

LITTLE RACHEL.

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A NEW school-room was built in an English village. When the Sunday came round, many little boys and girls were seen walking



up the green lanes, on their way to meet the teachers. They were nicely clean, with happy faces; but there was one who did not look so happy as the rest. It was little Rachel. "Why do you cry, Rachel? you wished to go to the Sunday-school, and you may be quite sure that no one will hurt you." But the child when she entered the room was full of fear at finding herself among so many strangers; and besides, she was the least of all the little girls in the new school. She said to herself, "I wish I were at home again, and not in this strange place." And when one of the elder scholars came up to speak to her, with a large



Bible in her hand, she cried aloud, "Oh! I can never learn that great book; I can never learn it." Her teacher was kind, and knew how to comfort the simple child. "Well, Rachel," she said, "you shall not at present learn from that large book. You are only a little child, and I have a book for you with short lessons." Little Rachel smiled through her tears, and longed to see this new lesson-book. When it was shown to her, she saw it had nice pictures, and pretty verses of hymns, and it was just such a book as she liked to call her own.

Rachel had never been to any school before. She was an orphan; for both her father and



mother were dead; but then she had a kind and pious aunt, who took her home, and taught her many things, that she might grow up to be wise, useful, and pious.

Rachel always tried to do her best. Though she was not quick in learning, she attended to what was said to her, and was never idle. This was as it should be with every child. After some time she went to a nice day school, and as she still was diligent she soon improved, so that she was put into the first class for her neat sewing. Then, too, she got on very well with her reading, and was no longer afraid of a large book because it had hard and long words in it.



Some girls who get forward grow careless and vain; but Rachel did not. She always tried to please her teachers. A kind look from them was among her best rewards. As she had a grateful temper she became more and more happy. In due time she was made a monitor, or teacher of others. To instruct little children, she thought, was much harder work than learning; but never did a teacher strive more to improve her class than she did.

Though, of course, she grew older, she did not grow much taller, so that her friends still called her "Little Rachel." This did not offend her, for among



other good qualities she had a humble mind. About this time she became pious, and showed her love to Christ in many ways. At length she became the teacher of a Scripture class, and sought to lead her children to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. This was delightful work, though she could not attend to it for a very long time, as she was taken ill, and had to give up her school. Nor did she return to it again; for she became worse, and then died. But she did not die before she showed her piety towards God and a loving desire to do good to all among whom she lived.

And now she has gone to the



rest prepared for all who have believed on the name of Christ, and have served him here on earth.

Do you, young reader, wish to be like Rachel when she was on earth, and then go to the same bright home in heaven? If you do, remember that the same grace which changed her heart must be sought by you. Like her, you must trust in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, who died for you on the cross, and who ever lives to plead for all who go unto God by faith in him. May the Holy Spirit give you this grace; then, if you live, you may hope to do some good on earth, and there is work for us all to do



for God and the good of souls. Even the youngest may be of some service in some way to some person. Then when you have done with this world, you shall be called to dwell in heaven among the redeemed, for ever and ever. How delightful then it will be to meet with those whom you helped and taught on earth, and who, with yourself, have been saved through the merits of the Redeemer.

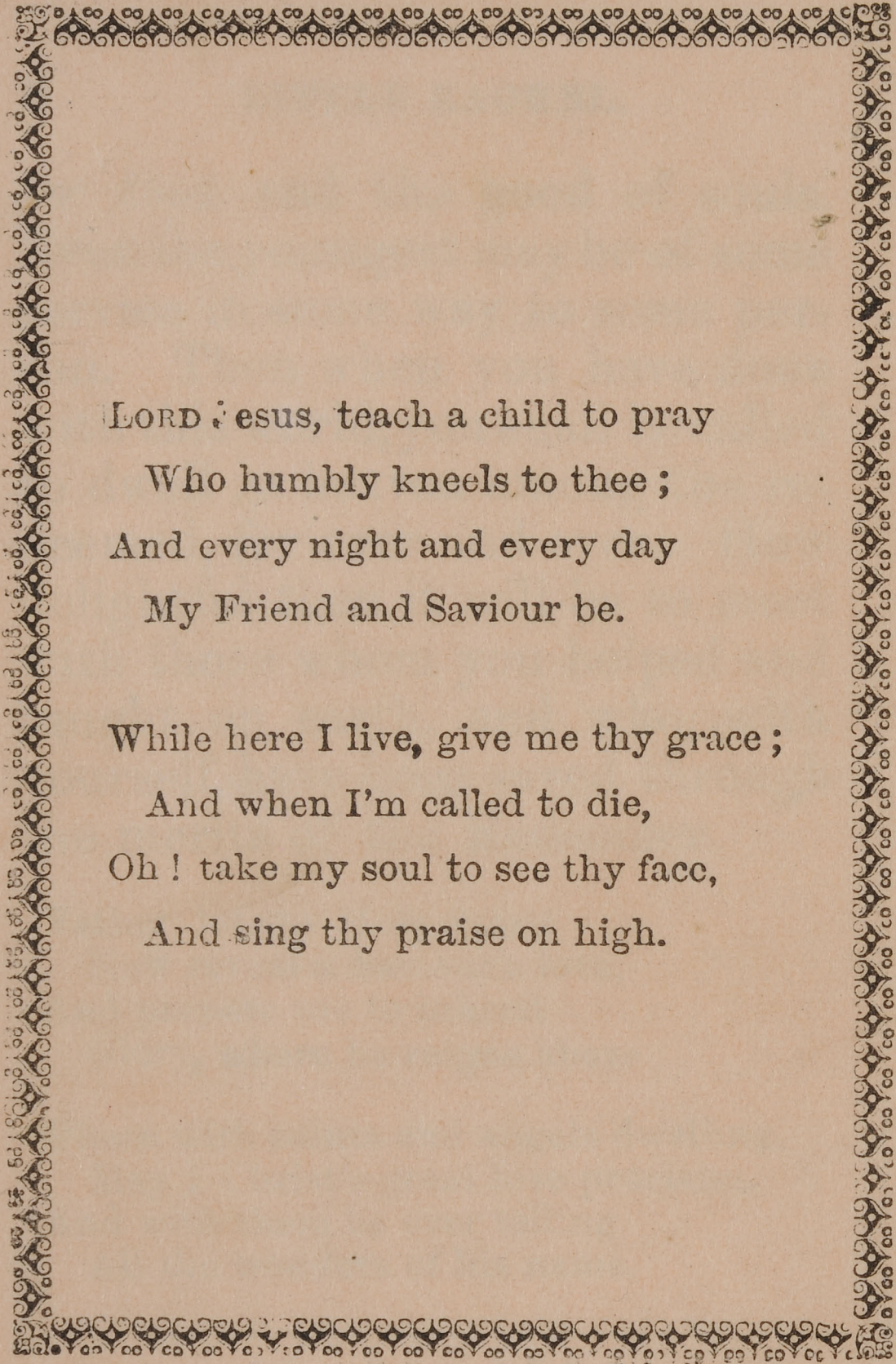
Father, let thy Holy Spirit  
Now reveal a Saviour's love,  
And prepare me to inherit  
Glory, where he reigns above

There with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I Christ's great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his name.



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LORD Jesus, teach a child to pray  
Who humbly kneels to thee ;  
And every night and every day  
My Friend and Saviour be.

While here I live, give me thy grace ;  
And when I'm called to die,  
Oh ! take my soul to see thy face,  
And sing thy praise on high.