I feel happier now," said John, "I was so tired when I came in that I felt quite sad;—did I look so, mother?" The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy a kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Lord's day. John's breakfast was more

scanty than ever ; but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept, and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night. They had earned no money to buy anything for several days. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was very cold. The child had no overcoat ; but hastening to the school, he was in his seat just as the superintendent and his teacher entered.

“ Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class ? ” asked the superintendent of the teacher. “ His name is Jones—I intend to visit him this very week. He

is a well-behaved boy." "I should like to know more about him," said the superintendent, "and I will speak to him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and spoke to him kindly. "You have been here to school several Sundays, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes, sir; I came just a month ago to-day." "Had you ever been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir; before mother was taken sick I used to go to another school, but that was a great way off, and when mother got well, and you opened this new school, she brought me here."

"Well, did I not see you yes-

terday, looking for a place in Water-street?" "I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large shop?"

"Because, sir, they kept open shop on a Sunday, and mother would not wish me to work on the Lord's day."

"You did not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you were coming into the street; why did you not?"

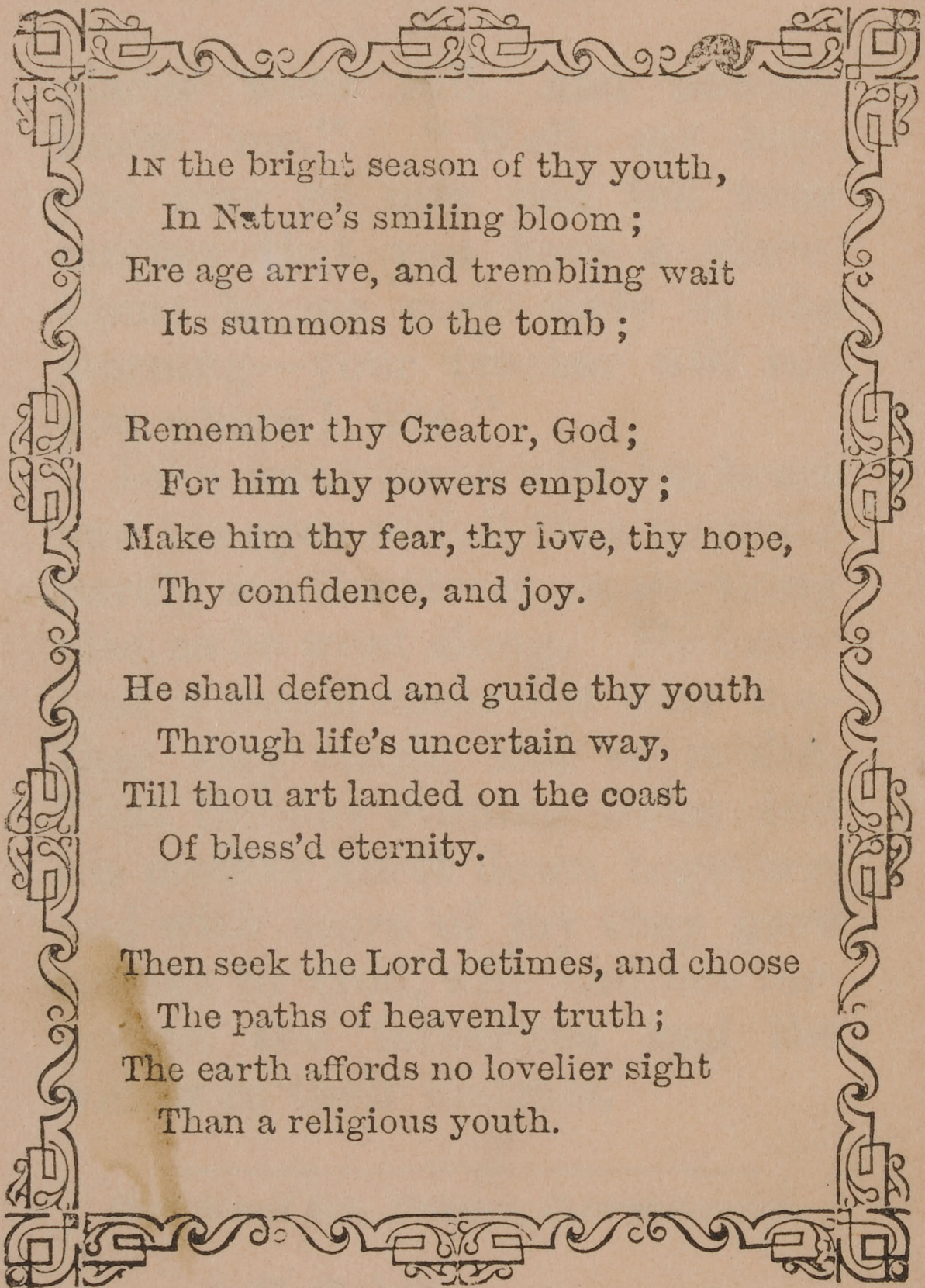
"Because it was not mine, sir; and I thought that the gentleman of the shop would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy—it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?" "No, sir; all the

places were full, and nobody knew me.” “Well, my boy, you may go now and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live.”

John went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or anything else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. That Sunday evening John and his mother knelt down together, and with tears of joy they gave thanks to God, who had not forgotten the fatherless and the widow in their distress.

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IN the bright season of thy youth,
In Nature's smiling bloom ;
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;

Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, and joy.

He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain way,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The paths of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.