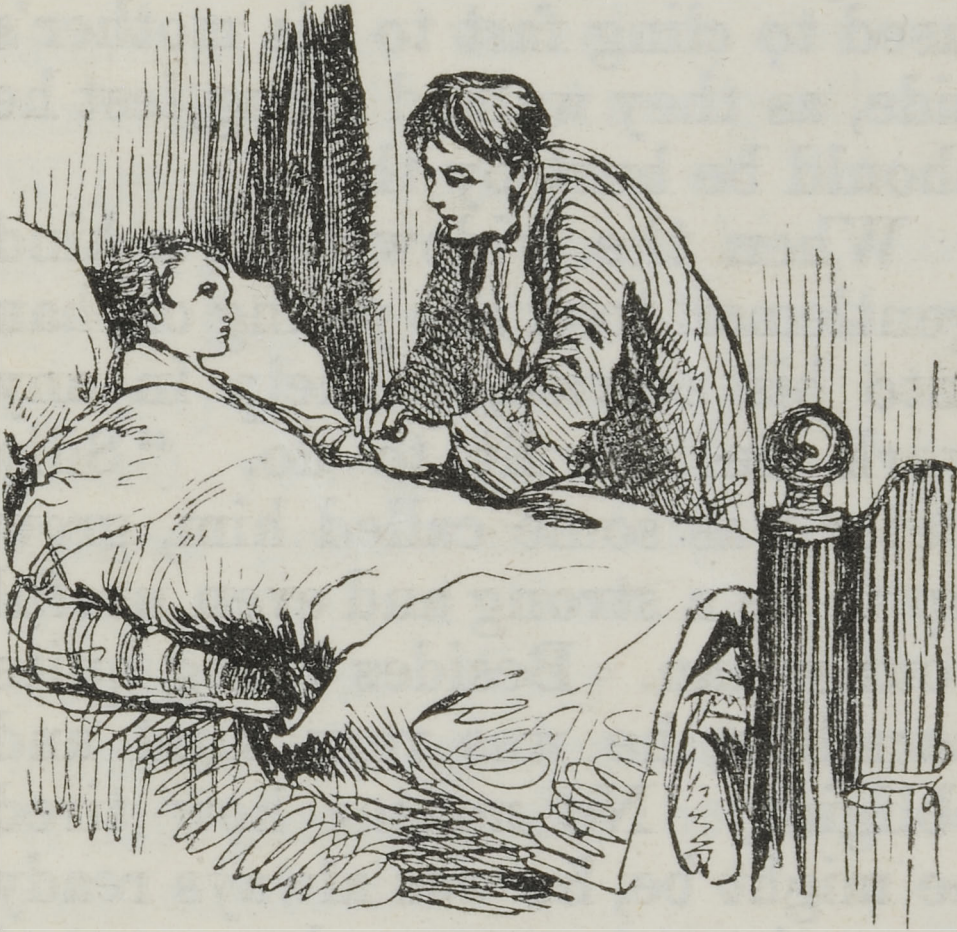


PETER
AND
WILLY.

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



PETER AND WILLY



A POOR widow, a seller of fruit in the streets, had a son named Peter, who was of weak intellect, or feeble mind. It was a sad and shameful thing that the cruel boys

would often laugh at and mock this poor child. In his alarm, he used to cling fast to his mother's side, as they walked along, lest he should be hurt by them.

When the widow died, a kind gentleman took the young orphan into his service, to help in any work he was fit to do. "Silly Peter," as some called him, grew up to be a strong and even useful young man. Besides being quite harmless, he was very kind and obliging. No matter how tired he might be, he was always ready to assist any one who wanted help. His temper was so cheerful, that a few pleasant words made him quite happy. A little act of kindness was sure to win his gratitude.

And yet, because God had seen fit that he should be weak-minded, some unfeeling persons made fun of him. Among others, Willy, the young son of Peter's master, used to tease him, and try to frighten him. Sometimes he played tricks upon the half-witted young man. But Peter was so gentle and forgiving, he never resented them. It is a wonder that Willy could have been so thoughtless and cruel. What pleasure did he find in such conduct?

One day Willy felt very ill, and in a short time he became worse. The disease not only made his body weak, but his mind also. His brain became quite disturbed. In this state

he would have no one to do anything for him but his parents and poor Peter. It was touching then to see the tenderness and self-denial of the ill-treated young man. He shrank from nothing which might relieve or gratify the sick boy. He tried his utmost to please him. Night after night, he watched by the bed-side; and when the little invalid was restless and weary, he took him carefully in his strong arms, as the mother does her babe, and walked about the room with him, to soothe his pain.

But the most touching thing of all was, to hear simple Peter pray for his young master. When he thought he was alone with him, he would kneel and cry

unto God. His words were not very correct, but he prayed in the best way he was able. "O, Holy Spirit," he said, in a solemn and earnest way, "please do not let Willy die! Make him good first. Oh, please; for Christ's sake."

Willy heard the prayer, and it made him weep. His heart also felt the tender care of him he had so often grieved. "Oh," thought he, "how could I have been so bad? I will never wrong such goodness again. How earnestly he prays for me! Poor thing, he thinks I need some one to pray for me; and he is afraid I shall die. I, too, am afraid to die." Willy was now roused to see his danger

and sin, and began to pray for himself.

One night, when Peter brought him some nice cooling drink, he drew him towards himself, and, putting his arms around his neck, kissed him. "O Peter," he said, "your prayers have made me think about my soul. I have called upon God, too, that he would give me a new heart, and forgive my sins for Christ's sake. I am sorry I have been so bad to you. I will not frighten you again. I will not tease you any more."

Poor Peter did not know what to say to all this; but he wept and kissed Willy's cheek; then he prayed again more fervently than before, "O Lord, please do not let Willy die."

Willy did not die; and when he got well, he said to Peter, "You first taught me to pray with my heart. I shall always love to hear you pray. Let us now kneel together." What a contrast was this scene to that in which Willy had been the wicked tormentor, and Peter the poor sufferer! What a change had been wrought; and all by the love and piety of a simple young man!

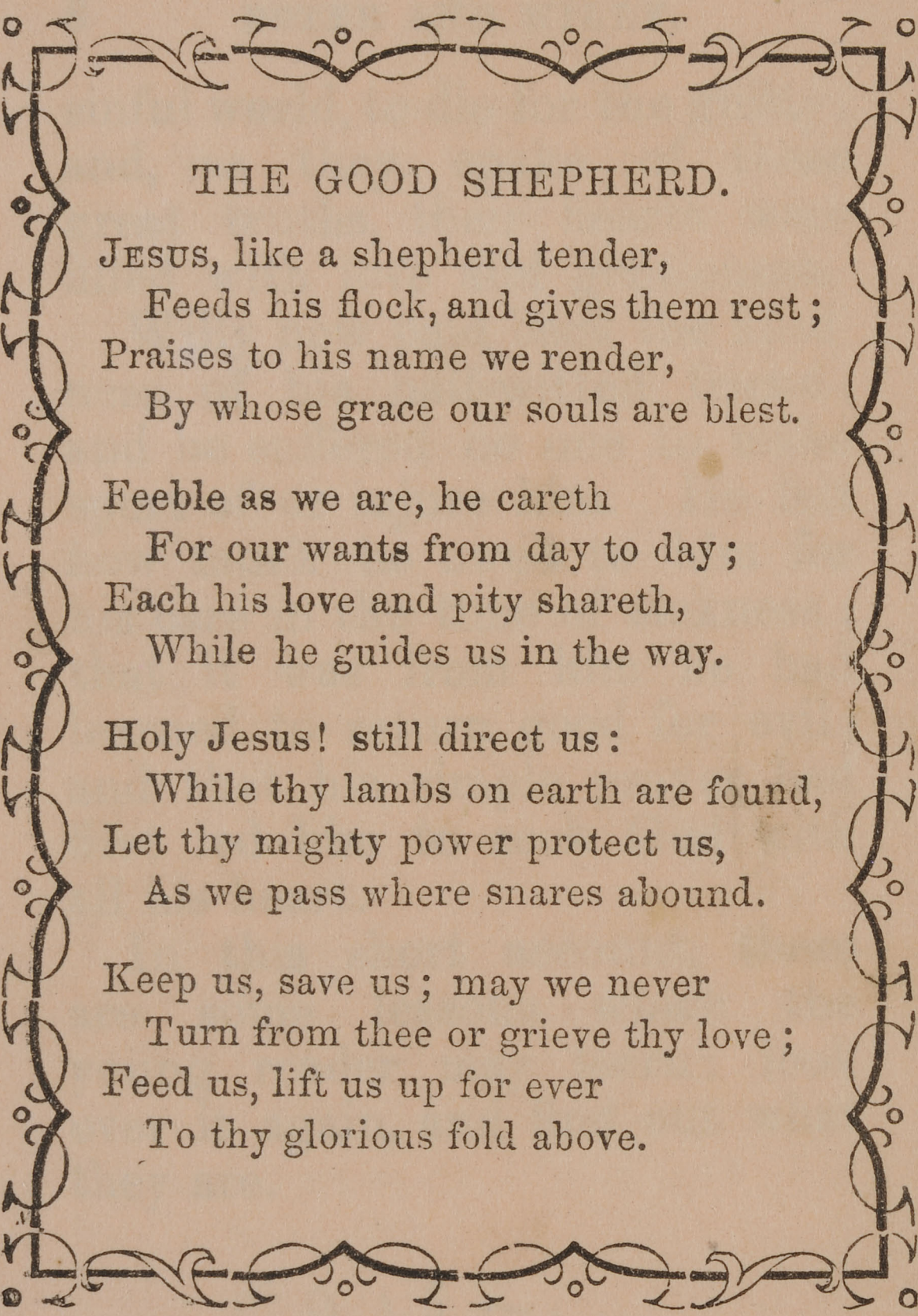
As Willy grew stronger, he took great pains to teach Peter to read. How happy he felt, when he heard him spell in the book the simple lessons: "God is love," and "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." They then spoke together about the love of Jesus in coming into a

sinful world, to die for the guilty ; and, as they spake of these great truths, their hearts were filled with love and gentleness.

Willy now paid back the kindness of his half-witted friend ; and he suffered no one to make sport of or injure him. He felt how much he owed to him for his care in the time of sickness ; that it was from him he had learned to return good for evil ; and that his simple prayer had first led him to seek God with all his heart.

In this short account, there are some lessons which the young reader may learn : look over it again, and find out what they are.

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS, like a shepherd tender,
Feeds his flock, and gives them rest ;
Praises to his name we render,
By whose grace our souls are blest.

Feeble as we are, he careth
For our wants from day to day ;
Each his love and pity shareth,
While he guides us in the way.

Holy Jesus! still direct us :
While thy lambs on earth are found,
Let thy mighty power protect us,
As we pass where snares abound.

Keep us, save us ; may we never
Turn from thee or grieve thy love ;
Feed us, lift us up for ever
To thy glorious fold above.