

THE LITTLE
FLOWER-GATHERER.

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



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15, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, W.



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WE are about to give a true account of a little girl. The village in which she lived was one of the prettiest to be found in any

part of the land. It stood upon a high bank of a pleasant stream, whose sparkling waters ran quickly along till they flowed into a noble river a long way off. On the river side were rows of white houses, with neat blooming gardens.

In one of these pretty houses lived little Jane. Her father had long resided in the village, and was a person who could afford to keep his family in much comfort. Her mother was in bad health, and seldom left the house. There were several brothers and sisters, who were older than Jane; but we are sorry to say, all the family, except her, were vain and worldly. They loved to dress in fine clothes, and to spend all their time in pleasure.

When Jane was about twelve years old, a new clergyman came into the village, who like a kind shepherd, went to visit all his flock. But before he could call at all the houses, there came to him, on a bright summer afternoon, a little girl, who very modestly said she wished to speak to him. She was timid, and hardly knew what to say at first. The clergyman saw this, and spoke to her kindly to remove her fears. There was a pleasing look about her face that at once took his attention. It was not beauty, for some people said she was very plain. But she appeared as if she were a serious, yet happy little girl. A happy mind is better than a beautiful face.

“I thought I would call on the new minister, sir,” she said.

“And I am glad to see you,” said he, taking her gently by the hand.

He then told Jane to sit down, and began to talk with her. His manner was so kind, that she soon felt herself quite at ease while she spoke to him. It was not often she could find one to speak to her about Jesus, whose name she so much loved to hear. He found that she had no teacher, and yet she showed she knew much of the Bible. She could repeat whole chapters, and in a way that proved she felt their beauty and knew their meaning. She had committed to memory more than one hundred hymns, and

could recite them with feeling. Jane did not make this call on the clergyman to talk about herself, and to tell him how wise and pious she was; but by his questions and kind manner he found it all out.

When Jane was at home, she was mostly neglected; for they said she was not so good-looking as her brothers and sisters, nor did they care about her joining in any of their pleasures. Yet she was always happy; she knew it would be sinful to murmur or show an angry temper. Her great delight, next to reading the Bible, was to roam about in search of wild flowers. She was very fond, on her week-day holiday, to stroll in the woods, or the meadows, or

along the banks of the stream, in search of her favourite buds and blossoms. Sometimes she would take her food with her, and be absent all day long.

One day the clergyman was called to bury a child of nearly the same age as Jane. After the burial service was over, he walked into a retired part of the churchyard, to spend a few moments in serious thought. As he returned, he found a young person standing by the side of the newly-made grave. He soon saw it was Jane. Taking her by the hand, he began to speak to her about death. "Do you think, sir," she inquired, "that little girl was prepared to die?" "I hope she was," he replied. "I hope

so, too," she said, "for it must be a dreadful thing to die without being ready." "It is, indeed Jane; but do you think you are prepared?" She paused for a moment, and then slowly said, "I trust I am, sir: I do not think I am afraid to die." "Why are you not afraid to die, Jane?" "Because, sir," she answered, while a soft smile passed over her face, "*I think I love Jesus.*"

As the clergyman left her that day, he could not but hope that Jane did indeed love the Saviour: that she had a simple faith in him, which would enable her to meet death whenever she should be called to die.

A few months after this, Jane was missing. She had gone, as

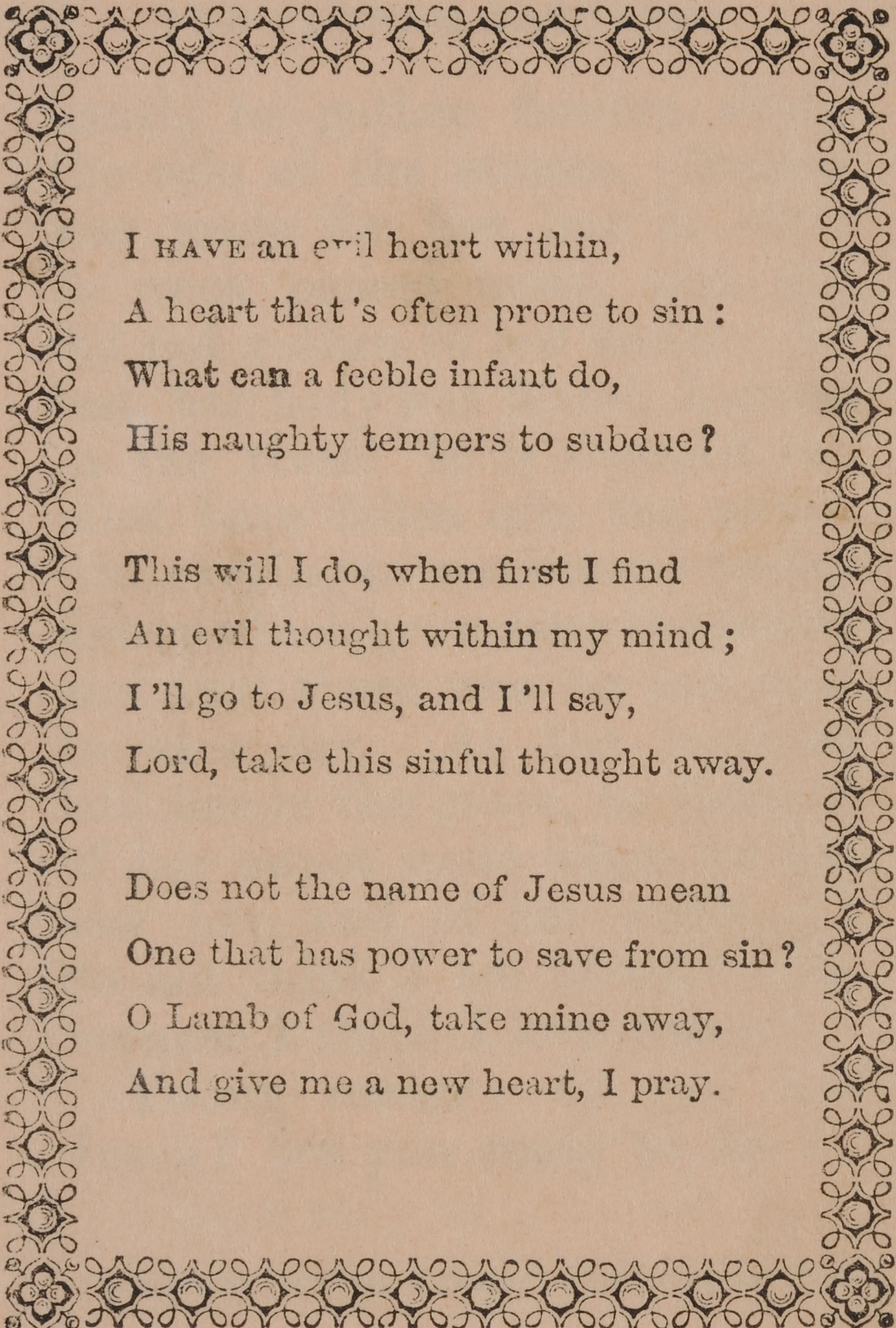
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usual, to gather flowers along the side of the stream. Search was made for her, but in vain. A week passed away, and she did not return to her home. At last, her body was found, floating in the river. It is thought she must have fallen into the water, while trying to reach some pretty flower which grew near the brink, and that there was no one near to save her. As the minister laid her in the grave, he thought of her sweet smile when he last saw her, and of her words, "I do not think I am afraid to die, because I think I love Jesus."

Young reader: do you love Jesus? are you ready to die?

I have an empty heart within,
A heart that's clean & free to give;
What can a feeble hand do,
The thought, the power to send out
I have not, but when first I feel
The thought within my mind,
I love the Lord, and I will
I will take the mind thought away
I have not the name of Jesus mean
One that has bow or knees from sin?
A heart of God, take mine away
And give me a new heart I pray

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I HAVE an evil heart within,
A heart that's often prone to sin :
What can a feeble infant do,
His naughty tempers to subdue ?

This will I do, when first I find
An evil thought within my mind ;
I'll go to Jesus, and I'll say,
Lord, take this sinful thought away.

Does not the name of Jesus mean
One that has power to save from sin ?
O Lamb of God, take mine away,
And give me a new heart, I pray.